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MR. CRAMPTON AND THE AMERICAN QUESTION.

On the 15th of last month it was announced in London by magnetic telegraph, that the mail steamer *Canada* had arrived in the Mersey from New York, bringing a number of passengers, amongst whom was Mr. John Fiennes Crampton, late Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Her Majesty with the United States of America.

In the journal which made this announcement appeared two despatches, which explained the cause of Mr. Crampton's absence from the scene of his mission, and his presence on British ground. Both were written by Mr. Marcy, the American secretary of state—one to Mr. Dallas, the American minister in London; the other to Mr. Crampton himself.

The latter was as follows:—

MR. MARCY TO MR. CRAMPTON.

Department of State, Washington,
May 28th, 1856.

SIR,—The President of the United States has directed me to announce to you the determination to discontinue further intercourse with you as her Majesty's representative to the government of the United States. The reasons which have compelled him to take this step at this time have been communicated to your government.

I avail myself of this occasion to add that due attention will be cheerfully given to any communications addressed to this department from her Majesty's government affecting the relations between Great Britain and the United States, which may be forwarded to this government through any other channel.

Should it be your pleasure to retire from the United States, the President directs me to furnish you with the usual facilities for

that purpose. I consequently enclose herewith the passport given in such cases.

I avail myself of this opportunity to renew to you, sir, the assurance of my respectful consideration.

W. L. MARCY.

John F. Crampton, Esq., &c.

We learn, then, from these despatches, and from the arrival of Mr. Crampton in England, that the minister of Her Britannic Majesty with the United States has been dismissed from that country, as "unfit for the position he held," and unworthy of that confidence and consideration which the representative of a friendly power ought to command with the government to which he is accredited.

It may not be thought amiss, on the occurrence of so strange and startling an event, to enter upon a brief summary of the circumstances which have led to this result. The public mind, we are aware, has been for some time much occupied with the question; and the public journals have entered, over and over again, into the details, presenting the matter under every conceivable aspect: still, notwithstanding all this—or rather, *because* a constant and perplexing iteration of details may possibly have interfered with and prevented a just view of the whole question, we are disposed to hope that we may supply a want at this moment felt by some of our readers, by giving, though at the risk of repetition, from authentic sources, and as plainly as we can, an historical resumé of the double controversy which has of late been engaging the attention and taxing the

diplomatic intelligence of the two governments.

It is scarcely necessary to say that of the twofold difficulty in question, one part relates to our possessions and rights in Central America, and the other to the attempt made during the late war to procure recruits from amongst the inhabitants of the United States. Upon each of these questions a "Blue Book" has been published. The controversies, which raged for some time simultaneously, are thus kept separate, though their separation in the parliamentary documents does not so completely isolate them from each other, as not to render a comparison valuable for the purpose of illustrating the characters of the parties and the real objects they had in view. We propose to take up the Central American question first, both because it arose considerably earlier than the other, and because the latter will be dealt with more naturally in connection with the concluding portion of the present paper.

Up to the period at which the discovery of gold in California took place, those vast regions of America which lie between Mexico on the north, and New Granada on the south, had been little valued and very imperfectly explored. The antiquarian researches of Mr. Stephens, indeed, had invested portions of them with a mysterious interest; but the interest which utility alone can produce had not been felt—it was not any one's *business* to explore them. This whole region had been originally colonized by Spain; and remained under the dominion of that country until the year 1821, when the provinces of which it was composed threw off the Spanish yoke, and constituted themselves into a republic, which they named *Central America*. In a few years this republic fell to pieces, and was reformed into separate states, which took their divisions in the main from the boundaries of the old provinces. These republics are (beginning from the north) Guatemala, Honduras, San Salvador, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica. From an early period England had formed settlements on the eastern shores of this region—undisputed, whatever had been the original title to them—by the republics they bordered on.

As soon, however, as by the incor-

poration of new states into the American Union, a western sea-board was obtained; and when a dependency of Great Britain, almost equal to a continent, and lying beyond the barrier of the western world, had disclosed a sudden store of wealth and invited the enterprize and cupidity of Englishmen to its shores, what had been until then deemed a worthless pass between the northern and southern empires of America rose at once into importance, as forming the line of communication between the civilization of the two great divisions of the British family and the distant treasures of the Pacific. Central America, for the first time, became the centre of American interests. Every eye was turned upon her; she began to be the focus of the world's gaze.

As a highway, use was made of her at once. In default of other means of transit, men scrambled over her mountains, and forded or swam her lakes and rivers, in order to get the shortest way across from sea to sea. This spontaneous selection of a route pointed out its importance. The interests of the world seemed to demand that it should be opened up.

Such was the state of things which originated the CLAYTON-BULWER TREATY.

The history of this treaty is shortly as follows. In the year 1849 a proposal was discussed between the ministers of the two governments, Great Britain and America, for guaranteeing the safety of a company of capitalists, to whom a charter should be granted by the republic of Nicaragua for the execution and maintenance of a ship-canal across a certain portion of Central America, principally if not altogether lying within the territory of that state. This canal was to pass from the Caribbean Sea at San Juan del Norte westward, following the course of the river San Juan until it reached Lake Nicaragua, whence it was to pass into Lake Managua, having its outlet either at the port of Realejo or at the Bay of Fonseca on the Pacific. This vast undertaking had already been taken up by a company of capitalists, and was deemed of sufficient importance to the interests of both nations to call for their formal protection, to guarantee

which was accordingly, as we have said, the object of the proposed convention. Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer was at that time the British Minister at Washington, with Mr. Crampton attached to the Legation; and Mr. Clayton was the Secretary of State of the United States. Numerous communications took place, both between these parties and between Mr. Abbott Lawrence, the American Minister in London, and Lord Palmerston, then Minister for Foreign Affairs. The points under discussion principally related to a claim by the British of a protectorate over the territory of the king—or, as he is sometimes termed, Chief of the Mosquito Indians, and to the occupation by the English, under a title derived from that nation, or tribe, of the town of San Juan del Norte, by them called Greytown, which commanded the eastern mouth of the proposed canal. A glance at a good map (such as that prefixed to the 1st volume of Squiers' "Nicaragua") will shew that the maintenance of either the one or the other claim by England might possibly have been fairly considered by America as giving her undue power over one of the outlets of the contemplated canal; for even the Mosquito protectorate would, according to her most recent pretensions, have embraced the north shore of the San Juan for a considerable part of its course. These points were assumed to be all that were likely to be in dispute—at least *they were all that concerned the subject-matter of the treaty*; and as there was no intention or intimation of including in it any matter not immediately bearing upon its avowed object, nothing else was brought under discussion. Incidentally, indeed, Mr. Lawrence informed Lord Palmerston that his government considered "that no great maritime nation ought to desire or be permitted to have an exclusive foothold on the Isthmus;" but this remark produced no comment, and led to no further discussion; and it may fairly be assumed that the intention of all parties was understood to be to deal in the proposed convention with the canal question, *and with the canal question only*. That this was the meaning of both the negotiators before the treaty was ratified, is shewn by the words Sir Henry Bulwer uses

in writing to Lord Palmerston on the 18th of February, 1850:—"Both of us (Mr. Clayton and myself) deemed that at the present time the treaty in question did all that was necessary by settling a basis on which the canal could be constructed and protected."

England having at last intimated her willingness to satisfy America on the points she had raised, namely, as to the Mosquito protectorate and the occupancy of Greytown, the project of a convention was drawn up. This, after much discussion and some modification, was finally embodied in formal Articles, which were signed by Sir Henry Bulwer on the part of England, and by Mr. Clayton on that of America, on the 19th day of April, 1850, both parties being fully empowered by their respective governments for the purpose.

Of this convention it will be necessary to quote one sentence, forming part of Article I. It runs thus:—

The Governments of Great Britain and the United States hereby declare that neither the one nor the other will ever obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over the said Ship-Canal; agreeing that neither will ever erect or maintain any fortifications commanding the same, or in the vicinity thereof, or occupy, or fortify, or colonize, or assume or exercise any dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America.

It seems to have struck Lord Palmerston at the last moment, just as he was sending out the ratification of the Treaty, that some ambiguity might possibly lurk under the words. They might be wrested so as to include the British Honduras, and be interpreted retrospectively, so as to involve a relinquishment by England of that settlement and its dependencies. Accordingly, on the 8th of June, he directed Sir Henry Bulwer to make a formal declaration, on the exchange of ratifications, to the effect that her Majesty's government did not understand the engagements of the convention as applying to her Majesty's settlement at Honduras, or to its dependencies. Sir Henry Bulwer did so; which drew from Mr. Clayton, on the 4th of July, the following letter:—

Department of State, Washington,

July 4, 1850.

Sir,

I have received the declaration you were

instructed by your Government to make to me respecting Honduras and its dependencies, a copy of which is herewith subjoined.

The language of Article I. of the Convention concluded on the 19th day of April last, between the United States and Great Britain, describing the country not to be occupied, &c., by either of the parties, was, as you know, twice approved by your Government, and it was neither understood by them, nor by either of us (the negotiators), to include the British Settlement in Honduras, commonly called British Honduras, as distinct from the State of Honduras, nor the small islands in the neighbourhood of that Settlement, which may be known as its dependencies. To this Settlement and these islands the Treaty we have negotiated was not intended by either of us to apply. The title to them it is now, and has been my intention throughout the whole negotiation, to leave, as the Treaty leaves it, without denying, affirming, or in any way meddling with the same, just as it stood previously.

The Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations of the Senate, the Hon. William R. King, informs me that "the Senate perfectly understood that the Treaty did not include British Honduras." It was intended to apply to and does include all the Central American States of Guatemala, Honduras, San Salvador, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica, with their just limits and proper dependencies.

Upon receiving this letter, Sir Henry Bulwer at once exchanged the ratifications; and the Treaty was concluded.

Now it was scarcely possible to anticipate that out of words thus penned, and thus explained, there should be extracted the grounds of a claim upon England for a cession and abandonment of those valuable possessions on the coast of Central America, for which no advantage contemplated by the treaty could compensate her, and which therefore could not possibly have been voluntarily relinquished by her. Yet the treaty had not been three years in existence, when certain individuals in the American Senate, amongst whom was General Cass, began to suggest an interpretation of their own, regardless of that of the Contracting Parties as signified by the formal statements of their ministers, and grounded on the ambiguous meaning of one term employed therein—namely, Central America. It was urged in the first place, that the wording was clear.—England was "not to occupy," therefore she was to withdraw from her occupation—not to

occupy "any part of Central America," therefore she was to give up the territories in which she was settled. She was not to "colonize," so she was to abandon the islands of Ruatan, Bonacca, and others, which, under the idea that they were dependencies of Honduras, she had recently constituted into a separate colony. She was not to protect the Mosquito coast, for that was to exercise dominion in contravention of the treaty. In other words, for the chance of a canal across the Isthmus, she was to evacuate the whole of what had been hitherto hers in that part of the world. The arguments on the American side professed to be grounded on the wording of the instrument itself, and on the reason of the thing. As to the first, they asserted that "Central America" was a geographical term, including the whole of the tract we have described, between Mexico and New Granada. Let us examine this assertion. In point of fact, the term Central America, which is modern, never having been heard of before 1821, was applied originally as a *political* designation, and described a republic *exclusive* of the British possessions in its neighbourhood, to which no claim whatever was set up; and the term was made use of in a *geographical* sense only by *geographers*, being found conveniently and appropriately to describe the region we have indicated, lying between those Northern and Southern limits. We challenge the supporters of the American interpretation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty to adduce a single instance in which the term "Central America" has been employed in any political transaction, with the meaning sought to be attached to it in this: and on the other hand, the instances are numerous in which the designation has been formally recognized as applying to the old republic of that name, and subsequently to the cluster of states formed out of its fragments, and of which the boundaries, unsettled though they be, do not assume to include the British settlements. But the American interpretation, however forced, would have been inoperative, had not a further violence been done to the language of the Treaty. It was necessary, according to the views of General Cass and his friends, not only to

spread the words, "Central America," over the British possessions in that quarter, but to make the language of the Treaty *retrospective*. "Not to occupy," was to evacuate—"not to colonize," was to abandon colonies. In vain was it urged in the Senate by Mr. Seward, that senators, who now professed to be in ignorance of any other interpretation than that put upon the Treaty by factious and place-hunting individuals, "could not have been, or at least ought not to have been, under any misapprehension as to its meaning, even supposing (a thing difficult to suppose) that they were not aware of the declaration on the part of Great Britain which accompanied its ratification: it being notorious that a British settlement, by whatever title it might be held, did exist at Belize, and that it could not have been reasonably supposed by any one that the British government had entered into an engagement to abandon this settlement by a Treaty in which it was not even alluded to."

To meet this, but one argument was used. Could it be supposed that America would deliberately have bound herself never for all time to occupy a foot of ground in Central America, and yet leave England in possession of territory in that region? Here, it was said, was no reciprocity. Is not the answer plain—where would be the reciprocity, were the Treaty interpreted in the American sense? England would have lost everything, and America would have lost nothing. Lord Clarendon, in his despatch of the 28th of September, 1855, enunciates this with much force and clearness.

Neither can her Majesty's government subscribe to the position, that, if the convention did not bear the meaning attached to it by the United States, it would have imposed upon the government of the United States a self-denying obligation which was not equally contracted by Great Britain, and that such a state of things could not have been in the intention of the contracting parties; because if the convention did bear the meaning attached to it by the United States, it would then have imposed upon Great Britain the obligation to renounce possessions and rights without any equivalent renunciation on the part of the United States. If the government of the United States can complain in the one case of the convention, as presenting an unilateral character unfavourable

to the United States, with much greater reason might the government of Great Britain, in the other case, if the assumption of the government of the United States were to be acted upon in the construction of the convention, complain of it as prejudicial to England.

The truth is, the reciprocity is complete; but it is prospective. The *status quo* is started from; and the mutual engagements grounded upon it are strictly equitable. To assert that the Treaty reads differently—that we have signed away our rights, and must relinquish them, is pretty nearly as reasonable as to tell a man who has hired horses for a post-chaise along with you, to travel to the next stage, and who has his portmanteau in it, that he must leave his luggage behind, or you will remove it by force, as you had not agreed to bring it along with you.

Such would seem to be the common-sense of the case as regards Article 1 of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. The construction suggested irresistibly to the mind, we might expect, would be the interpretation originally placed upon it by the statesmen of the American republic, in spite of the contemptible quibbles of Mr. Cass and his party. Considering the circumstances under which the Convention was entered into—the characters of the men who were concerned in its preparation—the objects for which it was framed—the magnitude of the interests involved, and the power and dignity of the nations between whom it was negotiated, it was to be expected that the most comprehensive construction would be given to its provisions, and that no attempt would be made by either party to special-plead, or force meanings out of it opposed to its own character and tenor, to say nothing of the general impression of the governments of the respective countries at the time of its completion. Yet the facts, as our readers well know, prove how groundless such expectations would have been. Mr. Crampton, who succeeded to the honorable and arduous post of her Majesty's representative at Washington, immediately after the ratification of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, which he had had so large a hand in assisting to bring to a conclusion, was soon made aware of the difficulties and disappointments

that were before him. In place of that liberal, enlightened, conciliatory, and straightforward character which had marked the policy of the ministers in 1850, he had to encounter all the vexations which a petty and capitious spirit of opposition was calculated to engender: and it may truly be said that for the last three years he has been engaged in little else than the thankless task of vainly reiterating his endeavours to bring the government to which he is accredited, back to those views and sentiments which presided at the negotiations of 1849. We are not without our suspicions that his identification with the policy of that period may have proved one of the objections to him with a government pledged to turn its back upon it. But this will be better understood as we go on.

Let us, before we go any farther, once for all distinguish between the American government, and the American nation. In what is here said—and we speak out—it is by no means our intention to confound the two. Disapproving altogether as we do of President Pierce's government, we believe we are justified in assuming that the great mass of intelligence in the States is of our mind, and that the result of the new elections will prove that worthy principles and a more enlightened policy may in the end command popular support. That England and America should be thrown into a war, because General Cass is obstinate and nettlesome, and President Pierce an unscrupulous electioneer, is what our Yankee brother will not stand. In the mean time, we must claim the privilege of verbally identifying the nation and its rulers in our present remarks, on account of the manifest inconvenience of keeping them separate.

The most prominent advocates of the American side of the question have been Mr. Marcy, the Secretary of State, and, as instructed by him, Mr. Buchanan, the late American Minister in London. The English view of the case has been supported by Lord Clarendon: not, we think, with that vigour and ability which it called for. The fault which runs through the whole of the correspondence on the British side is *discrepancy*,

and it is to be observed that this it was the object of America to provoke. The strong point against her was contained in the plain question—what did the parties mean at the time? To this our Minister should have stuck—nothing should have led him to the right hand or to the left:—nevertheless, he was soon entangled inextricably in the Mosquito question—in the affair of the cession or exchange of Greytown—in the original title to our possessions at Belize—in everything, in short, except the single essential one—does the Treaty disturb our *status quo*? Mr. Crampton, it may be presumed, was in this no master of his own course. He could only follow, reiterate, and enforce the arguments of the Minister at home. This he appears to have done with discretion and firmness—even at a time when, from other causes, difficulties were thrown in his way. He has been blamed for an oversight—the only one we have been able to detect in the protracted negotiations of the last six years—in omitting to communicate at once to Mr. Marcy an offer from the British Government in November last, to submit the Central American question to arbitration. Unfortunately this omission—purely accidental as it was—gave rise to some misunderstanding for a time; but it was what might have happened to any one similarly circumstanced; and, if our view of the question be correct, can have exercised no real influence upon the dispute. To our judgment, his less ambitious and more business-like style contrasts favourably both with the courtly diffusiveness of Lord Clarendon's, and the diplomatic pedantry of the American Minister's. It is, however, in the discussion of the question to which we would next call the reader's attention, that he exhibits still more prominently the qualities for which we give him credit.

It will be necessary, in order fully to understand the circumstances we have to detail, to refer back to the state of things which existed at the close of the year 1854. The reader will remember that the triumph anticipated on the plains of the Crimea were not realized to the extent of the public expectation. On the contrary, the monotony of an arduous and bloody siege was sickening the

hearts of the most sanguine. Confidence began to yield to mistrust and despondency; and when, in the month of November, after the battle of Inkermann, it was discovered that but twelve thousand of our troops could be mustered on the field of battle, we began to look with something approaching dismay at the decimation of our ranks, and to experience a depressing uncertainty as to how they were to be filled up. We all remember this; and with what alacrity we turned to the prospect of a fresh supply held out by the proposal of recruiting in friendly countries for the British army. The Foreign Enlistment Act was passed; and we naturally turned our eyes to America, where so many thousand native British subjects resided. We saw at once what use they might be turned to—but here we were met at once by the Neutrality Laws, which were comprehensive and stringent, and which we were bound to respect. At the same time, we had no reason to believe, judging from the moral code of America in this respect, that provided a breach of those laws was avoided, there could be any objection on the part of its government to our working out our own purposes as we could; and accordingly, acting on this idea, and having been informed by the consuls of the principal cities of the United States that there were men eager to avail themselves of the opportunity to enlist, Government determined to establish recruiting stations *outside* the limits of the States (which would satisfy the requirements of the law) and invite residents within their limits to repair to them. In furthering this project, Mr. Crampton, to whom the first suggestions were made by the British consuls at New York, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati, exerted himself to the utmost, and spared no labour or pains on the one hand to prevent any formal violation of the laws, and on the other to send forward as many effective men to the frontier for enlistment as he could. In this he was encouraged by instructions from home, and aided by numbers of experienced military men of different nations, who volunteered their services—some, we fear, with objects very different from the ostensible ones. Now, had there been no other point at issue between the

countries, and had it not been the policy of others to foment discord between them, there can be little doubt, judging from the past and present conduct of the United States in similar circumstances, that their government, if it had not connived at their proceedings, would at least have winked at them; and suffered the most favourable construction to be put upon the movement which was openly set on foot within the States. Had it been their policy, even up to the last, to deal equitably with the case, they would not have dreamt of cherishing a feeling of hostility, or reiterating a demand of satisfaction, when the whole affair had passed over, and the Powers whose quarrel had led to the difficulty, had shaken hands with each other.

Up to the month of March, 1855, the home government urged Mr. Crampton by every possible means to induce foreigners or British subjects in the United States to enlist in her Majesty's service. "The subject," says Lord Clarendon, in a despatch of the 16th of February, "is one which engages the earnest attention of her Majesty's government, and you will use your best endeavours to give effect to their wishes." The above injunction was coupled, at the same time, with a caution against affording any cause of complaint to the United States government on account of a violation of their laws.

Mr. Crampton's reply bears date the 12th of March. It contains the following passages:—

In order that no misconception or mistake should arise in regard to this matter, which is justly regarded by Her Majesty's Government as one of primary importance, and which is indeed an indispensable condition to success in the objects they desire to effect, I have caused the legal opinion in regard to the bearing of the Neutrality Laws of the United States in this matter, of which I have the honour to inclose a copy, to be drawn up by an eminent American lawyer, in the soundness of whose views—both professional and political—I place the firmest reliance. I have sent copies of the same to such of Her Majesty's Consuls as may be required to act in the matter we have in hand.

Your Lordship will no doubt perceive that the provisions of the Neutrality Act will restrict our operations within very narrow limits, but I feel convinced that your Lordship will approve of my having strictly enjoined upon Her Majesty's Consuls to keep

rigidly within the limits of the law according to its true meaning and intent, as well as according to the letter of its provisions.

The "opinion" is then given at length.

To this despatch Lord Clarendon replied on the 12th of April. He says :—

I entirely approve of your proceedings as reported in your despatch of the 12th ultimo, with respect to the proposed enlistment in the Queen's service of foreigners and British subjects in the United States.

In the meantime Mr. Crampton had put himself in communication with Sir Gaspard Le Marchant, the Governor of Nova Scotia, with a view to establishing a recruiting depot in that province ; and had at last deemed it advisable to visit him there. In his absence Mr. Savile Lumley, who was charged with his duties, wrote a despatch to Lord Clarendon on the 7th of May, to an extract from which we beg the reader's attention :—

At an interview which I had with Mr. Marcy I told him that he had judged rightly in supposing that Mr. Crampton's visit to Canada had reference to the English question.

I stated that, from the first moment this question was mooted, Mr. Crampton had shown the greatest anxiety that it should in no way lead to violations of the laws of the United States, that he believed everything that could be done might be effected legally, and that he was determined, as far as lay in his power, to prevent anything like infraction or evasion of the Neutrality Laws of this country. Unfortunately the very stringent nature of the provisions of these laws was not generally understood, and several persons had on their own responsibility acted at variance with them, and it was for the purpose of fully explaining the bearings of the law, and of preventing such infractions, that Mr. Crampton had undertaken his journey to the British Provinces.

I then told Mr. Marcy that as I thought it would interest him to see your Lordship's last instructions on the subject I had brought them with me, and I said that I was certain a perusal of this paper would convince him of two things : first, that the view which had been taken, and the opinions which had been expressed by Mr. Crampton on this subject, were precisely such as Mr. Marcy might have expected from his knowledge of Mr. Crampton ; and secondly, that those opinions had been responded to by Her Majesty's Government in the same frank and honourable manner.

I then read to Mr. Marcy a copy of your

Lordship's despatch of the 12th ultimo. Mr. Marcy appeared much pleased with this communication, and said that as the question was one which had engaged the attention of the United States' Government he should be very glad to be able to show this despatch to the Cabinet. I told Mr. Marcy that I had no instructions to leave it with him, but I would take upon myself to do so if he would consider it in the light of a private memorandum.

Mr. Marcy said he would note it as such, and that if at any time Mr. Crampton wished, he might recall it ; "the question," Mr. Marcy added, "will no doubt come before Congress, and I should be glad if this despatch could be found among the papers called for."

I am aware that in leaving this despatch with Mr. Marcy I have transgressed the regulations of Her Majesty's service, for which I must throw myself on your Lordship's indulgence ; but Mr. Crampton was anxious that the United States' Government should not for a moment suppose that a project for enlisting troops for Her Majesty's service within the United States had ever been contemplated.

After reading the despatch himself, Mr. Marcy said he had no doubt that the course pursued by Mr. Crampton was the proper one ; he was, indeed, convinced of this from having seen Mr. Crampton's instructions to Her Majesty's Consuls when the question of recruiting in the United States first arose.

Now up to this date it will be seen that there was not room for the shadow of a suspicion that in what the British ministers in America were engaged about there was anything which could possibly cause a misunderstanding, or bring the countries into unfriendly collision, provided only the letter of the law was strictly observed ;—and not even in case of its violation, unless it was brought home to them. Mr. Crampton accordingly felt it in accordance with both his duty and his patriotic sympathies, to make the organization he had planned as extensive and as efficient as possible, and believed that he was earning the gratitude of his country when he spread the network over the whole face of the States. He became thus the centre of a wide-spread system, and found himself in constant and confidential communication with a host of persons, strangers to him, of every nation and character, disaffected politicians, restless spirits, needy adventurers—in short, as might be supposed, that portion of society which is more valuable numerically than in any other aspect.

It was in the midst of these efforts that a dispatch from Lord Clarendon, dated the 22nd of June, reached Mr. Crampton, enjoining him to *stay all further proceedings* in the matter of enlistment, and to *abandon the project definitively*. It may easily be conceived in what a predicament this injunction, prudent and proper though it certainly was, left the British Minister. There he was, surrounded by a labyrinth of machinery of his own construction, dangerous enough in the working, but trebly dangerous when interfered with, obliged to put a sudden and violent stop to its motions, and disjoint and safely take to pieces, as it were, the whole of what he had put together. No easy task, certainly; but still more dangerous than difficult. A host of expectants had to be disappointed—a host of needy wretches had to be turned adrift—a host of desperadoes to be summarily got rid of. Ill-humour, malignity, revenge were to be encountered. The odium which always attaches to the ostensible promoter of an abortive scheme had to be endured. All this time there were at his elbow the ministers of the very country against whom these schemes were directed. They were looking over his shoulder, as he played his cards, and may be supposed to have made their own signs to his enemies, who must now have been numerous. A man placed in such a situation can scarcely expect to get off scathless. In point of fact, Mr. Crampton, who had been the choice of the Americans themselves—whose singular suavity and grace of manner, as well as higher accomplishments and qualities, had made him up to that time perhaps the most popular minister who ever represented British interests in America, suddenly lost his *prestige* with both government and people, and became an object of public opprobrium. In the prosecutions which were instituted against various individuals for alleged violation of the neutrality laws, and especially on the trial of Hertz, the authorities who acted for the government made no secret of its being their chief endeavour to implicate the ambassador—to expose him as a “malefactor.” It is unfortunately beyond the scope of an article like this, to enter upon an examination of the evidence upon which

it has been sought to criminate the British Minister. We must content ourselves with explaining two circumstances. First, the individuals, Strobel, Hertz, Burghthal and Reuss, upon whose evidence the enemies of Mr. Crampton principally rested for their proofs of his complicity, were men of notoriously loose, not to say infamous character. The second circumstance is best explained in the words of Mr. Crampton himself. He says:—

“The Attorney-General of the United States has acknowledged, nay, he has proclaimed, that the proceedings in the trial of Hertz were, in reality, directed against Her Majesty’s consuls and myself; yet he was aware that I could not, and he was determined that they should not appear in their own defence.

“The offence thus charged against us amounts to a *misdeemeanour*.

“Prosecutions for *misdeemeanour* by the State, whether by indictment or information, are subject in this country, as in England, to certain regulations, providing that the defendants shall have copies of the indictment or information, and a list of the witnesses, as well as other legal safeguards.

“Now, Her Majesty’s Consuls and myself have stood in the position of defendants in this case, and I would beg to ask Mr. Attorney-General Cushing whether we had the benefit of any of the means of defence which the law allows to persons charged with *misdeemeanour*?”

No—they had not. The Attorney-General had taken care, by express instructions addressed to the District Attorney, to contrive so that *no British officer should be permitted to interfere in the trials in question*. Yet up to the very last despatch received from Mr. Marcy during the month that is just past, it is still insisted that Mr. Crampton has no right, in self-defence, to impugn the testimony of witnesses admitted and credited in courts of justice in America! The result of the contest indeed cannot be doubtful,

Ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum.

A simple question disposes of the case. If a functionary against whom a charge is preferred, is not to be heard either in court or out of court, how is he to defend himself?

It would afford us great pleasure to be able to give, for the benefit of our

readers the whole of that masterly despatch, in which Mr. Crampton, at the solicitation of Lord Clarendon, makes a formal statement of his case. This document should be in the hands of everybody who wishes to understand this affair thoroughly; and should especially be read in connection with the final note of Mr. Marcy, explanatory of Mr. Crampton's dismissal. It is a pity that Lord Clarendon had not the boldness to transmit it to the American minister as it stood. It might have had a wholesome effect at the time. Arriving, as it did, in the "Blue Book" the other day, it was simply calculated to increase those elements of repulsiveness which seem by that time to have rendered any intercourse between our Minister and the present government of America impossible.

On what grounds, then, is this extreme act of dismissal sought to be justified? Let the answer be supplied from the despatch we have just referred to. They are shortly these: that he undertook to do what was contrary to the municipal laws of the country, as well as derogatory of its sovereign rights, in "hiring or retaining" recruits for a nation at war with a friendly power. That he continued to authorize this infringement of the law after instructions had reached him from his government to desist—both these allegations being sustained solely by that evidence which Mr. Crampton was not allowed to question, and which he has given such good reasons for discrediting—unless indeed the verbal contradiction of Mr. Marcy, supported by some unsatisfactory allegations which he calls "cumulative evidence," is to be admitted as impugning the solemn, clear, and deliberate statement of Mr. Crampton himself. That, notwithstanding the satisfactory arrangement of the dispute between the governments of the two countries, consisting of an apology on our part, and the acceptance of it on that of America, the Minister who it is insisted is guilty, but who has had no means allowed him of proving his innocence: and who besides must be understood to have already apologized in the apology of his government, can on personal grounds no longer be endured or communicated with as Her Majesty's representative. That even were the President disposed to wait

until the "cumulative proofs" should have been submitted, so as to give an opportunity of reply, the "exceptional character" of Mr. Crampton's despatches, recently come to his notice in the "Blue Book," would have precluded any such thought of delay.

Here it is that the shoe pinches, as regards Mr. Crampton. At least, this, and his participation in the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, are enough. He must be got rid of. He was a party to the policy of 1850. Moreover, he has seen through, and spoken out about, the policy of 1855.

He had said, on the 16th of July in the latter year:—

I believe Mr. Rowcroft to be entirely innocent; and it would appear, even from the newspaper reports, that the means employed to get up the charge, reflect anything but credit on the law officers of the United States at Cincinnati.

He had charged the American Secretary with something more than weakness of memory, in a despatch dated November 19:—

Mr. Marcy seems to labour under a somewhat unaccountable misapprehension as to facts which, I should have concluded, could not have been unknown to him.

And again, in the same despatch, Mr. Crampton points to a further "unaccountable misapprehension."

What, however, renders the want of information under which Mr. Marcy evidently laboured when he made the statement in question, more extraordinary, is the fact that on the day he wrote his despatch, viz., the 13th of October, I had addressed to him an official note on the subject, calling his attention not only to the reports of the proceedings in question, published in the American newspapers, but to the communications I have received from Her Majesty's Consuls at Boston, Cincinnati, and New York, on the subject, and to the handbill circulated secretly among the Irish societies, of which I inclosed to Mr. Marcy a printed copy.

In the following passage of Mr. Crampton's "statement," he remarks upon this refusal to permit Her Majesty's ministers to be heard in their own defence:—

I think, my Lord, that we have some reason to complain of this treatment, as very little in harmony with what might be ex-

pected at the hands of a friendly power; as showing needless distrust of Her Majesty's representative and Consuls; and, if I may be permitted to say so, as unbecoming by the personal character and reputation of those gentlemen or myself.

Mr. Marcy, as well as the President, I had flattered myself would have felt convinced that, however erroneous they might suppose my views of the Neutrality Laws to be, I should have disdained to shield myself from their consequences by concealment or subterfuge; and that, upon inquiry of me, every act and proceeding of mine would have been frankly communicated to them. It would then have been unnecessary for the law officers of the United States to resort to the aid of spies and informers, in order to obtain evidence against us. By so doing they have been (as might have been expected) grossly misled; and it will now be my duty to refute, as far as I am able, the misrepresentations and calumnies which have resulted from the ill-conceived method of obtaining information resorted to by the Government of the United States.

The insinuations contained in the following passage from the same document are not very flattering to Mr. Marcy:—

Conceiving that the object of the American Government, in making through M. Buchanan the remonstrance against recruitment in the United States contained in that Minister's note of the 16th of July, had now been fully attained, I addressed to Mr. Marcy (on the 8th of August) a private letter, suggesting to him, on my own personal responsibility and without instructions from my Government, the expediency, with a view to avoiding the appearance of any want of harmony between the two Governments, of dropping the legal proceedings which had been instituted against Her Majesty's Consul at Cincinnati, and against other parties at New York, for a violation of the Neutrality Laws.

To this friendly overture I received no reply from Mr. Marcy, although he had returned to Washington and I had several conversations with him on other subjects, but at which he never alluded to the subject of the recruitment.

On the 24th of August I ventured to enquire of Mr. Marcy whether my letter had ever reached him; he replied that it had, that the subject of it was under advisement, and that he would shortly communicate with me in regard to it.

This was all that passed, nor did Mr. Marcy make the slightest allusion either to the correspondence which had taken place between Mr. Buchanan and yourself, to the new point of view in which the Government of the United States now regarded the question, or to the pretended "disclosures" upon which charges

have since been brought forward against Her Majesty's Diplomatic and Consular Agents, and against the British provincial authorities.

Had Mr. Marcy informed me of these matters, I should at all events have been able to demonstrate to him the falsehood of those charges. And even supposing that I might not have succeeded in changing his view of the subject, and he still should have conceived that he had grounds for complaint against Her Majesty's Government and their Agents, he would at least have been obliged to weigh my statements as to facts against those of the witnesses who have been brought forward as "State's evidence" to depose in a Court of Justice to the grossest falsehoods, and he would have been able to ground his complaints, if he still had thought it necessary to make them, upon my statements and not upon evidence of a character which reflects little credit upon the parties who have had recourse to it.

Finally, the observations embodied in the despatch of March 14th, 1856, are too significant to be easily borne. The topic is still the recruitment of men in the States:—

It was only by Mr. Marcy's note of the 5th of September, that I was at once informed both of the view taken of the matter by the United States' government, and of their belief that I myself was implicated in the affair of which they complained.

From June 6, therefore, to September 5, during the whole of which time, with the exception of six days (from June 20 to June 26), I was at Washington, and during the whole of which time Mr. Marcy, as it has since appeared, believed that recruitments were successfully going on, which recruitments it was natural to suppose I might have had some influence in stopping or preventing, no remonstrance or communication of any sort was made to me on the subject, and during the greater part of that time, while evidence was being industriously collected by the United States' District Attorneys, through the means of paid spies and informers, against myself and other officers of her Majesty's service, it was not thought expedient by the United States' government to give either myself or them any notice of what was going forward, or to break silence on the subject to us at all, until a case against us had been matured and completed, by which it was hoped and expressly and avowedly intended to convict us publicly of the offence of a violation of the law.

It is not for me to speculate as to the motives by which the United States' government were actuated in this course of proceeding, but it certainly would seem that it was dictated rather by a desire to ensure the public conviction of certain parties of an offence, by silently watching their proceedings until they had involved themselves in some illegal act,

by a desire to put a stop as early as possible, by timely warning, to any further in the execution of a plan which was in our opinion likely to disturb the friendly relations of the two countries.

In a word, Mr. Marcy is charged, in numerous passages of these despatches, with something approaching to a deliberate intention, by unscrupulous means and 'through unworthy misrepresentations, of embroiling the British government at home, or at least the British minister in America, with his own country, and exciting a hostile feeling against one or both. A grave charge—one which the American minister must feel bound for his credit not to endure. In short, the publication of the Blue Book was the signal for Mr. Crampton's recall, or removal—one or the other. He and that book could not be in America together, and co-operate with a Pierce ministry. We purposely abstain from entering upon the parallel case of the consuls, both because it is comprised in that of the minister, and because it may be assumed that those gentlemen were included in this extreme measure rather for the sake of consistency than for any other cause. Mr. Crampton had boldly impugned the fair dealing of the American government, in despatches to his own. Parliament required that these despatches should be made public. They were so—too soon, we think: but that is of little consequence. They were published; and America was delighted at the excuse they afforded for the step it HAD OTHER REASONS FOR WISHING TO TAKE.

The recruiting question is all a sham. Russia probably fomented the dispute for its own immediate purposes; but it made a mistake. It ought to have avoided weakening England on that side, for obvious reasons. The true question as between the respective nations is the *Central American* one. In the earlier part of this paper we have given a brief history of that question. But we have yet to speculate as to the motives which may have actuated the parties to the dispute, and which may exercise their influence on its progress or termination. Protected by the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty of 1860, a ship-canal of vast dimensions was to be constructed across Central America by means of British capital, by which America

was to gain great advantages. This protectorate was not to be obtained without some sacrifice, and accordingly America, seeing she could do no less, agreed to sacrifice—what? Not dominion—not territory—not money. No—but her aggressive course—her normal condition of advance—her annexing, monopolizing, dominating spirit, *in one direction*. Central America was precluded, for all time, from being the scene of her characteristic policy. *This* was the price she was to pay for her canal—for that it would be *hers* in the main, she confidently, and perhaps rightly, expected.

But unforeseen difficulties arose. Capitalists were cautious, slow, suspicious. A year—two years—a third year, nearly, passed over, and nothing was done. At last, the scheme broke down. The project of a ship-canal was abandoned. Observe the dates. On the 27th of October, 1852, M. Marcoleta, the Minister of Nicaragua in New York, writes to Mr. Crampton to the following effect:—

M. le Ministre,

The Legation of Nicaragua has just learned that the American Canal Company of New York, finding it impossible to execute the important line of inter-oceanic communication on account of the want of co-operation of the capitalists of Great Britain, has resolved to propose to the government of Nicaragua modification of the original contract for constructing a canal of smaller dimensions than those stipulated in the second Article of the above-named contract.

By this announcement America as well as England, found herself shut out from all those advantages done so much, as she thought, for her. For ships of large tonnage alone did either nation want. The benefits to be derived by both from the Treaty were wholly lost. M. Marcoleta's letter of the 27th of October, 1852. On the 29th of October following, the resolution was offered to the United States by Mr

Resolved. — That the president be authorized to communicate to the Senate the copy of a proclamation to be compatible with the public information in the department respecting the establishment of a colony in Central America the copy of a proclamation

said department, issued by the British authorities at the Belize, July 17, 1852, announcing that "Her Most Gracious Majesty our Queen has been pleased to constitute and make the Islands of Ruatan, Bonacca, Utilia, Barbat, Helma, and Morat to be a colony, to be known and designated as the Colony of the Bay Islands," and signed "By command of Her Majesty's Superintendent, Augustus Fred. Gore, Colonial Secretary." And also what measures, if any, have been taken by the Executive to prevent the violation of that Article of the Treaty of Washington of July 4, 1850, between the United States and Great Britain, which provides that neither party shall "occupy, or fortify, or colonize, or assume dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America."

Thus it appears that as soon as ever the benefit to be derived from a Treaty to which America was a party, and which had never been questioned or commented upon, was at an end, the American Senate began to read it over again,—and with what object? Why, to get rid of it. This is the idea which, taken up by the government of President Pierce, lies at the bottom of the whole dispute, and has extended itself even into the apparently distinct precincts of the recruitment quarrel. As the treaty was framed, and was intended to be understood by its framers, it was for the "great design" of the convention, to tie the hands of both parties from encroachment in the neighbourhood of the canal. We were a little too close to it at one end, and an adjustment was to be made there—that was to be arranged. America was not near either end—there was nothing to be settled as regarded her. But now there was to be no canal—there was no "great design," for which to make a sacrifice. What, America says, have we done, then? Simply renounced for ever the right to attack, overrun, overwhelm, or "annex,"—or, in the words of the treaty, "occupy, fortify, or colonize, or assume or exercise any dominion" over any part of Central America.

We English were quite ready to renounce. The little we had there was enough for us. If we possessed nothing there, it would have been the same thing. It was no object with us to make new acquisitions in that quarter. At least, no object sufficiently paramount to

quarrel or manœuvre for. Not so in the case of America. She found her "destiny" interfered with in this region. There was a Clayton-Bulwer Cordillera in her path. Aggression here was out of the question, the Treaty still in existence. Well—let us look at it—let us spell it—let us turn it upside down—let us read it backwards, as witches jabber their prayers—perhaps we may find that it means one thing in English—another in American. "Central America"—that in English is a political designation, and in such a sense is bounded by the limits of those republics in which the designation was first used. But geographers, geologists, botanists, antiquaries, stretch the term till it reaches the sea at both sides, and don't acknowledge little settlements and dependencies outside it. Well—that shall be the American meaning of the words. Nay, it shall be, in spite of their own declarations, Messrs. Clayton and Bulwer's meaning, and they shall not be permitted to say to the contrary. "Occupy"—that, it is true, in English, as its very first primitive meaning, is to take adverse possession of, to seize. Such it is by its derivation. Such is invariably its meaning, when used as an active verb in military or political parlance. But that would do for us. We must make it retrospective, and use it as a sort of stern-chaser, to drive out the British from possessions which they have hitherto been snugly enjoying, by giving it an American meaning of our own, similar to that it bears when applied to furnished apartments, and the like. "Not to occupy" a post may indeed be held to mean, not to take it by force and retain it: but "not to occupy" Central America is a notice to quit; and the tenant must be ejected from those spacious premises if he does not go quietly.

Such was the argument of Mr. Cass in 1852—such, stripped of its diplomatic trappings, is the language of Mr. Marcy at this moment. The words of the Treaty are studiously distorted, not, we are firmly convinced, for the purpose of disturbing us in our occupancy, such as it is, of the British Honduras and its dependencies, so much as to give the colour of an excuse for a contemplated repudiation of the Treaty itself. Nay, we doubt whether it would not be a disappoint-

ment if we were to surrender our possessions in Central America to-morrow, and adopt the American reading of the Treaty. What Mr. Marcy wants is to get out of it. The repudiation will leave America free to pursue her own course—to work out her own "destiny." And in this light it will be easier to see why that oracular and not very defensible *dictum* called "The Monroe Doctrine" was promulgated so clamorously at the period in question. Should the treaty be annulled, ordinary people might think that American aggression on the Central American states might still be met—or neutralised—by British aggression in the same quarter. But, no! the shade of Monroe interposes, and enunciates the following apophthegm :—

The American Continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered subjects for future colonization by any European Powers.

What, then, should the policy of England be in the face of these things? She cannot expect, if our view of American ulterior designs be correct, that the powers with which Mr. Dallas is said to be invested, and the proposals for arbitration, limited and useless as they are, which he is entrusted to offer, are intended to bring the questions at issue to a termination. She must act upon the assumption that they are illusive. The dismissal of Mr. Crampton being only one step in a course to which the American Government (we will not include the American nation) is pledged, she must not suffer herself to be diverted from the path to which honour and policy alike point, unless she is prepared to see those objects already faintly indicated carried out to their full extent, and Anglo-Saxon America absorb the whole of the geographical continent of that name. There are indeed men—Englishmen, they call themselves—who not only fancy they see this "destiny" before the race, but actually call upon England to approve and co-operate in achieving it for them! The poor Indian was scarcely violating his duty when he fought for his hunting-fields against the white man—and yet the white man's "destiny" was to supplant him. Besides, in this case, the "destiny" of the race may point to the Anglo-

Saxon Englishmen as well as to the Anglo-Saxon American. The "Monroe doctrine" takes no notice of the Anglo-Saxon. It is the American who alone is to colonize America. This doctrine we have a right to resist, so far as it may be construed as justifying American aggression. As *doctrine*, it is senseless. There is no proposition involved in it. It is a simple political manifesto—and as a manifesto, it is, of course, morally binding upon nobody, and only obligatory in practice where resistance is impossible.

England will therefore be called upon to decide, sooner or later, whether she will submit to the development of the doctrine in question to its legitimate extent, or take timely measures to check it. If the decision must be arrived at in the end, it seems to us that it would be the better part of policy to make up our minds at once. We shall have the fairer chance of resisting successfully what has been met manfully. It is very far from our wish to urge upon the country measures which might possibly lead to a disturbance of our relations with a nation to which we are bound as we are to America. That disaster is to be deprecated on every account. But assuming that a dangerous and aggressive policy lurks under the successive acts of the American government, we put it to ministers whether it might not be wiser and safer to shew that we are not deceived—that we distrust appearances—that we care little for professions—that, in short, we are determined to pursue the course dictated by honour, at the hazard of offending men who see in such a course obstacles thrown in the way of deeply-laid and long-cherished schemes of ambition.

We need scarcely enunciate more plainly what follows by necessary implication from our premises—that, even had the charges of indiscretion and incompetence been brought home to Mr. Crampton, his dismissal should not have been submitted to as it was; and that since they were not, it was derogatory to the dignity of the empire, and prejudicial to its real interests, to retain the American Ambassador under the illusive supposition that through him differences would be settled, which it is the interests of his country to leave unjustified.

THE DARRAGH.

CHAPTER V.

THE DARRAGH AND ITS GRIEF.

Good night! Good night!
 Oh! we never knew
 How dear thou wert,
 Till o'er our heart
 The cold wind blew
 That bade us part.
 Good night! Good night!
 Still stands thy eagle on his perch;
 Thy palfrey whinnies in her stall;
 Thy dog roams whining round the church;
 Thy page weeps in the darkened hall;
 For thou art in the churchyard mold,
 The bright eye dimmed—the kind heart cold:
 Good night! Good night!
 Yet the deeds thou hast done
 Will outlast thy breath,
 And the love thou hast won
 Is with us till death:
 Good night! Good night!
 Oh! a dearer presence never crost
 The path to which its light was given:
 And a gentler spirit ne'er was lost
 To earth—and gained to heaven:
 Good night! Good night!—*The Keen of Moycarra.*

I AM now coming to narrate one of the darkest sorrows of my life, which was the illness and the death of my sister Madeline, and which took place about a year after the stirring events recorded in the last chapter. To me this cloud, which burst at last on my uncle and Montfort in a thunder storm of grief, had been perceptibly gathering for a long time; and I well recollect one day in summer, when my sister and I had returned from a ride together, her saying to me at our hall door, "Walter, lift me down, for I feel somehow unaccountably tired and weak."

She flushed up as she spoke, and after I had taken her from the saddle I said, "How light you have become, Madeline; I trust you are well!"

"Oh quite well," was the answer, "save for this pain in my left side, which robs me of my sleep, and that causes the fatigue I speak of; but, Walter, breathe not a word to my uncle or to John." For Madeline was always thinking of others, and like many of her sex who have 'the still heart,' and the mind of gentle dignity, she concealed her illness till it had mounted to a degree which reached beyond medical skill. She

had been much confined all this year by her attendance on Montfort, and though he would beseech her to leave him, and go out, and have her ride, yet she would not do it, but kept constantly to the house, or only took exercise in walking beside his bath chair up and down the avenue. When he was so far recovered as to be enabled to drive his own ponies in the phaeton, she would accompany him in his favorite excursion through the great oak wood road up to the waterfall; or get down to the beach, where Montfort would sit and drink in health and vigour from the fresh cool breezes, that came in around him revivingly along the bright and heaving plain of the green Atlantic. But his limbs were too weak as yet to admit of his mounting a horse; and Madeline would seldom ride except she had him for a companion. In the beginning of the year my uncle took her to Dublin for advice, where C. pronounced her disease to be organic affection of the heart, but said that with care she might live for many years. Meanwhile Montfort's brother, Sir Philip, had died; and he was now a baronet, with a large fortune, and a beautiful place in Shrop-

shire. From these combining circumstances their marriage was deferred; and we all hoped that the coming spring with its balm and its scented airs would greatly restore both our dear invalids. But while Montfort rapidly improved, my sister as visibly declined; and alas, alas, was even now in the lengthening shadow of the grave. I was deeply attached to Madeline, and her death dried up the sweetest and brightest fountain that ever leaped up through my being.

During her sickness, which came on fast and fatally as the summer advanced, and when she was confined to her apartment, it was my pride and sad pleasure to bring to her dressing room, when she would come there each afternoon to lie on the sofa, the choicest and most beautiful bouquet I could procure from our gardens and conservatories. Montfort spent all his evenings by her side; even the cherished cigar was forsaken for her, and his presence seemed to almost check her disease for the time; for, though so beneath her in refinement and in culture, he loved her well in his own manly and truthful way, and his delicacy of health gave him an additional lustre and interest in her true womanly heart. She saw no visitors beyond our home circle, except our little curate, who, indeed, was one of the best of men, living to work, and working to live. His visits, which were judiciously timed, she greatly enjoyed; and her thoughts and conversation would now often wander forward amongst the scenes and landscapes of the other world, towards which her spirit was setting, with a calmness which astonished and affected us all. One evening, when I was sitting alone with her, she told me of a curious dream which had, as it were, heralded in her illness.

"That it *was* a dream," she said, "I *now* believe; but, indeed, Walter, at the time, and for many weeks afterwards, I thought it must have really happened, and it greatly depressed my spirits. It occurred last January. You know my bedroom, and how it lies at the very end of the long corridor, and how it is entered by three steps from the gallery. Well, Walter, you know too that I never was troubled with superstitious fears, and that I have at least a

woman's share of the constitutional fearlessness of our race. I had gone to bed late, leaving a good fire in the grate, and a nightlight burning on my toilet; I certainly felt *unwell*—this poor heart of mine nervously beating, and giving me pain; however, I fell asleep, but awoke again in an hour or so, as I should think, for I heard the great clock from the farmyard striking two. It was beginning to blow, although the night had been as still as the grave when I had fallen asleep. The windows were rattling along the corridor, and presently I heard a far door clap, and I thought of the stories of the Admiral's ghost, and I smiled; and then, I know not why, all that dreadful business of Ahern's death, and John's share in it, floated up in my mind, and I became agitated and wept. I was roused from this train of sad thought, by distinctly hearing the steps of some one advancing along the gallery, and approaching my door; the wind had fallen, and the house was quite still; the steps sounded nearer and nearer, and presently I heard the handle of my door gently turned, and I was aware that some one was in the room along with me. I saw it plainly by the double light of the nightlamp and the fire, dim, indeed, but sufficient for vision and recognition. It seemed a tall form in grey garments, something like a woman's faded night dress. It came straight on to the foot of the bed, and then I saw it was our dear mother. I could not speak; I felt choking, and if palsy stricken. Presently I saw the figure stooping down, and removing the bed clothes; it seized my two feet in its hands, and their touch was colder than the coldest ice, pervading my whole frame like a dead clasp: then it spoke, and my mother's sweet tones brought back the life warmth to my heart again, "My child," it said, "you are very ill: you will soon come to me; and to—oh *such* happiness." Then the icy hands slowly passed up to my ankles, and then the figure turned again to the door, and I saw it and heard it no more, for the wind suddenly rose again with a violent plash of rain against my windows, and the old accustomed noises began to sound through the house, and I fell off into deep sleep, and did not wake up till

eight in the morning : when I found the door of the room locked, which I had done on first entering it the night before. But what seemed unaccountable, Walter, was, that I saw that the clothes at the bottom of the bed *had* indeed been lifted during the night, and not replaced. But though I could not but believe that I had seen my mother for some weeks afterwards, yet on mentioning the matter to Margaret Joyce, whom I at once took to be my companion at night, and my kind nurse, her matter of fact and sensible mind refused to admit such an idea, and she persuaded me that it had been night-mare, or that I had removed the bed-clothes in my sleep, and in this I now concur. What think you of the matter, Walter ?

I confess that I had listened with the deepest interest and most lively credence to Madeline's recital, but I was saved from giving an answer by the entrance of my uncle ; and perhaps it was all the better ; for the interpretation of the vision according to what my imaginative temperament would have decided, might have disturbed and unsettled my sister's mind. The poor thing now sunk rapidly, and her feet and ankles were much swollen, which I connected with the coldness she had felt in her dream ; if, indeed, it *were* a dream. God only knoweth ; the physical ailment of the part might have produced the idea or notion of spiritual causality, as we all know it often does in dreams, and thus confused together cause and effect. I do not believe, however, that this question troubled her or occupied her mind ; *that was* set on loftier things, and her peace and joy knew no measure. The week before she died the General had a long interview with her ; he left the room with his face all bathed in tears, while her's wore a look of triumph I had never seen there before, and her smile was of superhuman beauty, as if she had caught and retained some of the strange high light of the upper world which was soon to shine around her ; as the loftiest peaks are seen to sparkle with the beams of the coming morn, while the valleys below are all dark. I must pass on now, and rapidly ; for lingering over each well remembered event of the last week is like coming back to weep at her grave. She died,

and we buried her by torch light, an old custom in our family ; and early as it was—about three in the morning—a vast multitude, chiefly of peasantry, filled the whole area of the lawn, and were dimly seen by the red light of the moving torches waxing duller and duskier, as the crimson of the East flushed up more vividly each moment from the horizon,—reminding me of the bright draperies with which hope had decked her own gentle spirit of late ; paling all earthly lights. As the long cavalcade streamed up the avenue, there arose the wild melodious Keen, swelling across the fields, and seeming at times to sink, and die among the hills, only to be taken up again—louder and more wailingly still, in all its shrill and passionate notes of thrilling sorrow. Nor did it cease, till the procession had reached the church-yard gate ; to me it was inexpressibly soothing, seeming to echo the sweetness of the memories which mingled with my sad feelings, while it expressed the bursting and vehement grief I could not speak. We laid her in the family vault in the village. My uncle and Montfort both attended. The former wept abundantly, and many a sob from the surrounding poor gave back the expression of his sorrow ; but Montfort stood an image of stone—a man without a tear—till we had returned home, when he called me into the old drawing room, where were her piano, and music stand, and harp ; and flinging himself into my arms, the strong man broke down, and gave way to the most heart-bursting and terrible gush of sobs, cries, and sorrow I have ever witnessed. “ Oh ! dearest Walter ” he would exclaim, “ I have lost an angel,” and then his tears would choke his voice—and he would weep and lament in my arms for hours. I know not how it was, but I felt strong to comfort him, as well as my uncle, whose grief was more measured, and of a gentler description ; but poor Montfort's sorrow was for ever breaking out, and I think he was ashamed that men should see it ; and so before two months had elapsed, to our great regret and surprise, he had left us, utterly unable to stay, having sold his property to McClintock, resigned his commission of the peace, and disposed of all his stud

and dogs in Dublin by sale. And that was the last I saw of Sir John Montfort, till after some weary and eventful time had passed away; for he was bent on going on a long sea voyage to complete the restoration of his health, and to try and forget his sorrow; and accordingly, before two months had elapsed, he had sailed from Liverpool in a Baltimore packet for the United States. After his departure my uncle had a long illness, in which I nursed him day and night: his grief for Madeline had shaken him greatly, and Montfort's somewhat abrupt departure had tried him more than he was willing to allow. Even the loss of Becky's rough familiar face was felt by him; for the faithful creature, overwhelmed with sorrow at my sister's death, had gone to her grandfather's house, and her own people, in the North of Ireland. My uncle's plans, too, for bettering the condition of his people he considered to have signally failed, except in a few instances; and so these things threw his generous nature back upon itself, and into inaction, and hurt his health. His physician, however, said that the next winter's hunting would restore his constitution, and this gave us a happy hope. He had not now the same charm he once had round his hearth; the gentle, graceful Madeline was gone, "the cheer and comfort of his eye," the ornament of his table, and the light of his household; and her place was imperfectly supplied by a Mrs. Sandford, who had been Madeline's governess, and who being well stricken in years, and of regular and quiet habits, the General had made his housekeeper, and set over the menage.

My cousin Gilbert had now come to live with us, and his attention to the General knew no bounds; but it seemed to me to be overstrained; and the old man, so high bred and dignified, did not appear to relish all the fuss his affectionate nephew was ever making about his every movement. Yet Gilbert no doubt was sincerely attached to us all; and if it be true that love begets love, I should have warmly affected Kildoon; for his expressions of regard, oral and practical, by speech as well as by show, were to me as constant and as regular, though rather less refreshing than my daily meals.

I was now an undergraduate of Trinity College, and had obtained classical honors more than once, yet I was but imperfectly educated for one who was to inherit a good property and transmit an ancient name. The imaginative faculty was an impediment to my acquisition of solid knowledge of men or things. I was too busy with my own thoughts to concern myself with what others might be thinking of; I was utterly unsuspicious; I would have scorned to have thought evil of any one unless his evil were forced upon me; I loved books, solitary walks, and wild scenery: I loved, too, observation of character, drawing, and music. I disliked shooting, except for the long walks; and I eschewed fishing unless for the boating sake; but I dearly loved hunting, and when mounted on "the Highflier," I believe that no ditch, no wall, or double drain could check the happy ardour which animated me in a hard run after a caitiff fox. My horse and myself seemed actuated by the one feeling; and rider and quadruped to have but the one heart, and almost the one body between them on such occasions. The General was a splendid rider to the hounds, magnificently mounted on his Yorkshire bay, which took everything coolly but successfully, and after a day's heavy run appeared as fresh and as little blown as if he had been cantering in Hyde Park. My cousin Kildoon was a forward but not a good horseman. On one occasion he and his hunter had rolled into a ditch, after an unsuccessful jump, and while he was there, I had gone clear over him on the Highflier, much to the amusement of "the Field;" but not to his satisfaction I fear, for I never can forget the look he gave me, as I leaped across him and his struggling horse. It might have been fright, or contortion of face from his awkward position, but it struck me for the moment that it was like the angry glare of hate. Gilbert was sole agent now of the Darragh estates, and he certainly looked to me to be more at his ease when mounted on a stool, and his ledger before him in his quiet little office behind the house, than when he had attained a similar elevation on an unstuffed saddle, a hot horse under him, the hounds in full cry before him, and at least twenty

loose stone walls to surmount before "the kill" took place.

A great change came over the spirit of our life now, by the arrival at the Darragh of a Mrs. Cardonald, who was a near relation of the General's. She came to stay a week, but sojourned a year. She resided generally at Cheltenham, but being summoned to Dublin by some law business, she had come on now to visit her "honoured kinsman," my uncle. She was a silken perfumed mass of good nature, vanity, egoism, and thorough worldliness, with the affectation of super-superlative refinedness; so soft and sleek was she in skin, and voice, and hand, and habiliment, that she appeared more like an incarnation of chinchilli fur, or an animation of Genoa velvet, than one of Eve's bone-sinew-and-muscle daughters.

She had been a beauty some thirty years ago, and if dress, care, and cosmetics could have preserved her flowers from fading, no one could have found fault with her as a skilful gardiner. Not content with bodily comeliness, she aimed also at the beauty of the mind, and affected literature, of which she absolutely knew nothing; her whole stock in trade consisting of a few trite expressions, such as, "The sweet Bard of Avon," "The Spenserian Stanza," "The Magician of the North," with half a dozen hacknied quotations, such as "the feast of reason and the flow of soul;" and the "Cups that cheer but not inebriate," &c., and others equally profound and rare. Her mind, indeed, had nothing intellectual in it, her only talent being the art of talking incessantly without expressing any idea. Her dress was the perfection of richness and taste, for she had an ample jointure, which she generously spent on herself, on the principle of charity beginning at home; nay, she enlarged the proverb, by making it end at home also, for no one ever knew her to bestow on others that which she could possibly or profitably expend upon herself; and when "herself" was to be no more, her fortune reverted to her son, who was a smug Somerset parson, who kept his flock, not on the "Granipian hills," but amidst the grassy slopes and blushing orchards of the sleepy diocese of W——; and with which ecclesiastick we very

soon discovered she was not on the happiest terms. She appeared to us to be in excellent health, and in what poor Montfort could have called "prime condition;" yet was she a professed valetudinarian, always labouring under some invisible bronchitis, or oppressed with an apocrypal influenza: yet sailing down each day to dinner in a sort of semi-nude Musidora condition, and as lightly clad as the youngest nymph in the country.

She was accompanied by her daughter Isabella, who was still young and very fair: and unlike her mother in mind—having more sense; and equally unlike her in manner—having more reserve. She had been fashionably educated; or, in other words, she was an accomplished woman, and played, sung, and rode well.

I do not pretend to say what ambitious dreams might have crossed the meridian of Mrs. Cardonald's brain respecting the General, whom she always called her "honoured kinaman;" but whatever they might have been, they were soon and effectually dissipated by my uncle's sustained coldness of manner, which although always courteous and even kind, did not however hold forth the fragment of a salient angle for vanity to hang a hope on. Still, the lady was charmed with "The Darragh;" and after passing a whole month under our roof, she declared that the Atlantic breezes, "tempered by sweet mountain air," had so braced and renewed her system, and banished her "extreme delicacy," that if the General would permit her, she would become his tenant for the summer and autumn months, at Woodmancote, which was the name of the handsome cottage he had built in the wood behind our house. To this unexpected proffer the General could only give a gratified assent, expressing himself in conventional parlance as "most happy," &c.; and the next day Mrs. Cardonald and he were busy in ordering down furniture from Dublin; the lady gladly assenting to remain as our guest, till such time as we could say, in the Corporal's language, "All's right" at Woodmancote.

It was now spring, and as yet we had not had any continuance of fine or genial weather; a whole week's rain had kept our ladies within doors,

and we had ample room and verge enough to become very intimate with our fair guests; for, as we see in animal nature, how a storm on a hill-side or meadow will collect all the sheep closely together, and drive them under the lee of some rock or wall for shelter; so a rainy week in a remote country-house draws the occupants of said mansion closely together, and, in the dearth of out of door occupation, compels them to lean much one on the other, like the huddled sheep in the aforesaid pastoral simile, for supplies and resources of mutual entertainment. And thus it is, that I believe that Eros and his followers Hymen are especially busy on such occasions, when young people are there, so that I think a noble poet, when he enumerates the causes which induce love, and "remove antipathies;" as

"Accident, blind contact, or the strong
Necessity of loving,"

might have added in a prosaic note—the subject being too homely for verse—"a week's rain in an old lonely house."

Gilbert, as I said, was staying with us, and seemed greatly to admire both ladies. A curious circumstance took place during this dispensation of rain which illustrated a point in the character of my cousin, and of Mrs. Cardonald, the elder of our gentle guests.

My uncle and I were sitting writing in the large library, when we heard the voice of Mr. Kildoon pitched in rather a pompous key, holding forth to some one in the corridor, and as the door was wide open we were sensible of the following dialogue:—

Mrs. Cardonald.—"Most interesting indeed, Mr. Kildoon; quite literary, as one may say, and so delightfully national."

Gilbert.—"Yes, Mrs. Cardonald, the name is good. It is pure Celtic—an old time-honoured name; and I assure you of a far more remote origin than my maternal name of Nugent, which is only Norman, and of comparatively recent origin. Kil-

doon, or, as I find it in Vallancey and O'Halloran, and other great authorities—Kildonnagh—Killi-na-doon—or Kil-na-doon, for the word is spelt all three several ways—signifies the 'Church of the Fort,' expressive either of the high locality my family occupied, or the martial and clerical professions they filled in the ecclesiastical or military establishment of the day; or, as we say in modern language, the 'church and the army.' The Kildoons are the elder branch of the O'Dondeys, and the O'MacPhilbens, whose vast property lay in the two baronies of * Calrigiamuighemurisk, in Amalgaid, and Con-macni Quiltola; and so I assure you, Mrs. Cardonald, I am not a little proud of my old Irish blood."

It is impossible to express the droll look which beamed over my uncle's face on hearing this harangue; the next moment he advanced to shut the door, saying, "Walter, we must listen no more, lest Gilbert should commence to slander the Nugents; and we should verify the proverb by hearing no good of ourselves." But the descendant of the O'Dondeys,—or the O'Donkeys as poor Montfort would infallibly have styled them, had he been here—had retired, having "soon shot his bolt," as saith another proverb.

"I know not whether to be more amused or amazed," said the General, "with Gilbert. I knew he was proud, but I did not give him credit for all this folly; and how could he venture to pour such a farrago of audacious nonsense into the ear of that poor lady. Yet, positively, both she and her daughter seem to admire Gilbert greatly. Strange that one so shrewd on matters of business as he is, should be so silly on this matter of mere romance; and that one who is so intelligent on the common things of life, should have uttered such a compound of ignorance and conceit as his speech conveyed, I cannot comprehend, unless he has some purpose in view. I should have brought him up less for a clerk, and more for a gentleman, and educated him more

* The curious reader may find all these names given in "John Speed's Theatre of the Empire of Great Britain," published 1596. Speed was originally a tailor, which may partly account for his stitching together such appalling polysyllables as the above. He is mentioned among "Fuller's Worthies" in Cheshire.

liberally. There is nothing like the College and the classics, after all, for giving a man nice tastes, and enlarging the mind," continued the old man, half soliloquizing; "I remember now that he has been rummaging among my old Irish histories for the last month, from which he has picked up this wild family lore, which, I dare say, is as great a myth as the Golden Fleece; and has gotten off by rote these baronies with the unpronounceable names, which are enough to choke a Russian schoolmaster, or dislocate the jaw of a Chinese. I am glad, however, that he is so well satisfied with his own name, and has thus confirmed my judgment in refusing to give him mine."

As my uncle spoke, I called to mind what Montfort had often said, that my cousin had two ruling passions, and both in an intense degree—and these were Avarice and Vanity, lurking in all their violence beneath that sleek demeanour; as we may suppose the fiercest workings of the volcano to be pent up beneath the very spot where the mountain shows smoothest and looks most verdant. And thus I saw how possible it was, in this strange anomaly of our common nature, for strong qualities of reason to lodge in the one mind together with passions so contemptible as Vanity, and so irrational as Avarice.

As I descended the stair-case, I saw Gilbert *faisant ses adieux* at the hall-door to the two ladies. He was going into Galway for a week or two, to visit a friend of his, a Captain O'Skerret, of Castle O'Skerret. I always make it a point to give the full name, for reasons prudential and pacific, inasmuch as I had heard that the said Captain had called a gentleman out, and "took him over the hip," for presuming to abbreviate him in his territorial titles. Yet was the Castle a mere stone bawn, or square tower, built of unhewn masonry, standing in a flat field, or lawn, *par excellence*, on which thistles sprouted luxuriantly, and donkies browsed luxuriously, and where geese wandered pompously, cackling melodiously. Around the lawn was a wilderness of stone, whole acres of a rocky superficies, with scanty patches of earth and herbage peeping out at long intervals—a veritable Arabia Petrea translocated to the wilds

of Galway. A dilapidated gate-house stood at the top of the field, which looked as if it had sustained a heavy Chancery suit; yet decidedly of a hospitable character, inasmuch as the winds and weather had free ingress by door and window, and no man dwelt there to forbid the intrusion. This, with an unsuccessful attempt at an orchard on the right, and an unwall'd garden, with a broken hedge, on the left, formed the frontispiece of the Castle. Behind was a long row of substantial thatched offices; for the Captain, though he had never read Virgil, was a keen admirer of practical Bucolics, and Georgics also, and had some good farms about three miles from his residence. These buildings stood in a wild, littered farm-yard, which had been unswept for years, and unpaved for centuries. Here were armies of turkeys, battalions of ducks, and cohorts of countless cocks and hens; the yard was flanked by a gigantic turf-rick, so high that the Titans might have piled it to scale the heavens; and so large, that the Cyclops might have used it to feed their fires. Opposite to this Olympus of turf smoked an immense flat manure heap; while in the centre slumbered an old green horsepond, where wriggled "comely eels in the verdant mud," and where whole fleets of ducklings were launched each prolific month by their adventurous parents. And concerning which pond, the owner was reported to have said—when exhorted by a meddling neighbour to fill it up because of its unwholesomeness—that "he could not spare it, because it *was convenyent for the fowl*."

These particulars, all taken together, composed the demesne of Dowell O'Skerrett, Esq., of Castle O'Skerrett, late Lieutenant in his Majesty's 62nd Regiment, or the gallant "Springers," and Captain *par courtesie* among friends, retainers, and admirers, with a continuation of the title, no man forbidding, *in secula seculorum*.

With this Tanist, Gilbert had some way fraternised. The principles of mutual affinity being undiscovered, or at least not yellowing to the surface of observation; and thither now he was about to depart in a new fine gig, and in nasty foul weather; so,

with a valedictory wish that he might escape upset from the one and ague from the other, I saw the descendant of the O'Mac Philbens and the O'Don-deys bowl slowly away from our door, his wheels sinking in the saturated gravel, and his strong mare tugging stiffly at the collar, in the

cold and cutting teeth of a wetting south wind drizzle.

And without seeking to analyze my feelings, I certainly turned in again to the drawing-room, with a lighter bosom than if I had been welcoming the coming, in place of speeding the parting, guest.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DARRAGH AND ITS GUESTS.

When the western waves like warriors come,
'Gainst the pierced and princely rocks of Clare;
Where the heath-crowned cliffs stand based in foam,
My steps have wandered there.

And heard from out a hundred caves,
Where the tides were running fierce and free,
The thunder claps of thy green waves—
Oh, Irish Sea!

An fairrge na h'Eirin, or, The Sea of Ireland.

THE good weather seemed to have only waited until my cousin's departure to revisit us again, for next morning the rain had entirely ceased, although the air and ground were as yet all loaded with mist and moisture. We had breakfasted in a little oak room looking out on the back of the house, which was called the "Chess Parlour," and were passing through the hall, when I heard the sound of laughter mingled with the hoarse scrape of a violin; and on reaching the hall-door, I found some of the servants collected before the windows, and gazing on a strange figure, who was dancing on the wet gravel in a most solemn and absurd fashion, while he "humoured" his own steps on a miserable old broken-bridged violin, on whose strings he kept scraping with a violence and an agility of elbow which had much more of miracle than music in it. The figure was middle-sized; lean as a ferret; palefaced; sheep-headed; with a glare from his small, green gooseberry eyes which bespoke a mixture of idiocy and cunning. On his head he had two old hats surmounting each other, something in the style of the picture of Lord Peter's head-dress in "The Tale of a Tub." On his lank limbs were faded and thin drab trousers, a world too wide for the shrunk shanks they covered, and which flapped to every wind; these terminated in a pair of

cotton stockings, once white, but now yellow with use, and age, and ignorance of the laundry. A pair of old dancing pumps, tied with bows of white tape, and which had never known the polishing influence of Day and Martin, completed the furniture of his feet; while his huge boots, out of which he had just stepped, and which evidently had been made for a man twice his size, stood erect and together near where he was capering, as if gravely wondering at their owner's activity, and illustrating, as in a picture, Sloth in inert contemplation of Energy. His coat was long-skirted and ragged, and hung as loosely on him as a suit of cast clothes on a broker's peg. His name was Peter Sleveen, fiddler, dancing-master, story-teller, sheep-doctor, and gossip-general to the whole country round about; and not Beau Brummel, in his palmiest days, was ever more popular, or a greater object of admiration, than was Peter to the simple peasantry among whom he moved. No fair, no station, no wedding or christening, no dance, no death, no wake, no burial was deemed complete without the presence of Peter and his fiddle to cheer or to comfort as the case might be. He had picked up some shreds and patches of learning, which he had stitched together till they were absolute nonsense; and these he carried as glibly on his tongue, and as ready

for production, as the kit under his arm. By his own account Peter was a "Philiposopher," and belonged to the school of "Pollypotaties, or Walking Sect," which he had selected from choice, as his "gaynius inclined more to the infanthry than the cavaldry." He was a disciple also of the goddess "Terpickory," one of the Nine Graces, "who presided over the aancient science of flure navigayshin, vulgarly called dancing." His violin he called Mrs. Sleveen; his family, he said, were "ould Phaynicians" (a caste above my cousin Gilbert's, and the association made me smile), and his lineal ancestress was Queen Dido herself, who "came over to Ireland a little after the flood, and took lodgings in the town of Galway, where she was baptized by St. Patrick and St. Larry O'Toole in the blessed well of Tubber Rea—Moses and Nebhycodnazor standing godfathers for the occasion." When worn out with dancing, he would commence story-telling, in which he had great encouragement from the unwearied interest displayed by his auditory; and when tired of romancing in prose, he would take to rhyming, and pour the doggrel off his tongue as fast as marbles could hop and tumble from a school-boy's bag.

I recollect an improvisation which he delivered to Madeline, after she had ordered him to have his breakfast from the parlour window, and which has clung to my memory ever since, in company, I grieve to say, with many other unprofitable things. It was as follows:—

TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY OF THE
DARRAGH.

A Poem,
Invinted on the spot, and spoken
by

PETER SLEVEEN,
Walking Philipposopher,
and
Professor of the Art of
Flure Navigayshin,
Called by the Vulgar
Dancing.

My Lady Miss Nu-
-gent how 'bleeging of you,
To order poor Pe-
-ter Sleveen his tea:
With, to cheer his dry soul,
A nate little bowl

Of elegant crame,
Which from Drimendhu came:
And for sweetness galore
Lump sugar a store.
Sure Tay is divine,
And far finer than wine;
Or nectar, that Haybe,
That beautiful baby,
Served out to the Gods
In their Haythen abodes.
And the smell of the Tay
Is just like Ambroshay,
Which was common as prayties
Among them ould Dayties:
But Tay to us mortials
Is the best of all cordials;
And a mighty great trate is
To the Pollypotaties:
Be they Roman or Grecian,
Or rual old Phaynecian,
Like poor Peter, astore,
Who is here to the fore.

And this he concluded with a flourish on his violin, or a profusion of bows, or a caper or two cut in the air, and all the time looking as grave as an owl at a funeral, and as solemn and as doleful as if he was just on the eve of being led out to be hanged. My uncle pitied him, but never would witness his dancing, which he thought a wretched and contemptible way of earning his bread; and so the good old man, being well-assured of the creature's honesty, had offered to make him messenger to the post and town, and give him an old mule to carry him by day, and a comfortable lodge at our back gate to shelter him by night, and a fair compensation in wages for his trouble. But this proffer was declined with many thanks, and bows innumerable, with the excuse of there being but the one man who taught dancing in the country, viz., himself, and therefore *he could not be spared*; and on the personal plea of expediency, inasmuch as "Flure Navigayshin" was absolutely necessary for the said Peter's happiness and health. On the present occasion he was performing a "Rooshian Ding-dongo, one of the latest arrivals from the island of Bohaymia;" and the execution of which greatly amused Mrs. Cardonald and her fair daughter—the latter entering into it with a gusto which quite astonished me, and made my uncle, to whom I mentioned her enjoyment of it afterwards, cry, "Phoo, phoo!" But Peter's *chef d'aurre* was his "Paw sowl" (*pas*

seal), which consisted in his hopping on one leg, and howling out a recitation of gibberish which he asserted was French; while his bow and fiddle were moved so rapidly and violently up and down, rasping, and scraping, and tearing, and throttling each other like two dogs fighting, that they seemed almost an integral part of his excitable self, and gave the spectator the idea that the whole concern, artist and instrument, was labouring under an active paroxysm of the falling sickness.

When he had finished his "Navi-gayshin," and partaken of a good luncheon, under the beef-and-beer-administering auspices of Mrs. Doxey—and, like all lean men, he was "a huge feeder"—he slipped his pumps into one of his pockets, and a half-crown my uncle sent him into the other, and drawing on his large heavy boots over his trousers, and making a profusion of solemn bows, he went clattering up the avenue like a cat shod with cockles, and vanished from sight in a loose trot.

On his departure, one of the grooms—a new comer—brought me a note which Peter had delivered to him "for the General's nephew." I opened it without looking at the address, though the seal—a very beautifully cut coat of arms—took my attention for a minute. The billet ran thus:—

Dear Sir,

Then and there I will meet you.

Yours,

José Marellos.

This was addressed to my cousin Gilbert; but I had not looked at the outside, so I enclosed it to him by post, explaining and apologizing for my mistake.

The rain had now ceased for several hours, and as we sat at an early luncheon, my uncle announced that the weather-glass was "looking up" and that the wind was veering to the north-west. As he spoke, a bright sun ray streamed in on his face and form, and rested on the Admiral's old chair; and the next moment a dull, thundering sound like the distant but distinct report of a large piece of artillery was heard by us all. "Ha!" said the General, "that shot is from Thubber-a-Thallin, the largest of our puffing holes, and it is fully three

miles off. There must be a spring-tide running now; and see, the seagulls are wheeling over the lawn. Depend upon it, we shall have a gale of wind, and there will be a magnificent surf breaking all along our coast in a few hours. Now, ladies, if you want to see the grand old Atlantic in all its magnificence, and are not afraid of a little fatigue, we will order the jaunting-car, and the two little mules will take us to the cliffs swiftly and safely; and if you are afraid of rain, I believe we have muffling enough in this house to thatch a whole barony of adventurous ladies." Mrs. Cardonald and her daughter were but too happy at the proposal; and, truth to say, we were all delighted to get out once more into the free air, after our long and doleful incarceration by that dripping janitor, the rain.

The mules flew with us up the avenue. The General's Yorkists could not equal them in their trot. On leaving the avenue we made right across the rabbit warren, through which ran a road, flanked by sand hillocks and bent grass: startled by our approach, thousands of the timid population were seen scampering to their holes, kicking up their hind legs, and vanishing with a parting glance of their white tails into their burrows. The General called them his Troglodyte subjects. On emerging from the warren, we turned off at right angles towards the cliffs; our road now was parallel to the sea, and as Miss Cardonald and I occupied the side of the car next it, its appearance was inexpressibly grand and sublime. It was all in billowy foam, the waves rolling in like liquid mountains, and breaking and crashing on the beach, like the hoarse clangor and bray of ten thousand brazen trumpets. The gale was freshening every minute, and the mighty yet melodious noise of the rejoicing sea, with its warring, clashing, bursting and battling waves, was momentarily becoming louder as more exciting on the senses. I cast a look at my companion, but I think she generally repelled my enthusiasm by never sharing it, and I felt proved under the coldness of I want of sympathy; and timid express emotions which I was afraid she considered as appertaining to me.

to a boy than belonging to wiser and maturer manhood. This feeling of my being considered by my companion merely as a wild romantic youth made me positively miserable, and often tied my tongue for fear I should not speak sensibly enough, or "like folk of this world" to my fair friend, who was so strangely unimpulsive if not phlegmatic. I think on the present occasion the spray and thin sand flying on the wind were annoying her, for her eyes were fast shut, and presently she pulled down her veil, leaving me alone in the glory of my feelings and my fervour; for surely there is nothing in physical nature so stirring to the blood, so bracing to the animal nerves, so quickening to the pulses, and so delightfully bewildering, as the roar of a great ocean weltering in the agony of a tempest, or scourged into madness by the lashings of a wild nor-wester. While amidst the world of its waves, some rise, and swell, and rushing cast their foam into air; some meet each other, and scatter in fierce collision, and perish in the strife; others come rolling on in suicidal madness, to dash themselves to death against the beach; while some, like snowy wolves, are seen to climb the black stern cliffs, only to fall back again and mingle in the sweeping surge in which they are lost for ever.

Before us now, the mountains were clear and defined in sharp outlines against a deep indigo sky; behind us the clouds were all huddled together in grey and black masses, moving and disarranged, like the broken squares of a beaten army unwilling to fly, and still obstinately contending for supremacy. Between the thundering of the sea, and the wind blowing so strongly in our faces, it was difficult to hear; but as we neared the cliffs, the deep tones of my uncle's voice were audible, "Now, Mrs. Cardonald, do you see yonder little white house? *There* we must alight and leave our car; from thence to the puffing hole is only a short hour's walk, but along so beautiful a path that you will scarce feel any fatigue; for I will take you to the cliffs by the way of our lovely Glenroe, than which 'there is not in the wide world a valley more sweet.'" Amidst broken sentences of response on the part of

the lady, which came to us across the car, like "winged words" of "charming!" "interesting!" "intellectual!" we had now arrived at the farm house, where we alighted, and disencumbering our fair companions of their muffling, we proceeded up a long burren or bridle road which ascended from the plain, till suddenly coming to a gate, we turned in at right angles along a wooded path which ran up one side of a very narrow and dark gorge of the mountain. Opposite to us, the side of the glen presented a lofty wall of black slate, with scarce a ledge which would support a crow; in the centre ran a river, murmuring over its pebbles, like the wail of infancy, when compared to the terrible roar of wave and wind we had just left, and from which the seclusion of our present position entirely sheltered us. The ladies were delighted with the rural beauty of the place. "Quite a happy valley, General," said Mrs. Cardonald. "I can fancy Mr. Walter as another Rasselas, while you might enact Imlac from your superior wisdom." My uncle smiled, and Miss Cardonald suddenly asked me "had I ever fished this stream, and were there large trout in it, or in the small lake from which it issued, and which lay at the head of the gorge." I replied that "Mr. Montfort had often whipped the stream, and caught fine trout there." The General pointed out how thickly the copsewood grew; how rich were the rowan trees, and beech and dwarf oak; and to what a prodigious size the laurels had attained. "The whole glen," said he, "was full of splendid oak trees a century ago, but the Admiral cut them all down to pay a wine bill, and the present stunted forest timber is but a *rénaissance* of what was originally a fine wood. You perceive how the glen is sheltered from all winds but the south, and my gardener tells me it would grow myrtles and geraniums and other delicate plants successfully; and the verdure of that long strip of meadow which skirts the stream is as soft and as velvety as the emerald grass which grows on the banks of our far-famed Colnabinnia river in this county. I could not help smiling when you spoke of this as a "happy valley;" for whatever be our felicity at

this moment, this glen was once the theatre of utter misery and wretchedness. It is a sad truth, that most of our national local legends, like the floor of Holyrood Palace, have the stain of blood upon them; and this place has its name of Glenroe, or the red glen, from a deed of murder. In the year 1641, when the Irish massacre took place, a Scotchman lived here; he fed sheep, snared hares, shot red deer, and traded in rabbit skins. Do you see far down across the bend of the river, on a flat bank, a huge cairn of stones? His house was there, but it is now his tomb. He was a hard, stern, money-making man, and an alien in religion from the people. So when the rebellion broke out, they murdered him and his aged maiden sister, an equally unamiable person by all accounts as himself. When we have gone a hundred yards further, we shall open on a long flat stone. It is called "The Macdougall's Red Table," for the rebels dragged the brother and sister to it and there slew them, as if they had been re-enacting the barbaric solemnities of their northern ancestors, and this stone had been a cromlech for human sacrifices. The legend is, that the blood of the victims remained an inch deep on the stone for twenty-four hours after the deed was done; and that all the rains and dews from heaven of near two hundred years cannot efface the guilty stain. But the true fact is, that the rock is covered with the red lichen called, I think, (for I am but a very fallible botanist, *Cocciferus*, or scarlet cupped lichen, whose colour favors the legend." As he spoke, the gorge was narrowing to our advancing and ascending steps; the path became more steep; the shadows fell more black; the air was closer; the rocks were darker; the sides of the glen more broken and precipitous, and studded with trees, moss-clad rocks, and ferns. "Now," said my uncle, who led the way, "the red table is yonder amidst the long fern: see how the modest ivy, as if ashamed of the cruel slaughter, is wreathing and wrapping it in its shining green mantle. This is our magnificent large-leaved Irish ivy, which you, my good English neighbours, cannot always match: but here is a natural arbour, and a soft bank to rest on. I fear

you are fatigued, so pray be seated; and surely a more exquisite glen-landscape could not be met with, as the eye falls from this spot into the whole green and shadowy sweep of the rocky hollow of Glenroe."

Mrs. Cardonald was profuse in her admiration and compliments; her daughter did not speak much, nor did she appear to have any particular share of enthusiasm concerning scenery; perhaps she was not an artist. I should say she had more sense than sentiment, and was rather of a reasoning than a romantic nature. She had been collecting Irish mosses and plants; and now said quietly, "I wish I had some of that scarlet lichen from the red table, as a curiosity for my herbar." "Well, dear young lady," said my uncle, "I know not of what stuff modern youths are made; but some fifty years ago, when I was a boy-crag-man, your wish should not long have been ungratified." He had scarce finished speaking, when I threw myself over the step bank, along whose side our path crept. The descent was all but perpendicular, but I was strong, and very active, and by swinging myself from branch to branch, and holding on by the stems of trees, I reached the bottom in two minutes, with a few scratches, and having had a couple of hearty rolls from a branch breaking, and the grass being so slippery. Crossing the valley through the tall wet fern, I leaped the brook, at its narrowest and deepest place here, and reached the "red table," where I culled the freshest garland of ivy, and the reddest moss, and returned to my party, rather out of breath, having had a tough scramble up the bank, down whose face I had come rather too hastily, some ten minutes before.

Miss Cardonald received my offering with a pleased smile, and a blush, which sent my boy's blood back on my heart, and awoke a rush of feeling within me. Her mother was exuberant in her praises of my prowess, which made me feel ashamed and half vexed, till my uncle came to the rescue, and said laughingly, "Why it was very awkwardly done: I advise you when next you go over a precipice, Walter, to take it more coolly:—I assure you, Mrs. Cardonald, he was twice as composed when he acted as my aid-de-camp on the night of the battle of the

Darragh. The next time you go on a message down a steep bank, Walter, you must keep your feet better, and tumble less. You had a most ungraceful fall yonder, I assure you, just as you completed your descent; and I was by no means certain that you had not broken some of your bones, till I saw you bounding over the river like a stag-hound." And thus the good old man's pleasantry relieved me from all embarrassment. "How singularly still is every thing here," remarked Mrs. Cardonald—(we were all sitting together on a mossy knoll)—"I can hear nothing but the faint bleat of yonder lambs, and that but indistinctly." She had scarcely spoken, when a wild cry or bark resounded from above us, and over a lofty scarp of rock at the opposite side of the glen, a large brown eagle sailed with the wind into the valley: we all started to our feet to watch him. "Ha," said the General, "*parlez des agneaux et voila le loup*. I hope he is not going to meddle with our bleating population; yet the poor people here say that the eagle is like the agent—he always comes at Lammas time. See how he is wheeling over us." We watched him as he flew slowly up and down the valley. "I declare he is a noble bird," said the General: "a fine golden eagle—the *aquila chrysaetos*, as my friend Dr. Macrologos of T.C.D. would style him. He is the gentleman of his tribe, and as stately as you please, 'proud eye; plumed limb; fierce claw; strong wing,' is an old definition of this bird. See how he is rowing himself with these strong wings out of the glen; and borne on the breeze, he will be among my rabbits at once, and will scarce go home to his eyrie in the cliff without having made a full meal. But what is that you are saying, Miss Cardonald, about destroying these birds?"

Miss Cardonald.—"I was telling Mr. Nugent, sir, how my father had all the eagles on his estate in Scotland killed, they were so destructive to his lambs; and how he was in the habit of quoting the practice of a certain grand jury in the North of Ireland, who paid out of the county funds 20s. for every dead eagle, 10s. for every hawk, and so on in a decreasing scale down to foxes, otters, and ferrets."

The General (rather indignant).—

"And did these gentlemen classify these animals, noble and ignoble, altogether as vermin?"

Miss Cardonald.—"I believe that was the name they gave to all."

The General (much excited).—"I confess I am not utilitarian enough to join this guerilla warfare against animated nature; if I had lived in King Edgar's days, I would have shot my wolf, and joined heartily in extirpating the savage enemy of my species; but I could not—would not shoot an eagle; he is, at all events when here, my noble guest; and is welcome to his dinner, choose it where he will. Why should we quarrel with him because he has, like ourselves, carnivorous tastes? I think it is La Fontaine who makes an ox the judge, who with a sober jury of twelve calves, brings in man guilty of death for eating beef and having an appetite for veal. '*Nomine mutato, de te fabula narratur*.' If the tables were thus to be turned, I am afraid it would go very hard with us all; not to speak of our penchant for venison, and our decided mutton iniquities. But this is a rare and wonderful bird. I could not maim so noble a creature, or break with ruffian shot the proud brown wing which bears him to the sun, or dim that kingly eye."

Miss Cardonald (smiling).—"Yet, sir, I have heard you speak with much enthusiasm of a day in the mountains spent in killing grouse."

The General.—"A fair rejoinder! dear young lady. I suppose I am a little inconsistent; but wild-fowl like the grouse are our natural food. We are permitted, nay enjoined their use in the Bible. We may 'arise, kill, and eat;' but we should not arise, kill, and torture; much less ought we to arise, kill, and *extirpate*; and that, one of the Creator's truest patterns of nobleness; which this bird, living so lonely a life in his lofty eyrie, so dignified in his habits, and so independent and so rarely obtrusive, most surely is."

Mrs. Cardonald.—"My dear General, I quite agree with you; your sentiments are mine precisely, and I think the sweet Bard of Avon has a fine idea about cruelty to animals, and how excessively improper it is to kill flies, or tread on a beetle, if we can possibly help it. The late Judge lost a good number of lambs off his sheep-

braes in Glenmorloch ; but the truth was, he had a dishonest shepherd, who purloined the animals, and laid the blame on the eagles, and the Judge was too much occupied professionally and too ignorant of country matters, to attend to his Highland farms ; so he would cry, 'Shoot the earns—shoot them all ;' but at all events he never would suffer *me* to interfere in any thing, he was so clever himself and wise." Here the lady's voice sunk to a lachrymose tone, and as we pursued our way up the path, she went off into one of her long, soft, silly, reiterative monotonies, in which she repeated herself a hundred times—in which she spoke much and said nothing—in which she was droll enough to listen to at the beginning, but became dull and wearisome at the end. Her daughter seemed to be a reaction from this ; she certainly was at times a little short in her manner, matter-of-fact, and even abrupt. Perhaps she inherited this from her father, old Glenmorloch, who had been a Scotch Lord of Session, with a proverbially short temper, but surely greatly softened in its transmission to his fair daughter.

We had emerged up from the glen, and were standing on a piece of high tableland adjoining the cliffs. "Now, ladies," said the General, "take your last look at bonny Glenroe, its woods, its waters, its shadows, and its stillness, for you must henceforth battle with the wind and hear the waves roar. Ha ! here we are ; the gale, too, is lulling. Yonder is the Thubber-a-Thallin, about three hundred yards off, just under where the sea-gull is wheeling, and there goes a splendid shot from its great stone-gun-barrel." As he spoke, a bright green jet of water arose from the distant rocks in a liquid pillar of considerable height, and broken and shattered into a million of diamonds, or aqua marine gems, as it fell back, was swept through its funnel into the deep sea vault from which it had been forced by the action of the waves and the wind below, and accompanied by a report as loud as that of a sixty-pounder.

"Well done ! brave Thubber," said the General ; "that *was* a noble shot, but we shall have an unwished-for shower-bath by standing here. The

next discharge will wet us through, and though 'blue water' will not give cold, it will spoil clothes. So, Walter, let us bring the ladies round to windward of the Thubber, and we can stand within a few yards of it, and sustain no damage." This we accordingly did, and remained for nearly an hour watching this singular natural phenomenon.

"This Thubber-a-Thallin," said the General, "signifies the 'Salt Fountain,' and for brightness, volume, and power, Versailles can boast of nothing like it. It is also called 'M'Loughlin's Cup'—I never heard why. Puffing holes like these are common among the Irish sea-cliffs ; the finest of them is in the county of Donegal, on the noble promontory of Horn Head. *This*, when compared to *that*, is but as a pop-gun to a pistol shot. On the same precipitous and iron-bound coasts are the loftiest cliffs perhaps in Great Britain—certainly in Ireland. They are called the cliffs of Slieve League, and are close on two thousand feet high. Still more southward, as Donegal approaches Sligo, there is on the sea-shore what is called the 'Fairy Hole.' Here, when the winds are high, a perpetual mist issues from the orifice, which is accompanied by a wild sound like chanting, and so loud as to be heard from a distance. This I have never seen, but know it to be the fact."

"Yes," I added as my uncle paused, "and we have the subjoined testimony of Peter Sleeven, who was there in one of his wanderings, and actually looked down into the hole during a gale of wind, and saw through the rifts of the mist most wondrous sights : a round table covered with a sea-green cloth, and tassels of sea-rack, and seated about it a whole bevy of musicians, and none of them more than six inches high ; little old men with brown coats, and yellow waistcoats, and grey small-clothes, and sky-blue caps, and white silks, and diamond knee-buckles ; and tiny old ladies also, no bigger, Peter said, than a child's doll, in red velvet gowns, and large fans, and their cheeks beautifully rouged, and their hair powdered. And they were all singing and playing on flutes, and trombones, trumpets, and triangles, and jew-sharps, tam-bourines and barrel-organs. And the king of the fairies was there, a little

old minnikin of a man, dressed all in green and gold, with gold buckles to his shoes, each of them as large as a pancake, and a gold chain dangling from his fob, and real gold spectacles on his nose like a complete gentleman, as no doubt he was; and the weeshy creature was seated on a three-legged stool in the middle of the table, and sawing away with his fiddle at 'Planxty O'Connor Dhu.' And all this time, said Peter, the great waves were rolling and rushing into the cave, and whirling round its sides, but never touched or wet the good people or their table; and big fishes were there—whales, and sharks, and dolphins, and congour eels, grinning and gaping and glaring at the little folk, and swimming round them, but did not touch or harm them, or offer to lay a hand on them, but kept still going round and round the inside of the cave, listening to the fairy music, and humouring it too: the sharks whisking their tails to and fro, and snapping their white teeth; and the dolphins splashing the salt water up into Peter's face in their admiration of the performance; and the congour eels wagging and wriggling their bodies, and winking with their eyes; and the whales swimming slowly, and beating time steadily with their fins on their long fat sides to the Planxty; and the little people, all the time, sitting in the hollow of the water, quite dry and comfortable. At last Peter became so excited that he could stand it no longer, but got desperate; so pulling off his boots, he seized his kit, and was just in the act of slipping on his dancing shoes, that he might hark in with the concert, and fling and foot it to the Planxty, when the wind ceased, and the mist fell thick and heavy, and the music died away in a deep mournful wail; and when Peter bent over the funnel to look down, all was dark and still; he heard nothing but the sobbing of the waves, and the hollow plashing of the water against the sides of the cavern. And so ends my version of Peter Sleveen's vision at the Fairy Hole."

"Which," said my uncle, smiling, "would have been told with more spirit and about as much truth by Peter himself, whose semi-insane stories please my fancy, though I dislike his dancing, and pronounce it a satire upon our common manhood. I

think Peter must have had Tam O'Shanter read to him, for his over-crazed cranium would scarce have originated this story. The gale is now fast subsiding, yet the great ocean plain 'still heaves as remembering the ills that o'er'—Look upon the sea; do you remember those magnificent lines of the greatest of modern poets?

Hark! 'tis the rushing of a wind that sweeps
Earth and the ocean. See! the lightnings yawn,
Deluging Heaven with fire, and the lashed deeps
Glitter and boil beneath: it rages on
One mighty stream, whirlwinds and waves upthrown,
Lightning and hail and darkness eddying by.
There is a pause—the sea-birds which were gone
Into their caves to shriek, come forth to spy
What calm has fallen on earth, what light is in the sky.

Come, Walter, can you help me out with the remainder?"

I immediately took up the decant:—

For where the irresistible storm had cloven
That fearful darkness, the blue sky was seen
Fretted, with many a fair cloud interwoven
Most delicately, and the ocean green
Beneath that opening spot of blue serene
Quivered like burning emerald: calm was spread
On all below; but far on high, between
Earth and the upper air, the vast clouds fled,
Countless and swift as leaves on autumn's tempest shed.

"Now," said my uncle, "that is enough; if I permitted the youngster to go on, Mrs. Cardonald, he would mercilessly finish the poem, and we should be found all asleep on M'Laughlin's Head, and by the brink of the Thubber-a-Thallin."

The scene had now become most beautiful, the clouds had all parted, and the whole heaven was of a dazzling blue, arching down on and contrasting strongly with the white and foamy waters, all glittering like a heaving mass of melting silver in the sparkle of the sun. Thousands of rock-nesting and aquatic birds were issuing from the clefts and ledges of the broken rocks, or mural cliffs, and putting out to sea; and whole flocks of puffins, gannets, auks, skarts, pe-

trels, and others of the great gull tribe, were now seen flying and alighting on the breast of the unquiet ocean.

A large barque, with all her snowy sails set, and her bright yellow sides and smart taper spars, was fast heaving into sight. The General unslung a glass which we had used much in the glen; the ladies had a good view of the handsome craft which appeared to be an American packet-ship. My uncle then took the telescope, and after sweeping the horizon, he remained looking in the one direction for some time. The ladies were now at a distance from us, and he said, "Walter, take the glass, and tell me who are those figures walking on the strand, near the mouth of the Trasna, and opposite Inmiskeadallow Island?"

I took the glass, and plainly saw my cousin Gilbert pacing the sands, with a female whose back was towards me. He was earnestly gesticulating, while she appeared to hang her head, and listen silently. Suddenly she turned her face, and I saw the great

dark eyes of the Spanish girl Marellos, and I caught the glitter of her large ear-rings in the sun.

In a few minutes a third figure came round a rock, and joined them, who I saw was Marellos himself, when his daughter moved on and left the men together. I gave the glass back to the General, intimating what I had seen, and he continued looking through it a long time, and no doubt watching the motions of the distant party. At last he said, "What can Gilbert be doing with these people; I thought he was twenty miles off with his friend O'Skerrett. It is very strange; but I shall ask him to explain when we meet."

We returned to where we had left our car, by the cliffs, our ladies were in great spirits, and oh how happy was I during that drive back to our house in the evening; and that the chain was weaving round me which so much influenced my life to come, I did not then consider, though I cannot but now regret.

MERIVALE'S HISTORY OF THE ROMANS.*

It is now just five years since we reviewed the first two volumes of this work. Within that time a third volume has been given to the public, but great as are the actions therein recorded, we did not consider that it comprised a sufficiently important portion of history to demand a separate notice. We have, therefore, waited for the continuation of the work, which has now been vouchsafed to us.

Mr. Merivale's third volume includes the triumphs of Antony after the death of Caesar, his coalition with the young Octavius, his loves with Cleopatra, and his final overthrow. It tells us of the battles of Philippi and of Actium, and finally seats Octavius, or, as he must then be called, Augustus, on the imperial throne. The fourth and fifth volumes contain the history of Rome under the Emperors Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula and Claudius.

In our former remarks we made it matter of charge against Mr. Merivale, that he brought the character of the great Caesar before us too much as though Caesar were the hero of his piece. We have now no ground for reiterating the complaint. Much as the history of Rome is comprised in the life of Augustus for the fifty or sixty years after the murder of Julius, our author has not found it necessary to merge Rome and the Romans in the biography of an emperor.

We, however, intend to adopt to some extent the practice against which we before ventured to warn the historian; and our present purpose is to give to our readers, by the aid of Mr. Merivale's researches, some succinct account of the reign and character of Augustus.

But we would first say a word of our author's style, and if in doing so we speak more in censure than in praise, it is because we regret to see

* The History of the Romans under the Empire. Vol. 3. 1851. Vols. 4 & 5. 1856. London: Longman and Co. ◆

one who can write such excellent English, driven into what appears to be a pedantic Latinity, by the habits of his mode of study.

This practice with Mr. Merivale springs not from pedantry, but from thoughtlessness. He has imbued, as it were, the ears of his mind with classic phraseology, till he has come to regard certain Latin terms as belonging to his own vernacular, and has forgotten to reflect that they do not, at any rate, belong to the vernacular of those numerous readers for whom his studies are intended. We can forbear to blame him when he calls Pompey and Antony, Pompeius and Antonius, understanding, as we do, his desire to maintain the dignified nomenclature of his heroes; though, as he does so, he should, we think, also call Neptune, Neptunus, and should not designate the King of Judea sometimes as Herod, and sometimes Herodes. We can understand, however, that he was embarrassed by a difficulty as to the extent to which he should carry the classicism of his proper names; but he should have had no difficulty in abstaining from writing Latin when his mother English would equally have served his purpose.

He tells us that the shrine of the hero, Julius, had been erected on the "spot of his cremation," meaning, thereby, the spot where his body had been burnt. He tells that the voice of Augustus was more influential than that of the "prerogative century." The word, century, in English, we take to mean a period of a hundred years, and that only. We all know that Mr. Merivale alludes to that division of the Roman people to which a certain franchise was in old times allotted. He tells us of the perpetuation "of a gens through its clientele," and of the perpetuation of "the Gentile cults." Of this word, cult, he is peculiarly fond. We hear of the "barren simplicity of the Etruscan cult," and of the "ancient cult." Why not say "worship?" To Mr. Merivale's ears, the Saxon word may not be so expressive as that which he uses, but it is, at any rate, English, and if it did not suit him, it was his business to find some English phrase that did. "The Gentile cult" does not, in our language, signify the peculiar mode of worship

of a peculiar family. We hear of the "pronaos of a temple," and of the "censure of Camillus." Now we venture to assert that no Englishman will attribute any but one meaning to this latter phrase, and yet that meaning is entirely different from Mr. Merivale's. He speaks of the censure of Camillus, as we speak of the mayoralty of Mr. Moon; Camillus had held the office of censor, and, as such, had been very vigorous, and his "*censure*" is spoken of as having been celebrated. The word, however, in every-day English, means blame, and we believe that it means nothing else.

Mr. Merivale, though a scholar, is no pedant. There is enough in the work now before us to prove what we say in this respect; but, nevertheless, it should be worth his while to protect himself from any such accusation. And, moreover, we regard it to be his imperative duty as an English historian, to write his history in pure English. That he can do so is one of his greatest merits. While on this subject, we will venture to point out that there are one or two slips which a little more care in revision would have avoided. When he speaks, for instance, of "commanders too daring to overawe, and too distant to control," he means that they were too daring to be overawed, and too distant to be controlled.

It is difficult to invest with their popular and yet proper attributes the heroes of the old classic times. Those who in their youth became familiar with the great names of antiquity, have generally carried away ideas formed rather by the imagination of the poets than the records of the historians: and those who, in early years, had no such advantage hardly care to trouble themselves, in after life, with much study as to what was done in Greece or in Rome. The Trojan war, the wrath of Juno, the quarrels of Agamemnon and Achilles, the wanderings of Ulysses and Æneas, the miseries of Prometheus and Ædipus, the urbanity of Mæcenas, and the stern courage of Regulus—these are the classic incidents which boys carry with them from school, never to be eradicated; but they too generally fail to acquire an historic knowledge of the names with which they are familiar.

Indeed, we may say much the same of many incidents in our own history. We know, or fancy we know, much more of Henry V. than of Edward I. or of the Black Prince, because we are familiar with Shakespere—and from Scott's novels we have acquired a very defined, if not very correct, idea of the doings of the Scotch covenanters.

As regards the great names of Grecian and Roman history, this fault may not, in general, be very fatal to us. It is of much more importance to us in the guidance of our life, that we should have an accurate idea of Lord Chatham than of Pericles; of Mirabeau and Danton than of the Gracchi. Without the one, we cannot understand the true bearing of those popular aspirations with which we, ourselves, to-day either sympathise or contend; we cannot trace the cause of our present feelings as regards America, or France, or Russia. But no knowledge of Grecian or Roman history is necessary for this. It is only by the philosophic and the learned, that true deduction can be made from the experiences of antiquity for the guidance of the present day. And the philosophic and the learned are, as yet, but a very small minority.

There are, however, a few among the ancients who have left their own peculiar mark so plainly on the human race, whose genius and industry have done so much towards creating the present state of the civilized world, that some popular conception of their attributes and character is necessary to complete even a moderate store of historic knowledge; and among these no other stands so conspicuous as Augustus Cæsar. Though, in the common parlance of our schools, he ranks as second of the Roman emperors, he was, in truth, the first. He formed the empire, built the throne, created the despotic power, and left it fixed on so firm a basis, that all the follies and vices of his immediate successors did not suffice to dissipate the sovereign rule, though most of them obtained for themselves a speedy and a blood-stained grave. He established a sceptre which maintained itself for fifteen hundred years, and was the first to essay that mode of monarchical rule under which the greater portion

of Europe has been governed from his time down to our own days.

In reading the annals of Rome, we are constantly tempted to ask ourselves whether any Roman ever had a heart. The instances of so weak an organ beneath a toga were, indeed, rare, and Augustus does not furnish one of them.

It is singular that a man whose public life commenced while he was yet little more than a boy, should never have shewn pity, sensibility, or sympathy. It was in his early years that stern cruelty, the sternest, most merciless cruelty, appeared to be necessary to his ambition, and in his earliest years he was cruel as a Robespierre when goaded to madness by continual bloodshed, as reckless of humanity as a Napoleon when driven on to Moscow by the fatality of his career. As a boy he exceeded the massacres of Sulla; and yet, in his after life, he learned to pardon. But in this there was no feeling of the heart. Policy, in both cases, taught him the lesson which he followed. By true heartfelt emotion he was rarely, if ever, actuated; but his head never failed him.

When Cæsar fell murdered in the senate-house, his young nephew, then called Octavius, was practising in Greece the studies of his youth. He was still under twenty years of age, and it appears to have been the intention of Cæsar, who had adopted him as his son, to take him with him in his approaching campaign against the Parthians.

We have all learnt, and learnt with tolerable accuracy, from Shakespere's play, how Mark Antony got the better of the conspirators, and by skill and policy cheated them of the influence which they had expected to obtain on the death of the tyrant. There have been no heroes of history, either ancient or modern, more worthy of contempt than were these conspirators, Brutus, and Cassius, the other Brutus, and the rest of them. They had all the weakness of the French Girondists, and apparently few, if any, of their virtues. That they were not opposed, on principle, to the shedding of blood is proved by the death of Cæsar. Cæsar, who had been personally the friend of each of them, fell perforated by the daggers of them all. But though they slew Cæsar, they

abstained from the slaughter of Antony, which was indispensably necessary to the accomplishment of their design. We have been told how dangerous is a little bloodshed. Their abstinence, as regards Antony, who in a special manner had been Cæsar's friend, was suicidal. 'Twas in vain that they attempted, as did the Girondists, to allay the passions of men by logical deductions and well turned sentences. Antony came forward with a rough tale which went to the hearts of the Romans, and backed his talking with histrionic art, and, where necessary, with the swords of his soldiery. The conspirators were obliged to abandon Italy, and strengthen themselves as they best could in such of the provinces as were under their control.

Octavius had been left by Cæsar as his heir. By this it is presumed that he meant to name him as successor to his power in the state. This, we think, has never yet been made sufficiently clear. The portion of his private inheritance which Cæsar left to his grand nephew has been named, and probably with accuracy. This portion, however, Antony had seized, and squandered before the heir was able to claim it. That Cæsar—who was as it were but a parvenu despot, a dictator of a day's making, a tyrant whose throne had as yet scarce supported his own weight, a governor who could hardly yet have taught himself to look on his own power as permanent—that Cæsar should have ventured to leave the empire to an heir, and have attempted to invest him with it by the mere strength of a testamentary document, as a private man does with his house and chattels, we cannot think probable. That he had recommended him to the Romans as the heir of his love and the adopted child of his house, is not only probable, but we presume certain.

When Octavius, in his Grecian academy, heard accurate tidings of what had occurred in Rome, and that Cæsar's will, naming him his heir, had been read to the people, he at once resolved to make the utmost use of the legacy. He resolved to throw for a great stake and play a mighty game. It seems that those around him endeavoured to dissuade him from going to Italy; they thought that the chances of success were much against

him; that he would find the unscrupulous Antony possessed of imperial power and of the people's voices; and that the contest of an untried youth with such a man as Antony could not fail of being ruinous. The boy Octavius, however, thought otherwise—

"And it is difficult," says Mr. Merivale, "to pronounce a harsh judgment on his ambition. The security that was promised to him he felt to be illusory. His lot was cast in an age of revolution, in which Cæsar's nephew must be the mark for all the bolts of fortune. The fearful alternative was manifestly forced upon him; he must grasp Cæsar's power to secure himself from Cæsar's fate."

We will agree with our author that it is difficult to blame his ambition; we may, perhaps, also acknowledge that after having entered on his ambitious career, it became impossible for him to save his own head without taking those of thousands of his countrymen; we may even have to declare that Rome required a despotic ruler, and that there was no one then on the world's stage so fit to rule as the young Octavius; but arguments such as these will not reconcile the English reader to the character of the man. We will leave it to casuists and divines to say whether or no Octavius was wrong, and if wrong, when first he commenced his fault; but we want no casuists or divines to tell us that his character was odious to humanity and unworthy of sympathy. But what Roman ever required the sympathy of any one?

Octavius came to Rome, and every step which he took there is marked by a policy supreme in its worldly wisdom. He made no single false step in his intricate path. And intricate as his path was, one false step might have plunged him into destruction. He met Antony at Rome, and outwitted the wily veteran at his own game. Antony had declared to the people what was Cæsar's will, but he had omitted to pay to them that portion, of which they were the inheritors; he not only omitted to do this, but himself used the wealth with which he might have done it. Octavius, on his return to Rome, found nothing but ransacked coffers, and yet with such help as he got from his friends, he contrived to pay to the populace the legacies of his uncle. It

is needless to say who would thus become the popular favorite.

It does not appear, however, that the two candidates had at this time any serious quarrel; they were as yet too necessary to each other; they had as yet to bathe in Roman blood before they could divide between them the Roman empire, or decide to which the whole prize should be allotted. Antony soon left Rome, with the object of putting himself in command of the province which had been allotted by Cæsar to Decimus Brutus, and which was now held by him. This province was called Cisalpine Gaul, but comprised, in fact, that portion of Italy which now lies north of the Papal States and Tuscany; such was not the exact boundary, but it was sufficiently nearly so for our present purpose.

Octavius remained in Rome, and armed himself and his adherents on the side of the senators, who resolved to support Decimus against the pretensions of Antony. The command of the senatorial forces was in the hands not of Octavius, but of the two consuls. The battle, or rather battles of Mutina were fought, and the consuls, though victorious, were killed in action. Octavius had no wish to press matters against his enemy, and refused indeed to do so. It was by no means the goal of his ambition to be the servant of an effete senate, in their vain endeavour to resuscitate a cause already dead. It was not thus that he intended to fulfil his mission as Cæsar's heir. Instead of following Antony over the Alps, as he was desired, he turned with his army towards Rome, and ordered the fluttered senators to give him the consulship. What could a fluttered senate do but obey? Octavius marched, or rather straggled, into Rome with his army, and the senators having formally forbade his approach, having put on their military garb, fortified a part of the city, and gone through the acknowledged paraphernalia of patriotic preparation, humbly put their necks beneath his feet; such, at least, was the conduct of the majority. One, we are told, slew himself instead; but so hacknied a sacrifice now palls on the reader, who cannot stop to think whether this Cornutus might not have done better with his life, by sticking to his colors.

The majority of them hurried to the young warrior's camp, and declared themselves to be his very humble servants.

Octavius knew that he was not yet sufficient, in himself, to occupy the great place of Master of the Roman Empire, and he therefore summoned Antony to his aid; and now that league was formed which is called in history the second triumvirate. Could any word be found which would signify a union between two men and one old woman, it would be more appropriate; for Lepidus, who was joined in it with the two great Romans of the day, was little more than an old woman; nor was it ever intended that he should be more. When Cæsar and Pompey coalesced, they had found it necessary to include a Crassus in the arrangement, each thereby hoping to qualify the supremacy of his great antagonist. Thus was the first triumvirate formed, and the second was of the same nature. Nominally and by agreement, the three were to divide the world between them; the true question was, however, this: to which of two of them should the world hereafter belong.

It was no easy thing for men so circumstanced to meet. Each, of course, had at his heels his own army, and equally, of course, neither could trust himself within the ranks of his rival; nor could either dare to remove himself far from his own protecting eagles: the meeting, however, was managed. They were in the vicinity of Bologna, and had advanced with their forces on opposite sides of a river; in this river was a small island, and on this island the triumviri agreed to carve the world in pieces. So many men were to accompany each hero to such a distance; from thence each was to advance alone; each was to put his foot on the bridge at the same moment, the insignificant Lepidus having first entered the trysting place; when they got near to each other they made a scrutiny, each of the other, to see that his ally had no dagger beneath his robe. 'Twas a pity, perhaps, that none had been so hidden. Could Octavius have put an end to Antony in that little islet, what seas of blood would have been saved! what foul disgrace at Actium! what foul disgrace in Egypt! But then we should have lost a play

of Shakespere's, and one of the finest passages in the *Æneid*.

Such speculations, however, are useless. There was no such dagger ready, and the three sat down calmly to the work in hand. The partition of the empire, as Mr. Merivale observes, was an easy task. A province or two more or less, an outlying kingdom here or there, was a matter of small moment to men, each of whom was determined ultimately to have the whole. That matter caused small difference among them; but there was another which sat closer to their hearts. How was each to obtain the privilege of slaughtering the adherents of his rival? We will let Mr. Merivale describe how they did so. We should find it difficult to improve the narrative:—

"The associates, thus prepared for the work of slaughter, sat with a list of the noblest citizens before them, and each in turn picked the name of him whom he destined to perish. Each claimed to be ridded of his personal enemies, and to save his own friends. But when they found their wishes clash, they resorted without compunction to mutual concessions. Octavius could easily permit Antonius to proscribe the detested author of the *Philippics*. Antonius surrendered to him in return his own uncle by the mother's side, Lucius Cæsar. It is uncertain whether Lepidus claimed the slaughter of his brother, Paulus Æmilius, or whether he only abandoned him to the malice of his colleagues. As they proceeded, their views expanded. They signed death-warrants to gratify their friends. As the list slowly lengthened, new motives were discovered for appending to it additional names. The mere possession of riches was fatal to many, for the masters of so many legions were always poor: the occupation of pleasant houses and estates sealed the fate of others, for the triumvirs were voluptuous as well as cruel. Lastly, the mutual jealousy of the proscribers augmented the number of their victims, each seeking the destruction of those who conspicuously favored his colleagues, and each exacting a similar compensation in return. The whole number extended, we are told, to three hundred senators and two thousand knights; among them were brothers, uncles, and favorite officers of the triumvirs themselves!"

Nothing in history is more horrid than this. Let us remember the age of Octavius, and the fact, as here told to us, that he had no personal enemies on whom to be avenged, no excitement of war or sense of danger to blunt his feelings: let us remember what are the customary springs of

action in a youth of twenty, and how prone such a one usually is to risk his own life when desirous to imperil that of his enemy. Who but Octavius, at such an age as that, has sat in slow secluded counsel and with studious forethought arranged the slaughter of his enemies—and of his friends?

Romanorum Romanissimus! It is all that we can say of him. It was the nature of a Roman to be subtle, cruel, ambitious, and unscrupulous—to be wise in policy, cold of heart, fond of power, and anxious for blood; and education with Octavius had so improved upon nature, that at twenty he had nothing left to learn: he had already beaten the greatest of his countrymen in their own peculiar vices.

The world still reads with panting heart and hair on end the bloody records of many a fearful tragedy. Rome waded in blood when Sylla avenged himself, and the amusements of Nero and of Commodus were almost as fatal to her. The Sicilian vespers fill us with horror. The slaughter of the Hussites and the Albigenses seem to have demanded the intervention of an avenging God. The massacre of St. Bartholomew and the cruelties of Alva fascinate us by their atrocity. The black hole of Calcutta still moves our tears, and the blood-clogged guillotine of Marat and Robespierre leaves us with the idea that the cruelty of men could sin with no deeper guilt than theirs.

But all the slaughterers of their fellow-men should hide their heads before Octavius. All murderers should pale at the superiority of his forethought, and the coldness of his cruelty. He was "the best o' the cut-throats"—for it cannot be said of Antony that he was as good. In all those historic instances to which we have referred some strong passion had been excited, or else those rivers of blood were shed by slow dribblets at first, till the appetite, maddened by its food, became brutalised and demoniac. Men taught themselves to think that they were slaying God's enemies, not their own; and then found themselves unable to stop the torrent when they had raised the flood-gate. Sylla slew his victims as ruthlessly, but Sylla had been roused to vengeance by opposition. Nero and Commodus were made mad by power.

At the Sicilian vespers deep wrongs were avenged ; so deep that our sympathies are with the murderers, not with the murdered. The cruelty even of Robespierre was the growth of time, and was matured by opportunity. He, perhaps, is the most abhorrent to us of all the world's famous hangmen ; and yet in his early years he employed his energies in advocating the repeal of all laws which would inflict capital punishment.

Antony was bad enough. The mind recoils with half incredulous horror at the narration of such cruelty as his. But he was used and well used to slaughter in all its forms. He had seen the streets of Rome red with Roman blood ; he had seen many a hard-fought field ; he had seen the wounds of Cæsar ; and he had, moreover, enemies of his own. Antony was a man whose heart had been hardened, till it was hard as stone, by the bloody circumstances of an adventurous life ; but Octavius was a youth whose heart required no hardening. It was produced by nature without a spot in it softer than adamant. It had been steeled in a triple furnace, and placed in his bosom ready for such work as he had to do.

The field of Philippi has obtained a celebrity in history to which the battles fought on it hardly give it a just claim. It is true that on that field there was made the last stand by republican Rome against her masters ; but that stand was made so poorly, that republican Rome need not boast much of the matter.

And here we cannot but qualify the word republic as applied to any Roman faction or any Roman party then existing. To our ears the word republic savors of democracy, and to a Roman of the time of Coriolanus the word might probably convey some similar idea. But the power of any fraction of the people except the army had now been dead sufficiently long to be forgotten. The popular and plebeian office of tribune was still held and still coveted as one of the most powerful in the state ; but the Roman tribune had lately been no more than one among the many tyrants of Rome. The populace of Rome, if they favored either party, favored that of the Cæsars. Cæsar had been the successor of Marius, and Marius had been the champion of the people. Octavius and

Antony were now the inheritors of Cæsar's policy. Sylla had been the avenger of the high aristocracy of Rome, of the senators and consuls, of the great families who had so long contrived to divide among them the wealth of the state, of the curule chairs, of the fasces, and of Roman dignity. His party was that of the oligarchy, who had habitually ruled Rome, and who considered themselves in an especial manner to be the blood and marrow of the republic. As Cæsar had taken up the mantle of Marius, so had Pompey worn that of Sylla ; and now its shreds and fragments were divided between the men who had consented to the murder of Cæsar.

Thus, at Philippi the side of the republic was advocated by Brutus and Cassius, but the people of Rome were with Octavius and Antony.

And very unworthily did Brutus and Cassius play their part. They were masters of an immense force, and also of the country in which that force was to be employed ; they had, or might have had, through their natural ally, the son of Pompey, full command of the sea. Nevertheless, they allowed their enemies to transport their huge army into Macedonia, and then force on an action, unprepared as the triumviri were with any means of sustaining their legions, had an action been declined. The two republican generals then differed on the eve of battle, and finally fought without any thoroughly concerted scheme. It appears that they might even then have conquered, but for their own folly or mistakes. Gods and men were not against them, had they been able to befriend themselves. One side of the army, that led by Brutus, was in the very act of victory, when the other side, led by Cassius, turned round and fled. Cassius had been deceived as to what the legions of Brutus were about, and immediately that he had the smallest ground for doubt, he retired to his tent, and had his throat cut. So far the contest had been nearly equal, and such was the first battle of Philippi.

The second took place some three weeks after it, on the same ground. Here also the legions of Brutus fought well ; but the Cæsareans ultimately drove them back. Then the soldiers of Rome began to fancy that no name but that of Cæsar could lead them to

victory, and wavered in their obedience. Brutus was all but left alone. So he also retired, and, *more Romanorum*, died by his own sword, as Cato, Cassius, and so many others had done before him. It was the only resource of a Roman in adversity.

The field of Philippi lies at the foot of the southern slope of the Balkan, between the western extremity of that ridge and the spur which runs from it to the southward, and which, we believe, is still called Mount Rhodope: and here was terminated all idea of the republic of Rome. From thence to the next great battle, that of Actium, there is little of great interest to record. Antony soon took possession of the eastern provinces, and, with the provinces, of the manners also of the East. We cannot now stop to dwell on his luxurious life in the arms of Cleopatra, of the wonderful fascination which she obtained over his stern Roman nature, or of the efforts which he made from time to time to rescue himself from the fatal effects of Eastern debauchery, and be again the loved imperator of his legions. Nor is it necessary that we should. If any portion of Roman history is well known, it is that which tells us of Antony's revels in Egypt. It must, however, be remembered that he had cemented his friendship with Octavius by marrying his sister Octavia. Such domestic ties were as commonly made among Roman citizens, with the political object of ensuring family alliances, as they since have been between crowned heads; but the intended object was rarely gained. The lady was indeed frequently so married, but she was almost as frequently divorced. So intricate in this manner were the alliances in times of trouble between the leaders of the different factions, that it is quite impossible that an ordinary reader should follow them. He will frequently meet the narrative of some auspicious wedding, that is to strengthen the friendship of noble families, and yet before the bride had been delivered of her first-born child, he will hear of her divorce. She will then be led to a second nuptial couch, and the heir of the first husband will be born beneath the roof-tree of his enemy.

Such a marriage as this had united the dissolute Antony with the virtuous and perhaps prudish Octavia.

It was not likely that their loves should be enduring. Whatever were the merits of Octavia, she could hardly hope to compete with Cleopatra in the use of a woman's weapons. She was of course neglected, contemned, and insulted; and having in vain followed her husband as far as Athens, returned to Rome to add her wrongs to all the others which enabled her brother to call Antony his enemy.

Octavius in the meantime had been far differently employed. When the Eastern provinces had been assigned to Antony, Lepidus had been sent to Africa, and Italy and the Western provinces fell to the share of Octavius. The task undertaken by him was not an easy one. He had battle after battle to fight, not for new provinces, not for fresh laurels, but for very existence in his Roman home. War, we may say, can never have been in itself delightful to Augustus, as it was to Cæsar and to Antony—as it had been to Alexander, and was to be to Napoleon. He had neither taste for it, nor apparently much talent. In his younger days his health was always feeble, and often so bad as to disable him from moving unless in a litter. When he commanded in person, he was generally beaten, and seems finally to have become so aware of this, as to trust much more in military matters to Agrippa than to himself. He was twice beaten and well beaten in naval engagements by Sextus Pompeius; but the good fortune for which his whole life was noted was as conspicuous in his adversity as in his success. Though his navy had been completely routed, though he himself had been barely able to escape with life, nevertheless his enemy had failed to profit by the opportunity of victory, and after each defeat Octavius was allowed to

Retrick his beams, and with new spangled ore
Flame in the forehead of the morning sky.

It were useless to follow the four chieftains, for Sextus the son of Pompey now made a fourth, through their various quarrels and reconciliations; each of them disliked and was personally jealous of the other; each of them wished to be alone supreme, for it seems that even Lepidus made some such attempt. But

it was not long before Antony and Octavius remained the only masters of a Roman force. Octavius, though he could not conquer Sextus himself, did so by the arms of Agrippa, and the son of the Pompey the Great soon vanished from the scene, and was heard of no more. He it seems did not kill himself, but was privately butchered in some manner sufficiently obscure to have escaped much attention.

Each of the two brothers-in-law desired a rupture with the other, and they did not find it difficult to assign a cause. As is usual among potentates who become so circumstanced, they began by angry charges, each accusing the other of selfish ambition and treachery. They were both no doubt correct in such accusations. Octavius harangued against Antony in the senate, and Antony replied by sending to Rome a formal divorce of his wife Octavia. This it seems was tantamount to a declaration of war. Antony proclaimed himself as about to contend against the tyranny of Octavius, but Octavius more prudently declared war, not against Antony, but against Egypt. And so the world was once more in arms.

We will not attempt to describe the battle of Actium, but will refer our readers to Virgil and Mr. Merivale, giving a preference to the poet. From his authority, it would appear that the victory of Augustus (we may presume so to call him now, as he is so called by Virgil) was entirely owing to the interference of the Actian Apollo. The god who had been duly worshipped in his temple on the cliff bent his bow, and the Eastern tribes, terror-stricken, fled at the hurtling of his arrow. The historian attributes as little as the poet to the prowess or skill of the victor. Antony was a beaten man before the battle began. His mind was gone; his high courage sapped; his self-confidence was at an end. Looking at the number of his forces, the weight of his vessels, the means at his disposal, and his own experience, one is inclined to say that he should have beaten his enemy, either by land or water. But he fought without an idea of conquering, and none who ever so fought have conquered. No god was necessary to make him fly, for he went into battle prepared

only for flight. The poison of Egypt had already quelled the courage of the Roman warrior.

In truth, there was no battle at Actium, though so much merit has been given to Augustus for his victory. There was no battle, but only a complete rout. We all know that Cleopatra accompanied Antony when he went forth to meet Augustus—

ultima secum
Bactra vehit, sequiturque nefas Egyptia conjux.

This in the eyes of Romans was the great offence; this was in their mind the cause of his discomfiture. And they were probably right. The Egyptian consort maintained it seems a sort of control over her own country's force through the whole campaign. It was but a divided command which Antony held, and a command divided with a woman. On the first opportunity which the wind allowed, Cleopatra fled.

She hoisted her purple sails on her gilded deck, [as Mr. Merivale tells us,] and threaded rapidly the maze of combatants, followed by the Egyptian squadron of sixty barks. This movement, unexpected to the last by either party, was ascribed to woman's cowardice; but from what had already passed in the council, there can be no doubt that it was previously concerted. When Antonius himself, observing the appointed signal, leaped into a five-oared galley, and followed swiftly in her wake, the rage and shame of his adherents filled them with desperation.

Quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat. There is no other explanation to be given of Antony's conduct, for it seems that he had no ulterior design. The great army which he had left on shore, and to which he should have trusted his safety, abandoned its general when it was found that the general had abandoned his army. Nor did Antony expect that it would be otherwise. He as his sole resource returned to Egypt with his queen, and here, in alternate periods of gloomy solitude and loud revelling orgies, wasted the few wretched remaining days of his momentous life. For an instant he is seen combating against the foe that had followed close upon his heels; with all the energy and promptness of his youth, and then he is found begging abjectly for favour, as no Ro-

man should have begged. His mistress too was treacherous to him, and strove hard to save herself by the sale of her lover's life and her own charms. Augustus, however, knew that both were at his command, and would purchase neither. The two fugitives were abandoned by every friend, by every hope, by every chance of succour. Cleopatra, fearing she knew not what, retired to the costly tomb which she had prepared for her sepulture, and gave out that she had destroyed herself. Her lover, not to be outdone, and flattering himself that in spite of her well-known perfidy, the pearl of Egypt had at last died for love of him, determined to perish as became a Roman. He gave himself a mortal wound, and when wounded and sinking was carried to the arms of his mistress. And thus he died.

Augustus was a libertine as regards women, but he never became the slave of a woman. It was in vain that Cleopatra tried her well-accustomed wiles upon the iron heart of a third Roman Emperor. Augustus, we are told, looked coldly from her face, upbraided her for her policy as a queen, and demanded an inventory of her wealth. For him she could now answer but two purposes—to fill his coffers, and adorn his triumph. Cleopatra begged abjectly for her life, and the conqueror felt assured that she would consent to live to be dragged as a show through the streets of Rome. We remember how the gallant Vercingetorix had fared; how he, after six years of captivity, had been strangled in Rome by way of gracing the triumph of the great Caesar, of the Caesar who was famous for his mercy. Cleopatra may have fairly surmised that neither her sex, nor her more than matured charms, would save her from some fate equally to be dreaded at the hands of a Caesar who was not often merciful.

She deceived Augustus by her prayers and her humility. She again taught herself to believe that she had truly loved her Antony, and having sent to the conqueror an appeal, in which she begged to be buried with her lover, she succeeded in putting an end to her life. The historian is able to give us no more authenticated narrative of the manner of her death than that with which Shakespeare

has made us familiar. We are not forbidden to believe in those little asps hidden beneath the fig-leaves, with which we have so long been acquainted. Augustus was balked of his living victim, and constrained to satisfy his triumphal pomp with a poor image of the dying lady. He was not, however, debarred from blood. The boy Cæsarion was the child of Cleopatra, and she had claimed Cæsar as the father of her son. Cæsarion therefore died. There was still surviving one of the conspirators against Cæsar: he also died. Others also there were whom it was thought well to sacrifice, some for one cause, some for another. And then, we are told, Octavius, triumphant in victory and secure in power, wiped his blood-stained sword. Mr. Merivale seems almost to think that he would better have sustained his character, had he had resource to another proscription.

Having arranged his affairs in the East, Augustus returned to Rome, and enjoyed his triumph. This is the moment at which the Empire of the West commenced; 725 years from the building of the city, and 29 years before the birth of Christ. It is a memorable epoch in the world's history. In profane history there is none more memorable. From this commenced the system of qualified despotism which has prevailed so generally in Europe. All the emperors, czars, and autocratic kings who have since ruled in Germany, Russia, Spain, France, England, and Italy, have owed their power to the policy of Augustus, and have not the less owed to him the necessity of labouring in their great offices for the weal of their subjects.

It is in this that European tyrants have differed so widely from Eastern kings. The thrones of the latter have been soft and idle couches, their subjects attendant slaves, mere ministers to the pleasures of their lord, their kingdom a domain for the production of such luxuries as might gratify his tastes. But no seat can have been less soft than those on which the autocratic sovereigns of Europe have been forced to sit, no labour more oppressive both to the body and the mind than that they have been called upon to endure. It is true that many have failed to ac-

comply with their destiny, and that none failed more signally than those who inherited the throne of Augustus. But nearly all who so failed paid with their life the penalty of their failure.

The late Nicholas and the present Napoleon are true samples of sovereignty after the order of Augustus. That order peremptorily requires that its proud acolytes shall be unscrupulous, wise in policy, fertile in resources, laborious beyond all others, self-controlling, majestic in mien, far-seeing, happy in the choice of servants, understanding in the ways of men, and above all things mindful of the material welfare of the multitude. Such was Augustus. Such attributes he united within himself perhaps more thoroughly than any of his successors on the various thrones of Europe. It was he who first created a throne of which the possessor should neither be a soldier nor a Sybarite—neither an Alexander nor a Sardanapalus. It was he who first among the ancients perceived what was the true work of a ruler of men. His great rival Antony could fight, and drink, and lounge on couches with his lady-love. Augustus did none of these things; but he used unsparingly the brain which God had given him, and seated himself on a throne from which death alone could move him. It was his singular good fate to form an empire, and to enjoy the full fruition of his success for the long period of forty-two years.

When we declare that Augustus did not fight, we mean that he had no peculiar aptitude that way. Fighting enough he had had, and even now it was not destined that his empire should be long at peace. Prolonged quiescence indeed for Rome was not possible, as in these days it is not possible for British India. But it was his ambition to be at peace, and he succeeded at any rate in name. Though the empire was still doomed to border warfare, though it was still necessary to keep in subjection the conquered provinces, though the conquest of other provinces was forced upon it, nevertheless Augustus succeeded in his object of closing the temple of Janus. The doors of this old Roman god's abode, (never open but in time of war, and never shut but in time of peace) had in fact

not been closed since the origin of the republic. Rome had always been at war. Tradition indeed told of some blissful era in the reign of an ancient and half mythic king, in which no battle had been waged; but Romans had not even any record of a time of peace but what such tradition afforded them. They had been essentially a warrior people, but their appetite had now been satiated by twenty years of civil contest, and the city panted for rest. Wars such as those which had added kingdom after kingdom to the dominion of the city, which had given power and wealth to Rome, and a high station to the very name of a Roman, were doubtless popular enough. But of late years their bloodshed had been not only less honourable but less profitable also. In the battles that had been fought at Pharsalia and Mutina, at Philippi and at Actium, Romans had met Romans in the field, and though the legionary veterans of the victorious general might succeed in wringing from the state some rich largess either in land or money, the state itself could gain nothing by such warfare.

Augustus, undoubtedly shewed that he understood the people whom he was about to rule, when with much ceremony he shut the temple of Janus. It was not so much the declaration that the empire was at peace, as the indication of a wish to cease from constant warfare that raised his popularity to so high a pitch. Romans were weary of being led to victory and death; they were sick of their blood-stained eagles, and boastful lying standards, which still proclaimed themselves to be the ensigns of a senate and a republic. They were desirous of ease and plenty, and were contented to barter their free citizenship for subjection to a monarch, provided that that monarch would let them live and enjoy life. They had had enough of glory and to spare, food and amusement, panem et Circenses—to such moderate wishes were they now contented to limit their demands on the man that was to rule them.

But food and amusement for men who will not work, cannot easily be found by even the most politic of emperors for any prolonged period; and Augustus had no more difficult

task than of giving, and of not giving, gratuitous bread to those who demanded it. It had long been the practice of candidates for public honor and high official place, to gain the good will of the people by shows and games, by the contests of gladiators and slaughter of wild beasts. Many an aspirant for popular favor, ruined by the huge cost of these necessary sports, had been driven to recruit his finances by proconsular extortion. To this, however, there was some limit, and costly as these exhibitions were, they ruined those only who paid for them. But the gifts of corn, extended nearly to all who would condescend to ask it, was doubly deleterious. The man who has once brought himself to live on alms will never work for bread if he can help it. Mr. Merivale tells us that three hundred and twenty thousand male citizens had sunk so low, at the beginning of the reign of Augustus. These, with the females and infants belonging to them, must have represented nearly a million of people. Under such circumstances, we can easily understand how difficult was the task of Augustus. These state beggars of course declined to till the fields from which the corn for the city's use should have been procured, and Rome was dependent for her supply of food on Sicily and Sardinia—on Africa and on Egypt. In these days of screw propellers and free-trade we hardly realize the danger of such a situation; but Augustus and his ministers realized it most fully. We are told that by the exercise of great firmness, he succeeded in reducing the number to two hundred thousand male recipients of this state charity.

This ruinous system had commenced with an attempt to provide plenteous supplies at ordinary prices in the Roman markets, at a time when nature was refusing such plenteous supplies to the world at large. Thus the city was to be provided with food at the expence of the rural districts. That the laws of trade should have been so little understood some fifty years before Christ is by no means wonderful, but it is wonderful that we should have lived to see the policy of Pompey attempted within the last year or two in Paris, with what final result we are not yet in a

condition to declare. In both cases, the good will of the central city was especially necessary to the great man of the hour.

And now Augustus went through those progressive steps in the nomenclature of despotic power, which have been usual when any country has submitted to a new despot. Or rather, he set those examples which other new despots have followed. And it is impossible not to admire the depth of his political sagacity, his accurate knowledge of the people, and his unerring steps towards the goal of his ambition.

The first name which he assumed was that of "Imperator"—as being a humble title applying merely to military command, and having no reference to civic rule. To our ears this term, modernized into the customary name of Emperor, is the most princely which man can assume. But it was not so then. The General at the head of troops was always entitled to be so called, providing he had achieved a certain amount of military success; and as the new prince of course kept up his army, he equally of course kept up the name. This name, it is true, he offered to resign with many magnanimous protestations as to his indifference to military supremacy, and anxiety for the city's welfare. But such protestations were well understood, and he was prevailed on without much difficulty to waive his objections. Had he called himself "Dictator," as his uncle had done, he would have offended deeply the scruples of his countrymen. The name of Triumvir also was unpopular; but no harm could be thought of a ruler whose ambition could satisfy itself with the soldier's rank which he had won in fighting his country's battles. And thus mighty monarchs, who have themselves fought no battles at all, but merely allowed their deputies to do so for them, have from that day to this been called Emperors.

He then assumed a power which is in our days, and in our country, the most valued appanage of sovereignty. He constituted himself the fountain of titled honor in the state, and this he did with most excellent state-craft. There had been among Rome's great officers, in her palmy days, a class, by no means least in dignity, who were called Censors. To them be-

longed the privilege of excluding from the senate such as were unworthy, and of substituting for them such as were deemed fit for the high position. Augustus now became, not Censor, but the depositor of the censorial power; and in that capacity not only weeded the senate as he thought fit, but renewed the patrician families, which, in the slaughter of the civil wars, had been as nearly extirpated as were ours in the days of the Roses. In other words, he made whom he would noble; and he made also whom he would ignoble. And by doing so, he declared how great was the difference between his own standing and that of the highest of his nobility.

In the same way he became perpetual prince; and in the same way the word prince has come to bear its present signification. It had been customary in Rome that some good and venerable man should be named as "*Princeps Senatus*," or leader, as it were, of the Roman House of Lords. Augustus was so named in perpetuity; and following emperors, inheriting the distinction, were denominated princes, they and all their families, when there was no longer any House of Lords to lead.

Then arose a question as to the familiar name by which he should be known to his people. That of Octavius was simply that of his family. His father had been called Octavius, and his sister was Octavia. It was necessary that he should assume some distinctive name, that might be popular, and at the same time have within it a savor of the divinity which he had assumed. There seems to have been some difference on the matter. His advisers were divided in opinion; one suggested that of Quirinus, the divine founder of the city; others that of Romulus, the man founder. But Augustus was considered less objectional. Mr. Merivale tells us how everything appertaining to the gods was august, and explains that the name could not be other than lucky. It soon became popular, and has not yet lost its popularity.

He had already taken on himself the duties of the old Censors, and with the duties much more powerful than had even belonged to the Censors; and his next step was to assume also the office of tribune of the people. It would be too tedious to explain

here what were the vast privileges of the tribunes: they are well understood by most readers of this Magazine; and it is probably known to all, that they were established with a view of repressing the power of the nobles, and would in effect have placed the commanding power of the state in the hands of the people, had the office been filled by disinterested patriots. But the office had seldom been so filled, and had in latter ages been used for the vilest purposes of sedition. Augustus now became sole Tribune as well as God, and Emperor, and Prince, and Censor.

He became sole and perpetual tribune—but to ease himself from a portion of the enormous weight of rule which he had to bear, he joined with him in the tribuneship, first one son-in-law, and then another—first Agrippa, and afterwards Tiberius.

Rome had been customarily ruled by high officers who were elected annually, and who at the end of this year of office either sunk again into private life, or were chosen for higher places—or went abroad as the governors of kingdoms. All such elections and arrangements were now apparently unnecessary. Augustus chose his own lieutenant-governors; and when he had found a useful man to fill an office, it was not probable that he would lose his services because he had done a year's work. Nevertheless, he continued to fill the annual office with some affectation of an adherence to old Roman customs. The two Consuls were duly chosen, of which he was himself one, we forget now how many times. When he did not deign to fill one of the consular chairs, he had a seat between them. He appointed whom he would, and frequently many in the year. It was often sufficient honor for a noble Roman to have been one of the emperor's consuls, even for a day. The prætors also were appointed annually, and continued to exercise the highest judicial authority of the state; and the names at any rate of the questors and ædiles were maintained.

It was the policy of Augustus to restore or confirm the old republican names, while he utterly swept away the habits of the republic; and he performed his task with consummate wisdom. He contrived to mould to his purpose institutions, to which his

purpose was in fact directly antagonistic, and thus succeeded in turning the mighty oligarchs of the Roman Senate into useful members of a civic bureaucracy. He was the first to learn the convenience of a united cabinet council, and was the founder of all civil services.

Nothing, perhaps, gives to us Englishmen and Irishmen of the nineteenth century so distressing an idea of the life of ancient Rome, as the nature of the relationship which existed between men and women, and between husband and wife. A true knowledge of the nature of the intercourse between the sexes would probably give us a correct idea of the state of civilization in any country. When we read that the men of a nation are employed in eating, drinking, or fighting, while the women till the fields and carry the burdens, we know at once that we are reading of savages. When we learn that women are used solely as ministers of sensual luxury, and that all knowledge, thought, and mental culture is confined to the master sex, we are equally sure that the nation spoken of has not attained to the worship of Christ. The treatment of women in Rome was not that of either of such countries, and yet it was nearly equally far removed from that which we consider due to our wives and daughters.

The Roman maiden who was gently born, carried no burdens and tilled no fields, nor was she doomed to be immured in a harem, with no pursuit but the adornment of her charms, and no possession but the jewels with which she covered them. Her lot, however, was hardly more happy. Marriage in Rome had from the earliest years of the republic been looked on as a high duty rather than a happy privilege. "Its object was," as Mr. Meriville says, "not to chasten the affections but to replenish the curies and the centuries, maintain the services of the temples, and recruit the legions." As long as high duties were cherished by a poor and patriotic people, marriage of this sort sufficed for its object; but when Rome became rich and sensual, such a bond became to be felt as an inconvenient nuisance. By the law also, the Roman wife was little more than the slave of her lord, though the Roman maiden was free enough. The wife was little better

than the chattel of her husband; he could not, indeed, legally kill her, but he could confine her, sell her, beat her, divorce her, make a present of her, and treat her in a manner very far removed, indeed, from that which is generally in vogue in our good city of Dublin.

Marriage had become absolutely unpopular with men and women; and the result was fearfully pernicious both to the morals and policy of the state. We will here give the striking picture which our author shows:—

The unmarried Roman, cohabiting with a freedwoman, or slave, became the father of a bastard brood, against whom the gates of the city were shut. His pride was wounded in the tenderest part; his loyalty to the commonwealth was shaken. He chose rather to abandon the wretched offspring of his amours, than to breed them up as a reproach to himself, and see them sink below the rank in which their father was born. In the absence of all true religious feeling, the possession of children was the surest pledge to the state of the public morality of her citizens. By the renunciation of marriage, which it became the fashion to avow and boast, public confidence was shaken to its centre. On the other hand, the women themselves, insulted by the neglect of the other sex, and exasperated at the inferiority of their position, revenged themselves by holding the institution of legitimate marriage in almost equal aversion. They were indignant at the servitude to which it bound them, the state of dependence and legal incapacity in which it kept them; for it left them without rights, and without the enjoyment of their own property: it reduced them to the status of mere children, or rather transferred them from the power of their parent to that of their husband. They continued through life, in spite of the mockery of respect with which the laws surrounded them, things rather than persons; things that could be sold, transferred backwards and forwards from one master to another, for the sake of their dowry, or even their powers of child-bearing. For the smallest fault they might be placed on trial before their husbands; or if he were more than usually considerate in judging upon his own case, before a council of her relations; she might be beaten with rods, even to death itself, for adultery, or any other heinous crime; while she might suffer divorce from the merest caprice, and simply for the alleged departure of her youth or beauty.

The latter centuries of the Roman commonwealth are filled with the domestic struggles occasioned by the obstinacy with which political restrictions were maintained upon the most sensitive of the social relations. Beginning with wild and romantic legends,

the account of these troubles becomes in the end an important feature in history. As early as the year 423, it is said, a great number of Roman matrons attempted the lives of their husbands by poison. They were dragged before the tribunals, probably domestic, and adjudged to death. As many as a hundred and seventy are said to have suffered.

Under such circumstances it became necessary to make laws enjoining the ceremony of marriage; and the appeal which was made on one occasion to the patriotism of the citizen must no doubt have been received rapturously by the Roman matrons:—

Could we exist (said one Metellus, a censor) without wives at all, doubtless we should rid ourselves of the plague they are to us. Since, however, nature has decreed that we cannot dispense with the infliction, it is best to bear it manfully, and rather look to the permanent conservation of the state than to our own present satisfaction.

But the Roman matrons and Roman maidens were too fully of the same opinion themselves, to be angry with the censor for expressing it. Those who had tried the marriage vows knew well the misery of the heartless union. And those who had not, were sufficiently unwilling to submit to a tyranny which no love could make endurable, and from which all love would be banished. It had been the unfortunate result of Roman policy to make marriage as unpopular with the women as with the men.

On this matter it was in vain even for Augustus to make new enactments. His subjects would not marry. "Both the men and women preferred the loose terms of union on which they had consented to cohabit, to the harsh provisions of antiquity." He made positive laws, declared penalties, offered rewards, sung poems in honour of nuptial altars, and did what an emperor could do to make celibacy disgraceful; but it was of no avail. It was necessary that marriage in Rome should have some different meaning than that existing, before either men or women would willingly undergo its hardships.

The domestic ties and immediate family history of the Emperor himself will declare to us, with sufficient plainness, what was the method of

marriage in Rome, and to what extent the wishes of the women were consulted. It seems that the young Octavius, when quite a boy, had been betrothed, we may presume in accordance with the wishes of his uncle Julius; but this union he had himself repudiated after Cæsar's death, and had married a Clodia. Clodia he had divorced at the age of twenty-three, in resentment, we are told, at the perfidy of her family, and immediately married one Scribonia. By his second wife he had his only legitimate child, Julia,—that Julia of whom Roman history tells us so many scandals. Scribonia, however, did not please him long; and she again was divorced—not, as it would seem, for any political reason, but because he had seen with a friend of his a charming woman whom he preferred. This charmer was the graceful and astute Livia. It is true that she was married, and married to a friend of his own; but could an Emperor's friend do less than abandon his wife to his master? Livia, therefore, was divorced from her first husband, and carried to the house of Augustus. Here she became in a month or two the mother of her first husband's younger son. These were the wives of Augustus, and thus were they procured. Livia outlived him, and outlived also his natural heirs, many of whom she was accused of destroying, so that the empire might descend to the children of her first husband. Whether she was a murderess or not will never probably now be decided. Her hopes at any rate were realized by the accession of Tiberius to the throne.

Augustus, however, was most anxious to be succeeded by children of his own child. The youthful Julia was therefore married to the young Marcellus, the son of Octavia, and the nephew of the Emperor; and to this marriage there was no objection, but that, never felt by Romans, of near relationship. Our author tells us that Augustus, in fixing on Marcellus for his daughter, had found a suitable "*party*." The French word was probably ringing in Mr. Merivale's ears. In England a single person is denominated a party only by one class, to which we imagine Mr. Merivale has never belonged. We may suppose that Julia liked her

party; but, alas! she was not destined to enjoy long her married happiness. Her young husband died, or was murdered, and Julia was left a widow at seventeen.

Agrippa had been one of the earliest friends of the Emperor. They had been in Greece together as boys. They had returned together to Italy, when it became necessary to put off boyish things. Together they had fought their battles and got rid of their common enemies. They were of the same age; and though neither the circumstance of birth or fortune gave to Agrippa early hope of great station, he had won his way by success in wars, and prudence in council, to be the second man in the empire. Indeed we do not know how Augustus could have done without him. But it seems that Agrippa was hardly contented with his place as chief of ministers and first of soldiers. He wanted to connect himself more closely with the imperial seat, and was jealous that another should be named even as the heir of Augustus. It became necessary either to gratify him or get rid of him, and there seems to have been a doubt which course was most desirable. Mæcenas, the second favourite minister of Augustus, had whispered to his master that he should either make Agrippa his son-in-law, or else murder him. There were objections to both alternatives as long as Marcellus lived. The minister was too useful to be lost, and the nephew too near to be abandoned. But when Marcellus died, the difficulties cleared themselves.

Agrippa, it is true, had received, as an instalment of imperial grace, the hand of Marcella, the sister of Julia's husband, and she at this moment was his wife. She, however, was of course divorced, and Julia was at once married to her father's friend.

This match produced a large family of aspirants to the throne, the youngest of whom was born after the death of his father. But in spite of her maternal duties, Julia was not a discreet matron. It is probable that she was averse to the somewhat stern husband that had been given her, whose age, and face, and official duties, were hardly fitted to console a woman for the loss of one whom she had really loved. She be-

came a libertine even during the life of her husband; but that husband did not care to encounter the anger of the emperor by noticing her irregularities. After some nine years of union, Agrippa died; and Augustus, wanting, not an heir—for Julia had four children, and another coming, but an assistant to his throne, was instigated by his wife to give Julia again in marriage to Tiberius, Livia's son. Tiberius had a wife of his own; but she also was disposed of, and the royal princess went a third time to the altar.

Tiberius, however, loved the wife he had lost, and would not put up with the debaucheries of her whom he had gained: and thus his domestic joys were not conspicuous. From this time forth the conduct of Julia became atrocious. We hear dark stories of orgies, such as have disgraced humanity in the persons of a few, and but a few, royal ladies since her time. It would seem that she almost equalled Messalina as a princess, and Theodora as a woman, in the violence of her debaucheries. At last the emperor, who had long endeavoured to persuade himself and others that his daughter was a pattern for Roman matrons, could bear it no longer; and Julia, at the age of thirty-six, was banished to an island.

But Julia had had five children, the hope of Rome. Of these the two elder sons died early, both with suspicion of violence; the third was banished, apparently because he was too clumsy for imperial grandeur. But the daughters were destined to be the mothers of emperors. The elder daughter—a second Julia—was early married to a scion of a noble family; but she also misbehaved herself, and was punished, as Mr. Merivale tells us, by "relegation to an island." The daughter of the emperor was in one island, and his grand-daughter in another; both banished, and both for such gross misconduct as even imperial resources could not keep covered from the eyes of the world.

Poor ladies! Such were the effects of Roman marriages.

When Augustus had once firmly consolidated his imperial power, he had already given to posterity that lesson in state craft which we have

been endeavouring to explain. Had he died twenty years earlier than he did, the proof might have been less convincing, but the lesson would have been the same. He outlived by many years his two great ministers, Agrippa and Mæcenas, and was at last fain to lean upon his step-son and son-in-law Tiberius.

We have not here touched on the character of this third of the Cæsars—a monarch whose dark shadows have been made fearfully plain to us in the annals of Tacitus. It was not with his own good will that Augustus bequeathed his great inheritance to Tiberius. He never liked him. And though the success of his son-in-law, as a Roman general, must have made him very valuable, the emperor raised him to high power solely because there was none other whom he could raise.

We must mention one trait of Augustus in his latter days. A certain Cinna contrived a plot against his life, and was detected. Such an act in this man was one of personal ingratitude, as well as national treachery; as he had been favoured by Augustus. The emperor sent for him, and showing him that his plot was discovered—impaled him alive. Such must have been the conduct of such an emperor. No—he did not impale him, but conferred on him the consulship! It has been supposed that this clemency in his old age should wipe out the blood-stains which merciless cruelty in youth has left on the name of Octavius. We can come to no such conclusion in these days. Policy may have made it necessary to abstain from the punishment which the traitor deserved. Policy may even have whispered that it would be wise to make a consul of the traitor. But we cannot see that clemency had much to do with it. Augustus had no such appetite for blood as other later sovereigns have had—but he had no horror of it. The life and death of others was to him a matter of indifference.

Augustus was fortunate to the last. To him it was allowed to die naturally in his bed at a venerable age. To how few of those whose talents and ambition have carried them so high, has the same boon been granted. Those whose careers have

been in Europe most similar to his were denied such fortune. Alexander died young, Cæsar was murdered before he had enjoyed his power, and Napoleon's fate was even worse than Cæsar's. "The closing scene," says Mr. Merivale, "of this illustrious life has been portrayed to us with considerable minuteness. It is the first natural dissolution of a great man we have been called upon to witness, and it will be long, I may add, before we shall assist at another." Previous to the time at which Augustus sat securely on his throne, the fate of a noble Roman who took part in the affairs of his country was, all but invariably, to die by violence. After the days of Augustus, such a fate was as certain and more wretched. Men in high places were slaughtered like sheep at the caprice of the emperors; and emperors were slaughtered at the caprice of their ministers. To Augustus and his two counsellors, Agrippa and Mæcenas, it was permitted to pay the debt of nature naturally.

Great reverses towards the end of the reign befel the imperial arms. A Roman general with his legions was entrapped into an ambush among the German tribes, and the whole army was routed and destroyed. Personally this defeat distressed the Emperor much, and seems even to have created in his mind an unnecessary panic. But nothing occurred to shake his power in Rome, or for a moment to make his authority doubtful. That the wretched termination of all his family hopes, the fate of his daughter and his grand-daughter, and the death of his son-in-law and grandsons, must have carried much misery into his private life, we cannot doubt, if we are to believe that there was anything of the man about him. But in his public life he was of all men the most fortunate. This he felt, and he died probably contented and self-satisfied. He had played his part well; he had not disgraced the shrine which had been dedicated to him as a god; he had executed his mission with success; and when called on to leave his corporeal splendor and his temples, his human power and divine attributes, he was able to do so without a regret or a fear. No remembrance of the bloody lists which he had written sullied his repose. No

thoughts of those friends and enemies over whose bodies he had stepped up to dominion harrowed his mind. He had done that which the fates required of him, and had done it with success. No Roman could have required more to justify his euthanasia.

At his last moments he was careful as a Roman should be of things exterior. Caesar when he was falling covered his face decently with his robe. Pompey when he was murdered gave up his last human energy to the arrangement of his mantle. And Augustus, as we are told, had his hair dressed. He then asked those around him whether he had not deserved their applause by the man-

ner in which he had acted his part in life's drama—and so he died.

Here we will end our present remarks. They have only carried us to the middle of the second of the three volumes which now lie before us. We may possibly before long return to the remainder of the work, and endeavour to give some short account of the life of Tiberius.

We will not end our article without expressing our thanks to Mr. Merivale for his labours. His truth is never to be doubted. His classic attainments are of the highest order. His research has included all that has been necessary for his purpose, and his personal trouble has never been spared.

PRISONS AND PRISONERS.

It has been said that the worst use you can make of a culprit is, to hang him. But we "know a trick worth two of that"—send him to Gaol. There he will have the pleasure of meeting with companions exactly suited to his taste, who, modestly declining to raise themselves to his moral level, will take the most disinterested pains to bring him down to theirs, so that he may go forth a greater villain than he went in. There, if he happens to be utterly uneducated, care will be taken to teach him to read: so that, while in prison, he will acquire the invaluable faculty of perusing his Bible and Prayer-book, to be laid aside, when he comes out, for *The History of Dick Turpin and Jack Sheppard*. There he will have the benefit of the ministrations of the chaplain, who will use his best endeavours to rectify his corrupt principles, encouraged all along by the comfortable reflection, that those endeavours will be rendered utterly unavailing by the jeers and gibes of the prisoner's associates. There, if he is so fortunate as to be brought under the discipline of what is called the Silent System, he will, if the gravity of his offence, combined with the plausibility of his hypocrisy, entitle him to that indulgence, be released from the observance of the severer rules of the prison, and promoted to the office of wanderer over his less guilty compa-

nions: or, if his delinquency be not of so deep a dye, and his skill in recommending himself to the good graces of the prison authorities be less adroit, he will have the privilege of experiencing all that petty tyranny and "insolence of office," which his more expert fellow-convict will be sure to exercise over him. There, too, if he is placed under the tutelage of the Separate System, *as at present administered*, he will feel any incipient desire of reformation, or any settled resolution to lead a new life, effectually put down by the prospect of his removal to the Public works, where, with singular consistency, he is ruthlessly exposed to the gaze of those very associates from whose view, while in Separate confinement, he had been sedulously guarded.

Such is the uniformity, such the general excellence, such the tried efficacy, of our present Prison discipline! And such it would in all human probability long continue to be, if an event had not just occurred, which demands a readjustment of the whole system of Secondary Punishment. Transportation is at an end, or very nearly so. All our Colonies, with a trifling exception, refuse any longer to receive our convicts. We confess that, so far from sharing in the dismay which this announcement has occasioned, we hail it with solemn

satisfaction ; for now, at last — but no thanks to ourselves — we must gird up our loins with fitting resolution to grapple with a subject which we should otherwise have trifled with to the end, as we have trifled with it from the beginning. Now the condition and treatment of our criminal population will receive at our hands the attention it deserves.

And it is high time. Crime has already attained to colossal magnitude, and is advancing with gigantic strides. Two hundred thousand committals to prison in one year in the United Kingdom, constitute a foe difficult to cope with, and not to be viewed without uneasiness ; and the number is increasing with fearful rapidity. Nor is its character less alarming than its extent. It encounters force with ruffian violence ; baffles ingenuity by superior artifice ; steals our purses unsuspected in the public streets and in the glare of day ; rifles our chambers, unheard, in the dead of night, in spite of locks and bolts ; springs upon us, from its ambush, even in the public thoroughfare, with the elastic bound and ferocity of the tiger ; and, after the model of the Indian Thug, disables its victim with a dexterity equal to his, and with an audacity that even its pattern has never reached. The very character of our greater criminals is the opprobrium of our penal system ; for that character plainly implies skill, dexterity, long practice, contempt of danger, a steady hand, an inventive brain, a callous heart, and an utter disregard, through habitual brutality, of the agonies of its victim. Nor are we imperilled by violence alone ; fraud too — fraud exquisitely trained, long and successfully practised — surrounds us with its subtle meshes, apparently as feeble as the film of the gossamer, but proving in the issue to have fettered its unconscious captive with a chain of adamant. It is a fact as well attested as any other in the records of crime, that a numerous class of desperate and dangerous depredators exists among us : pursuing their nefarious calling for years, at once with absolute impunity and signal success, and living upon the fruits of their villainy, not only in competence, but in luxury.

But we have been told over and

over again, by those who are most conversant with the statistics of crime, that we must not suppose the number of our criminals to be so great as the number of committals, seeing that many offenders are committed twice, thrice, or oftener. We answer — So much the worse for society. Would that the number of committals and of offenders exactly, or very nearly, tallied ! We might then hope that crime was a manageable thing. But the bare fact, that for our worst offenders the prison has no terrors, fills us with terror indeed. Can any one now tell us what we are to do with a felon when we have caught him ? Can any one tell us what a felon is to do with himself after we have let him go ? These are questions that might, up to this time, have been merely asked : they are now questions that must be promptly answered. We can no longer fall back on the old adage, *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*. Our perplexity now begins exactly where it is used to end ; and the difficulty is not how we shall most readily catch the offender, but how we shall treat and dispose of him when we have got him safely locked up within four strong walls.

If it were not for the momentous interests that are in peril, the whole history of our prison management for the last century (we confine ourselves to that period) might be said to be simply ludicrous ; and it is only with the hope that we may be made wiser for the time to come, that we now glance rapidly at our past mis-carriages.

In the march of prison improvement, Howard led the way. In 1756, immediately after the earthquake at Lisbon, he embarked for that city ; but on his voyage the vessel in which he sailed was captured by a French privateer, and carried into Brest. The barbarous treatment which he, with the rest of the passengers, experienced in the Castle of that seaport, in a dungeon in which they were all confined for several days, led him in the first instance to seek the mitigation of the sufferings of such of his countrymen as were in the places where he had himself been confined in France. This humane feeling gained further strength and development from what he observed

in the prisons of his own country, and particularly from what came under his immediate notice, when, some years after, in 1773, he was high-sheriff of the county of Bedford. He refers, in his "Account of the Prisons in England and Wales," to the circumstances with which his discharge of that office made him acquainted, as those which induced him take those humane journeys of inspection, in the course of which he visited most of the prisons in England. In 1774, he was examined on this subject by the House of Commons, and had the honour of receiving the thanks of that body.

Together with the remonstrances of Howard, another circumstance powerfully co-operated to produce a general desire for the improvement of our Prisons. At the termination of the American war, the loss of our Transatlantic dependencies had deprived us of those remote colonies to which we had been accustomed for a long time to transport many of our convicted felons, and imposed on us the necessity of devising a substitute for the system of transportation which had been hitherto pursued. The result of this combination of humane remonstrance and political necessity appears to have been a general desire that something should be speedily done to improve our prison discipline. The first impulse to public feeling was given by the labours of Howard; and great is the obligation which the cause of humanity owes to the unwearied and ardent benevolence of that distinguished philanthropist. But Howard's attention seems to have been almost absorbed by the physical sufferings which it was his lot to witness. The very magnitude and intensity of those sufferings seem to have prevented him from looking beyond them to a consideration of the moral evils of imprisonment, which are still more deplorable than the captive's physical ones, and without a proper remedy for which, his more comfortable prison life would only lead him to think of pursuing with greater zest that career of crime which first led him into gaol. The impulse, however, was thus given to the demand for prison improvement: it was prompt and decisive; and to Howard the merit of it is most justly due. We forbear to track this singu-

gular man through the whole of his subsequent benevolent course; but we cannot just now help thinking of its close, when we remember that his remains repose near a spot upon which he could hardly have foreseen that the intent gaze of the universe would be fixed, and close to which the embattled hosts of five mighty nations would in future times meet in deadly conflict. Howard's grave is at Kherston, almost within view of Sebastopol!

The first movement in the direction pointed out by Howard was made by individual magistrates, among whom the foremost and most distinguished was the then Duke of Richmond; and on the 2nd October, 1775, at the Quarter Sessions at Petworth, in Sussex, it was ordered that a new prison should be erected there in conformity with a plan produced by his Grace. In Howard's work already mentioned, he speaks of this prison: "The new gaol that was building in 1776 is now (1779) finished. The plan appears to me particularly well suited for the purpose. Each felon is to have a separate room, ten feet by seven, and nine feet high to the crown of the arch." In his account of a subsequent visit, in 1788, he thus expresses himself:—"No alteration in this well-ordered prison. The debtors and felons are quite separate. All the prisoners were in health: each has his separate room, and proper bedding. No infirmary: attention to cleanliness and order has hitherto prevented the want of it. Divine service every day."

The first of the legislative measures that followed the labours of Howard was the 19th Geo. III. cap. 24.; an enactment of great importance, which was the result of the joint labours of Sir William Blackstone, Mr. Howard, and Mr. Eden, afterwards Lord Auckland. This measure became law in 1778. In the 5th section we find it affirmed that "if many offenders convicted of crimes for which transportation has been usually inflicted were ordered to solitary imprisonment, accompanied by well regulated labour and religious instruction, it might be the means, under Providence, not only of deterring others, but also of reforming the individuals, and inuring them to habits of industry." Thus we see that the principle of modified

confinement was recognized and enforced by a positive legislative enactment nearly eighty years ago. We also find that it was successfully carried out in the prison of Petworth; and we find it also in operation in the gaol of Horsham, in the same county. This shows that this system was no novel or untried invention, unsuited to the character or unfit for the treatment of the criminals of these kingdoms. It also incontestably establishes the fact that the system is British;—British in its origin, British in its application, and British in its legislative sanction.

While, however, we attach great importance to the just cited Act, we cannot deny that it is in some respects imperfect; for though it provides "that offenders shall, during their hours of labour, in case the nature of their employments will permit, be kept separate and apart from each other," yet labour in common, but under the constant superintendence of an officer, was permitted. Accordingly this part of the Act did not escape the caustic censure of the celebrated Jonas Hanway. "At length," observes that extraordinary man, "the legislature resolve on a plan of wonderful construction;—it is to be solitude and no solitude; the prisoners are to be separate, and they are to work together; that is, they are to be secured in separate apartments at night, but in the day they may associate; and 600 men and 300 women are to be so managed as to produce reformation by means of a capital prison, called a penitentiary! This method might be calculated to prevent their breaking prison; but not for repentance." And as to the apprehension that the prisoners would not work, if left to themselves in solitude, he says, "This should by no means intimidate us in the pursuit of the plan of separate confinement, for prisoners will generally be inclined to work, to relieve themselves." As to the system of the *Maison de Force*, at Ghent, which the Act had too closely followed, he quaintly but unanswerably observes, "That prison cannot be our rule; the daring mind of our people being very different from theirs. A Flanderkin, with some of the remains of the indolence of his former masters, may not be kept so easily to work alone as in company. He may

wish for solitude, provided he may be indulged in laziness; if human nature will admit of such a situation. The spirit of Britons disdains the thought of inactivity: they must be doing good, or evil; their busy mind must have employment, or it will be miserable." With such homely vigour of expression did this acute writer point out the imperfections of the Act. And it is remarkable that there is scarcely an improvement in the latest and most elaborate plan of Separate confinement which has not been distinctly laid down, and recommended for adoption, with wisdom that may be justly called oracular, in the writings of that eccentric but farsighted philanthropist. In 1785, a House of Correction was ordered to be built at Petworth, pursuant to the provisions of the 22nd Geo. III., cap. 54. The ground was presented by the Earl of Egremont,—whose well known princely mansion, with its glorious gallery of painting and sculpture, adorns the immediate vicinity of that town,—and the plans were furnished by James Wyatt. This prison affords the earliest example of the complete adoption of the Separate System in the kingdom, and we might add in the world. "The rooms of the prison," says Howard, "are on two stories, over arcades: sixteen on each floor, thirteen feet three inches by ten feet, and nine feet high. The chapel is in the centre, and has thirty-two pews, each three feet by two feet two inches. The sides are so lofty that the prisoners cannot see one another, though they are all within the view of the chaplain. Some prisoners were kept here for two years without injury to their health." The system was kept up until 1816, when they began to employ prisoners in the factory. This was owing to the great increase of prisoners at the termination of the war, and occasioned a great deterioration of the discipline; in fact, it amounted to a total subversion of the system of separate confinement, and to a sacrifice of all the advantages held out by it. It is now sixteen or seventeen years since we visited Petworth, in company with Whitworth Russell; and well do we remember the surprise and satisfaction with which he viewed a realization in his own country of that very plan of improved prison discipline which he had formed on reflection and study,

in conjunction with his colleague William Crawford, and which till that hour he had supposed to exist only in the imagination and fancy of himself and his associate. Yet while this prison was standing as a memento of Howard and Hanway, and a present example of their enlightened views, the Government were groping about for a model, and sending their Commissioner to America, in search of what lay under their nose! But the wonder is not so much that this prison had been thus overlooked, as that the system carried out in it with complete success should be suffered to sleep for nearly fifty years. True, the plan had been in operation until 1816, as we have said; but who was the wiser for it? Who brought the fact under public notice? What member of the government, or of the legislature, made it the basis of a method of national utility? For anything that concerned the interests of the kingdom at large, the Petworth House of Correction might have been in Kamtschatka, at Timbuctoo, or in the moon. But not only was there an example of the cellular system about this time at Petworth, but also at Gloucester, and at Horsham, where the discipline was administered with similar success. Still all the evils of gaol association were permitted to go on; and until the first report of the Inspectors of Prisons for the Home Department startled the united kingdom by their graphic delineation of the foul abominations that disgraced the metropolitan prison of Newgate (1834), no step was taken to grapple with the abuses of our penal system.

An attempt—it was no more—to palliate those evils, was made by the projectors of what is called the Silent System; they were well-meaning men, who wished to get rid of the horrible and loathsome abuses of the plan of association, but did not clearly see their way, nor understand the nature of the subject with which they undertook to deal; and as the Silent System crosses our path in our progress to a sounder plan, we will at once sweep it away, and demolish its root and branch, bark and foliage.

We affirm then, that the Silent System, originating in a conviction of the great and manifold evils of gaol association, and a desire to guard effectually against them, is cumbrous

and intricate in its construction, unequal to the end at which it professes to aim, and dependent for its successful working upon agencies which its advocates cannot ensure us. If it possesses any good qualities, they are contingent and accidental, while its defects are necessary and inherent. Against what does this system set itself in opposition? Against a law of nature—against the communion of man with his fellow—against the most deeply seated and most ineradicable instinct of humanity—the wish to hold intercourse in thought and feeling with those who are placed for hours, and days, and months together, within sight and hearing of each other; and that too while they are under the very circumstances which impart an edge to the desire of mutual acquaintance. Doubtless a dozen or a score of passengers may be associated in a railway carriage for hours without the exchange of a single word between any two of them. But this arises from their ignorance of the present circumstances and destination of each. Let those fellow travellers be bent upon a common point of pleasure or of business, and the case becomes immediately changed. Those who had never met before will soon make each other's acquaintance; and you will find it no easy task to interdict or suspend all intercommunication. The case is beyond all comparison stronger between fellow-prisoners. The very stringency of the regulations that forbid all intercourse between them only acts as an incentive to ingenuity to baffle them; and we know well what adroitness and tact the human mind and frame acquire by practice, when the man is impelled by necessity, or strong inclination. That every attempt to evade the rule of enforced silence is detected, no one will be hardly enough to affirm. But some notion of the extent to which that evasion is carried may be formed from this recorded fact, that in the prison of Coldbath Fields, in which the system was carried to its highest state of perfection, the punishments for "talking and swearing" amounted in 1830 to no fewer than 5,138! Consider, too, the posture of the prisoner's mind while occupied in attempts, often successful, to elude the vigilance of the monitor, or while amused in watching and secretly applauding

such attempts on the part of others : can any one believe that under such circumstances he can receive any salutary impression of the penal nature of his position, or have any inclination or opportunity for self-examination or reflection ?

But there is a still stronger objection against this system. Its warmest advocates admit that they cannot carry it into operation without the employment of means which are obviously opposed to the spirit of the constitution, and to the first principles of substantial justice ; they confess that they must be permitted to inflict punishment for every detected violation of the prison rules. How frequent those punishments are, we have already seen. How unjust they are is plain. How calculated they are to irritate and exasperate the prisoner is sufficiently obvious. The prisoner himself is not slow to perceive all this. He sees that the privations that occasion him most discomfort are not those to which he has been legally sentenced : he feels that he is enduring sufferings over and above the awards of law, and, stung by the injustice, his sense of his guilt is overborne by that insurgent spirit wisely implanted in us all, which impels even the most degraded to withstand oppression in whatever garb it may wear, and from whatever quarter it may approach us. And who are the agents which the Silent System chiefly employs to enforce its harsh regulations ? Prisoners themselves, men as deeply stained with guilt as those whom they are employed to coerce. The culprit sees this too, and he sees it with feelings little fitted to reconcile him to his treatment. "The oldest thief makes the best monitor," has become a gaol apophthegm. This alone suffices to ensure the condemnation of the system ; for here it is plainly implied that it treats with the greatest leniency those culprits whose guilt is deepest, by setting them to watch over, and report for punishment, those who are less criminal than themselves. As the prison punishments—punishments for violating the prison regulations—mostly consist in reduction of food, this is followed by ill-health ; then comes removal to the hospital, with all the relaxation of discipline, and consequent miti-

gation of punishment, which such removal brings with it. It is plain, also, that the qualifications required in a monitor must be sought for in vain in the guiltiest class of prisoners, out of which the monitors must commonly be selected. Can we expect to find in such, *alertness, temper, vigilance, firmness, industry, habits of obedience, and integrity* ? Yet these are the characteristics of a good monitor. Besides, how can such a system as this be made universal ? In some prisons it will work well, because it is well worked ; in others, which are out of the range of public view, and where suitable officers cannot be found, the whole will break down. If the sole end at which a good system of prison discipline ought to aim were, to prevent, by whatever means, the prisoners from *audibly* conversing with each other, we should admit that the Silent System had not been wholly unsuccessful. But if, in securing this end, the means have been ill-devised, harsh, and of uncertain efficacy ; if, while the prisoner is forbidden to articulate *sounds*, he has the opportunity of making and exchanging significant *signs* ; if, by a system of refined surveillance, his mind be kept perpetually on the fret, and diverted from the contemplation of his own conduct and condition, and directed to the invention of devices for defeating his overseers, or for carrying on a clandestine communication with his fellow-prisoners ; deriving no benefit, in the meantime, from the offices of religion, nay, converting the most solemn of his religious offices into an opportunity of conversing with his fellows ; then we say that the benefits of the Silent System are dearly purchased by the measures it employs to obtain them.

And all this intricate machinery is constructed for what ? For the purpose of overcoming difficulties which its founders have themselves created ! They assemble together social beings, interdict communication between them, and then punish them for yielding to that most powerful of human impulses—the desire to interchange thought with those with whom they are compelled to associate. Here is a difficulty contrived with perverse ingenuity, as if merely for the purpose of surmounting it ; and when it fails (as it must perpetually) revenges

itself upon the prisoner for the remissness of the officer! And you subject the untried to it! Why, the difficulty and hardship of the System are felt chiefly in its *earlier stage*. The untried prisoner is perplexed and worried by a multiplicity of intricate and minute observances, which are enforced by punishments. So that an untried and possibly innocent prisoner undergoes the sharpest portion of the discipline. But there is even a worse evil than any we have yet noticed—the evil of *recognition*. A man unjustly accused, able to establish his innocence, and discharged without a stain upon his character, may receive an incurable wound in his reputation from the mere circumstance of his having been associated, for a period however short, with companions of vicious habits and tainted morals, and being subsequently recognized by them. Consider how deep and overwhelming are the anguish and dismay with which a person of unblemished character contemplates his committal to prison. In urging the necessity of shielding an innocent member of society, as far as is practicable, from an evil so dreadful as this, we are not more powerfully sustained by the dictates of reason and humanity, than by the very spirit of the law itself, which guards with extreme and justifiable jealousy the rights and feelings of innocence.

We have now done with gaol association, and its miserable succedaneum the Silent System; would that the kingdom had done with them too! We boast, and it is a just boast—that we have not one law for the rich, and another for the poor. But we have one punishment for the North, and another for the South—one for the East, and another for the West. We punish leniently in Newgate the very same offence which we visit with severity at Pentonville. And that we shall continue to do until we have uniformity of system, and one form of penal discipline for the three countries. What shall that be?

What shall that be? This is a question which every man is now putting to himself and to his neighbour: and it is a question which, we are bold to say, admits of but one answer,—the Separate System; the confinement of each prisoner in a separate apartment, in which he can

hold no communication whatever, either by sight or hearing, with any fellow-prisoner. This is the plan which, as we have already seen, commended itself nearly a century ago to Howard, and still more distinctly to Hanway; which was exemplified at Petworth, Horsham, and Gloucester, which was advocated in England by Bishop Butler, Sir William Blackstone, Lord Mansfield, Dr. Paley, Sir Samuel Romilly, Mr. Wilberforce, Archbishop Whately, Lord John Russell, Earl Grey, Sir James Graham, and Sir George Grey; in France by M. de Beaumont, M. de Tocqueville, M. De Metz, M. Lucas; in Belgium by M. Ducpétiaux; in Germany by Dr. Julius, and other distinguished jurists; in Poland by Count Skarbek; in Sweden by the King. Before its general adoption in Europe it had winged its way across the Atlantic, and was so extensively and successfully adopted in the United States of America, that its revival in England soon followed, and it settled once more in the land to which it owed its birth.

It was in the year 1838 that the Rev. Whitworth Russell and Mr. Crawford presented to Government, in their capacity of Inspectors of Prisons, the elementary principles of a sound system of penal discipline, which, after a long and patient research and inquiry, had been carefully elaborated by them. Of that system *the isolation of the criminal from his fellow-prisoners* was the basis. Under the system propounded by those eminent prison reformers the solitude of the cell was alleviated by important moral elements, calculated to sustain the mind, and to promote reformation, while the punishment remained sufficiently severe. To this system they gave the distinctive name of **THE SEPARATE SYSTEM**; and they recommended the erection of a Metropolitan Prison, both as a model and as an experiment as to its results. Thus originated the Prison at Pentonville. Lord John Russell was then Secretary of State for the Home Department, and first gave official sanction to the proposition. At the time of the completion of the prison, Sir James Graham had succeeded to the administration of that department; and the commissioners nominated to conduct the experiment included statesmen and professional men of great eminence.

These were, the late Lord Wharncliffe, then Lord President; Lord John Russell, the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Devon, the Earl of Chichester, the Speaker of the House of Commons, Sir Benjamin Brodie, Dr. Ferguson, Major (now Lieut-Col.) Jebb, Mr. Crawford, and the Rev. Whitworth Russell. It was impossible to have formed a commission more entitled to the confidence of the country. On the 22nd December, 1842, the prison was opened for the reception of convicts under sentence of transportation, who were to undergo there a confinement of eighteen months, and then to complete the term of their sentence in a distant clime.

For five years this system continued in operation, without any important modification, with beneficial effects upon the mind, health, and morals of the prisoners far exceeding what its founders had ever anticipated. The Yearly Reports of the Commissioners during the whole of this period attest the excellence of the system in the most unequivocal terms. In the Second Report, after the first year's experience, they say, "There exists abundant proof of the moral and religious improvement of the prisoners." In their Third Report, "The experience gained during the last year has fully confirmed the opinion we before expressed, and has multiplied the facts upon which that opinion was founded." The Fourth Report reiterates the same conclusion:—"The experience of another year, strengthened by the highly gratifying account which we have received as regards the conduct of the prisoners who have been sent abroad, both during the voyage and subsequent to their arrival in Australia, has more strongly than ever impressed us with the value of this corrective and reformatory system of prison discipline." The Fifth Report repeats the foregoing statements, and contains the following remarkable passage:—"On reviewing these opinions, and taking advantage of the experience of another year, we feel warranted in expressing

our firm conviction, that the moral results of the discipline have been most encouraging, and attended with a *success which, we believe, is without parallel in the history of prison discipline.*" Well, the reader will naturally say, "Have you any more Reports to the same effect?" Alas, "we now must change those notes to tragic." "What,—has the system broken down?" No; the system has been subverted! Without any reason, publicly and officially assigned for the change, the grand principle of the Separate System, that which gave name to it, that which gave efficacy to it, that which wrought effects at once so encouraging and so marvellous in the eyes of the Commissioners, and which drew from them those expressions of satisfaction and admiration which we have just cited,—the strict and uninterrupted isolation of each prisoner was, without any publicly assigned, and, we venture to say, without any *assignable* cause, completely subverted. We have a right to demand, and we do now solemnly demand, an explanation of this. How came it to pass that a system of prison discipline, which had been originally devised by the most renowned philanthropists that ever dignified human nature; which had been tried, and marked for sterling, by the most wary and perspicacious minds that were ever turned to the subject; which had won by its intrinsic excellence the approbation of the whole civilized world; which had wrought effects so unparalleled, that it would be the bitterest of sarcasms to call upon any other system that ever was constituted by man, to produce the like,—how came it to pass that that system should have been silently, and we blush to say it, hitherto almost without remonstrance,* bereft of that which alone gave it vitality and effect—the strict separation of prisoner from prisoner? In addition to this, the term of imprisonment was reduced from eighteen months to twelve.

In the absence of all evidence as to

* Not *wholly* without remonstrance. We have now before us a volume entitled, "Results of the System of Separate Confinement, as administered at the Pentonville Prison;" by the Rev. John T. Burt, Chaplain of the New Prison at Birmingham, who was for nearly twelve years Assistant Chaplain at Pentonville, in which he indignantly denounces the unwarrantable alteration.

who the parties were who made the representation to the Secretary of State, upon which he, of course, felt constrained to act, we turn from persons to things; and taking into our hands the published representation of Mr. Burt, the late assistant chaplain, we venture to ask a few brief questions, which will bring this matter to a speedy issue.

And first, we ask, Was the original system in fault on the score of impaired mental sanity? That cannot be; for, turning to pp. 110, 111, we find that while during three years under the new system the number of cases of insanity was 16, the number which had occurred under the preceding four years, while the original system was in full operation, was only 3—even if the first year, (1843), be included; the number is 6 cases in five years under the original system, against 16 cases in three years under the new one. This speaks trumpet-tongued against the alteration of the system.

Secondly, we ask, Was the original system in fault on the score of physical health? Turn we now to p. 150; there we find that while in five years the proportion of deaths annually occurring in 1,000 was 6.16 under the original system, it was no less than 7.5 in the three years under the altered system.

Thirdly, we ask, Was this alteration of the discipline called for by the moral results under the original system? Once more let us turn to Mr. Burt's book, p. 61, where we find that, whereas, in 1844, under the original system, the number of punishments for offences against the prison regulations was 82, on an average daily number of 466 prisoners, the number of such punishments in 1850, under the altered system, on an average daily number of 499 prisoners, was no fewer than 310!

Now upon these facts we base this plain question—if there had been at the first a ground for an alteration of the original system, what excuse can be alleged for not instantly returning to that system which has been departed from with such disastrous consequences?

There is evidence in the volume to which we have been referring, that effectual, abiding reformation cannot

be produced by the means now in operation at Pentonville, which falsely arrogates the title of the Separate System. And this startling truth Mr. Burt has established by arguments so irrefutable, and facts so overwhelming, that no sophistry can evade the one, no effrontery controvert the other. With reasonings and testimonies of equal cogency has he proved not only the fitness, but the exclusive adaptation, of the original System of Separate Confinement to the case of convicts under sentence of transportation, provided that that System is maintained and administered in all its integrity, with the safeguards and appliances, the *adoucissements* and adjuncts, which render it at once safe, reforming, and deterring. After the convicts had undergone eighteen months' imprisonment, they were sent abroad, without any interval of detention. In November, 1844, the first draught, consisting of 345 prisoners, was despatched for Port Philip, on board the *Sir George Seymour*. We felt a deep interest in the fate and fortune of that body of exiles. We watched their conduct at parting, we followed them with anxious emotions in their voyage, and we awaited with eager expectation the first tidings of their arrival at their new home. A touching circumstance, not, we believe, generally known, impresses the period of their departure upon our recollection. A day or two before they quitted the prison, a sheet of paper was placed in each convict's hands, upon which he was requested to write, if he thought proper to do so, his opinions and feelings respecting the discipline generally, and the mode in which it had been administered. Assent to this proposition was optional; but it was almost universally complied with. A very few sent in no returns; but they expressly assigned, as a reason for non-compliance, not any repugnance on their part, but a sort of nervous diffidence as to their ability to express themselves, which they found it impossible to overcome. We had the opportunity of perusing all those papers; and, making allowance for the endless diversities of character that must be found in all prisons, and casting aside, as of no account, some of the papers, over which a

parade of religious sentiment—a too thin veil of hypocrisy*—had been thrown, we are constrained to say that we have seldom read a collection of letters that affected us more deeply or more permanently. One of them, especially, won for its writer our unfeigned sympathy. It was the production of a poor, unlettered, friendless youth, who unaffectedly acknowledged the enormity of his offence, the justice of his sentence, and the worthlessness of his character. But his imprisonment led to his repentance, to his faith in the Redeemer, and to his joyful anticipation of a future state. All this was expressed in terms so earnest, so artless, and so self-abasing, that we can truly say his simple letter was wet with the tears of nearly every one that read it. Will any one now tell us that a prison system that can produce such fruits as this—and surely this was not a solitary case—is not deserving of the support of a Christian kingdom? If this one fact be true (and there are living witnesses of it), how shall we excuse ourselves if we do not employ all the influence we severally possess to cause such a system to be made universal?

Look, now, at the behaviour of those prisoners on their voyage. "It gives me the greatest pleasure," says Dr. Hampton, the Surgeon Superintendent* of the *Sir George Seymour*, "to express my admiration of the praiseworthy manner in which the prisoners are behaving. . . . They are superior to any prisoners I have ever seen. I never witnessed anything to equal the uniform, orderly good conduct of the prisoners on board the *Sir George Seymour*." Mark, now, their behaviour after they had arrived at their destination. Here are the terms in which it is spoken of by the committee of the Geelong Emigration Society: "The men by the *Sir George Seymour* have been generally unexceptionable in their conduct, and respectful in their demeanour, and have been found useful and efficient workmen." This

was not the testimony of a depressed colony, eager to obtain cheap labour, and regardless of the moral character of the labourer. In the resolutions quoted, the Society expressly stipulate, that if future "exiles" were to be consigned to the colony, they "should be equally reformed and respectable with those already sent." Upon this condition, they state it to be their impression "that twelve hundred additional exiles would find remunerative employment annually in that district alone." Such were the fortunes, such the prospects, of our convicts in the colonies, while the Separate System was administered at Pentonville in its integrity. What is that prospect now, since the System has been changed? The colonies are closed against them! And what shall we say of those by whom that prospect has been blighted? There is ground here for a searching investigation into the reasons for which this disastrous change has been made, and by which it is still sought to justify it. To sport with an institution involving interests so momentous, is like toying with a thunderbolt. Sure we are that they who could wantonly mar such an instrument as this, designed and fitted to punish crime and to reclaim it, must be ignorant of the principle upon which it is founded, and of the nature of the subject upon which it seeks to operate. Human nature, even in its lowest debasement, is much too fine a thing to be bullied into goodness. If we treat man as a brute, a brute we shall make him, and a brute we shall leave him. Criminal and dangerous as he may be, he yet bears within his bosom springs that may yet be touched, and feelings that may be wrought upon:

"Man is a being holding large discourse;
Looking before and after:—"

And fearful is the responsibility that rests upon that man, or that nation, which, having found a medicine that can heal his distemper, shatters the

* We are bound to say here, and the friends of an education merely secular are welcome to the acknowledgment, that the papers that pleased us least were those that were written by prisoners who had received a superior education.

* This gentleman is now Comptroller-General of the Convict Department in Van Diemen's Land.

vase that holds it. We solemnly protest, in the face of our country and of Christendom, that we believe the system of Cellular Separation to be the only one that can enable a Christian state to discharge one of the most imperative of its obligations—that which it owes to those of its members who are at once the most friendless, the most pitiable, and the most degraded.

To take such persons as these out of Separate confinement before the system can work upon them *any enduring benefit*, and then to send them to associated labour at the Public works for a lengthened period, where they do and must sustain both physical and moral injury, is a proceeding which—we would rather our readers should characterize than we.

We earnestly direct attention to Mr. Burt's volume. It evinces a far deeper insight into the great question of prison improvement than any other work with which we are acquainted; and it is written in a spirit which must satisfy every reader that in him the prisoner has found an ardent and judicious friend, and the state a faithful servant. Some parts of his work we have read with uneasy sensations; we seemed, as we perused it, to stumble upon one or two passages in which he closely verges upon a hesitancy as to the trustworthiness of some of the published reports. Can our suspicion be correct?

We find from the prison statistics furnished by Mr. Burt, that the cost of a prison, properly constructed and

managed on the Separate System is less than that of one on any other. This fact we commend to the notice of our economists. We are clearly of opinion that that system will be the most economical, from which, while it properly pursues its legitimate aim, all thoughts of economy are excluded. Give us the best system, and you give us the cheapest too.

But indeed we have higher views, more elevated motives, and more solemn duties, in the presence of which all minor considerations seem trivial toys. When those sacred words were uttered—“*In prison, and ye came unto me,*” a light from heaven darted into the gloomiest recesses of the dungeon; the prostrate captive stood erect, with a brow uplifted to the skies, and invested with a dignity which the loftiest of earthly thrones could not have given him; and from that hour he stands before men and angels, along with the poor and the needy, the commissioned representative of Him who, while on earth, was the object of the care and sympathy of His followers. That high privilege the prisoner holds; that privilege he will continue to hold till the hour arrives when He, who issued His mandate, will return in the clouds of heaven to ask each of us how we have observed it. If once the task of reforming our prison system be undertaken upon Christian motives, and conducted upon Christian principles, the great and merciful work is accomplished!

DANIEL DE FOE.

Few lives have been more active, and more fruitful of results than was that of Daniel De Foe. He was a hero from the day he left school at Newington, till he died full of years and worn by poverty. But he had to share the fate that many not less noble men had experienced before and have toiled under since his time. His heroism was misunderstood. His moral constitution, like his wit, was beyond his era, and he was doomed to undergo the ill as well as the good of that fortune. Enemies hated him, and friends mistrusted him. In his

life he without doubt knew many who admired him, like honest Duntton, for his honesty, his subtlety, his daring, and his perseverance, but very few were the educated men who sincerely wished him well. He has been dead over a hundred and twenty years, and has now plenty of defenders,—Hazlitt, Lamb, Forster! What living (much more dead) man can want more applauders! We may wonder if, in the unknown land, he takes pleasure in thinking how he has been righted. Perhaps he looks on and says, “I knew it would be so;”

or maybe he mutters, "a pity these pleasant compliments did not come a hundred and fifty years sooner—at Guildhall and St. James's."

Daniel De Foe was born in 1661, in the parish of St. Giles, Cripple-gate. His grandfather was a substantial yeoman at Elton, rich enough to keep hounds. His father carried on the degrading vocation of a butcher. So did Wolsey's father. Mrs. Nickleby asks how this comes, whether there may not be something in the snet. The butcher, however, did his utmost to be a good man; he was a rigid dissenter, and died rich.

Daniel was early indoctrinated into the religious principles of his parents, by the presbyterian Dr. Annesley, the ejected parson of Cripple-gate. It was a common thing in that age for clergymen to relinquish their benefices rather than act against conscience, and their doing so was held as a matter of course; but now such a divine is a rarity, and newspapers enlarge on him as a miracle of probity. This good doctor inspired his pupil with no little fervour for the gospel. A panic spread amongst God-fearing nonconformists that the arm of the law would strip them of their bibles; so forthwith, all the country over, there were simple families hard at work making copies of the scriptures, so that if the printed word should be taken from them, they might still have the blessed books in manuscript. Little Dan, then quite a child, copied out the whole of the Pentateuch, and then—stuck fast. Poor little Dan! Can not one see at this day his inked finger-nails, and imagine how his wee hands ached! Perhaps, moreover, when the young scribe stopped, and said he *could not* go on further, Pastor Annesley reproved him and called him *lukewarm*!

At fourteen years of age, Daniel De Foe (or Foe as he was then called), entered the once famous dissenting academy at Newington; and after four years' study left that nursery, by no means a good classic—which of course he would have been had he been educated at Oxford.

At twenty-one years, he dipped his pen in the ink, and sat down to do battle. The title of his book ran, "*Speculum Crape-gownorum* ; or, a

Looking-glass for the young Academicks, new foyled, &c. By a guide to the Inferior Clergie. London: 1682." Roger L'Estrange, who was the author of the "*Guide to the Inferior Clergy*," was deeply obliged by the attention. "Oh, pray, don't mention it," Daniel replied, "one good turn deserves another."

This was in 1682. Richard Steele and Addison were respectively about eleven and ten years of age.

In 1685, Charles II. died. By this event De Foe was doubtless not a little affected. A clear-headed, sagacious young man, of pure manners, and enthusiastic for religious liberty, was one likely to cherish a lively affection for a perjured rōu. Doubtless when he read Mrs. Behn's elegy on the sainted Charles, he formed a due estimate of its merits.

'Tis June, 1685. King James and non-resistance have scarcely been preached up in the London pulpits, when the Duke of Monmouth lands at Lyme in Dorsetshire. In the Duke's army is Daniel Foe. Anything to knock down the enemies of religious liberty.

That contest ended in favour of the worse side; and the land was *chastened* and *corrected* for its impiety, by its divinely appointed ruler. Daniel Foe escaped to the Continent. Where he went, one cannot exactly say. But he was, ere he died, what was accounted in those times a very travelled man, being familiar with France, Germany, and Spain. On returning from foreign lands, which he did after an absence of not many months, he either commenced or resumed business as a hose-factor, in Freeman's-court, Cornhill. His political enemies deemed this a highly contemptible proceeding. What, sell stockings behind a counter? Pope and Gay shuddered at the thought; Swift, who had never occupied a position lower than that of a menial in a great man's house, gave a grin of contempt; and a pack of ignorant rogues, who tried to cover their moral turpitude under the name of literature, and who had not among them a decent pair of stockings, wrote ungrammatical doggrel on the hose-factor's degradation. De Foe, probably only out of pure mischief and just to give his pursuers the slip for a few seconds, replied, "But, I don't

sell stockings. You're in the wrong, gentlemen; I am not so base a thing as a retail dealer, but a negotiator between the manufacturer and the small merchant." "Just hearken to him," exclaimed the gentlemen who a day before had said anybody ought to blush to deal in stockings, &c., "just hearken to him! The man is ashamed of his calling." It was also about this time De Foe put the prefix of De before his name. What led him to do so it would be hard to say. Probably he fancied De made Foe sound prettier. This step again brought on him a vast amount of ridicule; although it was then the custom for gentlemen to alter the spelling of their names, to put in an *a* or take it out, just as the whim took them. We could point to many unaffected and honourable gentlemen of that time, who changed from one mode of spelling their names to another, much in the same way as they might take a new wine into favour for habitual drinking.

In 1688, he becomes a liveryman of London.

In 1688 also, other events, almost as important, take place. William the Third lands, and James, king of England, *jure divino*, runs away. The young London trader was up again. On to the death of freedom of thought! He was one of those who guarded William at Henley, and in 1689 he rode amongst the guard of honour who surrounded William and Mary when they paid a visit to the city. The great William had a cordial admiration for his sagacious, active, and truly noble subject. The house-factor participated largely in the secret councils of his sovereign, and was honoured with employment on more than one important service.

Just about, and for some time after the revolution, Defoe resided at Tooting, where he was surrounded with the signs of prosperity, and moreover kept his coach. At Tooting he exerted himself successfully to bring the dissenters of the place into a regular congregation. At this period of his life he was involved in commercial affairs—as a city-man on Cornhill, as a Spanish merchant (or peddler, as his opponents suggested), and as a large proprietor in the tile-kiln and brick-kiln works at Tilbury, Essex. The exact points of time when

he entered into these two latter speculations cannot be fixed.

Severe reverses in business soon befel him—from what cause it cannot be said, but certainly not from want of industry on his part. In 1692, he failed; and retired to Bristol to be for a while out of the way of his creditors. It is by the world's treatment of a man when in adversity that we best see some features of his character. Creditors neither are nor ever have been a very merciful class of men; but Defoe's, so high a sense had they of his honour, took his personal security for the amount of composition on his debts. But being *legally* freed from liabilities was with Defoe very different from being *morally* liberated. A large portion of his laborious existence was devoted to discharging debts from which his composition had in the eye of the law absolved him. No less a sum than £12,000, earned by continued labour, did he thus pay away.

From 1695 to 1699 he had the post of accountant to the commissioners of the glass duty.

In the January of 1701, appeared one of his most famous productions, "The True-born Englishman," a satire of the first order of merit. Rugged the verse is without doubt, but the language is as manly as the sentiment, and the sarcasm is sharp as a needle, pierces to the marrow, and then burns like caustic.

It has been said that the two first lines of a poem will usually show whether it is worth reading. The two first of "The True-born Englishman," are

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The devil always builds a chapel there.

Let the reader continue,—or rather, with the poem before him, let him discontinue reading if he can. Many couplets will cling to the least tenacious memory;—such as

Great families of yesterday we show,
And lords whose parents were, the Lord
knows who.

The poem sold rapidly. The author published nine editions, and it was issued to the world twelve times without his concurrence. Of the cheaper numbers 80,000 were sold. Englishmen learned, and with fair

grace acknowledged the truth of the lesson, that their national extraction instead of being *pure*, was obscure and confused in the extreme. Never again were Dutchmen sneered at for not being true-born Englishmen.

In March, 1702, the great King William died. Times were now to change. Intolerant churchmen were to gain a passing ascendancy, and conscientious dissenters were to be persecuted. At this crisis Defoe sent forth his most notorious, and, perhaps, his most brilliant political pamphlet—the “Shortest Way with the Dissenters; a Proposal for the establishment of the church. London: 1702.” Those who have studied the powers of irony displayed in this and other similar writings of Defoe, will not, however much they continue to admire Gulliver’s Travels, be inclined to rate the Dean’s irony as pre-eminent for originality. But irony is a dangerous weapon to use. What with fools who *cannot*, and rogues who *will not* understand, it too frequently wounds him who wields it not less than those against whom it is employed. “But consider, my dear lad, that fools cannot distinguish this,—and that knaves will not,” said Eugenius to Yorick. *Sound* churchmen were delighted with the barbarous proposals, found in “the shortest way,” for the treatment of non-conformists; grave clergymen said the book ought to be bound with the sacred Scriptures. The dissenters were not less affected—but in a different way: in the anonymous author of the tract they saw only a blood-thirsty foe. At last the secret was discovered;—the churchmen were furious at the blow they had received, so deeply humiliating to them as Christians and people of intelligence; the dissenters were far from being pleased—they could not forgive their advocate the possession of talents so superior to their own; and they never ceased to remember with bitterness the ridicule they had incurred by being hoaxed *by their own house*. But though the churchmen were the laughingstock of all but their own partizans, they were powerful, and had the means of vengeance in their hands. Let us read the *London Gazette*, Jan. 10th, 1702-3:—

is charged with writing a scandalous and seditious pamphlet, entitled “The Shortest Way with the Dissenters;” he is a middle-sized, spare-man, about forty years old, of a brown complexion, and dark brown-coloured hair, but wears a wig; a hooked nose, a sharp chin, grey eyes, and a large mole near his mouth; was born in London, and for many years was a hose-factor, in Freeman’s-yard, in Corn-hill, and now is owner of the brick and pantile works near Tilbury Fort, in Essex: whoever shall discover the said Daniel De Foe to one of her Majesty’s principal secretaries of state, or any of her Majesty’s justices of the peace, so as he may be apprehended, shall have a reward of fifty pounds, which her Majesty has ordered immediately to be paid on such discovery.”

Defoe having disappeared from the storm, the bookseller and printer were taken into custody. On this, the author surrendered himself into the hands of the Philistines. On February 24th, 1703, he was indicted for *libelling the Tory party*, and he was tried at the Old Bailey in the following July; he was found guilty, and the sentence was, that he should pay 200 marks to the Queen; stand three times in the pillory; be imprisoned during the Queen’s pleasure; and find sureties for his good behaviour for seven years.

It may not be omitted, moreover, that the House of Commons, February 25th, 1702-3, resolved with regard to “The Shortest Way,” “that this book, being full of false and scandalous reflections on this parliament, and tending to promote sedition, be burnt by the hands of the common hangman, to-morrow, in New Palace-yard.” Poor book! Poor honourable members! They little thought what was the principal thing that fire destroyed!

Let us now read the *London Gazette*, No. 3,936, Thursday, July 29th, to Monday, August 2nd, 1703:—“London, July 31st. On the 29th instant, Daniel Foe, alias, De Foe, stood in the pillory before the Royal Exchange in Corn-hill, as he did yesterday near the conduit in Cheapside, and this day at Temple-bar,” &c., &c. But to the great mortification of enthusiastic admirers of religious intolerance, the mob did not annoy this hose-factor when exposed in the pillory, but closing round him protected him from all annoyance, sang his songs in compliment to him, drank his health, and pelted him—not with rotten eggs, but with flowers. Really and truly,

“Whereas Daniel De Foe, alias De Foes,

the House of Commons, and all the bigoted ecclesiastics of the kingdom, were the ones pilloried, and not the courageous writer. Pope wrote in the *Dunciad* :—

“ Earless on high stood unabashed De Foe.”

But the poet lived to repent the line, and to learn (to use the happy words of an eminent author) that in attempting to murder he had committed suicide. Swift named Defoe as “ the fellow that was pilloried : I forget his name :” but a cruel punishment was in store for that selfish, bad, dishonest man. The martyr himself wrote, while in Newgate, an ode to the pillory, containing the following lines :—

Hail ! hi'roglyphick state machine,
Condemned to punish fancy in :
Men, that are men, can in thee feel no pain,
And all thy insignificance disdain.
Contempt, that false new word for shame,
Is without crime an empty name—
A shadow to amuse mankind,
But never frights the wise or well-fixed mind :
Virtue despises human scorn
And scandals innocence adorn.

This trial stripped Defoe of £3,500, again reducing him, with a wife and family, to penury. But while in prison he worked hard. The greater the difficulties around him, the greater became the man. He commenced his newspaper, “ the *Review*,” the parent of the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, *Rambler*. At first it only came out twice a week ; but soon an additional weekly number was added. Of this periodical, Defoe was the sole writer. In prison and out of prison, in sickness and health, he supplied the papers : an unparalleled instance of industry ! But this was only a portion, and a small one, of his toil. Besides “ the *Review*,” which lasted for thirteen years, no less than one hundred and eighty-three separate works—poems, novels, political essays, histories, and expositions of moral questions—unquestionably came from his pen ; and fifty-two more are, with sufficient reason, attributed to him. But a change in his lot is at hand.

In 1704, he is released from prison by the influence of Harley.

In 1705, he is sent abroad by Harley on a secret mission.

In 1706, he makes the first of a

series of visits to Scotland, to negotiate and forward the Union ; in bringing about which admirable measure he was mainly instrumental.

In 1708, he entered Godolphin's service—that is, he remained in the Queen's, with Harley's warm approval.

Again he is indicted for writings, the only fault of which was, that they were addressed to blockheads and dishonest men. Again he has to pay dear for his indulgence in irony. He is fined £800 and thrown into Newgate. But after a few months' confinement, he is released, November, 1713.

In July, 1714, Anne dies ; and with her death, a pension Defoe had received for his services in Scotland ceases.

In 1715, Defoe retired from political life, and took his farewell to party-strife in “ an Appeal to honour and justice, though it be of his worst enemies. By Daniel De Foe. Being a true account of his conduct in public affairs. London, 1715.” While he was employed in revising the work, he was struck with apoplexy.

But soon the lion-hearted man revived, and he was at work again with his pen.

In 1719 (when the author was fifty-eight years of age) appeared *Robinson Crusoe*.

From his retirement, from the arena of politics, history says little of him, save that which his immortal works tell us. In 1724 he was living in opulence and with dignity, at a house in Church-street, Newington, which is at the present day an object of curiosity, as having been the residence of the celebrated writer and patriot. He was then a hale, hearty old gentleman,—distressed certainly by bodily ailments, but with a vigorous intellect, and a heart kindly as ever. It was about this time that one Thomas Webb wrote :—“ And poor distressed I, left alone, and no one to go and speak to, save only Mr. Defoe, who hath acted a noble and generous part towards me and my poor children. The Lord reward him and his with the blessings of the upper and nether spring, and with the blessings of his basket and store.”

A fresh reverse comes. And in 1730, the aged Defoe is in a debtors' prison.

Yet another blow ;—the steel enters to the heart. His son, in whom he trusted, dishonours his name ! Let us read Defoe's letter to his son-in-law, Mr. Baker, the celebrated naturalist :—

"Dear Mr. Baker,

"I have your very kind and affectionate letter of the 1st, but not come to my hand till the 10th; where it had been delayed I know not, as your kind manner, and kinder thought from which it flows (for I take all you say as I believe you to be, sincere and Nathaniel-like, without guile) was a particular satisfaction to me: so the stop of a letter, however it happened, deprived me of that cordial too many days, considering how much I stood in need of it, to support a mind sinking under the weight of an affliction too heavy for my strength, and looking on myself as abandoned of every comfort, every friend, and every relative, except such only as are able to give me no assistance.

"I am sorry you should say at the beginning of your letter you were debarred seeing me. Depend on my sincerity for this: I am far from debarring you. On the contrary, it would be a greater comfort to me than any I now enjoy, that I could have your agreeable visits with safety, and could see both you and my dearest Sophia, could it be without giving her the grief of seeing her father *in tenebris*, and under the load of insupportable sorrows. I am sorry I must open my griefs so far as to tell her, it is not the blow I received from a wicked, perjured, and contemptible enemy that has broken in upon my spirit; which, as she well knows, has carried me on through greater disasters than these. But it has been the injustice, unkindness, and, I must say, inhuman dealing of my own son, which has both ruined my family, and, in a word, has broken my heart; and as I am at this time under a very heavy weight of illness, which I think will be a fever, I take this occasion to vent my grief in the breasts who I know will make a prudent use of it, and tell you, nothing but this has conquered or could conquer me. *Et tu, Brute!* I depended upon him—I trusted him—I gave up my two dear, unprovided children into his hands; but he has no compassion, and suffers them and their poor dying mother to beg their bread at his door, and to crave, as if it were an alms—what he is bound under hand and seal, and by the most sacred promises, to supply them with—himself at the same time living in a profusion of plenty. It is too much for me. Excuse my infirmity; I can say no more; my heart is too full. I only ask one thing of you as a dying request. Stand by them when I am gone, and let them not be wronged while he is able to do them right. Stand by them as a brother: and if you have anything within you owing to my memory, who have bestow-

ed on you the best gift I had to give, let them not be injured and trampled on by false pretences and unnatural reflections. I hope they will want no help but that of comfort and counsel; but that they will indeed want, being too easy to be managed by words and promises.

"It adds to my grief that it is so difficult to me to see you. I am at a distance from London, in Kent; nor have I a lodging in London, nor have I been at that place in the Old Bailey since I wrote you I was removed from it. At present I am weak, having had some fits of a fever that have left me low. But those things much more.

"I have not seen son or daughter, wife or child, many weeks, and know not which way to see them. They dare not come by water, and by land here is no coach, and I know not what to do.

"I would say (I hope) with comfort, that 'tis yet well. I am so near my journey's end, and am hastening to the place where the weary are at rest, and where the wicked cease to trouble: be it that the passage is rough, and the day stormy, by what way soever He please to bring me to the end of it, I desire to finish life with this temper of soul in all cases. *Te Deum laudamus.*

"It adds to my grief that I must never see the pledge of your mutual love, my little grandson. Give him my blessing, and may he be to you both your joy in youth and your comfort in age, and never add a sigh to your sorrow. But, alas! that is not to be expected. Kiss my dear Sophy once more for me; and if I must see her no more, tell her this is from a father that loved her above above all his comforts to his last breath.—Your unhappy

D. F.

"About two miles from Greenwich, Kent,
Tuesday, Aug. 12, 1790."

The brave old man's work was almost accomplished. His sufferings were at their bitterest; but, thank God! near their termination.

To the very last he appears to have exerted himself. At the close of 1722, he was engaged on a work of imagination, sending revised sheets to his publisher, asking pardon for a delay in returning them, caused by "exceeding illness" and promising to be prompt with the remainder. There is no evidence that this last effort was ever published. The manuscript is in the possession of Mr. Dawson Turner, of Suffolk.

On April 24, 1731, he was taken by death in Ropenakers'-alley, Moorfields, in the parish of St. Giles's, Cripplegate—the same parish in

which he first drew the breath of life. Whether he expired in a decent lodging, or in a dismal garret—whether alone, or tended in his last moments by his wife and children, it is impossible to say. The Parish Register contains the fullest account extant of his interment:—"1731, Daniel Defoe, gentleman. To Tindall's (Lethargy). April 26." Tindall's was the general burial-ground for Dissenters.

A twinge shakes the nerves as we read that ambiguous word *gentleman*. It is such a pretty title to give Daniel Defoe.

The man who, when a beardless youth, saw the truth, and fearlessly declared it—who risked his life for what he felt to be his duty—who fought zealously, and without fainting, for freedom, and was, without doubt, an instrument in the hands of Providence for the preservation of our national religion—for in those days of peril, when the weight of a feather would at times have turned the balance in favour of Romanism, Protestantism was guarded not by the Anglican priesthood (for they betrayed her), but by the great champions of spiritual freedom, the Non-conformists—the man who laboured effectually in consolidating the sister countries of England and Scotland; who was the cause of innumerable social reforms, amongst which the removal of the abuses of the sanctuary at Whitefriars (Alsatia), and the Mint, may be mentioned; who raised his voice against the cruelties of slavery, devised schemes for the amelioration of the poor, and continually urged that woman, so formed by nature to elevate man, should be raised from the depths of ignorance, which was her lot in most cases; the man who tried so many fields of literature, and gained distinction in them all; he who, honourable, singlehearted, fierce in the day of battle, was worthy the regard and confidence of England's last great king, William III.—was Daniel Defoe, gentleman!

Not many insights do we get into Defoe's domestic life. He was married twice; firstly, to Mary; and, secondly, to Susannah, but the maiden surname of neither is known. In the year 1706, he had seven children; but in 1707, his daughter Martha

died. One son, Daniel Defoe, emigrated to Carolina, carrying with him, as his father's representative, a liberal contribution to that stock of Anglo-Saxon intellect (or *true-born English!*) that has made our Transatlantic cousins (of whom we are so naturally proud) a nation beloved and honoured wherever our common tongue is spoken. Another son, Bernard, took the name of Norton, and was mentioned by Pope in the "Dunciad." He was editor of "The Flying Post," and was the author of "A Complete Dictionary, by B. N. Defoe, Gent., 1735," a "Memoir of the House of Orange," and "The Life of Alderman Barber." The daughters managed to recover their property from their despicable brother, and settled comfortably in life—Hannah as a maiden lady, Henrietta as the wife of a gentleman of condition. Sophia's (Mrs. Baker's) son lived to be the author of "The Companion to the Play-house." A great grandson of Defoe was hanged at Tyburn, Jan. 2, 1771; and another great grandson was, in 1787, cook on the *Savage* sloop-of-war. These two last, we may presume, were the descendants of the wretch who, whilst "living in a profusion of plenty," allowed his mother and sisters to be in want! From this branch came "the poor descendant from Defoe," to support whose old age there has lately been an appeal to the charitable in the columns of the *Times*.

In what estimation are we to hold Defoe as a writer of fiction? And for what is the English novel indebted to him? The latter question can be answered in a few words and with great precision. Defoe brought into the domain of imaginative prose-writing graphic descriptions of scenes, events and mental emotions, and quick, pointed conversations.

Colonel Jack, a poor miserable little beggar boy (if miserable may be applied to an urchin with good health and spirits) comes into possession of £5 as his share of a plunder he has achieved with another and an older lad. Hear his story:—

Nothing could be more perplexing than this money was to me all that night. I carried it in my hand a good while, for it was in gold, all but fourteen shillings; and that is to say, it was four guineas, and that fourteen shillings was more difficult to carry

than the four guineas. At last I sat down and pulled off one of my shoes, and put the four guineas in that; but after I had gone awhile, my shoe hurt me, so I could not go; so I was fain to sit down again, and take it out of my shoe, and carry it in my hand; then I found a dirty linen rag in the street, and I took that up and wrapped it all together, and carried it in that a good way. I have often since heard people say, when they have been talking of money that they could not get in, I wish I had it in a foul clout; in truth, I had mine in a foul clout; for it was foul according to the letter of that saying, but it served me till I came to a convenient place, and then I sat down and washed the cloth in the kennel, and so put my money in again.

The boy carries the money to his lodging and lies down to sleep, with his hand, clutching it, thrust into his bosom.

Every now and then dropping asleep, I should dream that my money was lost, and start like one frightened; then, finding it fast in my hand, try to go to sleep again, but could not for a long while, then drop and start again. At last a fancy came into my head, that if I fell asleep, I should dream of the money, and talk of it in my sleep, and tell that I had money; which if I should do, and one of the rogues should hear me, they would pick it out of my bosom, and of my hand too, without waking me; and after that thought I could not sleep a wink more: so I passed that night over in care and anxiety enough; and, this, I may safely say, was the first night's rest that I lost by the cares of this life and the deceitfulness of riches.

When day came, he wandered towards Stepney, turning in his mind what he should do with his wealth; and at last sitting down and crying in his perplexity. Then he rises and goes in search of a tree to hide it in.

I crossed the road at Mile End; and in the middle of the town went down a lane that goes to the Blind Beggar's at Bethnal-green. When I came a little way over the lane, I found a foot-path over the fields, and in those fields several trees for my turn as I thought: at last, one tree had a little hole in it, pretty high out of my reach, and I climbed up the tree to get it; and when I came there, I put my hand in, and found, as I thought, a place very fit; so I placed my treasure there, and was mightily well satisfied with it; but, behold, putting my hand in again, to lay it more commodiously, as I thought, of a sudden it slipped away from me, and I found the tree was hollow, and my

little parcel was fallen in quite out of my reach, and how far it might go in I knew not; so, that in a word, my money was quite gone, irrecoverably lost; there could be no room so much as to hope ever to see it again, for 'twas a vast great tree.

As young as I was, I was now sensible what a fool I was before, that I could not think of ways to keep my money, but I must come thus far to throw it into a hole where I could not reach it: well, I thrust my hand quite up to my elbow, but no bottom was to be found, or any end of the hole or cavity; I got a stick of the tree, and thrust it in a great way, but all was one; then I cried, nay, roared out, I was in such a passion: then I got down the tree, then up again, and thrust in my hand again, till I scratched my arm, and made it bleed violently; then I began to think I had not so much of it as a half-penny of it left for a half-penny roll, and I was hungry, and then I cried again: then I came away in despair, crying and roaring like a boy that had been whipped; then I went back again to the tree, and up the tree again, and thus I did several times.

The last time I had gotten up the tree I happened to come down not on the same side that I went up and came down before, but on the other side of the tree, and on the other side of the bank also; and, behold, the tree had a great open place in the side of it close to the ground, as old hollow trees often have; and looking into the open place, to my inexpressible joy there lay my money and my linen rag, all wrapped up just as I had put it into the hole; for the tree being hollow all the way up, there had been some moss or light stuff, which I had not judgment enough to know was not firm, that had given way when it came to drop out of my hand, and so it had slipped quite down at once.

I was but a child, and I rejoiced like a child, for I holla'd quite out aloud when I saw it; thus I ran to it and snatched it up, hugged and kissed the dirty rag a hundred times; then danced and jumped about, and was from one end of the field to the other; and, in short, I knew not what, much less do I know what I did, though I shall never forget the thing, either what a sinking grief it was to my heart when I thought I had lost it, or what a flood of joy overwhelmed me when I had got it again.

Jack now goes to an old clothes-shop in Whitechapel, and looks at the clothes hanging at the door.

"Well, young gentleman," says a man that stood at the door, "you look wishfully; do you see anything you like, and will your pocket compass a good coat now, for you look as if you belong to the ragged regiment?" I was affronted at the fellow. "What's that to you," says I, "how ragged I am? If I

had seen anything I liked I had money to pay for it; but I can go where I shan't be huffed at for looking."

While I said this boldly to the fellow, comes out a woman. "What ails you," says she to the man, "to bully away your customers so? A poor boy's money is as good as my lord mayor's: if poor people did not buy old clothes, what would become of our business?" and then turning to me, "come hither, child," says she, "if thou hast a mind to anything I have, you shan't be hector'd by him; the boy is a pretty boy I assure you," says she to another woman that was by this time come to her. "Ay," says the other, "so he is a very well-looking child, if he was clean and well-dressed, and maybe as good a gentleman's son, for anything we know, as any of those that are well dressed; come, my dear," says she, "tell me what it is you would have?" She pleased me mightily to hear her talk of my being a gentleman's son, and it brought former things to my mind; but when she talked of my being not clean, and in rags, I cried.

She pressed me to tell her if I saw anything that I wanted; I told her no, all the clothes I saw were too big for me. "Come, child," says she "I have two things that will fit you, and I am sure you want them both; that is, first, a little hat, and there," says she (tossing it to me), "I'll give you that for nothing: and here is a good warm pair of breeches: I dare say," says she, "they will fit you, and they are very tight and good; and," says she, "if you should ever come to have so much money that you don't know what to do with it, here are excellent good pockets," says she, "and a little fob to put your gold in, or your watch in, when you get it."

It struck me with a strange kind of joy, that I should have place to put my money in, and need not to go to hide it again in a hollow tree, that I was ready to snatch the breeches out of her hands, and wondered that I should be such a fool as never to think of buying me a pair of breeches before, that I might have a pocket to put my money in, and not carry it about two days in my hand, and in my shoe, and I knew not how; so, in a word, I gave her two shillings for the breeches, and went over into the churchyard and put them on, and put my money into my new pockets, and was as pleased as a prince is with his coach and six horses. I thanked the good woman too for the hat, and told her I would come again when I got more money, and buy some other things I wanted, and so I came away.

Little Jack now undertakes to restore some stolen notes to their rightful owner, and get the reward of £30 offered for their recovery. The notes were stolen in the long room of the Custom-house, by a lad to whom Jack was confederate. Hear him:—

As soon as I was come to the place where the thing was done, I saw the man sit just where he had sat before, and it ran in my head that he had sat there ever since: but I know no better; so I went up and stood just at that side of the writing-board that goes upon that side of the room, and which I was but just tall enough to lay my arms upon.

While I stood there, one thrust me this way and another that way, and the man that sat behind began to look at me; at last he called out to me, "What does that boy do there? get you gone, sirrah; are you one of the rogues that stole the gentleman's letter-case on Monday last?" Then he turns his tale to a gentleman that was doing business with him, and goes on thus:—"Here was Mr. — had a very unlucky chance on Monday last; did you not hear of it?" "No, not I," says the gentleman. "Why, standing just there, where you do," says he, "making entries, he pulled out his letter-case, and laid it down, as he says, but just at his hand, while he reached over to the standish there for a penful of ink, and somebody stole away his letter-case."

"His letter-case!" says t'other, "what—and was there any bills in it?"

"Ay," says he; "there was Sir Stephen Evans' note in it for £300, and another goldsmith's bill for about £12, and, which is still worse for the gentleman, he had two foreign accepted bills in it for a great sum, I know not how much, I think one was a French bill for 1,200 crowns."

"And who could it be?" says the gentleman.

"Nobody knows," says he; "but one of our room-keepers says he saw a couple of young rogues like that," pointing at me, "haunting about here, and that on a sudden they were both gone."

"Villains," says he again; "why, what can they do with them, they will be of no use to them? I suppose he went immediately and gave notice to prevent the payment."

"Yes," says the clerk, "he did; but the rogues were too nimble for him with the little bill of £12 odd money; they went and got the money for that, but all the rest are stopped; however, 'tis an unspeakable damage to him for want of his money."

"Why, he should publish a reward for the encouragement of those that have them to bring them again; they would be glad to bring them, I warrant you."

"He has posted it up at the door that he will give £30 for them."

"Ay, but he should add that he will promise not to stop, or give any trouble to the person that brings them."

"He has done that too," says he; "but I fear they won't trust themselves to be honest, for fear he should break his word."

"Why, it is true, he may break his word in that case, but no man should do so; for then no rogue will venture to bring home

anything that is stolen, and so he would do an injury to others after him."

"I durst pawn my life for him he would scorn it."

Thus far they discoursed of it, and then went to something else; I heard it all, but did not know what to do a great while; but at last, watching the gentleman that went away, when he was gone, I run after him to have spoken to him, intending to have broke it to him, but he went hastily into a room or two, full of people, at the other end of the long room, and when I went to follow, the door-keepers turned me back, and told me I must not go in there; so I went back and loitered about near the man that sat behind the board, and hung about there till I heard the clock strike twelve, and the room began to be thin of people; and at last he sat there writing, but nobody stood at the board before him, as there had all the rest of the morning; then I came a little nearer and stood close to the board as I did before; when looking up from his paper and seeing me, says he to me—"You have been up and down here all this morning, sirrah, what do you want? you have some business that is not very good I doubt."

"No, I shan't," said I.

"No? it is well if you hav'n't," says he; "pray what business can you have in this long room, sir; you are no merchant?"

"I would speak with you," said I.

"With me," says he; "what have you to say to me?"

"I have something to say," said I, "if you will do me no harm for it."

"I do thee harm, child; what harm should I do thee?" and spoke very kindly.

"Wont you indeed, sir," said I.

"No, not I, child; I'll do thee no harm; what is it? do you know anything of the gentleman's letter-case?"

I answered, but spoke softly, that he could not hear me; so he gets over presently into the seat next him, and opens a place that was made to come out, and bade me go in to him; and I did.

Then he asked me again, if I knew anything of the letter-case.

I spoke softly again, and said, folks would hear him.

Then he whispered softly, and asked me again.

I told him, I believed I did; but that, indeed, I had it not, nor had no hand in stealing it, but it was gotten into the hands of a boy that would have burnt it, if it had not been for me; and that I heard him say that the gentleman would be glad to have them again, and give a good deal of money for them.

"I did say so, child," said he; "and if you can get them for him, he shall give you a good reward, no less than £30, as he has promised."

"But you said too, sir, to the gentleman

just now," said I, "that you was sure he would not bring them into any harm that should bring them."

"No, you shall come to no harm; I will pass my word for it."

Boy.—Nor shan't they make me bring other people into trouble?

Gent.—No, you shall not be asked the name of anybody, nor to tell who they are.

Boy.—I am but a poor boy, and I would fain have the gentleman have his bills, and indeed I did not take them away, nor han't I got them.

Gent.—But can you tell how the gentleman shall have them?

Boy.—If I can get them, I will bring them to you to-morrow morning.

Gent.—Can you not do it to-night?

Boy.—I believe I may, if I knew where to come.

Gent.—Come to my house, child.

Boy.—I don't know where you live.

Gent.—Go along with me now, and you shall see. So he carried me up into Tower-street, and showed me his house, and ordered me to come there at five o'clock at night; which accordingly I did, and carried the letter-case with me.

When I came, the gentleman asked me if I had brought the book, as he called it.

"It is not a book," said I.

"No, the letter-case, that's all one," says he.

"You promised me," said I, "you would not hurt me," and cried.

"Don't be afraid, child," says he, "I will not hurt thee, poor boy; nobody shall hurt thee."

"Here it is," said I, and pulled it out.

He then brought in another gentleman, who it seems owned the letter-case, and asked him, "if that was it?" and he said, "yes."

Then he asked me if all the bills were in it? I told him I heard him say there was one gone, but I believed there was all the rest.

"Why do you believe so?" says he.

"Because I heard the boy, that I believe stole them, say they were too big for him to meddle with."

The gentleman, then, that owned them, said, "Where is the boy?"

Then the other gentleman put in, and said, "No, you must not ask him that; I passed my word that you should not, and that he should not be obliged to tell it to anybody."

"Well, child," says he, "you will let us see the letter-case opened, and whether the bills are in it?"

"Yes," says I.

Then the first gentleman said, "How many bills were there in it?"

"Only three," says he; "besides the bill of £12 10s., there was Sir Stephen Evans's note for £200. two foreign bills."

"Well,

the letter-case

the boy shall have £30; shall he not?" "Yes," says the gentleman, "he shall have it freely."

"Come, then, child," says he, "let me open it."

So I gave it him, and he opened it, and there were all three bills, and several other papers, fair and safe, nothing defaced or diminished, and the gentleman said, "All is right."

Then said the first man, "Then I am security to the poor boy for the money." "Well, but," says the gentleman, "the rogues have got the £12 10s.; they ought to reckon that as part of the £30." Had he asked me, I should have consented to it at first word; but the first man stood my friend. "Nay," says he, "it was since you knew that the £12 10s. was received that you offered £30 for the other bills, and published it by the crier, and posted it up at the Custom-house, and I promised him the £30 this morning." They argued long, and I thought would have quarrelled about it.

However at last they both yielded a little, and the gentleman gave me £25 in good guineas. When he gave it me, he bade me hold out my hand, and he told the money into my hand; and when he had done, he asked me if it was right? I said I did not know, but I believed it was. "Why," says he, "can't you tell it?" I told him "No; I never saw so much money in my life, nor I did not know how to tell money." "Why," says he, "don't you know that they are guineas?" "No," I told him; "I did not know how much a guinea was."

"Why, then," says he, "did you tell me you believed it was right?" I told him, "because I believed he would not give it me wrong."

"Poor child," says he, "thou knowest little of the world, indeed; what are thou?"

"I am a poor boy," says I, and cried.

"What is your name?" says he;—"but hold, I forgot," said he; "I promised I would not ask your name, so you need not tell me."

"My name is Jack," said I.

"Why, have you no surname?" said he.

"What is that?" said I.

"You have some other name besides Jack," says he; "han't you?"

"Yes," says I; "they call me Colonel Jack."

"But have you no other name?"

"No," said I.

"How came you to be called Colonel Jack, pray?"

"They say," said I, "my father's name was colonel."

"Is your father or mother alive?" said he.

"No," said I; "my father is dead."

"Where is your mother, then?" said he.

"I never had e'er a mother," said I.

This made him laugh. "What," said he; had you never a mother, what then?"

"I had a nurse," said I, "but she was not my mother."

"Well," says he to the gentleman, "I dare say th's boy was not the thief that stole your bills."

"Indeed, sir, I did not steal them," said I, and cried again.

"No, no, child," said he; "we don't believe you did. This is a very clever boy," says he to the other gentleman; "and yet very ignorant and honest; 'tis pity some care should not be taken of him, and something done for him; let us talk a little more with him." So they sat down and drank wine, and gave me some, and then the first gentleman talked to me again.

"Well," says he, "what wilt thou do with this money now thou hast it?"

"I don't know," said I.

"Where wilt you put it?" said he.

"In my pocket," said I.

"In your pocket?" said he; "is your pocket whole? shan't you lose it?"

"Yes," said I, "my pocket is whole."

"And where will you put it when you get home?"

"I have no home," said I, and cried again.

"Poor child!" said he; "then what dost thou do for thy living?"

"I go of errands," said I, "for the folks in Rosemary-lane."

"And what dost thou do for a lodging at night?"

"I lie at the glass-house," said I, "at night."

"How, lie at the glass-house; have they any beds there?" says he.

"I never lay in a bed in my life," said I, "as I remember."

"Why," says he; what do you lie on at the glass-house?"

"The ground," says I; "and sometimes a little straw, or upon the warm ashes."

Here the gentleman that lost the bills said, "This poor child is enough to make a man weep for the miseries of human nature, and be thankful for himself; he puts tears into my eyes;"—"and into mine," says the other.

"Well, but hark ye, Jack," says the first gentleman; "do they give you no money when they send you of errands?"

"They give me victuals," said I; "and that's better."

"But what," says he, "do you do for clothes?"

"They give me sometimes old things," said I; "such as they have to spare."

"Why, you have never a shirt on, I believe," said he; "have you?"

"No, I never had a shirt," said I, "since my nurse died."

"How long ago is that?" said he.

"Six winters when this is out," said I.

"Why, how old are you?" said he.

"I can't tell you," said I.

"Well," says the gentleman; "now you

have this money, wont you buy some clothes, and a shirt with some of it?"

"Yes," said I; "I would buy some clothes."

"And what will you do with the rest?"

"I can't tell," said I, and cried.

"What do'st cry for, Jack?" said he.

"I am afraid," said I, and cried still.

"What art afraid of?"

"They will know I have the money."

"Well, and what then?"

"Then I must sleep no more in the warm glass-house, and I shall be starved with cold; they will take away my money."

"But why must you sleep there no more?"

Here the gentlemen observed to one another, how naturally anxiety and perplexity attend these that have money. "I warrant you," says the clerk, "when this poor boy had no money, he slept all night in the straw, or on the warm ashes, in the glass-house, as soundly and as void of care as it would be possible for any creature to do; but now, as soon as he has gotten money, the care of preserving it brings tears into his eyes, and fear into his heart."

They asked me a great many questions more, to which I answered in my childish way as well as I could, but so as pleased them well enough; at last I was going away with a heavy pocket, and I assure you not a light heart, for I was so frightened with having so much money, that I knew not what in the earth to do with myself; I went away, however, and walked a little way, but I could not tell what to do; so, after rambling two hours or thereabout, I went back again, and sat down at the gentleman's door, and there I cried as long as I had any moisture in my head to make tears of, but never knocked at the door.

Who has read this extract without having the vision of Charles Dickens rise before his eyes?

Of "*Robinson Crusoe*" what necessity is there to speak? Who is not familiar with its pages? What school-boy has not undergone a whipping for leaving his lessons unstudied while he has been sitting in the Solitary's hut, or spending an afternoon with "man Friday"? How many in the decline of life have over the leaves of that wonderful book grown young again! Charles Lamb says, "next to the Holy Scriptures, it may be safely asserted that this delightful romance has, ever since it was written, excited the first and most powerful influence upon the juvenile mind of England, nor has its popularity been much less among any of the other nations of Christendom." He might have added, "and out of Christendom

too." It has been translated into Arabic; and Burckhart "heard it read aloud among the wandering tribes in the cool hours of evening." "*That island*," a beautiful writer has observed, "placed 'far amidst the melancholy main,' and remote from the track of human wanderings, remains to the last the greenest spot in memory. At whatever distance of time, the scene expands before us as clearly and distinctly as when we first beheld it; we still see the green savannahs and silent woods, which mortal footstep had never disturbed; its birds of strange wing, that had never heard the report of a gun; its goats browsing securely in the vale, or peeping over the heights, in alarm at the first sight of man. We can yet follow its forlorn inhabitant on tip-toe with suspended breath, prying curiously into every recess, glancing fearfully at every shade, starting at every sound, and then look forth with him upon the lone and boisterous ocean with the sickening feeling of an exile cut off for ever from all human intercourse. Our sympathy is more truly engaged by the poor shipwrecked mariner, than by the great, the lovely, and the illustrious of the earth. We find a more effectual wisdom in its homely reflections than is to be derived from the discourses of the learned and eloquent. The interest with which we converse with him in the retirement of his cave, or go abroad with him on the business of the day, is as various and powerful as the means by which it is kept up are simple and inartificial. So true is everything to nature, and such reality is there in every particular, that the slightest circumstance creates a sensation, and the print of a man's foot or shoe is the source of more genuine terror than all the strange sights and odd noises in the romances of Mrs. Radcliffe."

Children are charmed with the *story* of "*Robinson Crusoe*:" men of thought are not less delighted with the narrative, but they have recourse to it also as a book instructing them in some of the most valuable truths of philosophy. He must possess a far lower than a merely ordinary mind who leaves the perusal of this wonderful book without having acquired from it a new insight into his own nature, the means of avoiding the

evil, and attaining to the good,—without having perceived how many infant faculties of his being might by training be made to assume grand proportions, and be endowed with vast strength. It is a great religious poem. It is “the drama of solitude,” the object of which is to show that in the most wretched state of desertion there still remains within the human breast a power of life independent of external circumstances; and that where man is not, there God especially abides.

Why did not Defoe, with such an unexampled capability as a writer of fiction, occupy himself earnestly in his art? Why did he not expend thought, toil, and long years in elaborating two such works as “Robinson Crusoe,” or the commencement of “Colonel Jack,” instead of scribbling page after page, without consideration enough to avoid dulness, stories replete with obscenities he must have disapproved, and nonsense that he must have grinned at with contempt even while the pen was in his hand? Foster, in his graphic and fascinating sketch of Defoe and his times, bids us remember, when judging of “Moll Flanders” and “Roxana,” the tone of society at the time of their appearance. Without a doubt, measured by the standard of the vicious literature of the Restoration and the two succeeding ages, they do not especially sin against purity of morals. But in this we cannot find a valid apology for Defoe, who, in composing them, put his hand to works that all serious men of his own religious views must have regarded with warm disapproval. Defoe was not by profession amongst the frivolous or godless of his generation; he was loud in his condemnation of the stage, of gambling, and of debauchery; he not only knew that voluptuous excess was criminal, but he raised his voice to shame it out of society,—and yet he exercised his talents in depicting scenes of sensual enjoyment, which no virtuous nature can dwell on without pain, no vicious one without pleasure. What was his motive? Money.

Drelincourt’s book of “Consolations against the fears of Death,”—one of the heaviest pieces of literature religion has given to the world, (and that is saying no little)—hung

on hand, so that the publisher, much downcast, informed Defoe he should lose a considerable sum. “Don’t fear!—I’ll make [the edition go off,” said Defoe; and sitting down he wrote “A True Relation of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal, the next day after her death, to one Mrs. Bargrave, at Canterbury, the 8th of September, 1705, which apparition recommends the perusal of Drelincourt’s book of ‘Consolations against the fears of Death.’” The ghost story startled and took captive the silly people the author intended, and knew so well how to hoax. A true, *bond fide* ghost of a respectable Mrs. Veal had urged on mankind the study of Drelincourt. Forthwith the publisher’s shop was crowded with purchasers, and the edition rapidly left his shelves. It is strange to me how Defoe’s biographers and admirers delight in this story. It may show Defoe to advantage in an intellectual point of view, leading a crowd of John Bulls astray and all the while laughing at them; but as a proof of his mental power such testimony is valueless because unnecessary. That Mrs. Veal’s apparition was ingeniously told, no one will deny; but then it was a wilful falsehood, all the same for its cunning construction, and was framed to puff a bad book. Such a deed would aid the “Woolly Horse” and “Feejee Mermaid” in giving grace to a Barnum’s life; but to think that Defoe could tell lies for a trade purpose, is more than a common pain.

And here we find the secret of this great man’s shame. He was a man of somewhat expensive habits, continually entering into rash monetary speculations, and burdened with debts which *in honour* he felt himself bound to discharge. Of all men he was just the one to be called upon for large sums of wealth, and to have little in hand to meet such demands. His pen was a ready one at earning money; he could turn off any composition with facility: and as, just then, tales (highly seasoned) met with the best prices in the market, he wrote them as fast as his pen could run over the paper, and spiced them up to the palates of his employers. And what trash (dishonest quack gibberish to get pennies from the crowd) poured in unceasing flow from him, it grieves

one to reflect. "The History of the Life and Adventures of Mr. Duncan Campbell; a gentleman who, though deaf and dumb, writes down any stranger's name at first sight; with their future contingencies of fortune. Now living in Exeter-Court, over against the Savoy in the Strand." Mr. Duncan Campbell was the arch-imposter in the magic line of his day. All that table-turning, hat-spinning, spirit-rapping, and Mormonism are to us, was Mr. Duncan Campbell to the addled-pates of his generation. At every drum in the fashionable world ladies spoke in ecstasies of "that duck of a Mr. Duncan Campbell," how he knew every thing, was a medium, and a gentleman by birth, and how no one of ordinary sagacity doubted his powers. Defoe, in his "Life and Adventures," of course declared his belief in the fellow; a book exposing the man's tricks would not have sold. Steele mentioned this Campbell in the *Tatler*; and Eliza Heywood, (the authoress of "Jemmy and Jenny Jessamy," "The Fruitless Enquiry," and "Betsey Thoughtless,") wrote a work similar to Defoe's, called "A Spy on the Conjurer; Memoirs of the Famous Mr. Duncan Campbell." Have any of the readers of these pages perused Eliza Heywood's other works—her "Letters on all occasions lately passed between persons of distinction," of which Letter IV. is entitled "Sarpedon to the ever-upbraiding Myrtilia," and XI. "The repenting Aristus to the cruel, but most adorable Panthea," and XLIV. "Bellisa to Philemon, on perceiving a decay of his affection?" It the ladies are ignorant of this literature, let them be advised and remain in their ignorance.

Smollett pursued a better course with regard to the "famous Mr. Campbell," in making him the object of laughter and the source of instruction to the town under the name of Cadwallader. But then Smollett was a long age posterior to Defoe.

Similar to the "Life of Duncan Campbell," was Defoe's sketch of "Dickory Crouke, The Dumb Philosopher," &c. &c. Alas! alas! and it was only for a morsel of bread.

We have stated our thanks are due to Defoe for giving the English novel, graphic descriptions, and quick, pointed conversations. In one of the

qualities of a novelist he was unaccountably deficient—not even coming up to his precursor Mrs. Behn. To the construction or the most vague conception of a plot he seems to have been quite inadequate. This may be accounted for partly by the fact that, from abstaining on religious grounds from the theatres, his mind had not been duly educated in this most difficult department of his art; and partly by the rapidity with which his "histories" were evolved. Whatever may be the cause of the fault, that it exists few will be so rash as to question. All Defoe's novels, long as they are, are but a string of separate anecdotes related of one person, but having no other connection with each other. In no one of them are there forces at work that necessitate the conclusion of the story at a certain point. One meets with no mystery, no denouement in them. They go on and on, (usually at a brisk pace, with abundance of dramatic positions) till it apparently strikes the author he has written a good bookful, and then he winds up with a page and a half of "so he lived happily all the rest of his days;" intermixed with some awkward moralizing by way of apology for the looseness of the bulk of the work. For example, "Roxana" might as well have been twice or half as long as it is.

One feature more of Defoe as a novelist. May he not be regarded as the first English writer of prose-fiction who pointed out the field of history to imaginative literature? His "Journal of the Plague Year;" his "Memoirs of a Cavalier;" and "The Memoirs of an English Officer who served in the Dutch War in 1672, to the peace of Utrecht in 1713, &c. &c. By Captain George Carleton," were the pioneers of that army of which the Waverley Novels form the main body. The great Earl of Chatham used, before he discovered it to be a fiction, to speak of the "Memoirs of a Cavalier" as the best account of the civil wars extant. And of "Captain Carleton" there is the following anecdote in Boswell's Johnson. "The best account of Lord Peterborough that I have happened to meet with is in 'Captain Carleton's Memoirs.' Carleton was descended of an officer who had distinguished himself at the

siege of Derry. He was an officer, and, what was rare at that time, had some knowledge of engineering. Johnson said he had never heard of the book. Lord Elliot had a copy at Port Elliot; but, after a good deal of inquiry, procured a copy in London, and sent it to Johnson, who told Sir Joshua Reynolds that he was going to bed when it came, but

was so much pleased with it that he sat up till he read it through, and found in it such an air of truth that he could not doubt its authenticity; adding, with a smile, in allusion to Lord Elliot's having recently been raised to the peerage, 'I did not think a young lord could have mentioned to me a book in the English history that was not known to me.'

THE PLANTS OF THE SUPERSTITIONS.

In the early ages men were more impressed by the productions of the earth in her vegetable, than in her mineral kingdom. They seem to have been more botanists, florists, herbalists, than geologists and mineralogists. The beauty and grace of flowers and trees attracted and inspired the poet, the emblemist, and the lover, who found in leaf and blossom similes, types, and metaphors, which they did not see in stones or mineral masses. The writings of the olden times are more abounding in floral than in geological or metallic allusions: Pliny wrote more largely of the vegetable world than of the other portions of inanimate nature: Virgil and Columella sang of the green things. As for the games, the festivals, the sacrifices, the marriages, the funerals of the ancients, were they not garlanded from end to end with flowers and sprays, buds and boughs? * "*Sine Cerere et Libero friget Venus*;"—aye, and *sine Flora* too: for did not the brows and the fane of Venus Amathusia look more beautiful entwined with flowers? And the corn of Ceres, and the wine of Liber Pater, that sustained the charms of Venus, they also came from the vegetable realm.

To this realm, too, was Esculapius indebted: the most ancient pharmacopœas were furnished from plants and herbs. Men discovered the virtues of herbs that grew on the surface of the earth before their eyes, far more readily than they could learn the properties of crude minerals hidden in the earth. The herbalist had

but to pluck his object from the face of the ground; the mineralogist found much more labour in his pursuit. The qualities of herbs and flowers were easily extracted, and needed but "small appliances and means to boot;" but to procure medicaments from metal and mineral required some skill and learning, besides scientific apparatus. Solomon, the wisest of kings, wrote of "trees, from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall:" it is likely that his treatise was a pharmacopœia; in fact such is the opinion of the learned Rabbi, Moses Bar Nachman (Nachmanides). Among the rural population in all nations we still find extant ungraduated doctors (and doctresses) who practise their leech-craft solely by the means of herbs. In foreign countries, beyond the limits of Europe, the descendants of the aborigines possess much valuable and recondite information with respect to the native botany, which would be an acquisition to various branches of art and science.

Among the children of the vegetable creation, some for their grace and beauty, like the myrtle, rose, forget-me-not, &c., have been dedicated to the affections;† others, for their qualities medicinal or noxious, (qualities sometimes merely imaginary), became objects of veneration, or of superstitious belief. Herbs thought to be beneficial were consecrated by the heathen to their superior divinities (and by the early Christians to

* Terence.

† See "*Flowers of the Affections*,"—*Dublin University Magazine*, No. cclix., September, 1853.

the saints). Plants of a baneful nature were dedicated to the gloomy deities, and to witches, and formed necessary ingredients in unholy spells and incantations. Narcotic herbs that occasioned trances and strange dreams, and plants that, like the "insane root" of Shakespeare, caused delirium, whose ravings superstition received as oracular, and whose visions as supernatural, were fitting materials for sorcery. Even the Laurel, the glossy perennial laurel, the favorite of Apollo for his lost Daphne's sake, the crown of the victor and the bard, saw its bright leaves degraded to dark rites on account of its supposed delirium-exciting powers when chewed by the Pythoness. Theocritus in his second Idyl, "The Incantation," makes his sorceress say: "Delphis afflicts me; I burn this laurel against Delphis, and as it crackles inflamed, and suddenly burns up, so that no cinder of it appears, so may the flesh of Delphis consume in the flame."*

The plants and herbs of the superstitions were of two kinds, the good and the evil; the former held in the veneration of respect, the latter in the veneration of fear.

In the ancient world the most esteemed and holy, perhaps, of all plants was the VERVAIN (*Verbena officinalis*), the *Hierobotane*, or holy herb of Dioscorides. It was believed to cure no less than thirty maladies, among which were gout, palsy, dropsy, jaundice, tertian and quartan agues, inveterate headaches, &c.; but that for which it was most valued was not its physical, but its supposed moral quality of supernaturally disposing to peace, of reconciling enemies, and of causing a favourable feeling towards those persons who carried it about them, (and surely those who would not avail themselves of such an easy mode of conciliating others, must have been strange misanthropes, and very fond of strife).

It was highly venerated by the

Druids, who used it in their sacred ceremonies; they gathered it with solemn rites at the rising of the great Dog-star, when neither sun nor moon was above the earth to look inquisitively upon their operations. They described a circle round it three times, and then looking westwards, they dug it up with a sword; and strewed honey-combs upon the spot where it had grown, as a compensation to the earth for the treasure they had taken. The sun-worshippers in the east also held it in their hands during their devotions.

Among the Greeks and Romans the Vervain was used in religious ceremonies, and in incantations.† The Romans called it *herba sacra*, and used it in casting lots and drawing of omens; and also in aspersions and lustral rites. It was sent as a gift among the Romans on their New Year's day, as emblematic of good wishes and good fortune. The Roman heralds, when they went to offer peace to a city, carried a sprig of Vervain in their hands, both on account of its being the symbol of peace, and of its supposed peace-making virtues. But when a herald was sent to demand from the enemy the restitution of things that had been carried away by force, it was thought necessary to select for that occasion a sprig of Vervain growing within the enclosure of the capitol; and the herald was called *Verbenarius*.

Since the Christian era the Vervain has been venerated from a tradition that our Lord once trod upon it, and that it was thenceforward endowed with antidotal virtues against the bite of serpents and venomous reptiles. The root is still worn in some parts of Europe as a cure for scrofula, and as a charm against ague. The shepherds in the south of France still believe the Vervain endowed with magical qualities.

It has a square stalk, jagged opposite leaves, and a spike of pale lilac

* Δελφίς ἐμ' ἀνίασεν' ἐγὼ δ' ἐπὶ Δελφίδι δάφναν
Λιθὼ' ὥς αὐτὰ κακεῖ, μέγα κακπυρίσασα,
Κηξάνων ἀφθὴ κ' οὐδὲ σποδὸν εἶδομες αὐτὰς
Οὐτὼ τοὶ καὶ Δελφίς ἐνὶ φλόγῃ σαρκ' ἀμαθύνει.

† Affer aquam, et molli cinge hæc altaria vittâ,
Verbenas que adole pingues, et mascula thura
Conjugia ut magia sanos avertero sacris.
Experiar sensus. — Virgil, Eclog. viii.

flowers ; and is commonly found throughout Europe, especially near habitations : it is said to be never met with farther than a quarter of a mile from a house—hence, being so easy of acquisition, it was called “Simpler’s (*i.e.* Herbalist’s) Joy.”

Sorrowful to say, but easily to be credited, this plant of peace and goodwill is not indigenous in Ireland ; had it but been so, how many faction-fights it might have saved in the good old days of the “Black Hens and Magpies, the Gows and Poleens, and the Caravats and Shanavests”—not to speak of the nobler feuds of the O’Briens and O’Flaherties, the Desmonds and the Butlers. But let us take comfort : our florists have introduced into Irish gardens many of the Vervain species, the beautiful foreign Verbenas of various colours. Let us hope that these exotics have something of the ancient tranquillizing nature of their great ancestor, the sacred Vervain : and truly it seems as though it were so, for the factions have nearly died out, and contested elections are greatly tamed down.

Beside the Vervain as the symbol of peace, we will place the tribute of an appropriate lay :—

PEACE UPON THE MOUNTAINS.

M. E. M.

Would’st thou seek Peace ? Up ! hie thee to the mountains,
Far above human passions, toil, and strife :
Up to the rivers’ springs ! those rock-born fountains,
Emblems of all that’s bright, pure, free, in life.

Up to the mountains ! there dwells Peace, united
With Solitude and Freedom, triad blest !
There morning earliest comes, with gaze delighted ;
There linger long the sunbeams of the West.

Untrampled there are nature’s flow’rets springing ;
There flow the streams, unsullied, unconfin’d ;
Nor taint nor din from distant cities bringing,
There musically breathes the healthful wind.

“Freedom and peace !” thus chaunt your happy voices,
Ye soaring birds ! and thine, oh wild-ing bee !
At that glad sound e’en the lone rock rejoices,
And bids the echoes answer, “peaceful ! free !”

Scorn comes not there the gentle heart to wither ;
Nor Malice, forcing bitter tears to flow ;
Pride, Jealousy, Injustice climb not thither,—
Toosteepest the heights,—*their* haunts lie far below.

’Twas on the mountains, safely sped by heaven,
The storm-tost ark at length found place of rest :
To Moses’ longing eyes the view was given
Of promis’d Canaan from a mountain’s crest.

How beautiful the mountains’ verdure pressing
The feet of Him who peace, glad tidings, brought*—
How dear the Mount where words replete with blessing
The Prince of Peace to crowding hearers taught !

Mountains, be glad in your surpassing glory !
Before *you* richest plains their vaunts must cease :
For oft the pen inspir’d of sacred story
Hath writ on your ennobled summits “Peace !”

ST. JOHN’S WORT (*Hypericum perforatum*) is so handsome a wild flower that it finds a place in many gardens, where it is very showy with its broad, glossy, bright green leaves, its star-like bright yellow corolla, and the inner circle of fine golden threads, like a halo of sun-beams. On account of the brightness of its hue, and of its being sometimes phosphorescent, it was dedicated to St. John the Baptist, because he is called in Scripture “a burning and a shining light.” It was gathered on St. John’s Eve by the rustics, and worn, along with

* Isaiah, lli., 7.

Vervain, in wreaths upon their heads, as they danced round the bonfires that custom still kindles in his honour (and which, after all, are but a continuance of the old Celtic Beltane fires), and the Saint's votaries threw bunches of St. John's Wort into the flames, praying that the succeeding twelve months might be more fertile, abundant, and happy than the preceding.

It was also called *Fuga Demonum*, for its imaginary power in banishing evil spirits. In France and Germany the peasants gather it on the saint's day (June 25th), and hang it up over their doors and windows to keep away Satan and his imps, and to preserve the houses from lightning and tempest. Cattle that have grazed on the track of the fairies are supposed liable to a grievous disorder, of which they can only be cured by eating a handful of St. John's Wort, pulled at twelve o'clock on the saint's night.

In Scotland it is esteemed as a preservative from magic and witchcraft; and especially from the arts of the dairy witches, who spoil the milk, and steal the butter of their neighbours.

It was considered an emblem of war, from the minute perforations, fancied to resemble small spear wounds, that may be seen on all the green leaves when held up to the light; and from the circumstance that its filaments yield, when bruised, a resinous juice, reddish like blood: hence one of its names is *Androsæmum* (*Andros aima*), man's blood. "It is," says the old herbalist Culpepper, "a singular wound herb," i. e., beneficial in curing wounds.

A small species of St. John's Wort, exactly resembling the foregoing, but not perforated, grows wild very commonly in the south of Ireland. Dried, and used with alum, it dyes wool yellow.

There is a species *larger* than the perforated St. John's Wort, which is dedicated to St. Peter, as greater than St. John the Baptist, and is called St. Peter's Wort (*Hypericum quadrangulum*). It is identical with St. John's flower, except that the upper part of the stem is square, and that the young shoots are of a more vivid red.

As St. John's Wort is accounted a

martial herb, and a symbol of war, we must give it a military dirge:—

THE DEAD SOLDIER.

Translated from the German of John Gabriel Seidl.

Auf ferner fremder Aue,
da liegt ein todter Soldat.

I.

In a far foreign country
There lay a soldier dead;
Forgotten, unrewarded,
Though brave he fought and bled.

II.

And Gen'ral's deck'd with crosses
Rode past; 'twas grand to view—
They thought not, "he who yonder
Lies low, earn'd honours too."

III.

And there o'er many fallen
Were wallings sad to hear;
But for the humble Soldier
None had a word or tear.

IV.

Yet in his home far distant,
There sat in evening's glow
His father, much misgiving,
And cried, "He's dead, I know!"

V.

"Heaven help us!" sobb'd the mother;
" 'Twas shown us long before:
"The clock stopp'd at eleven,
"And struck the hours no more."

VI.

A pale maid through the twilight
Looks out with tearful eye—
"What though the grave may hold thee,
To me thou ne'er cans't die!"

VII.

And thus, in sight of Heaven,
Those three were weeping all,
For their own poor dead Soldier,
As fast as tears could fall.

VIII.

Heaven in a cloud attracted
Those tears shed not in vain ;
And sent them swiftly speeding
To that far battle plain.

IX.

There from the cloud they trickled
Like dew-drops o'er the brave ;
That tears the turf might hallow
Upon his foreign grave.

BROOK WEED, or WATER PIMPERNEL ; (*Samosus Valerandi* ; so called because gathered in the Isle of Samos, by Valerandus, a botanist of the sixteenth century), was one of the holy herbs of the Druids, and used by them in solemn incantations. Its pretty little white bell-shaped flowers are not common in England, though generally met with in wet places in most parts of the world.

RUE (*Ruta Graveolens*) was in ancient times accounted as magical, and was used in spells and sorceries. Subsequently it acquired a better reputation, from the properties ascribed to it of preserving from infection, and of being antidotal to poison ; thence it came to be esteemed holy, and was used in the Roman Catholic church as an Aspergillum, or holy water sprinkler (and in the early ages, especially in exorcisms, for the expulsion of evil spirits) ; hence it was called Herb of Grace. "There's rue for you, and some for me : we may call it Herb o' Grace on Sundays." So says poor mad Ophelia (*Hamlet*, Act. iv., scene 6). But the Rue, from its bitterness, is also esteemed an herb of sorrow.

"Here did he drop a tear : here in this place
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace ;
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping Queen."
King Richard II., act. iii., scene 4.

THE COMMON FENNEL GIANT, or FERULA (*Ferula Communis*) was venerated among the Greeks as the plant in whose stalk Prometheus concealed the fire which he stole from the chariot of the sun, and brought down to earth from heaven. And certainly the plant is well adapted for the conveyance of fire : the stalk, which is erect, jointed, and from ten to twelve feet high, is

filled with a dry, spongy pith, in which fire can be kept smouldering like tinder, without consuming the outside : it is thus used by the Sicilians. The stem rises from the centre of a bunch of bright green leaves spreading on the ground ; and is surmounted by a panicle of yellow flowers.

It was early adopted as the badge of authority, from its sceptre-like form, by the principals of schools ; hence Martial calls it "the Sceptre of the Pedagogues." It was borne as a sceptre by the sovereigns of the Lower Empire, and hence became a symbol of monarchical power ; it was, indeed, a fitting emblem of the fragility of the sway of those emperors. Bacchus commanded his votaries to carry no other weapon but the stalk of the Ferula in their feasts, that the quarrels excited by wine might at least be bloodless.

Ferula Asafoetida yields the disagreeably scented gum Asafoetida, and is only found in Persia ; and that in two districts alone, in the fields and mountains about Herat, and in the province of Laar. Its stem is not above two feet in height. *Ferula Orientalis* gives ammonia, and attains the height of three feet.

From the connexion of the common Ferula, or Great Fennel Giant, with the chariot of the Sun, we must associate with it a solar song :—

SUNSET AND SUNRISE.

M. M. M.

I.

The Sun is sinking in the west,
An abdicating king ;
Round him the Courtier-clouds have
 prest
In close and gorgeous ring :
And they in rich array are clad
To grace his parting thence ;
But somewhat is there sombre, sad,
In their magnificence.

II.

To mourning hue deep purple glooms,
Reliev'd by burnished gold ;
Amber a tint embrowned assumes,
Dusk glows each crimson fold.
Well doth this darksome grandeur suit
A monarch's farewell hour :
Thus should respect and grief salute
The waning light of power.

III.

He parts ! the glorious king is gone
 They see his face no more ;
 And all their sable garbs they don,
 And quit the pomps they wore.
 How dimm'd the aërial court appears !
 Dark, mute, disconsolate—
 Sighs breathe around, and dewy tears
 Weep for its banish'd State.

IV.

Well may those Courtiers mourn the
 light
 Of hidden diadem :
 They shone in its reflections bright,
 Its rays were wealth to them.
 But must this night of grief remain ?
 Must they for ever mourn ?
 Shall not the absent sovereign
 Back to his realm return ?

V.

Ycs ! yes !—e'en now is midnight past,
 E'en now the herald Dawn
 Hath from the gates of day at last
 The guardian bolts withdrawn.
 He comes refreshed, the regal Sun !
 He comes with power renew'd,
 Like victor after triumphs won
 O'er foes in fight subdued.

VI.

But far more brilliant, far more gay
 Than at the parting scene
 Is now the Courtier-cloud's array,
 And worn with joyous mien.
 And Beauties young are sparkling there
 In hues that youth beseeem ;
 Soft primrose, blue of summer air,
 Pink tints of fairy dream.

VII.

Roses are scattered in his path,
 And pearls around him shine :
 Great King ! what earthly monarch
 hath
 A welcome such as thine ?
 The silent hours when thou wert not,
 Hours lonely, long and drear,
 Are now redeem'd, repaid, forgot
 In bliss to greet thee here.

VIII.

So hearts may mourn the sun-set hours
 That bring a night of care :

Yet they may hail in orient bowers
 A sun-rise far more fair.
 Then let this lesson, learn'd aright,
 With us through life be borne ;
 Tho' weeping may endure a night,
 Joy cometh in the morn.*

THE DITTANY OF CRETE, (*Origanum Dictamnus*) among the Romans crowned Juno Lucina, whence it was made the emblem of nativity. It was esteemed as vulnerary ; when Eneas was wounded by an arrow, in his combat with Turnus, Venus gathered the Dittany from Mount Ida in Crete, its native isle, and brought it to Iapetus, the physician of Eneas, and taught him to express the juice, and give it to his patient, and thus a cure was effected (*Eneiad* xii.). Pliny says (book xxv.) that men learned the healing qualities of Dittany from the stags, that browsed upon it to cure themselves of arrow wounds. Virgil ascribes the same instinct to goats :

Non illa feris incognita capris
 Gramina, cum tergo volucres hæseret sagittæ.
Eneid, xii.

The Dittany evolves a viscid juice, which in the evening becomes an inflammable gas, so easily ignited that the least spark suffices to set it blazing all over the plant, but without injury to it. The stalks are nine inches high, hairy and purplish ; the leaves are round, thick, woolly, and very white ; the flowers in spikes of loose, nodding, purplish heads.

MANDRAKE (*Atropa Mandragora*) is peculiarly a plant of the gloomy superstitious, from its poisonous properties, and its foetid smell. The root is fleshy, and often forked ; the leaves dark green, and springing from the crown of the root ; the flower is whitish and five-cleft ; the fruit, a soft globular berry, as large as a nut-meg, and of a greenish yellow colour when ripe. The root was supposed to resemble the human body, and to be endowed with many magical qualities, and especially with that of exciting love. In small doses it was narcotic :

Not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
 Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
 Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep,
 Which thou ow'st yesterday.—*Othello*. Act
 3. Scene 3.

* Psalm, lxx: 9.

It was believed to grow under gibbets whereon the decaying bodies of murderers were hanging, and to shriek and groan when pulled up; nay, to pull it up was fatal, wherefore it was customary to tie a dog to the root, and compel him to pluck it up, by which he died; the by-stander stopping his ears not to hear the fatal groan of the angry plant.

There the sad Mandrake grows, whose groans are deathful.—*The Sad Shepherd*, a play by Ben Jonson.

The root is still worn on the person among the Greeks, as a love-charm. Charlatans often substitute Briony roots, which they fashion into a likeness of the human figure. Health, prosperity, and the cure of diseases, were supposed to be obtained by keeping these charms in the house. The roots were carried into Northern nations (where the Mandragora does not grow) and sold by traders, formed into Lares, or house-hold Gods. They were from six to ten inches high; were clothed, laid upon wool in small boxes, and moistened with wine, and meat offered to them at every meal. They were never taken out but to be oracularly consulted, when they were fancied to answer questions, and to foretell events by movements of the head.

The Mandrakes mentioned in Scripture, as so eagerly coveted by Rachel, were of a different species from the above. They are supposed to be identical with a plant of the Melon species which is found in Tuscany as well as in the East. It has leaves like those of the Lettuce, and an agreeable fruit of the size, shape, and colour of a small apple, with a fragrant smell; it is ripe in May, about the period of the wheat harvest in Judea, the time when Reuben found the Mandrakes in the field. These fruits have been supposed to be the classical apples of love. A surname of Venus was Mandragoritis.

There is in Cayenne a shrub called Epitet, venerated by the natives as possessing the same love-inspiring properties as the Mandrakes. "He has had Epitet given to him," is a proverb among the Aborigines of Cayenne to signify a man devotedly in love: *eperdument amoureux*, as the French express it.

LOVE.

Translated from the German of E. Geibel.

Wo still ein Hertz von Liebe glüht,
O rühret, rühret nicht daran.

I.

Where heart in silence glows with love,
Lay not a hand ungentle there;
Quench not the spark of heavenly fire,
That were unhallow'd deed—forbear.

II.

If on the earth may ought be found
That unprofan'd and pure can prove,
It is the young and hopeful heart
Blest in its first and guileless love.

III.

O grudge it not that spring-tide dream,
So bright in rosy tintings shown:
Thou knowest not what a Paradise
Is lost when love's young dream
has flown.

IV.

How many a strong heart breaks at
once,
When of its own dear love bereft:
And hearts that can endure, live on,
With nought but hate and darkness
left.

V.

And some that clos'd to hide their
wounds,
Cry loud for pleasure in their need,
And grovel in the dust—alas!
To them sweet love is dead indeed.

VI.

Ah, fruitless comes repentance then,
The bitterest tears are all in vain
To make the wither'd roses bloom,
Or the dead heart be young again.

BALM OF GILEAD, or balm of Jericho (*Balsamum Judaicum*) was a shrub highly venerated from early times on account of its medicinal qualities, especially for the cure of wounds. It was celebrated by Pliny, Strabo, Tacitus, and Justin. In Judea it grew only in the gardens near Jericho. Justin describes it as like a fir tree, but not so tall. Josephus

says it was brought first out of Arabia Felix by the Queen of Sheba, as a present to Solomon, who planted it at Jericho: but the Balm of Gilead is mentioned as a precious article of merchandise in Genesis xxxvii, long before the era of the Queen of Sheba. A shrub of this species was brought to Egypt by Cleopatra and planted at Aim Shema, now Matara, in an old garden mentioned with great interest by travellers, both Mahometan and Christian.

The Eastern Christians attached a religious value to it, and had many superstitious opinions relating to it. They believed that it would only flourish under the care of Christian gardeners; and that the incision for causing the gum to flow should be made in the bark by an implement of stone, or of bone, but not of iron, otherwise the balsam would be corrupt. They believed it to be a sovereign remedy for fifty diseases: and in Confirmation they used it to anoint the persons confirmed. It was also mingled in the oil at the Coronation of European monarchs.

Not all the water in the rough, rude sea,
Can wash the balm from an anointed King.

King Richard II., act 3, scene 2.

The Coptic Christians had a tradition that when the Holy Family were leaving Egypt to return to Judea, they stopped to rest at Matara, and went from house to house begging a cup of water, which was everywhere refused. The Virgin Mary sat down, faint from thirst and sorrow, under the Balsam trees that had been cultivated there from the one formerly brought from the Holy Land, and immediately a fountain sprang up beside her, to relieve her distress; and from that time forth the trees would not grow unless watered from that fountain. The Balsam trees of Matara were killed by an inundation of the Nile in 1615.

It is believed that the true Balm tree is now extinct; the tree at present known as such grows about Babelmaudel; the trunk is eight or ten inches in diameter, the wood is light, the bark smooth, the leaves are few, and the flowers like these of the Acacia, small and white, except that five flowers hang on the filaments, and in the Acacia small one flower.

The word *balm* is expressive of suffering and of soothing—of sorrow and of consolation. Let us try to frame a strain in accordance with the word and the mingled feeling.

THE FEAST OF TEARS.

M. M. M.

I.

An anniversary to night,
Replete with thoughts of fledged years—

We'll hail it with a solemn rite,
And keep our Feast of Tears.
Behold those portraits on the wall:
Our dear ones, and, alas! our dead;
For them we meet, for each and all
Fond mem'ry's drops we shed.

II.

But no dark sorrow shall be ours,
For they were bright in life and death;
We'll garland here their favorite flowers—

Bright fruits shall blush beneath.
Bright shall the waxen tapers shine
O'er crystal goblet, silver cup;
And pledg'd to them, the amber wine
Shall brightly sparkle up.

III.

Bright seem their faces as they breath'd
In life by painter's art anew:
Bright are their swords—here lie they
wreath'd

With laurel and with yew.
We speak each honour'd name—we think

Of all remembrance now endears;
Our eyes are streaming as we drink—
This is our Feast of Tears.

IV.

Tears glist'ning bright with truest love,

With tender grief, and noble pride,
And Trust that now in realms above
They live who faithful died.

How beautiful the dead! whose brow
Crown'd with that halo-light appears,

Whose sun-like rays can make, as now,

A rainbow of our tears.

There is a curious kind of plant in the East which is highly revered

amongst the Christian females ; it is called the HOLY ROSE OF JERICO, (*Anastatica Hieropuntica*.) It grows among the sands of Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, and is found in Barbary. It is cruciform ; and when its flowers and leaves have withered and fallen off, the branches, as they dry, curl inwards, and form a round mass, thence called a rose. The roots die ; the winds tear it up, and blow it about the sands till it lodges in a moist spot, or is wetted with the rain ; then the curled-up globe expands and suffers the seeds to escape from the seed-vessel in which they were enclosed ; and becoming embedded in the sands, they germinate anew,—hence its name, *Anastatica*, from *Anastasis*, Resurrection. It is venerated in Palestine from the tradition that it blossomed at the moment when our Lord was born, and was endowed with qualities propitious to nativity. Wherefore the Eastern women, when occasion requires, are anxious to have one of these dried plants expanding in a vase of water beside them, firmly believing that it has a salutary influence. It is an article of commerce, and bears a high price in the East.

There are some lines, by an old Italian poet, very applicable to this "Rose," to whose existence and expansion moisture is so necessary.

MADRIGAL.

Translated from the Italian of Benedetto dell'Ura.*

Come tenero fiore
Spiega la chioma sua, se lo nodrica
Pioggia, o rugiada amica.

E'en as a gentle flower
Unfolds its beauties to the view,
If cherished by the genial dew,
Or kindly shower ;
So may a lovely thought bloom fair
Within the heart if foster'd there
By Grace with drops divine.
Not so !—then vainly would it ope,
Of flower or fruit can be no hope,
For it must droop and pine,
And like a plant unwater'd die
Upon a soil parch'd up and dry.
How can the fragile flower
Unfold its beauties to the view
Unless it drinks the genial dew,
Or kindly shower ?

The BANYAN TREE of the East Indies is called the fig tree of Adam and Eve, from the idea that our first parents used its large leaves for clothing. Some have supposed it the tree of the forbidden fruit in Eden. The Portuguese in old times scrupled to eat of the fruit, because, when cut transversely, it showed within the figure of a cross. With the Brámins it is a holy tree, for, say they, the supreme deity, Brahma, took shelter under it from a thunder storm, and blessed it, and gave it the power of averting lightning.

In Senegal is a sacred tree called *Ded*, which the natives believe to afford an impenetrable asylum to fugitives, from which no force could avail to remove them, and where no weapon, not even the poisoned arrows of their pursuers, could reach them.

The name of the Peony (*Paeonia officinalis*) is derived from Peon, the celebrated Greek Physician of Thessaly. Theseus having descended to the infernal regions, and attempted to carry away Proserpine, was detained in captivity by Pluto : Hercules going to deliver the prisoner, fought with and wounded Pluto so seriously that the latter was obliged to repair to Thessaly, to seek the aid of Peon, who cured him by medicaments drawn from the Peony.

This flower is esteemed by the superstitious Greeks to be of divine origin, emanating from the light of the full moon, on which account it was believed to cure epilepsy, long considered as a moon-struck malady. The once popular "Anodyne Necklace," worn round the neck to cure or avert epilepsy, was formed of dried Peony roots cut into regular pieces, and strung on a narrow ribbon. The black seeds powdered and taken in wine when fasting in the morning, and just before bed time, were believed, even in late days, to preserve from nightmare and evil dreams. Pliny says (book xxv.), that it was efficacious in the sports of the Fauns, from whose malicious antics nightmares and evil dreams were supposed to proceed. The Peony was formerly used by adepts in some of their ceremonies, and was superstitiously believed to have power over the winds (from its lunar origin), to protect the

* A Monk, native of Capua ; flourished about 1870.

harvest from storms, and to avert tempests.

The large double Peony is a foreign contribution to our gardens; but England boasts one native species (*Pœonia Coralina*) which grows on the Stéep Holmes, a small island, or rather rock, at the mouth of the Severn. The flower is single, and the leaves, unlike those of their foreign kindred, are smooth.

By the side of the Peony as a wind-flower, we lay a simple allegory.

THE WIND-DRIVEN LEAF.

M. E. M.

"Wilt thou break a leaf driven to and fro?"

Job. xiii., 25.

And wilt thou break a leaf

That's driven by the wind?—

Nay! let the pleading voice of grief

An ear of pity find.

'Tis not the Oak, whose haughty head

Unbending braves the tempest dread,

'Tis not a Tower that standing fast

For ages mocks the threat'ning blast,

'Tis but a Leaf, poor fragile thing,

So shrunken, pale, and withering.

Alas! 'gainst aught so humble

What need of giant might?

Suffice one touch to crumble

In dust its form so slight.

Break not, O Wind, the Leaf!

No prideful place was mine,

Ne'er in the wreath of Victor Chief

Was it my fate to twine:

Nor in the Poet's crown of fame,

Nor in the garland, Beauty's claim,

Nor was I brought at Pleasure's call,

To decorate a festal hall.

Upon a lonely tree,

Amid a wild to be,

Such was my lot:

Yet 'twas a pleasant destiny,

I murmur'd not;

For well I lov'd the fresh free air,

And the clear rays that glinted there.

But me, ill-fated Leaf!—

A blight came o'er my prime;

I faded in my Autumn brief,

I fell ere Winter time.

And the wild wind, by night and day,

Hath made me now its sport and prey,

Now whirls me upward to the sky,

Now down mid rugged stones to lie;

Sweeps me o'er heath and barren earth

Where never kindly flower had birth;

Hurls me against the frowning rock,

My frail frame wounded by the shock;

Now mid the thorns of cruel brake—

Now o'er the chill and troubled lake,

And casts me weary, cold, and dank,

To shiver on the sunless bank,

'Till driven by swelling gust again

O'er hill and crag, o'er moor and plain.

No rest, no rest—the wind increasing;

No rest, no rest—my woes unceasing:

May not the raging Wind at length

Be tamed to meekness?

And seek no more to prove its strength

Against my weakness?—

Thou who alike the Leaf and Wind

hast made,

Speak, "Peace, be still!"—thy word will be obey'd.

Thou wilt not break the Leaf

That's driven by the Wind;

No, no! the pleading voice of grief

In thee shall pity find.

Look on me! and the tyrant blast

Will sink in zephyr's breath at last.

So let it waft me softly, slowly,

To spot of rest, remote and lowly;

Some silent and sequester'd nook

Where in Heaven's eye alone can look.

There, shelter'd from the storm and rain,

Unmark'd, unknown, let me remain,

And half forgetful of Life's troubled day,

Yield me in peace to Nature's sure decay.

Huc, in the course of his travels in

Asia, met with a venerated tree,

called "*The Tree of the thousand images*;" of such an extraordinary

nature that we would not venture to

give the description in any words but

his own:—

"We had heard of this tree too often

during our journey not to feel somewhat

eager to visit it. At the foot of the mountain on which the Lama-serey† stands, and

not far from the principal Buddhist Temple, is a great square enclosure, formed by brick

walls. Upon entering this we were able to examine at leisure the marvellous tree, some

of the branches of which had already manifested themselves above the wall. Our eyes

were first directed with earnest curiosity to

† The residence of the Grand Lama; the head of the religion of Thibet.

the leaves, and we were filled with an absolute consternation of astonishment at finding, that in point of fact, there were upon each of the leaves well-formed Tibetan characters, all of a green colour, some darker, some lighter than the leaf itself. Our first impression was a suspicion of fraud on the part of the Lamas; but after a minute examination of every detail, we could not discover the least deception. The characters all appeared to us portions of the leaf itself, equally with its veins and nerves; the position was not the same in all; in one leaf they would be at the top of the leaf; in another, in the middle; in a third, at the base, or at the side; the younger leaves represented the characters only in a partial state of formation. The bark of the tree and its branches, which resemble that of the plane tree, are also covered with these characters. When you remove a piece of old bark, the young bark under it exhibits the indistinct outlines of characters in a germinating state; and what is very singular, these new characters are not unfrequently different from those which they replace. We examined every thing with the closest attention, in order to detect some trace of trickery, but we could discern nothing of the sort. More profound intellects than ours may, perhaps, be able to supply a satisfactory explanation of the mysteries of this singular tree; but as to us, we altogether give it up."

THE ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE, (*Circea Lutetiann*), notwithstanding its pretty pink and white flowers, is an herb of the gloomy superstitions. Growing luxuriantly in churchyards, among bones and broken coffins, it was believed to be a necromantic plant, and was used by witches in their incantations to raise the dead. Its scientific name is derived from the classic enchantress Circe: the little hooks on the herb, that cling to the passers-by, as though to draw them towards it, were, by a stretch of fancy, supposed to symbolize the arts of Circe, by which she drew persons into her snares.

For this melancholy plant of night and the grave, we must find a befitting strain.

TO A FRIEND.

Translated from the Spanish of Zorrilla.

Oye sublime cantor,
Si es fuerza que al fin succumba, &c.

I.

Hear me, O Bard of song divine!
If I must yield to fortune's frown,
If grave unhonour'd must be mine,
There with my grief to lay me down,

II.

If, scatter'd by the wild wind's breath,
My hapless strains must fleet away,
Lost like the streams that sink beneath
The stagnant pool's absorbing clay,

III.

Do thou, then, tell the world my woe,
My fate severe, my spirit's blight:
In pity bid the list'ners know
I once aspir'd to soaring flight.

IV.

But from my lowly stone efface
My name, if there engrav'd by thee;
Let not ignoble tread disgrace
One single word that speaks of me.

V.

But let a fair and tender flower
Spring up beside my place of rest:
Though northern breeze, with chilling
power,
May wither soon the gentle guest.

VI.

Poor Flower! and wert thou only born
To grace a tomb in desert rude?
Wilt thou not tread the long, forlorn,
Dark hours of midnight solitude?

VII.

Poor Flower! how innocently gay
Thy young smile greeted morning's
eye!
Mild zephyrs fan thy form to-day—
Alas! to-morrow thou must die.

VIII.

Poor Flower! why did thy buds
unfold,
Why were thy early charms
display'd,
If but beneath the winter's cold
Upon a nameless grave to fade?

The pretty little purple-flowered
GROUND-IVY (*Glechoma Hederacea*)
was esteemed by herbalists as a remedy for the jaundice. On the Continent it is still used in Ptisans on account of its bitter and tonic qualities. In England it was put into barrels to clarify newly-brewed beer, whence it is called in some parts of England, *Ale-hoof*, and *Tun-hoof*. Among the more poetic and imagina-

tive Irish, it was venerated as holy, and called in the vernacular, *Athair-Lusa*, the "father of herbs," or the "herb father." Its sanctity was conceived from the circumstance, that its anthers when perfect form the figure of a St. Andrew's cross. But this figure is often wanting early in spring, when some of the filaments are imperfect, being but half their proper length, and blunted. On account of its floral cross, this plant was revered as an especial charm against fairies and witches, whose spells it destroyed, and against evil spirits whom it banished.

The Brahmins venerate a grass named the DOOBGRASS, as a symbol of divinity, not subject to age or death, and they call it "the armour of India," "preserver of regions," "destroyer of enemies," "gem that gives increase to the field." It is thought to be identical with the Creeping dog's tooth grass (*Cynodon Dactylon*) found in Cornwall.

The early Christians, attracted to some certain plants and flowers, either from their good properties, from some peculiarity in form or in beauty, or from their flourishing at some particular seasons, looked upon them with reverence, and dedicated them to various saints. Among the principal were those consecrated to the Virgin Mary, to whom, in fact, belongs quite an Herbarium. White flowers especially were allotted to her as symbols of innocence; such as the magnificent *white lily*, so pure and so majestic; the modest *lily of the valley*, half hidden beneath its green hood; the *snow-drop*, so delicate that it looks fair even amid the trying whiteness of the snow itself; the *white daffodil*, the *white rose*, the *white hyacinth*, the *white clematis*, designated as the Virgin's Bower, &c. Then we find many others dedicated to "Our Lady." (It may be observed that wherever a plant has the prefix "Lady," *our*, is to be understood before it.) There is (our) LADY'S TRACES, (*neottia spiralis*), a corruption of our Lady's tresses, a pretty little orchis-like flower, of a greenish white, and a fragrant scent; its protuberant germs growing one above another in regular

gradation, suggested the idea of plaited hair, or tresses.

(Our) LADY'S HAIR (*Brisa media*), the graceful quaking grass, with its tremulous pannicles of heart-shaped florets. The French call it *Amourettes*, in allusion to love-locks.

LADY'S FINGER (*Anthyllis vulneraria*), so called from its rounded stem, like a taper finger, tipped with a yellow flower, like the saffron-dyed nails of the oriental ladies.

And LADY'S THISTLE (*Carduus Marianus*), with the milky streaks on its leaves, believed to be medicinal in dropsy, jaundice, and even in the plague.

"MARY'S HAND" is another name for the Holy Rose of Jericho before mentioned.

Then the Virgin Mary has quite a floral wardrobe, for instance—

LADY'S MANTLE (*Alchemilla vulgaris*), a celebrated rural cosmetic, a decoction of its leaves being a wondrous clearer of the complexion. Its flowers are greenish yellow, or rather yellowish green; and its circular, broad leaf is scalloped and plaited in regular folds, like a mantle.

LADY'S SMOCK (*Cardamine pratensis*), that lovely little pale lilac flower that, in genial seasons, blows about the time of the Annunciation. It is often called by the less quaint appellation of cuckoo flower.

LADY'S SLIPPER (*Cypripedium*), having its four purplish petals in the form of a cross, and the yellow nectary in the centre shaped like a shoe. The French call it *Soulier de Notre Dame*, and *Sabot de notre Dame*. The Italians and Germans also dedicate it to the foot of the Virgin. The Botanical name devotes it, less worthily, to the foot of *Venus (Cypris.)

LADY'S GLOVE is an old name for the tall, showey Fox Glove (*Digitalis purpurea*.)

LADY'S SEAL is the common briony (*Tamus Communis*), sometimes called wild vine, the creeper that adorns the hedges in autumn with its festoons of yellow leaves and bright red berries that succeed to its green flowers. The young shoots are sometimes boiled as asparagus. The French call it *Sceau de Notre Dame*.

* Most of the plants and flowers which the heathens consecrated to Venus, were afterwards dedicated to the Virgin by a pious scruple of the early herbalists.

LADY'S CUSHION is that pretty pink Thrift (*Statice Armeria*), and its plump, elastic mass of close grass-like foliage that we find so flourishing by the sea-side, and call sea-pinks. Its surname "Thrift" is derived from its thriving in all situations, inland and maritime, urban and rural.

Then there is LADY'S BED-STRAW (*Galum verum*), with its thick tufts of tiny yellow flowers, smelling like honey. There is a variety, identical in all respects, save having pure white flowers, and a less powerful scent.

We must not forget the HOLY GRASS (*Hierochloa Borealis*), which in some parts of Prussia is especially dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and strewn before the church doors at her festivals.

And the MARY-GOLD (*Calendula*) was so called from a tradition that was a favourite flower of the Virgin's, and worn by her in her bosom.

Among the plants and flowers dedicated to saints, there is our own beautiful little SAXIFRAGE, that grows so freely on our Irish mountains (*Saxifraga umbrosa*). The Sister Isle has tried to steal it from us, and has called it LONDON PRIDE, and "Queen Anne's Needle-work," and more appropriately, None-so-pretty; but we claim it as ST. PATRICK'S CABBAGE. And somewhat cabbage-like is its tuft of close-lying, broad jagged leaves, from which springs its spike of tiny pink and white flowers, so minutely dotted with red and yellow.

The ROSE-BAY WILLOW HERB (*Epi-lobium angustifolium*), called by the French *Laurier de St. Antoine*, is dedicated to *St. Anthony, the founder of Monachism, on account of its red colour, in allusion to that red disease, the Erysipelas, which raged in France in the eleventh century like a plague, and no remedy found for it till, says tradition, some making intercession through St. Anthony, were healed: thence the malady was called "St. Anthony's Fire." Of St. Anthony it

is related, that, beholding in a vision all the snares and temptations of the world, he felt desponding for the fate of mankind, and exclaimed, "Who then shall escape, O Lord?" and a voice answered—"The humble!" Being asked by a philosopher who came to confer with him, how he could exist in the wilderness to which he had retired, without books? he replied—"My book is God and Nature."

The LESSER CELANDINE (*Ranunculus Ficaria*), because its bright yellow starry flower blossoms about St. Perpetua's day (March 7), is dedicated to that saint, who, a young wife and mother, was thrown to the beasts in the Amphitheatre for her confession of Christianity, and thus martyred at the age of twenty-two, during the persecution of Severus, A.D. 202.

CYCLAMEN opening its purple flowers about February 7. St. Romoald's day is dedicated to that saint, whose story is somewhat romantic. He was of the noble family of the Onesti at Ravenna; and was brought by his father to witness a duel between him and a relative with whom he was at enmity on account of some property. The kinsman was killed, and Romoald was so shocked that he fled from the world, became a monk, and converted his father. He founded the celebrated Monastery of Camaldoli, thirty miles from Florence, in 1009.

The pretty BLUE BELL, with its helmet-shaped blossoms, is dedicated to the Patron of England, the martial St. George.† The white variety is called by the French "the Nun of the Fields." *La Religieuse des Champs*.

The white WINTER CRESS, welcome because it appears so early, when there are so few blossoms, is dedicated to St. Barbara, who suffered martyrdom at Heliopolis, in Egypt, in the time of Galerius, A.D., 306. Her day is in December, in which month the flower blows.

The HOLLYHOCK (*Althæa*) is a corruption of Holy Oak, revered be-

* Born in Egypt about 251, A.D., and being early devout, and afraid of the world's snares, he fled to the desert, where he sustained many preternatural temptations, which have been subjects of painting. At Phaïum, about 305, he founded the first monastery.

† St. George was born in Cappadocia, of noble and Christian parents. He obtained a high rank in the army under Diocletian, but resigned when that Emperor persecuted the Christians. He was tortured and beheaded in 303.

cause brought from the Holy Land by the Crusaders.

Many other venerated flowers there are, dedicated to saints, as among the daffodils, Narcissus, Veronicas, &c., &c., but we have mentioned them in former floral papers.

We must not, however, forget the PASSION FLOWER (*Passiflora*) which was viewed with much reverence by the Portuguese when discovered in Brazil in 1699. They fancied they saw in it a representation of our Lord's crucifixion, and changed its original name, *Murucia*, to *Passion Flower*. As every one may not discern the emblems as easily as the Portuguese discoverers, it may be as well to remark, that the leaf represents the spear; the tendrils the cords for binding; the ten petals, the ten Apostles, two being absent, Peter having deserted his master, and Judas having hanged himself; the pillar, or style in the centre, is the cross, the smaller styles, nails; the stamens, hammers; the inner circle round the pillar, the crown of thorns; the outer radiate circle, a glory; the blue colour represents heaven, the white, purity.

The *Passiflora Elata* has drops like blood on the central pillar, or cross.

As a leave-taking of these religious flowers, we shall conclude our paper with a devotional poem.

THE PRAYER OF THE POOR.

Translated from the French of Lamartine.

(O toi dont l'oreille s'incline
Au nid du pauvre passereau, &c.)

Thou who dost gracious ear incline
E'en to the humble sparrow's nest,
E'en to the flowers and grass that pine
For water on the mountain's breast.

Thou thou dost pity *them* in heaven,
The hand is only known to thee,
That hand whose secret alms are given
To help the needs of poverty.

Thy power did into being bring
Abounding Wealth, Want thin and
nude,
That from their intercourse might
spring
Charity, Justice, Gratitude.

Do thou our benefactors keep
In mem'ry, bounteous Providence!
And let them in thy blessings reap
Their tender pity's recompence.

They for whose weal to thee we sue,
Are from our hearts for ever hid;
Because their left hand never knew
The good their right in secret did.

M. E. M.

MEMOIRS:—GEORGE III. AND THE REGENCY.*

HISTORY, in its highest and most appropriate sense, is one of those refined and subtle essences which are only attained after an elaborate process of biographical exhaustion and mental analysis. The official correspondence of public men, long secreted in the archives of their families, serves at this date to form the raw material of political memoirs: and the works, again, thus formed by a collation of letters illustrative of the policy of successive governments form the raw material of future history. This

species of literature, therefore, if it possess a temporary value liable to be destroyed at any time by the industry of a laborious historian, can boast at least of a constructive character. No just criticism, indeed, can depreciate the ultimate importance of such works as those which form the object of the present review, any more than it can succeed in underrating their present interest. Historical memoirs have gained a new impulse during the last twenty years, and have largely illustrated within that period the an-

* *Memoirs of the Court and Cabinets of George the Third, from original family documents.* By the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, K.G. 4 vols. 1853-55. Hurst and Blackett. London.

Memoirs of the Regency, &c. By the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos. 2 vols. 1856. Hurst and Blackett. London.

nals of England under the House of Brunswick. Nor do we know of any method of treating the history of an important epoch which gives so life-like a representation of the events with which it deals, as that which teaches by a judicious selection of correspondence. Its defectiveness, indeed, is in one respect inevitable; inasmuch as it offers but a partial view of events; and, by dealing with public affairs from its own point of view, distorts the relative importance of particular scenes and particular actors. In this manner, while the present works detail to us the policy of the Grenvilles with a prominence indicative of their own supremacy in the political world, the *Memoirs* of Lord Rockingham, and those of Mr. Fox, necessarily give a totally different complexion to the political *annals* of the same period. It will thus be the task of the historian to reconcile these inevitable inequalities of partial narration; but until such an analysis has been made, it will be the task of the reviewer to examine the additional light which the more important of these historical sketches may throw upon hidden facts of government.

In dealing with works relating to periods of such magnitude and importance, it will of course be impossible to attempt continuous narration. The correspondence here begins with the dissolution of Lord North's Administration, and the consequent termination of the American war in 1782. It thence elucidates questions relative to the Rockingham, Shelburne, and Coalition Ministries; to the final establishment of Mr. Pitt's Government; and to the struggle of that period between the crown and the parliament. We shall therefore endeavour to point out the instances in which the present works serve to enlarge our knowledge of the political affairs to which they relate, by touching upon different subjects singly and disconnectedly.

The year 1782 opened with the final discomfiture of the war party, and of Lord North's Government. During twelve disastrous years, that minister had represented the party opposed to the conciliation of America, which under the preceding Administration of the Duke of Grafton (1766-1770) had inflicted a fatal blow

to British interests in that quarter. These twelve years were replete with great events. At their commencement, the United Kingdom retained the prestige and the power which it had acquired under Chatham. At its close, not only was that power and prestige annihilated, but the country, equally unable to support the war or to endure the government, pronounced against the policy of the administration, established a new one in its place, and recognized the independence of America.

On the 19th of March, 1782, Lord North, after encountering a variety of motions with the alternate fate of a minority and a majority seldom exceeding fifteen voices upon either side, communicated to Parliament the final break-up of the war ministry. The Opposition was then constituted by two distinct parties in the State. That which commanded at once the greatest ability, and the greatest numerical force, was the more liberal branch headed by the Marquess of Rockingham in the House of Lords, and comprehending Mr. Fox, Mr. Burke, Mr. Sheridan, and Lord John Cavendish, in the House of Commons. These were the genuine Whigs—a party so pure, and severely exclusive, that they formed in reality a political caste. The other party was that of which Lord Chatham, up to his death in 1778, had been the head, and which now acknowledged the leadership of Lord Shelburne. The opinions of this party appeared to hold an intervening place between those of the Whigs and Tories. They may perhaps be assimilated to the 'Peelites' of the present day. The coalition of these parties now formed the obvious means of a new Government being established in 1782, much as the coalition of the parties headed by Lord John Russell, and of Lord Aberdeen formed an expedient dictated by the same consideration seventy years afterwards.

Very strong jealousies and antipathies had developed themselves between these parties, even before the out-break of the American war. Lord Chatham had on a former occasion endeavoured to form a combination with Lord Rockingham similar to that of 1782, and so high did the animosity run between the two parties, that Rockingham refused to give Chatham admission to his house. In

1782, however, after so long an estrangement from the Treasury bench, the love of office got the better of a love of jealousy and distrust; and the Whigs, on the condition of the Premiership of Lord Rockingham, agreed to share the sweets of official life with the party of Lord Shelburne. It was endeavoured to establish the Coalition Government which was thus formed, on a balance of jealousies. This equipoise, however, was lost within six months of its formation, by the death of Lord Rockingham. The King, who, distrusting the whole liberal body, preferred nevertheless the least anti-monarchical of the two, and had wished from the outset to see Lord Shelburne at the head of affairs, now insisted on his taking Lord Rockingham's place. Fox, meanwhile, determined to maintain the ascendancy of the Whigs, proposed the Duke of Portland in place of Rockingham, and to the prejudice of Shelburne. When he had submitted this proposal to the King, and was informed that the Treasurer's staff had already been committed to Lord Shelburne, he asked leave to nominate the new Secretary of State in Lord Shelburne's place; and on learning that that place was also already disposed of, resigned office in conjunction with the rest of the Whig leaders. Thus ended, in a few months, the Administration representing the fruit of twelve years of parliamentary opposition.

Thus far, the incidents we are relating are matters of history. But the present Memoirs reveal much of the under-current by which these results were brought about. Fox, it is clear, placed no confidence in the integrity of Shelburne; nor Shelburne in that of the King. When, then, we bear in mind that the integrity of Mr. Fox himself was not of the highest order, we may gain a fair notion of the exalted point of view from which Shelburne must have contemplated the morality of the sovereign! "Lord Shelburne said of the King," says the Duke of Buckingham, "that he possessed one art beyond any man he had ever known; for that by the familiarity of his intercourse he obtained your confidence, procured from you your opinion of different public characters, and then availed himself of

this knowledge to sow dissensions." (vol. 1, p. 27).

The Duke of Buckingham has also brought to light the fact, that Fox himself considered the Administration as defunct from the moment of Lord Rockingham's death; and that the proposal of the Duke of Portland was made simply in the character of an impracticable *ultimatum*, to justify the resignation of the Whigs. This is revealed by a letter of his own.

It must be admitted that this correspondence has served to offer some palliation of the conduct pursued by Mr. Fox towards Lord Shelburne, and to show that public as well as private considerations rendered it difficult for that minister to serve with him while he was undisputed master of the State.

It will be remembered that on the accession of the Rockingham Ministry, it was determined that an envoy should be sent to Paris to negotiate with Franklin, then at that capital, on the terms of a pacification with America. Mr. Thomas Grenville was the statesman selected for that purpose; and it would have been difficult to have made a more judicious selection. While, however, Mr. Grenville was thus publicly accredited in the name of the Government, Lord Shelburne, as it appears from this correspondence, took upon himself to send out a secret envoy without the knowledge of Mr. Fox, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs. This envoy appears to have been charged with the special mission of thwarting Mr. Grenville, and defeating the policy of the majority in the cabinet. It is to be suspected that the king must have been cognisant of the matter, for it is difficult to understand in what manner an envoy proceeding in so anomalous a manner could otherwise have gained the confidence of the authorities in France. This is explained by the following selections from a letter given at length in these memoirs:—

MR. THOMAS GRENVILLE TO MR. FOX.

Paris, June 4th, 1782.

Dear Charles,

I believe I told you in my last that I had very sanguine expectations of Franklin's being inclined to speak out when I should see him next: indeed, he

expressly told me that he would think over all the points likely to establish a solid reconciliation between England and America. . . . For this very interesting communication which I had long laboured to get, he fixed the fourth day, which was last Saturday; but on Friday morning Mr. Oswald came, and having given me your letters, he went immediately to Franklin, to carry some to him. . . . But when I came to lead the discourse (with Franklin) to the subject which he (Franklin) had promised four days before, I was a good deal mortified to find him put it off altogether till he should be more ready; and notwithstanding my reminding him of his promise, he only answered, it should be in some days. What passed between Mr. Oswald and me will explain the reason of this disappointment.

Mr. Oswald told me that Lord Shelburne had proposed to him, when last in England, to take a commission to treat with the American ministers; and that upon his mentioning it to Franklin now, it seemed perfectly agreeable to him, and even to be what he very much wished; Mr. Oswald adding that he wished only to assist the business. He mixed with this a few regrets that there should be any difference between the two offices; and when I asked upon what subject, he said, *owing to the Rockingham party being too ready to give up every thing.*

You will observe, though, for it is on that account that I give you this narrative, that this intended appointment has effectually stopped Franklin's mouth to me; and that when he is told that Mr. Oswald is to be Commissioner for England, it is but natural that he should reserve his confidence for the quarter so pointed out to him; nor does this secret seem only known to Franklin; as Lafayette said, laughing, yesterday, that he had just left *Lord Shelburne's ambassador at Passy.* (i. pp. 34-36.)

This letter proceeds to mention the several points on which Oswald entered into separate and secret negotiation.

Now it is certain that this correspondence reflects more or less discredit upon the Whig coalition, in both its branches. It shows that there was neither honour now confidence in the composition of the Government. The conduct of Lord Shelburne was wholly indefensible, even on the supposition which a passage in the above letter certainly authorises, that Mr. Fox was not very solicitous for the honour of his country, under the delicate task and inevitable necessity of recognising the independence of a rebellious colony. The course open to Shelburne was undoubtedly that of a resignation, in the event of a majority

of the cabinet deciding against his views. On the other hand, it has lately been shown in the Memorials of Mr. Fox, published by Lord John Russell, that that minister was ready to degrade his country in the eyes of the Court of Berlin (see his letters to Frederic the Great); and there was, therefore, grave doubt whether Fox were not as insincere towards his country as was Lord Shelburne towards Fox. The indignation of the Rockingham Whigs, however, knew no bounds, as will be seen in the following extract from the answer of Mr. Fox:—

MR. FOX TO MR. THOMAS GRENVILLE.

St. James', June 10th, 1782.

Dear Grenville,

I received late, the night before last, your very interesting letter of the 4th; and you will easily conceive that I am not a little embarrassed by the contents. . . . I have taken upon me to show your letter to Lord Rockingham, the Duke of Richmond, and Lord John (Cavendish), who are as full of indignation at its contents as one might reasonably expect honest men to be. . . . With these two points we wish to charge Shelburne directly; but pressing as the King is, and interesting as it is both to our own situations and to the affairs of the public, which are, I fear, irretrievably injured by this intrigue, and which must be ruined if it is suffered to go on, we are resolved not to stir a step until we hear again from you. If this matter should produce a rupture, and consequently become more or less the subject of discussion, I am sensible the Canada paper cannot be mentioned by name; but might it not be said that we had discovered that Shelburne had withheld from our knowledge matters of importance to the negotiation? And with respect to the other point, might it not be said, without betraying anybody, that while the King had one avowed and authorised minister at Paris, measures were taken for lessening his credit, and for obstructing his enquiries, by announcing a new intended commission, of which the cabinet had never been apprised? &c. (i. p. 40.)

It appears certain from this letter, that Mr. Fox and his party had contemplated a retirement from the cabinet, even before Lord Rockingham's death. They proposed openly to assail Lord Shelburne in parliament; and they were ready, by implication at least, to assail the king also. Yet these were the Ministers of the Crown! And foremost among the assailants stood the First Lord of the Treasury,

and the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs! It is difficult to say which party is most culpable in these transactions. It was the duty of either party, instead of cherishing secret schemes or smothered resentment, to have submitted the question to the cabinet, and to have abided by that issue. Shelburne might have disclaimed against the contingent dishonour of the country: Fox against the certain dishonesty of the minister. *Utrum horum maior accipe!*

It is, however, only due to Mr. Fox thus to wipe away the stain attaching to the charge of his having thrown up the seals under the influence of a private pique, upon the promotion of Lord Shelburne to the Treasury; for it would have been obviously impossible, whatever were the shortcomings of his own administration, that he should have continued to serve in a Government thenceforth altogether directed by an alien policy. So much for political coalitions!

We now pass to the memorable coalition between Lord North and Mr. Fox, which resulted in the definitive establishment of the Shelburne party in power, under the Premiership of young Pitt.

On the 24th of February, 1783, (as Mr. Grenville writes to Lord Temple) Lord Shelburne, overwhelmed by the confederacy of Mr. Fox and Lord North, gave in his resignation. The correspondence seems, at this point, very strikingly to illustrate the confusion which ensued, and to show that it was only after a hard struggle, after all, that the coalition acceded to power.

"The offer," says Mr. W. Grenville, on the 26th, "has been made to Pitt of the Treasury, with *carte blanche*, which, after two days' deliberation, he has this day refused."

The King, therefore, immediately on the resignation of Shelburne's ministry, must have sought to reconstruct it by raising the defeated Chancellor of the Exchequer to the Premiership. On the 1st of March, he sent for Lord North; but positively declined to negotiate with Mr. Fox. "The king's reluctance to see him," writes the Duke of Buckingham, "could not be overcome; upon that point his majesty was inflexible; and interview after interview followed, ending in the same unsatisfactory way, the country continuing to be kept in a state

of uncertainty and alarm, and, as Mr. Grenville describes it, wholly without any Government whatever."—p. 172.

The Whigs, however, had not coalesced with the Tories for nothing. The King at length endeavoured to tempt the cupidity of Lord North by offering him the Treasury, a scheme which would have at once excluded the party of Mr. Fox, who were determined to enter the Government upon at least equal terms. This proposal rejected, his majesty next suggested, as an *ultimatum*, to place a "neutral person" at the head of affairs. This "neutral person" Mr. Fox insisted should be no other than the Duke of Portland, whom he had previously endeavoured to prefer to Lord Shelburne upon the death of Rockingham. The Duke's "neutrality" was denied by the king, and the scheme rejected. It was not until the 20th of March, after an unparalleled delay of nearly a month, that an administration was finally formed by the concession of the King. His Grace of Portland became nominal Premier, the Government, meanwhile, being virtually directed by the two secretaries of state, Lord North and Mr. Fox. It was so contrived, however, that all the other offices of trust should be conferred upon the Whigs; and the new Administration, therefore, became more odious to the king than that of Lord Rockingham itself. Thus the Whigs came into power once more, using the Duke as a go-between, and Lord North as a cat's paw!

The steps which brought about the fall of this Administration are well known. Mr. Fox's India Bills, which proposed to transfer to a Whig Parliamentary Commission, irresponsible to the crown, the whole executive power of India, were introduced on the 18th of November in the same year. There can be no doubt that this measure was a signal blunder. It promised, indeed, if accomplished, a vast extension of power to the Whig party. But there was a secret cabinet which had the ear of the sovereign, more powerful perhaps than the acknowledged government. This was regarded as headed by Lord Temple, and stood in the interest of the King and the Shelburne party. It is clear, from the correspondence published by the Duke of Buckingham, that the final defeat of these bills in the House of Lords,

which produced the king's dismissal of Ministers, was the work of a secret understanding between his Majesty and Lord Shelburne's party, of both of whom Temple was made the instrument.

From this point the more vivid interest in the Memoirs of the Reign of George III. ceases. We have endeavoured to conduct the reader through the tortuous labyrinth by which the country passed from the firm but disastrous administration of Lord North to the firm and glorious government of Mr. Pitt. It is easy to trace the process by which that great man, at the age of twenty-four, found himself suddenly exalted to the head of affairs. During a year and a half, three successive ministries were created and destroyed. Yet the Administration preceding that brief period had endured for twelve years, and the Administration which followed it endured from 1783 into the following century. Never was a Government created with fairer prospects of durability than that which, in March, 1782, arose under the auspices of the Marquess of Rockingham. It was supported both by town and country—by the aristocracy and the people: it was required to triumph simply over the prepossessions of the King, and the faction still headed by Lord North. Yet it fell, not from external agency, but from intestine disunion. It involved not simply a coalition of men, but a conflict of opinions. The government then formed in its place—formed, as Mr. Sheridan, then out of office, indignantly declared, “not of a coalition of parties, but of the shreds and remnants of parties”—was broken up by a coalition from without, after an existence of some eight months. Finally, the coalition of the two previously defeated parties—the North Tories and the Rockingham Whigs—being, in turn, overthrown at once by royal and public displeasure, all the old elements of parliamentary government were exhausted. The splendid talents of the younger Pitt and the favour of the crown then brought a new generation into irresistible power. If we remember that the personal predilections of the sovereign formed a principal cause of the endurance of Lord North's ministry for twelve years, amid every complication of political blundering and military disaster,

we shall scarcely wonder that the same predilections should have supported, for seventeen years, an administration the greater part of which was passed in profound peace and in commercial enterprise.

We think that our readers will feel more interest in the stirring period of the Regency than in that to which the rest of the earlier Memoirs by the Duke of Buckingham refers. We pass, therefore, at once to the years 1811 and 1812, which witnessed the accession of the Prince of Wales, the assassination of Mr. Percival, the new complications of European affairs, the second American war, and the rise of the famous Liverpool Administration.

It will be remembered that, as the Houses of Parliament were about to adjourn for the Christmas of 1810-11, their festivities were suddenly arrested by the communication of the startling intelligence, that the machinery of government was at an end. The intellect of his majesty had failed him. Mr. Percival was then at the head of the government; and it became essential at once to institute a Regency. It appears that the commission of the government of the country to the Prince of Wales was, from the first moment, acknowledged as inevitable; although it will be remembered that, on the earlier manifestation of the king's malady, twenty years before, Mr. Pitt was strenuously contesting this principle with Mr. Fox, when the recovery of the King terminated the discussion. The collateral relatives of his majesty were now, however, extinct, with the solitary exception of his royal highness of Gloucester; and between the sovereign and this prince there was little, perhaps, to choose. They may be described as standing on the two sides of the boundary of the worlds of sanity and insanity. The duke was, in truth, but just on the safe side of the confines: the king had “gone over the border,” while his return was seriously apprehended at once by the Whigs and the heir to the throne!

After continual ministerial defeats on subordinate questions of detail, the Regency Bill at length became law on the 5th of February, 1811. Our author fails to notice, however, the manner in which it was decreed that any bill could become law when the throne was (morally speaking) vacant. It was

determined that the Lord Chancellor should be considered as the presumptive exponent of the sovereign's will ; and that the assent of this functionary should be held equivalent to the assent of the first estate of the realm. This is one of those instances illustrative of the theory of our constitution which is laid down by Blackstone in the words, "that necessity is above all law." An emergency had arisen, for which the foresight of the constitution had never provided in actual terms. A legal casuist might assert, on the one hand, that every act of the Regency was illegal and null—that no government existed between the illness and the death of the king—and that, consequently, the battle of Waterloo was an act of piracy. It might, again, be asserted, on the other, with an equal amount of plausible sophism, that there was no law in our statute book which restricted the royal prerogative by any considerations of sanity : and that, therefore, the king, sane or insane, was equally entitled to the administration of public affairs. If Parliament had heretofore been able to establish a commission *de lunatico inquirendo* on the sovereign, a verdict of unsound mind might have been returned in more than a single instance. It might be replied, however, at once to all this *badinage*, that such arguments might apply to the act of settlement, and to the act of the Hanoverian succession themselves—that the question at issue was based upon those acts, and merely strove to render the necessities of the state compatible with them, by an application of the principles which they recognised to an existing crisis in public affairs. A Jacobite lawyer, desirous of ridiculing the principles of the Hanoverian succession, and the earlier principles of the act of settlement, might have said plausibly enough, that there was a condition that the sovereign should be a Protestant, but that it was no condition that he should be of sound mind ; and therefore, so predominant was the profession of religious opinion over the possessing intellectual capacity, that a madman and a Protestant would have been preferred to the most intelligent Catholic in the State !

The confidence of the Whigs was now at its height. The Whig cabinet, which the predilections of the Prince were to substitute for that of

Mr. Perceval, was already named in the sacred circle of the Opposition leaders. Lord Grenville was to be premier : Grey, Whitbread, Erskine, Romilly, and other such ancient symbols of opposition, were at length to govern the state. Mr. Perceval was, no doubt, in a very hazardous position. While he ruled at Whitehall, Fox and Sheridan were ruling at Carlton House. Such a state of things has no parallel in our constitutional history. Such innocent favourites as Lord Bateman under the ministry of Lord North (see "Fox's Memoirs"), or the better known Sir Benjamin Bloomfield under that of Lord Liverpool, had often exerted a certain influence over the mind of the Sovereign. But here was the Ministry ruling at Whitehall, and the Parliamentary Opposition intervening between the cabinet and the throne !

In Moore's "Life of Sheridan," it is stated that the Prince of Wales sent immediately for Lords Grenville and Grey to draw up the answer which he should return to the Houses of Parliament. These statesmen, however, very properly refused a charge which should have fallen, of course, on the insulted Perceval. Ministers meanwhile resorted to every scheme for their maintenance in power. Even Sheridan was brought over to their side ; and it is from that circumstance that he first fell into disrepute with his own party. The course which negotiations took at this juncture may thus be caught at a glance from the following extract from the Diary of Mr. Wilberforce :—

Wilberforce makes entry in his diary on the 1st and 2nd of February :—"No one knows what the Prince means to do, whether to change his ministry or not. . . . Lord Bathurst believes they are all to go out ; but Perry, the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, told Stephen that the Prince of Wales has examined the physicians at Carlton House as to the state of the King's health, and has determined against changing his ministers. Otherwise, it had been decided that Lord Grenville was to be First Lord of the Treasury, in spite of his letter to Perceval. . . . I am assured that before the Prince determined upon keeping the present Ministers, he sent to Mrs. Fitzherbert and Lady Hertford, and they both advised it."—(vol. i. p. 30.)

Such is the story of a bed-chamber

plot devised to establish petticoat Government !

Thus, between physicians suborned into making all kinds of contradictory statements regarding the King's health, with a view of influencing the Prince on either side, and the ladies of the Court acting as the diplomatic functionaries employed by the different parties in the legislature, it becomes almost impossible to follow the labyrinth of plots which led at length to the re-establishment of the Tory administration under Mr. Perceval. But the following letter from the Prince, intimating to that minister the course upon which he had resolved, and finally settling the question at issue, bears strong impress, both in style and in matter, of Mr. Sheridan's inditing ; and illustrates the conflict between the professional opinions recorded by the doctors in the Liverpool interest, and the unwilling abdications of power on the part of the Whig leaders :—

“ THE PRINCE OF WALES TO MR. PERCEVAL.

“ Carlton House, Feb. 4, 1811.

“ The Prince of Wales considers the moment to arrive which calls for his decision with respect to the persons to be employed by him in the administration of the executive government of the country, according to the powers vested in him by the Bill passed by the two Houses of Parliament, and now on the point of receiving the sanction of the Great Seal. The Prince feels it incumbent upon him, at this precise moment, to communicate to Mr. Perceval his intention not to remove from their stations those whom he finds there as his Majesty's official servants. At the same time the Prince owes it to the truth and sincerity of his character, which he trusts will appear in every action of his life, in whatever situation placed, explicitly to declare, that *the irresistible impulse of filial duty and affection to his beloved and afflicted parent* [the italics are the Duke's] leads him to dread that any act of the Regent's might, in the smallest degree, have the effect of interfering with the progress of the Sovereign's authority [recovery?]. This consideration alone dictates the decision now communicated to Mr. Perceval.

“ Having thus performed an act of indispensable duty, from a just sense of what is due to his own consistency and honour, the Prince has only to add, that among the many blessings to be derived from his Majesty's restoration to health, and to the personal exercise of his royal functions, it will not, in the Prince's estimation, be the least,

that that most fortunate event will rescue him from a situation of unexampled embarrassment, and put an end to a state of affairs ill-calculated, he fears, to sustain the interests of the United Kingdom in this awful and perilous crisis, and most difficult to be reconciled to the genuine principles of the British Constitution.”—p. 32.

It would certainly be difficult to equal, in point of inconsistency, hypocrisy, and cant, this response of the Whig oracle of Carlton House. What were these “ genuine principles of the British Constitution ” with which the Regent deemed his elevation irreconcilable ? What was the value of all this profession of “ truth and sincerity,” in a letter containing the most obvious falsehood ? Mr. Sheridan's good genius appears to have forsaken him in a critical moment, if we may ascribe to him the chief authorship of this letter ; although, indeed, the Duke of Buckingham supposes that the obliquity of the phraseology is here and there to be referred to the inditing of Lord Sidmouth. The Duke very aptly observes :—“ Be this as it may, its filial professions must be tested by a reference to the conduct of the assumed writer, when the King was in an equally pitiable state, and by his extravagant rejoicings as soon as he could display the resources of his new position.”

The Prince soon vitally offended his ministers, by an insolent habit of corresponding with them through the subordinate officers of the court. In a letter to Earl Temple, we read—

“ That it was very hard for ministers to go on with a man who had secret advisers. They have taken the greatest offence at the Prince Regent's invariably communicating with them individually and officially, when in writing, through the medium of Macmahon and Turner, which is indecorous to them, and quite unprecedented even in the King's practice. Ministers have determined not to submit to it.”

The same letter contains an amusing statement of the monomania which was then afflicting the old King :—

“ Your Lordship well knows the nature of the King's delusions. Suffice it that, within these eight-and-forty hours, he said to the Duke of Sussex, ‘ Is it not a strange thing, Adolphus, that they still refuse to let me go to Lady Pembroke (the old Countess), al-

though every one knows I am married to her; but what is worst of all is, that that infamous scoundrel Halford (Sir Henry) was by at the marriage, and has now the effrontery to deny it to my face."—pp. 50-52.

Before we pass from the subject of the Prince Regent, let us advert to Lord Temple's account of a grand *fête* apparently given in honour of the imbecility of the King, and finely illustrative of the taste of his Royal Highness. Among the principal trophies felicitously designed to compliment the distinguished guests of the Prince, was a "Spanish urn taken from the invincible Armada," *à propos* of the presence of his Excellency the Spanish ambassador! Next came "the royal crown and his Majesty's cypher, splendidly illuminated," *à propos* of the derangement of his Majesty's intellect! Then there were "sixty servants," generally dressed in scarlet liveries, with the exception of a few "in a complete suite of ancient armour," as though standing out in bold relief to the radiant hues of royal servitude. Then came what Sir Samuel Romilly—himself a guest at this inaugurating banquet—terms "a fish-pond, running through a dining-table." "Along the centre of a table two hundred feet long" (explains the Duke), "about six inches from the surface, a canal of pure water continued flowing from a silver fountain, beautifully constructed at the head of the table. Its banks were covered with green moss and aquatic flowers. Gold and silver fish swam and sported through the bubbling current, which produced a pleasing murmur where it fell, and formed a cascade at the outlet"!!! Sir Samuel Romilly remarks, that the incongruities of this marvellous entertainment were most happily characteristic of its princely designer.

It is singular to observe, as the year 1811 dragged its weary length along, how strangely the political predictions of that period were falsified in almost every particular. The return of the Whigs was generally anticipated, even by the Tory leaders. Had those leaders known how soon Perceval would have been lost to them, they would have made no doubt of such a result. It was anticipated that there would be a general coalition against the high party in

the State. There were then three classes of the Opposition: these were the "Old Opposition," whose leadership, on the death of Fox in 1806, had been accounted to devolve on Lord Grey: the "New Opposition," formed by a secession from the government of Mr. Pitt, at first headed by Lord Grenville, but now virtually amalgamated with the elder Whigs: and thirdly, the more anomalous party headed by the Marquess Wellesley and Mr. Canning. Of these two eminent statesmen, the former had quarrelled with Mr. Perceval, much as the latter had done so with Lord Castlereagh, although in Lord Wellesley's case no open hostility had ensued. It was now anticipated that the whole of this party would coalesce under the leadership of Lord Grenville; and assume the government of the country. Who, then, foresaw any event so improbable as the loss of Perceval and the accession of Lord Liverpool, during fifteen years of irresponsible power?

On this head we would especially commend to the notice of the public a letter addressed to Lord Buckingham in 1811, but too voluminous for quotation—(vol. i., pp. 122-28). Lord Wellesley, up to that time in Perceval's Cabinet, was, as it appears from this letter, in a very striking manner doing his utmost to eject Perceval from his own Administration, with a view of becoming its head, and of reinstating Canning. The claims of the different candidates were very nicely poised: and it can hardly be doubted that if the destinies of this country had been committed to a Wellesley and Canning, instead of a Liverpool and Castlereagh administration during the remaining years of the war, the affairs of Europe would ever after have worn a very different complexion from that which they were destined to present.

There is much in the present work which throws light on the domestic relations of the Regent and his brothers. These illustrious princes appear to have constituted anything but a happy family. The Regent and the Duke of Cumberland were, very soon, scarcely upon terms of acquaintance. Mr. W. H. Freemantle, who was frequently about the Court, was a constant correspondent of the then Marquess of Buckingham, who,

it appears, treasured up all the gossip with which his friend could supply him. This gentleman (vol. i., p. 145) gives his lordship an account of the origin of the feud subsisting between these exalted personages, in the following terms:—

While the Princess Charlotte was at Ostlands, she was endeavouring to dance the Scotch step called the Highland fling, and there was a laugh in endeavouring to make Adam (who was one of the party) teach her. The Prince got up and said he would show her; and in doing so evidently wrenched his ankle: this took place ten days ago, since which he has never been out of his bed. He complained of violent pain and spasmodic affection; for which he prescribed for himself, and took a hundred drops of laudanum every three hours. * * * He will sign nothing, and converse with no one on business (I speak up to yesterday); and you may imagine therefore the distress and difficulty in which Ministers are placed. *The Duke of Cumberland is going about saying it is all sham, and that he could get up, and would be perfectly well if he pleased.* I protest, I think he is so worried and perplexed by all the prospect before him, and by the necessity which now arises for his taking a definitive step, that it has harassed his mind and rendered him totally incapable, for want of nerves, of doing anything; and in order to shun the necessity, he encourages the illness and continues to lie in bed.—(pp. 145, 46).

This is certainly a deplorable picture of the head of the British Government, in a period of peril and of war. While the forces of Napoleon were once more compassing the destruction of our national liberties—while our armies in Spain were preparing for that heroic effort for the subjugation of the French authority in the south, which resulted in the capture of Madrid—while we were threatened much as we are threatened now with hostilities from the other shores of the Atlantic,—never was greater injustice encountered by an able Administration.

To continue, however, this family portraiture, Mr. Freemantle tells Lord Buckingham in another letter, that—

There has been a complete quarrel between him (the Regent) and the Duke of C—, for the cause I before mentioned to you, and another subject relating to a German officer of the 15th Dragoons. The Prince has had no explanation with him, but

has determined never to see him alone; and now, when he calls, the Prince always keeps some one in the room.—(p. 162).

This amusing gossip, Mr. Freemantle proceeds to give as the grounds of a yet more deadly quarrel between the Dukes of Cumberland and Clarence. The interference of his Royal Highness of Cumberland turned, on this occasion, upon the fair sex:—

You have probably heard all the history of the Duke of Clarence. Before he went to Ramsgate he wrote to Lady C— L—, to propose, who wrote him [Mr. Freemantle is evidently too ardent a gossip to be very grammatical] a very proper letter in answer, declining the honour in the most decided terms. After his arrival, he proposed three or four times more: and on his return to town, sent her an abstract of the Royal Marriage Act, altered, as he said it had been agreed to, by the Prince of Wales, whom he had consulted; and also conveyed the queen's best wishes and regards—to neither of whom he had said one word on the subject (!) Upon finding she had accepted Pole (who, by-the-by, is solely indebted to him for this acceptance) he wrote to Lord Keith to propose for Miss Elphinstone, who in the most decided and peremptory terms rejected him: he is, notwithstanding, gone to his house (!)

During all this, when he returned to town, he wrote to Mrs. Jordan at Bushy, to say she might have half the children—viz., five; and he would allow her £600 per annum. She is most stout in rejecting all compromise till he has paid her what he owes her; she stating that during the twenty years she has lived with him, he has constantly received and spent all her earnings by acting; and that she is now a beggar by living with and at times supporting him. This she repeats to all the neighbourhood of Bushy, where she remains and is determined to continue.

While all his (the Duke of Clarence's) gallantry was going on at Ramsgate, the Duke of Cumberland, who must interfere in everything, apprised Mrs. Jordan of what he was doing. Mrs. Jordan then writes him a most furious letter, and another to the Duke of Cumberland, to thank him for the information. By mistake, she directs them wrong, the consequence of which is that there has been, of course, a scene between the two brothers, &c.

Now it is impossible to imagine charges more discrediting than these to the character of King William IV. To begin with, while there is already a lady at Bushy by whom he has had

a family of ten children, he solicits marriage with a high-born and accomplished lady, whose name is not to be concealed by the initials, whom he knows that he can no more render his wife than he can render Mrs. Jordan his wife. No sooner is this proposal rejected, than he is described by Mr. Freeman as repeating it, and supporting the application by three flagrant falsehoods. He first tells the lady, who is supposed to be ignorant as to the power of the Crown to repeal an Act of Parliament, that he has obtained from the Prince an alteration of the Marriage Act, which he must have well known that the Regent had no power to change. Secondly, it appears, if this writer is to be credited that he had never seen the Prince on the subject: and thirdly, the message from the Queen, evidently contrived with a view of intimating the royal favour towards the lady in question, was, it appears, a fraud and a lie.

No sooner, again, is this lady engaged to another, than he precipitately transfers his affections to a daughter or ward of Lord Keith. He declines to take a refusal: and a Duke of the third royal grade to the house of a *baronet peer*, to "reopen the question," and possibly to be kicked out. Then there is the discrediting circumstance of Mrs. Jordan telling all the inhabitants of Bushy, that *somehow* inverting the usual relations of life, the Duke of Clarence has *not* kept her, but that she has kept the Duke; that she is now a beggar for her generosity and folly; and that the Duke purposed to pay her a certain sum sufficient to keep herself and half her children, in lieu of his equantering, during twenty years, of all her earnings as an actress! Then finally comes the meddling of the Duke of Cumberland, the inadvertence of Mrs. Jordan in putting the wrong letters into the wrong envelopes; and the scene ends in an explosion between the two Dukes, something between a comedy, a tragedy, and an extravaganza!

We must say, here, as dispassionate critics, that we think that the Duke of Buckingham, before he published such charges against the conduct of a sovereign whose latter years at least have endeared his memory to his people, ought to have produced some

corroborative evidence of their truth. These letters generally emanate from quarters which preclude our dismissing the statements they contain as idle fabrications. It is, therefore, only fair to all parties that the character of any man, living or dead, high or low in social station, should not be thus carelessly dealt with, and be made dependant upon the gossip of a courtier. We hope that his Grace, in another edition of this book, will give us some careful annotation on points of importance such as that of which we now speak. They will greatly increase the merit of his work, and they may afford scope for the development of the critical abilities of which he shows himself to be possessed.

We now pass to some very curious correspondence, illustrative of the internal dissensions subsisting between the different parties in the State. The authorship of these communications is left in obscurity. They are addressed to "the Marquess of Buckingham;" but his Grace studiously conceals the name of the writer, which leads to a plausible supposition that they must be written by a living politician: and that politician, too, one who had access to the political secrets of the day, if not a cabinet minister.

The Prince, it appears from these letters, cordially hated Mr. Percival; and that minister, it seems, held office on the precarious tenure of the royal indulgence. The Regent, in truth, would rather go on with a minister whom he mistrusted and despised, than encounter the embarrassments of a change.

Here is an instance of the cordiality subsisting between Prince and minister:—

The little scheme I enclosed your lordship for the proposed double establishment to be moved for the next day of the meeting of Parliament, was perfectly correct. . . . but some restlessness of Percival's upon that point induced him to reopen it very unexpectedly by a fresh project, that the grant to defray the early expenses of the Regency should only extend to £100,000 instead of £150,000, as at first agreed on; which, after a severe struggle with himself, and no small bitterness towards Mr. Percival, to whom he made use of the following strong language:—"Sir, I am not afraid of your bringing the whole of my debts before the country, *provided you don't misrepresent me*;" he consented to take, &c.; p. 171.

Here, again, is an instance of his Royal Highness's jealous keeping of the royal prerogative, as against his minister :—

Another curious proof of the light in which Percival is held by the Prince occurs in the confidence which passed respecting the Bishopric of Oxford. When the latter mentioned his intention of giving it away to William Jackson, Mr. Percival immediately said :—

"On that point, sir, I am positively pledged."

"Positively pledged, Mr. Percival?" said the Prince; "positively pledged to give away one of my bishoprics! I don't understand you."

To this the embarrassed minister replies :—

"I mean that it was the King's positive and declared intention to give it to Dean Legge."

"Mr. Percival," said the Prince, "if I had any direct intimation of what were really the King's wishes upon the subject, I would not only make Dean Legge Bishop of Oxford, but Archbishop of Canterbury, if it were in my power; but as this is not the case, I shall make my own Bishop. And further, I desire never to hear what were the King's wishes upon such subjects through a third person."

The following sketch from the same source is well worthy of attention :—

Canning is in Wellesley's hands. He builds upon that separation of the present cabinet in his favour, to which I have already adverted. I do not observe that any inroad upon opposition is meditated, save in the person of Whitbread, whose objects are high office for himself, and a peerage for his wife (!) The Sidmouths the Prince never will employ, having the greatest personal dislike to their chief.—P. 192.

Thus we find in another letter, when the final separation between Wellesley and Percival had taken place, that the latter recommended Lord Sidmouth to fill the Marquess's place :—

"Is it possible, Mr. Percival," said the Prince, "that you are ignorant of my feelings and sentiments towards that person?"

On the 11th of May, 1812, Mr. Percival was shot in the lobby of the House of Commons by Bellingham, "an applicant," as the Duke

correctly states, "for a recompense from Government for the losses he had experienced in Russia." But his Grace has repeated the old story, that the murderer had committed this deed in enmity with the minister for the course which he had taken. We believe it to be beyond question that Bellingham mistook the premier for Lord Granville, who had been sent into the Baltic after the treaty of Tilsit, and to whose conduct in matters originating from that embassy, Bellingham's grievances were, in his own mind at least, to be ascribed.

The Prime Minister, however, thus suddenly lost to his country, Government fell into total confusion. The rising hopes of the Opposition were effectually damped by the extraordinary animosity which the Prince had begun to conceive for them. Mr. Thomas Grenville tells us (vol. i., p. 300) that, "Lord Carysfort quotes Lord Grey for saying that the Prince, the day before yesterday, in speaking of the opposition, said 'his own friends had behaved to him like scoundrels, but that Lord Grenville he had no complaint against.'"

The story of the famous Liverpool Administration is soon told. The important question now submitted to the ministers was, whether, on their agreeing to the premiership of any public man then in the cabinet, they could carry on the Government without a junction either with Lords Grey and Grenville, or with Lord Wellesley and Mr. Canning. So doubtful were the answers returned individually to this question, which the Prince had instructed the Chancellor to propound, that a negotiation with the latter was resolved on.

Lord Liverpool (says the Duke) made his first proposal to Mr. Canning on the 17th of May, the details of which have been recorded in a minute; for, in all these transactions, the parties treated with insisted that everything should be put into black and white. This was taken down by them, and corrected, and authenticated by the opposite negotiator. . . . The minute then proceeds to state that it was understood that Lord Castlereagh was to preserve the position in the Government and in the House of Commons he at present held; that his colleagues were desirous that Lord Liverpool should be at the head of the Administration, which was known to the Prince Regent; and that no change was anticipated in the policy of the Government towards Roman Catholics.—p. 306.

While the Prince, under these difficulties, was once more relapsing into his normal lethargy, and was resolved rather to put on with the headless administration which now nominally conducted the state, a motion was carried in the House of Commons at the instance of Mr. Stuart Wortley, calling on the Regent to establish "a strong and efficient administration." This produced the immediate resignation of the headless Cabinet. The Prince now hoisted general signals of distress. He first sent for Lord Wellesley. The Wellesley negotiation seems to have been based on the double principle of the inclusion of Roman Catholic claims, and the exclusion of petticoat government. The Duke tells us, quoting from Mr. Grenville—

"It is reported that the Prince, in conversation with Wellesley, said he knew Wellesley must be shocked at the grossness of female connexions being adverted to in political controversies: and that Wellesley answered that he had female connexions enough, and that he did not care who knew of them: but he took ample care that no woman should have anything to say to him on the subject of politics."—P. 309.

The Catholic question, however, presented an effectual barrier to a Conservative reunion. After some negotiation between Canning and Lord Liverpool, and again between him and Lord Grenville, everything again fell through. The formation of a Government seemed as hopeless a task as the dethronement of Napoleon. Wellesley finally resigned the commission.

Lord Liverpool appears to have been now charged to concert a Government at all risks and hazards. The only interesting feature in the commission which devolved on this minister is to be found in the endeavours by which it was sought to establish a concert between Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning. The interview here brought about between the two rivals is thus vividly described by the anonymous correspondent of Lord Buckingham:—

"In two days after this, Canning and Castlereagh had the proposed meeting, which apparently was a very cordial one; shaking hands, mutual acknowledgments of heat—happiness at meeting—professions of regard—wish for renewal of connexion, and great admiration of each other's talents, integrity,

&c., were interchanged. . . . It was first mooted that Canning should return to his old situation at the Foreign Office, to which Castlereagh agreed, on its being expressly stipulated in writing that he was to continue to manage the House of Commons—a point which he would not, holding himself successor of 'the great and good Mr. Perceval,' ever recede from. To this Mr. Canning objected (proposing a compromise). . . . This proposition Castlereagh positively rejected, repeating the same thing over and over again, of his pious regard to the memory of Mr. Perceval, &c.; and the meeting broke up *re infecta*."—pp. 399-400.

Thus, then, the disavowance of Canning from the high Tory party took place from 1812 to 1822—a period of ten years—at the close of which he succeeded, on the catastrophe which occurred to Castlereagh (then Lord Londonderry), to the Foreign Office and the lead in the House of Commons. He had, indeed, at an intervening period accepted the subordinate position of President of the Board of Control—a policy which must imply that he had lived to regret his refusal of the offer of the Foreign Office in 1812. Indeed, if Canning had foreseen the glorious period which was about to open upon Europe in that juncture, in which a British minister could do more by diplomacy than by his position upon the treasury bench, there can be no doubt he would have cheerfully surrendered the leadership to Lord Castlereagh; and would have maintained, titularly as a subordinate minister, the primacy in parliament. This, we think, was not only the most unfortunate step in Mr. Canning's career, but it was a blunder upon his part; for he ought to have seen that his splendid oratorical and debating abilities would have cast into the shade the nominal leadership of his rival, whatever had been the prominence which events might have given to his departmental functions. In truth, the only means of attaining a *practical* equality between Canning and Castlereagh, was by conceding to the latter, as he perhaps himself fore-saw, a *titular* superiority.

The second volume of the Memoirs of the Regency has far less merit than the first. His Grace of Buckingham gives a long and not unini-

teresting narrative of Queen Caroline, then Princess of Wales; but there is very little of a novel character to be gleaned from this dissertation; nor are any illustrative letters annexed of any considerable value. The subject, indeed, of the Regency was scarcely one which naturally admitted of two such bulky volumes as those which have been devoted to it. There is also a long discussion on the subject of the Holy Alliance, without the merit of a communication of further knowledge on the designs by which its originators are generally supposed to have been actuated.

We feel called upon, however, to advert to the chapter relating to the death of Sheridan; because his Grace has republished without comment the story which until lately received general credit, and which ascribed to the Prince of Wales a total neglect of that great man in his distress. The duke has further quoted the insolent lines applied to the Prince by Tom Moore, as a characterisation of his behaviour to Sheridan.

Now it happens that the publication of Moore's Memoirs by Lord John Russell, elicited, from another quarter, the publication of a statement made by the Prince himself, on the first appearance of this charge shortly after the orator's death, being an unequivocal and also a very circumstantial contradiction of the accusation. According to this counter-statement [See a recent number of the *Quarterly Review*, containing a review of Moore's Memoirs, evidently from a very old and recognisable hand], it appears that Sheridan, after being defeated in his election in 1812, received a generous offer of the Prince's assistance to ensure his election by some other constituency; on terms, indeed, somewhat controlling his independence, yet such as Sheridan would generally not have hesitated to have accepted in haste and evaded at leisure. Sheridan, while rejecting this offer, writes to a friend proposing to raise "an intrigue" which should induce the Prince to advance £4,000, in order to enable him "to buy a borough." He obtains the money; and the Prince finally discovers the imposition. From that time all communications cease between Sheridan and the Court. At length, in 1816, the Prince's secretary

informs his master that an application has been made on behalf of Sheridan, who is represented to be dying in circumstances of destitution. The Prince immediately advances £500. Mr. Sheridan's friend is "with difficulty induced to accept so much as £200." This, however, he *does take* to expend on the comforts of the dying orator. Three days afterwards he returns to the Prince's secretary, asserting that Mrs. Sheridan's friends had taken care that "he should want for nothing," and restores the £200. The Prince hears no more till he learns that Sheridan is dead.

This is the simple statement of George IV. made impromptu, on learning the calumny circulated by Moore, and taken down at the time of its delivery. Now is it possible to believe that the Prince could have betrayed the impudence requisite for the spontaneous fabrication of a story so circumstantial? And, even supposing that such a story could have been thus concocted, it is obvious that no man would have ventured thus to put on record a deliberate and monstrous lie, while there were those living who would have been as able as they would have been willing emphatically to contradict it. We certainly think, therefore, that it is high time that such a stigma upon the Regent should be removed; inasmuch as there is a vast preponderance of evidence and of probability in favour of the statement communicated by the Prince.

It is difficult to surmise, amid as well the variety as the splendour of the intellectual development which adorned the period of the Regency and of the reign of George III., what will be the ultimate character which history will impart to it. If we remember the complaint of Cicero against Rome, in the age of its transcendent glory, that it had produced many illustrious generals, but very few even tolerable orators, we may look back with peculiar pride on this splendid passage in English history, as representing an epoch which filled all the theatres of political life with the grandest and most capacious intellect that the world has seen. There we find at once statesmen, orators, and generals, such as no other country ever before excelled, and such as few other countries ever before pro-

duced. There were the elder and the younger Pitt standing unequalled in foresight, in ability, and in power; until it seemed as though that political supremacy which the Medicis usurped in their own free state, through the descent of their private wealth, was destined to be transmitted to the house of Pitt, as an intellectual birthright. There, too, were such orators as Fox, and Sheridan, and Burke, and Canning, and Grattan. There arose a great military commander such as Bonaparte alone could rival, and who finally overshadowed the romantic fame of Bonaparte himself. And if we turn from hence to the peaceful ornaments of life, we find no less splendid a constellation of poetical originality. It is thus hard to predict whether the splendour of the oratorical development—the gigantic magnitude of the continental struggle, which brought to view the great naval and military commanders of these isles, as though the heroes of antiquity were once more produced upon the earth—or

the rivalry which literature maintained against statesmanship and arms—will hereafter arrogate the foreground in the history of these sixty years.

But one prediction may be safely entertained, that on whichever side the weight of genius and originality may incline, IRELAND will at least contribute the largest share to the intellectual splendour of Great Britain in that age. Wellington was hers: Sheridan was hers: Burke was hers: Canning and Grattan and Moore, and many another illustrious name, were also hers. Amid the differences of nationality, the the complaints of misgovernment, and the clamours for a legislative disavowance, there will ever remain this bond of union between the two countries: that the sons of Ireland fought the battles, and created the intellectual renown, by which either nation was at once delivered from the perils of war, and maintained in the honours, the arts, and advantages of peace.

THE FORTUNES OF GLENCORE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A DUKE AND HIS MINISTER.

In this age of the world, when everybody has been everywhere, seen everything, and talked with everybody, it may savour of an impertinence if we ask of our reader if he has ever been at Massa. It may so chance that he has not, and if so, as assuredly has he yet an untasted pleasure before him.

Now, to be sure, Massa is not as it once was. The little Duchy, whose capital it formed, has been united to a larger state. The distinctive features of a metropolis, and the residence of a sovereign Prince, are gone. The life, and stir, and animation which surround a Court have subsided; grass-grown streets and deserted squares replace the busy movement of former days; a dreamy weariness seems to have fallen over every one, as though life offered no more prizes for exertion, and that the day of her ambition was set for ever.

Yet are there features about the spot which all the chances and changes of political fortune cannot touch. Dynasties may fall, and thrones crumble, but the eternal Apennines will still rear their snow-clad summits towards the sky. Along the vast plain of ancient olives, the perfumed wind will still steal at evening, and the blue waters of the Mediterranean plash lazily among the rocks, over which the myrtle and the arbutus are hanging. There, amidst them all, half hid in clustering vines, bathed in soft odors from orange groves, with plashing fountains glittering in the sun, and foaming streams gushing from the sides of marble mountains, there stands Massa—ruined, decayed, and deserted; but beautiful in all its desolation, and fairer to gaze on than many a scene where the tide of human fortune is at the flood.

As you wander there now, passing the deep arch over which, hundreds of feet above you, the ancient fortress frowns, and enter the silent streets, you would find it somewhat difficult to believe how, a very few years back, this was the brilliant residence of a Court, the gay resort of strangers from every land of Europe, that showy equipages traversed these weed-grown squares, and high-born dames swept proudly beneath these leafy alleys. Hard indeed to fancy the glittering throng of courtiers, the merry laughter of light-hearted beauty, beneath these trellised shades, where, moodily and slow, some solitary figure now steals along, "pondering sad thoughts over the by-gone."

But a few—a very few years ago, and Massa was in the plenitude of its prosperity. The revenues of the state were large, more than sufficient to have maintained all that such a city could require, and nearly enough to gratify every caprice of a Prince whose costly tastes ranged over every theme, and found in each a pretext for reckless expenditure. He was one of those men whom nature, having gifted largely, takes out the compensation by a disposition of instability and fickleness that renders every acquirement valueless. He could have been anything—orator, poet, artist, soldier, statesman; and yet, in the very diversity of his abilities, there was that want of fixity of purpose, that left him ever short of success, till he himself, wearied by repeated failures, distrusted his own powers, and ceased to exert them.

Such a man, under the hard pressure of a necessity, might have done great things; as it was, born to a princely station, and with a vast fortune, he became a reckless spendthrift—a dreary visionary at one time, an enthusiastic dilettante at another. There was not a scheme of government he had not eagerly embraced and abandoned in turn. He had attracted to his little capital all that Europe could boast of artistic excellence, and as suddenly he had thrown himself into the most intolerant zeal of Papal persecution—denouncing every species of pleasure, and ordaining a more than monastic self-denial and strictness. There was only one mode of calculating what he might do, which

was, by imagining the very opposite to what he then was. Extremes were his delight, and he undulated between Austrian tyranny and democratic licentiousness in politics; just as he vacillated between the darkest bigotry of his church and open infidelity.

At the time when we desire to present him to our readers, (the exact year is not material,) he was fast beginning to weary of an interregnum of asceticism and severity. He had closed theatres and suppressed all public rejoicings; and for an entire winter he had sentenced his faithful subjects to the unbroken sway of the Priest and the Friar,—a species of rule which had banished all strangers from the Duchy; and threatened, by the injury to trade, the direst consequences to the capital. To have brought the question formally before him in all its details, would have ensured the downfall of any minister rash enough for such daring. There was, indeed, but one man about the court who had courage for the enterprise; and to him we would devote a few lines as we pass. He was an Englishman, named Stubber; he had originally come out to Italy with horses for his Highness; and been induced, by good offers of employment, to remain. He was not exactly stable-groom, nor trainer, nor was he of the dignity of master of the stables; but he was something whose attributes included a little of all and something more. One thing he assuredly was: a consummately clever fellow, who could apply all his native Yorkshire shrewdness to a new sphere; and make of his homely faculties the keen intelligence by which he could guide himself in novel and difficult circumstances.

A certain freedom of speech, with a bold hardihood of character, based, it is true, upon a conscious sense of honor, had brought him more than once under the notice of the Prince. His Highness felt such pleasure in the outspoken frankness of the man, that he frequently took opportunities of conversing with him, and even asking his advice. Never deterred by the subject, whatever it was, Stubber spoke out his mind, and by the very force of strong native sense, and an unswerving power of determination, soon impressed his master that his

best counsels were to be had from the Yorkshire jockey, and not from the decorated and cordoned throng who filled the anti-chambers.

To elevate the groom to the rank of personal attendant; to create him a Chevalier and then a Count, were all easy steps to such a Prince. At the time we speak of, Stubber was chief of the cabinet—the trusted adviser of his master in the knottiest questions of foreign politics—the arbiter of the most difficult questions with other states, the highest authority in home affairs, and the absolute ruler over the Duke's household, and all who belonged to it. He was one of those men of action who speedily distinguish themselves wherever the game of life is being played; smart to discern the character of those around him—prompt to avail himself of their knowledge—little hampered by the scruples which conventionalities impose on men bred in a higher station—he generally attained his object before others had arranged their plans to oppose him. To these qualities he added a rugged, unflinching honesty, and a loyal attachment to the person of his Prince. Strong in his own conscious rectitude, and in the confiding regard of his sovereign, Stubber stood alone against all the wiles and machinations of his formidable rivals.

Were we giving a history of this curious court and its intrigues, we could relate some strange stories of the mechanism by which states are ruled. We have, however, no other business with the subject than as it enters into the domain of our own story, and to this we return.

It was a calm evening of the early autumn, as the prince, accompanied by Stubber alone, and unattended by even a groom, rode along one of the alleys of the olive wood which skirts the sea shore beneath Massa. His Highness was unusually moody and thoughtful, and as he sauntered carelessly along, seemed scarcely to notice the objects about him.

"What month are we in, Stubber?" asked he at length.

"September, Altezza," was the short reply.

"Per Bacco! so it is, and in this very month we were to have been in Bohemia with the Arch-duke Stephen—the best shooting in all Europe and

the largest stock of pheasants in the whole world perhaps; and I, that love field sports as no man ever loved them! Eh, Stubber?" and he turned abruptly around to seek a confirmation of what he asserted. Either Stubber did not fully agree in the judgment, or did not deem it necessary to record his concurrence, but the prince was obliged to reiterate his statement, adding, "I might say, indeed, it is the one solitary dissipation I have ever permitted myself."

Now this was a stereotyped phrase of his highness, and employed by him respecting music, literature, field sports, picture-buying, equipage, play, and a number of other pursuits not quite so pardonable, in each of which, for the time, his zeal would seem to be exclusive.

A scarcely audible ejaculation, a something like a grunt from Stubber, was the only assent to this proposition.

"And here I am," added the prince testily, "the only man of my rank in Europe perhaps, without society, amusement, or pleasure, condemned to the wearisome details of a petty administration, and actually a slave—yes, sir—I say, a slave. What the deuce is this? My horse is sinking above his pasterns. Where are we, Stubber?" and with a vigorous dash of the spurs he extricated himself from the deep ground.

"I often told your highness that these lands were ruined for want of drainage. You may remark how poor the trees are along here; the fruit, too, is all deteriorated—all for want of a little skill and industry; and if your highness remarked the appearance of the people in that village, every second man has the ague on him."

"They did look very wretched, and why is it not drained? Why isn't every thing done as it ought, Stubber? Eh?"

"Why isn't your highness in Bohemia?"

"Want of means, my good Stubber; no money; my man, Landetti, tells me the coffer is empty, and until this new tax on the Colza comes in, we shall have to live on our credit, or our wits—I forget which, but I conclude they are about equally productive."

"Landetti is a ladro," said Stubber

"He has money enough to build a new wing to his chateau in Senarizza, and to give fifty thousand scudi of fortune to his daughter, though he can't afford your Highness the common necessities of your station."

"Per Bacco! Billy, you are right; you must look into these accounts yourself. They always confuse me."

"I have looked into them, and your Highness shall have two hundred thousand francs to-morrow on your dressing table, and as much more within the week."

"Well done, Billy; you are the only fellow who can unmask these rogues. If I had only had you with me long ago! Well! well! well! it is too late to think of now. What shall we do with this money? Bohemia is out of the question now. Shall we rebuild the San Felice? It is really too small; the stage is crowded with twenty people on it. There's that gate towards Carrara—when is it to be completed?—there's a figure wanted for the centre pedestal. As for the fountain, it must be done by the municipality. It is essentially the interest of the townspeople. You'd advise me to spend the money in draining these low lands, or in a grant to that new company for a pier at Marino; but I'll not; I have other thoughts in my head. Why should not this be the centre of art to the whole Peninsula? Carrara is a city of sculptors. Why not concentrate their efforts here—by a gallery? I have myself some glorious things—the best group Canova ever modelled—the original Ariadne, too—far finer than the thing people go to see at Frankfort. Then there's Tanderini's Shepherd with the Goats. Who lives yonder, Stubber? What a beautiful garden it is!" And he drew up short in front of a villa, whose grounds were terraced in a succession of gardens, down to the very margin of the sea. Plants and shrubs of other climates were mingled with those familiar to Italy, making up a picture of singular beauty, by diversity of colour and foliage.

"Isn't this the 'Ombretta,' Stubber?"

"Yes, Altezza; but the Morelli have left it. It is set now to a stranger—a French lady. Some call her English, I believe."

"To be sure; I remember. There was a demand about a formal permission to reside here. Landetti

advised me not to sign it—that she might turn out English, or have some claim upon England, which was quite equivalent to placing the Duchy, and all within it, under that blessed thing they call British protection."

"There are worse things than even that," muttered Stubber.

"British occupation perhaps you mean; well, you may be right. At all events, I did not take Landetti's advice, for I gave the permission, and I have never heard more of her. She must be rich, I take it. See what order this place is kept in; that conservatory is very large indeed, and the orange trees are finer than ours."

"They seem very fine, indeed," said Stubber.

"I say, sir, that we have none such at the Palace. I'll wager a zecchino they have come from Naples; and look at that magnolia. I tell you, Stubber, this garden is very far superior to ours."

"Your Highness has not been in the Palace gardens lately, perhaps. I was there this morning, and they are really in admirable order."

"I'll have a peep inside of these grounds, Stubber," said the Duke, who, no longer attentive to the other, only followed out his own train of thought. At the same instant he dismounted, and without giving himself any trouble about his horse, made straight for a small wicket which lay invitingly open in front of him. The narrow skirting of copse passed, the Duke at once found himself in the midst of a lovely garden, laid out with consummate skill and taste, and offering at intervals the most beautiful views of the surrounding scenery. Although much of what he beheld around him was the work of many years, there were abundant traces of innovation and improvement. Some of the statues were recently placed, and a small temple of Grecian architecture seemed to have been just restored. A heavy curtain hung across the doorway; drawing back which, the Duke entered what he at once perceived to be a sculptor's studio. Casts and models lay carelessly about, and a newly begun group stood enshrouded in the wetted drapery with which artists clothe their unfinished labors. No mean artist himself, the Duke examined critically the figures before him, nor was he long

in perceiving that the artist had committed more than one fault in drawing and proportion. "This is amateur work," said he to himself, "and yet not without cleverness and a touch of genius too. Your dilettante scorns anatomy, and will not submit to drudgery; hence, here are muscles incorrectly developed, and their action ill expressed." So saying, he sat down before the model, and taking up one of the tools at his side, began to correct some of the errors in the work. It was exactly the kind of task for which his skill adapted him. Too impatient and too discursive to accomplish anything of his own, he was admirably fitted to correct the faults of another, and so he worked away vigorously—totally forgetting where he was, how he had come there, and as utterly oblivious of Stubber whom he had left without. Growing more and more interested as he proceeded, he arose at length to take a better view of what he had done, and standing some distance off, exclaimed aloud, "Per Bacco! I have made a good thing of it—there's life in it now."

"So indeed is there," cried a gentle voice behind him, and turning he beheld a young and very beautiful girl, whose dress was covered by the loose blouse of a sculptor. "How I thank you for this!" said she, blushing deeply as she curtsied before him. "I have had no teaching—and never till this moment knew how much I needed it."

"And this is your work, then?" said the Duke, who turned again towards the model. "Well, there is promise in it. There is even more. Still you have hard labour before you, if you would be really an artist. There is a grammar in these things, and he who would speak the tongue must get over the declensions. I know but little myself—"

"Oh do not say so," cried she, eagerly; "I feel that I am in a master's presence."

The Duke started, partly struck by the energy of her manner; in part by the words themselves. It is often difficult for men in his station to believe that they are not known and recognized, and so he stood wondering at her, and thinking who she could be that did not know him to be the prince. "You mistake me," said he gently, and with that dignity which is the birthright of those born to com-

mand. "I am but a very indifferent artist. I have studied a little, it is true; but other pursuits and idleness have swept away the small knowledge I once possessed, and left me, as to art, pretty much as I am in morals—that is, I know what is right, but very often I can't accomplish it."

"You are from Carrara, I conclude?" said the young girl timidly, still curious to hear more about him.

"Pardon me!" said he, smiling, "I am a native of Massa, and live here."

"And are you not a sculptor by profession?" asked she, still more eagerly.

"No," said he, laughing pleasantly; "I follow a more precarious trade, nor can I mould the clay I work in, so deftly."

"At least you love art," said she, with an enthusiasm heightened by the changes he had effected in her group.

"Now it is my turn to question, Signorina," said he, gaily. "Why, with a talent like yours, have you not given yourself to regular study? You live in a land where instruction should not be difficult to obtain. Carrara is one vast studio; there must be many there who would not alone be willing, but even proud to have such a pupil. Have you never thought of this?"

"I have thought of it," said she, pensively, "but my aunt, with whom I live, desires to see no one, to know no one—even now," added she, blushing deeply, "I find myself conversing with an utter stranger, in a way—" She stopped, overwhelmed with confusion, and he finished her sentence for her.

"In a way which shows how naturally a love of art establishes a confidence between those who possess it." As he spoke, the curtain was drawn back, and a lady entered, who, though several years older, bore such a likeness to the young girl that she might readily have been taken for her sister.

"It is at length time I should make my excuses for this intrusion, madame," said he, turning towards her, and then in a few words explained how the accidental passing by the spot and the temptation of the open wicket had led him to a trespass, "which," added he, smiling, "I can only say, I shall be charmed if you will condescend to retaliate. I, too, have some objects of art, and gardens

which are thought worthy of a visit."

"We live here, sir, apart from the world. It is for that reason we have selected this residence," replied she, coldly.

"I shall respect your seclusion, madame," answered he, with a deep bow, "and only beg once more to tender my sincere apologies for the past. He moved towards the door as he spoke, the ladies curtsied deeply, and with a still lowlier reverence he passed out.

The Duke lingered in the garden, as though unwilling to leave the spot. For a while some doubt as to whether he had been recognised passed through his mind, but he soon satisfied himself that such was not the case, and the singularity of the situation amused him.

"I am culling a souvenir, madame," said he, plucking a moss-rose as the lady passed.

"I will give you a better one, sir," said she, detaching one from her bouquet, and handing it to him,—and so they parted.

"Per Bacco! Stubber, I have seen two very charming women. They are evidently persons of condition; find out all about them, and let me hear it to-morrow;"—and so saying, his Highness rode away, thinking pleasantly over his adventure, and fancying a hundred ways in which it might be amusingly carried out. The life of princes is rarely fertile in surprises; perhaps, therefore, the uncommon and the unusual are the pleasantest of all their sensations.

CHAPTER II.

ITALIAN TROUBLES.

STUBBER knew his master well. There was no need for any perquisitions on his part; the ladies, the studio, and the garden were totally forgotten ere nightfall. Some rather alarming intelligence had arrived from Carrara, which had quite obliterated every memory of his late adventure. That little town of artists had long been the resort of an excited class of politicians, and it was more than rumoured that the "Carbonari" had established there a lodge of their order. Inflammatory placards had been posted through the town—violent denunciations of the government—vengeance, even on the head of the sovereign, openly proclaimed, and a speedy day promised when the wrongs of an enslaved people should be avenged in blood. The messenger who brought the alarming tidings to Massa carried with him many of the inflammatory documents, as well as several knives and poinards, discovered by the activity of the police in a ruined building at the sea shore. No arrests had as yet been made, but the authorities were in possession of information with regard to various suspicious characters, and the police prepared to act at a moment's notice.

It was an hour after midnight when the council met, and the Duke sat pale, agitated, and terrified at the table, with Laudetti, the prime min-

ister, Capreni, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and General Ferruccio, the War Minister,—a venerable ecclesiastic, Monsignore Abbati, occupying the lowest place in virtue of his humble station, as confessor of his Highness. He who of all others enjoyed his master's confidence, and whose ready intelligence was most needed in the emergency, was not present; his title of Minister of the Household not qualifying him for a place at the council.

Whatever the result, the deliberation was a long one. Even while it continued, there was time to despatch a courier to Carrara, and receive the answer he brought back; and when the Duke returned to his room, it was already far advanced in the morning. Fatigued and harassed, he dismissed his valet at once, and desired that Stubber might attend him. When he arrived, however, his Highness had fallen off asleep, and lay, dressed as he was, on his bed.

Stubber sat noiselessly beside his master, his mind deeply pondering over the events which, although he had not been present at the council, had all been related to him. It was not the first time he had heard of that formidable conspiracy, which, under the title of the Carbonari, had established themselves in every corner of Europe.

In the days of his humbler fortune

he had known several of them intimately ; he had been often solicited to join their band ; but while steadily refusing this, he had detected much which to his keen intelligence savored of treachery to the cause amongst them. This cause was necessarily recruited from those whose lives rejected all honest and patient labor. They were the disappointed men of every station, from the highest to the lowest. The ruined gentleman—the beggared noble—the bankrupt trader—the houseless artisan—the homeless vagabond, were all there ; bold, daring and energetic, fearless as to the present, reckless as to the future. They sought for any change, no matter what, seeing that in the convulsion their own condition must be bettered. Few troubled their heads how these changes were to be accomplished—they cared little for the real grievances they assumed to redress—their work was demolition. It was to the hour of pillage alone they looked for the recompense of their hardihood. Some, unquestionably, took a different view of the agencies and the objects ; dreamy speculative men, with high aspirations, hoped that the cruel wrongs which tyranny inflicted on many a European state might be effectually curbed by a glorious freedom—when each man's actions should be made conformable to the benefit of the community, and the will of all be typified in the conduct of each. There was, however, another class, and to these Stubber had given deep attention. It was a party whose singular activity and energy were always in the ascendant—ever suggesting bold measures whose results could scarcely be more than menaces, and advocating actions whose greatest effect could not rise above acts of terror and dismay. And thus while the leaders plotted great political convulsions, and the masses dreamed of sack and pillage, these latter dealt in acts of suicidal assassination—the vengeance of the poinard and the poison cup. These were the men Stubber had studied with no common attention. He fancied he saw in them neither the dupes of their own excited imaginations, nor the reckless followers of rapine, but an order of men equal to the former by intelligence, but far transcending the last in

crime and infamy. In his own early experiences he had perceived that more than one of these had expatriated themselves suddenly, carrying away to foreign shores considerable wealth, and that, too, under circumstances where the acquisition of property seemed scarcely possible. Others, he had seen, as suddenly throwing off their political associates, run into stations of rank and power ; and one memorable case he knew, where the individual had become the chief adviser of the very state whose destruction he had sworn to accomplish. Such a one he now fancied he had detected among the advisers of his Prince, and, deeply ruminating on this theme, he sat at the bed-side.

“Is it a dream, Stubber, or have we really heard bad news from Cararra? Has Frascchetti been stabbed, or not?”

“Yes, your Highness, he has been stabbed, exactly two inches below where he was wounded in September last—then it was his pocket-book saved him ; now it was your Highness's picture, which, like a faithful follower, he always carried about him.

“Which means, that you disbelieve the whole story.”

“Every word of it.”

“And the poinards found at the Bocca de Magni?”

“Found by those who placed them there.”

“And the proclamations?”

“Blundering devices. See, here is one of them, printed on the very paper supplied to the Government offices. There's the water mark, with the crown and your own cypher on it.”

“Per Bacco ! so it is. Let me show this to Landetti.”

“Wait a while, your Highness ; let us trace this a little further. No arrests have been made.”

“None.”

“Nor will any. The object in view is already gained ; they have terrified you, and secured the next move.”

“What do you mean?”

“Simply, that they have persuaded you that this state is the hotbed of revolutionists ; that your own means of security and repression are unequal to the emergency ; that disaffection exists in the army ; and that, whether for the maintenance of the government or your safety, you have only one course remaining.”

"Which is—"

"To call in the Austrians."

"Per Bacco! it is exactly what they have advised. How did you come to know it? Who is the traitor at the council board?"

"I wish I could tell you the name of one who was not such. Why, your Highness, these fellows are not *your* ministers, except in so far as they are paid by you. They are Metternich's people; they receive their appointments from Vienna, and are only accountable to the cabinet held at Schoenbrunn. If wise and moderate counsels prevailed here, if our financial measures prospered, if the people were happy and contented, how long, think you, would Lombardy submit to be ruled by the rod and the bayonet? Do you imagine that you will be suffered to give an example to the peninsula of a good administration?"

"But so it is," broke in the Prince; "I defy any man to assert the opposite. The country is prosperous, the people are contented, the laws justly administered, and, I hesitate not to say, myself as popular as any sovereign of Europe."

"And I tell your Highness, just as distinctly, that the country is ground down with taxation, even to export duties on the few things we have to export—that the people are poor to the very verge of starvation—that if they do not take to the highways as brigands, it is because their traditions as honest men yet survive amongst them—that the laws only exist as an agent of tyranny, arrest and imprisonment being at the mere caprice of the authorities. Nor is there a means by which an innocent man can demand his trial, and insist on being confronted with his accuser. Your jails are full, crowded to a state of pestilence with supposed political offenders, men that, in a free country, would be at large, toiling industriously for their families, and whose opinions could never be dangerous, if not festering in the foul air of a dungeon. And as to *your own* popularity, all I say is, don't walk in the Piazza at Carrara after dusk. No, nor even at noon-day."

"And you dare to speak thus to me, Stubber!" said the Prince, his face covered with a deadly pallor as he spoke, and his white lips trembling, but less in passion than in fear.

"And why not, sir? Of what value could such a man as I am be to your service, if I were not to tell you what you'll never hear from others—the plain, simple truth? Is it not clear enough that if I only thought of my own benefit, I'd say whatever you'd like best to hear—I'd tell you, like Landetti, that the taxes were well paid, or say, as Cerreccio did, t'other day, that your army would do credit to any state in Europe; when he well knew at the time, that the artillery was in mutiny from arrears of pay, and the cavalry horses dying from short rations!"

"I am well weary of all this," said the duke, with a sigh. "If the half of what I hear of my kingdom, every day, be but true, my lot in life is worse than a galley-slave's. One assures me that I am bankrupt; another calls me a vassal of Austria; a third makes me out a Papal spy; and *you* aver that if I venture into the streets of my own town—in the midst of my own people, I am almost sure to be assassinated!"

"Take no man's word, sir, for what, while you can see for yourself, it is your own duty to ascertain," said Stubber resolutely. "If you really only desire a life of ease and indolence, forgetting what you owe to yourself and those you rule over, send for the Austrians. Ask for a brigade and a general. You'll have them for the asking. They'd come at a word, and try your people at the drum head, and flog and shoot them with as little disturbance to you as need be! You may pension off the judges; for a court martial is a far speedier tribunal, and a corporal's guard is quite an economy in criminal justice. Trade will not perhaps prosper with martial law, nor is a state of siege thought favourable to commerce. No matter. You'll sleep safe so long as you keep within doors, and the band under your window will rouse the spirit of nationality in your heart, as it plays, 'God preserve the Emperor!'"

"You forget yourself, sir, and you forget me!" said the Duke sternly, as he drew himself up, and threw a look of insolent pride at the speaker.

"Mayhap I do, your Highness," was the ready answer, "and out of that very forgetfulness let your Highness take a warning. I say, once more, I distrust the people about you, and as

to this conspiracy at Carrara, I'll wager a round sum on it, that it was hatched on t'other side of the Alps, and paid for in good florins of the Holy Roman Empire. At all events, give me time to investigate the matter. Let me have 'till the end of the week to examine into it, and if I find

nothing to confirm my views, I'll say not one word against all the measures of precaution that your council are bent on importing from Austria."

"Take your own way; I promise nothing," said the Duke haughtily, and with a motion of his hand dismissed his adviser.

OUR COAST.

BY FRANCIS DAY, &c.

I.

God bless the towers and temples,
 And those cloud-dividing piles,
 The heathery-mantled mountains
 Of our green old queen of isles!
 Yea, may God the Blessor bless them
 When His choicest love outpours,
 Though they be not these, the peerless,
 That the minstrel more adores.
 For no work of mighty Nature
 For our wonder or our weal,
 Nor a stone there ever tinkled
 'Neath the craftsman's peaceful steel,
 Could the marvel—the emotion—
 Looking love so like devotion—
 From the secret springs of feeling
 In my spirit-depths command,
 That can these, the mountain-pillars
 Of our Dalriadan land,
 These iron-crested sentinels
 That guard our northern strand,—
 That like a host of battle-fiends,
 Or wall of wintry clouds,—
 Save where some wizard vale or bay
 Divides the craggy crowds,—
 Run writhed in savage glory
 From the Causeway's pillared shore
 To that kingly cape of columns,
 The sublimely dark Benmore—
 That mock the wintry surges
 In their hurricane career—
 That mar the howling spirit
 Of the lightning shaft and spear—
 That flaunt their cloudy helmets
 In the flashing of the moon,
 Nor always deign to doff them
 To the golden pomp of June.
 'Tis the teaching of the Maker
 Through your cold eternal stone,
 Giant forms of that idea,
 LET US BOW TO MIND ALONE—
 'Tis the teaching of the Highest,
 That his sacred will is marred,
 When the creature, for its glory,
 Winneth worship or reward,

Save the holy right of shining
 O'er the stricken and the lone ;
 Or where all is dark, reclining
 In a brightness not its own—
 That the moon is for the many,
 Not the many for the moon—
 That thus Earth for all was hallowed,
 And the great design but followed,
 When the darkest soul of any
 Hath its own peculiar June.

II.

Bless the teachers of those tenets,
 Be they spirit, stone, or steel,—
 And these rocky chieftains, bless them,
 Thou, Jehovah, where I kneel !

III.

Oh ! ye high and heaven-crowned ones,—
 Not a world of kingly gems
 Could my soul so God-enkindle
 As your craggy diadema.
 Mighty fruits of Mind gigantic,
 Grizzled, gloomy, and sublime,
 Like to priestly watchers waiting
 For the dying shrieks of time,
 Watchers of the world's supernal,
 Peerless, priceless priests are ye,
 Tempest-shorn and dew-anointed,
 Foamy-robed and God-appointed,
 Sandaled with the blue, eternal,
 Dazzling, desert of the sea !
 Ah ! they're more than priestly lessons,
 Preached in more than pulpit tones,
 Where your mountain-limbs are rooted—
 Where the baffled billow groans—
 Where the coast-born peasant ponders,
 Backward as the waters roll,
 Till your iron self-dependence
 Sheathes his roughly-noble soul ;
 For as e'en the bard inspired
 Through the sunlight of his song
 Poureth but the tints of visions
 That his soul hath walked among—
 But the grossness or the glory,
 Amid which his spirit swimmeth,
 Ever growing black or beauteous
 As the dark or light he hymneth,—
 So the mass of mind is modelled
 By the forms on which it rests,
 And a tone and colour taketh
 From its oftener-coming guests.
 Yea, as river-roads are fashioned
 By the water's rush and whirl,
 While their tinge and taste are taken
 By its sweeping crest and curl,
 As it onward, ever, ever,
 Maketh, taketh foul or fair,
 Until neither bed nor river
 May its first or fount declare,—

So is formed the mental channel
 By the might of sight and sound,
 So is tinged the moral current
 By what eye and ear have found,—
 Until, from its race of ages,
 Rolling basely or sublime,
 It revealeth less our Adam
 Than the accidents of time.

IV.

Then, how few might be Earth's shadows
 On the moral current here,
 Where young Beauty chaseth Beauty
 Through and through the ringing year !
 Happy, happy, peer or peasant,
 Whose it were to ever be
 By the creamy, creeping border
 Of this fair, mysterious sea—
 Where these shoreward-stealing waters
 Many-tinted fringes weave :
 As their foamy flowers are scattered
 By the wanton breeze of eve—
 All his spirit gleaming sweetness
 Through a wild and dewy eye,
 From the broad and burning roses
 On the golden isles of sky.

V.

By the white wave eastward wending
 From the Causeway's columned shore—
 Gloom and glory round us blending,
 Crag o'er crag to God ascending
 From the wild-sea's whirling roar,
 Through five lingering leagues or more,—
 Fixed in lowly, holy bending,
 Worship we as heretofore
 By this altar huge and hoar,
 Wonders wild, and far-extending,—
 Darkly solemn—self-defending,
 With our inmost soul contending,—
 'Tis thy forehead, blue Benmore !

VI.

Ah ! ye strangely warm and zealous
 For the holy day of rest,
 Say ye, also, when ye tell us
 Of each scathing curse addressed
 To the Seventh-day profaner,
 Whether he, the stern abstainer
 From all touch that might defile,
 Were the loser or the gainer,
 Were in Heaven's frown or smile,
 Should he shun the city's leaven
 For a Sabbath on these sands,
 Where to wander is to worship—
 Yea, to know the King of Heaven
 Through the glory of his hands !

VII.

I've adored the God of nature —
 Yea, the universal Lord,
 In the closet, at the altar,
 On the sea, and on the sward ;
 And I stood beneath these pillars—
 'Twas a Sabbath morn in May,
 And I felt—ah ! who can tell it ?
 Never, never lips of clay !
 'Twas that heaving heart-devotion
 That hath neither sigh nor pray'r,
 But a swelling and a rushing
 In the inmost spirit, where
 Ten thousand springs were gushing
 It had ne'er been dreamt were there ;—
 And the on and upward springing
 Of a faint and dreamy ringing,
 As if of the passions singing
 Through each fibre of the brain,—
 The battle-ground of many thoughts
 That reeled and wheeled again ;
 Then seethed in rushing roll,
 Like fire-drops through the soul,
 With a wildly-winning pain ;
 Then a gazing up to heaven
 Seeming less in life than death,
 'Mid a quickening of the pulses,
 And a shortening of the breath ;
 Then a bending towards the sod—
 Sighing, "light enough is given—
 Let us bow before our God !"
 Oh ! beneath the proudest altar
 Consecrated to his name,—
 Though I might have felt his presence,
 I could ne'er have felt the same
 As between those warring waters
 Where our northern land is lost,
 And that pillared pile, the glory
 Of old Dalriada's coast.

VIII.

There is grandeur in your city,
 Where the sculptured columns soar,
 And the sea of human beauty
 Heaveth, heaveth evermore.
 There is grandeur in von mountain,
 When beneath the burning West
 Ten thousand tiny torches
 At as many pearly porches
 O'er that mountain's heathery breast
 Flash and twinkle—flash and twinkle,
 As the dying day-beams sprinkle
 Their red life-drops o'er its crest—
 O'er that showery, flowery crest ;
 While the rosy vapour, rising
 Round the tomb of Light supernal,
 Floats and tinges—floats and tinges
 Feathery clouds with snowy fringes,
 Till they meet the musing eye,
 Like the locks of the Eternal
 On that silvery waste of sky.

There is grandeur—there is grandeur
When the red sun disappears,
And the mourning face of heaven
Waxeth bright with starry tears.
Yea, above, below is grandeur,
When the dazzling day comes down,
Till each distant atom sparkles
Like some passing seraph's crown.
There is grandeur in the valley,
When along the shores of light
Floats a sea of twilight vapour,
Till the pine grove, tall and taper,
Wears the gloom of coming night;—
And the silent blast descendeth,
Swimming—skimming through the haze,
Till the tasselled grass-stalk bendeth
As if trodden by your gaze;—
While across the ripening meadow
Fleeth shadow after shadow;—
Gloomy spirits seem they passing,
O'er the sward their sadness tracing,
Where each unseen light-foot plays.
Oh! there's beauty—oh! there's beauty,
Seek we, turn we where we will,—
But a vision haunts my spirit
Of sublimer beauty still.
Be it mine to live and listen,
Where the stormy echoes ring,—
When the angel of the tempest
O'er these waters flaps his wing;
And the waves, like white-robed choristers,
Wild hallelujahs sing,—
Wild hallelujahs utter,
Or their deeper worship mutter
To the All, of all revered,
Underneath each kingly column
Nature-chiselled,
Stark and grizzled,
Of the stately, stern and solemn,
Huge and mystic, wild and weird,
Caverned, clouded, cleft and seared
Temple of the Form of wonder,
By the mystic sons of thunder
Amid storm and darkness reared.

MUSIC AT SHIRLEY CHASE.

BY NORTON COLLINS.

"The most valuable collections of 'catches, rounds, and canons, for three or four voices, were cautiously circulated during the Protectorate; and deep in the retirement of many such a house as Woodstock the prayers for the Restoration and the practice of 'profane music, were kept up together.'"

"The merry monarch loved a tale, and small blame to him."—*Quarterly Review*.

I.

Cavalier music! Shirley Chase,
Hidden deep amid oak-trees royal,
Is the noble home of a knightly race
Old as the oak-trees—proud and loyal.
Snow has fallen on the White King's bier—
Cromwell lords it, late and early,
But as yet his troopers come not here:
At home in his hall sits Sir Everard Shirley.

II.

Moonlight pours through the painted oriel,
Firelight flickers on pictured walls;
Full of solemn and sad memorials
Is the room where that mingled glimmer falls.
There is the banner of Arthur Shirley,
Who died for CHARLES on a misty wold:
There is his portrait—an infant curly—
Whose corse in an unknown grave lies cold.

III.

Hot and sudden swoop'd Rupert's horse
Down on the villanous Roundhead churls,
But they left young Arthur a mangled corse,
With the red mire clotting his chesnut curls:
Only son of an ancient race
As any that dwells in England's realm—
Ah, a shadow sleeps on Sir Everard's face
When he thinks of his soldier's snow-plumed helm.

IV.

Madrigal music fills the room
With a spring-like beauty and delicate grace:
Vanishes half their weary gloom
As Harry St. Osyth's manly bass
And Maud's soprano and Amy in alt
Mingle like streams on a verdurous shore:
But memory sets them once at fault
As they think of the tenor that's heard no more.

V.

After, a rare old English glee,
 Humorous, eloquent, daring, buoyant,
 Rings through the chamber, strong and free,
 And shakes the mullion'd panes flamboyant :
 Merry music of olden time
 Gaily defying the Cromwell-manacle,
 Stoutly rebelling in hearty rhyme
 'Gainst cant and heresy puritanical.

VI.

Then Amy down to the organ sits,
 And a pleasant prelude sounds sonorous
 As over the keys her white hand flits,
 And a Latin canon claims their chorus.
 Not in the great cathedrals now
 Does saintly song as of yore find place :
 But it smoothes awhile the furrow'd brow
 Of the sad old master of Shirley Chase.
 * * * * *

VII.

But the King shall have his own again—
 Merry King Charles o'er the stormy water :
 Then shall ye hear an easier strain,
 A gayer music, Joy's own daughter.
 Melody then shall dance right merrily—
 Beauty undreamt-of, endless grace,
 Shall sound through the air of England, verily,
 And flood the chambers of Shirley Chase.

 UNDER THE MOON.

I.

Under the moon as the twilight breeze
 Ripples the water in pulses of light,
 We stand on the bridge by the sycamore trees,
 And list to the voices that float through the night :
 Under the elm row misty and dark
 Murmurs of melody rise from the bank,
 Sprinkled with many a dim red lamp :
 Hark ! mid the foliage blossomed with June
 Tinkles a serenade under the moon.

II.

Under the moon in the village street
 Gossiping groups in the shadows meet ;
 Seated at dusky doorways there,
 Red-lipped maidens taste of the air :
 Whispering now of their lovers' eyes,
 Blue as the beautiful summer skies ;
 Whispering now of their flatteries sweet,
 As autumn's fruitage drop'd in the heat ;
 Until they cadence a trembling tune,
 Soft as their pulses, under the moon,

III.

Under the moon on the cool sea shore
 The wind walks over the spacious floor,
 Kissing the snowy bosom'd sails,
 Daintily dipping through azure vales,
 And over the crisp foam bearing along
 The musing mariner's midnight song ;
 As by the rising helm with hands
 Lit in the compass lamp he stands,
 Thinking of those he left at noon,
 Sad on the green shore under the moon.

IV.

Under the moon by the dusty road
 Pace we on to the old abode ;
 Over its sycamore'd roof and walls
 The listless splendour floating falls ;
 Peering into the casement nook,
 Piled with many a brown old book :
 Spirits are they whose pages teem
 With thoughtful ditty and pictured dream ;
 Spirits amid whose silence soon
 Our own shall slumber, under the moon.

T. J.

LORD BROUGHAM.*

ALL young men conscious of possessing or who think they possess talents above mediocrity are ambitious; but only a few—a very few—succeed in realizing their youthful aspirations. To most of them the gates of advancement refuse to turn on their golden hinges. Of the rest, the majority, if they do get an entrance, are so soured by the repeated refusals of the churlish porter whom men call Fate or Luck, that they have no spirit remaining to enjoy those Elysian plains which they had so often dreamed of; or having lost zest for the pomp of those marble halls, the revels of which they so often longed to enjoy, though the gate be open, they do not wish to enter, and prefer setting up their tabernacle outside the adamantine walls. But there are still in all ages, a few who rise to the summit

of their most extravagant hopes, who even win an entrance before the chills of age have deprived them of the power of enjoyment, or who, carrying the zest of youth with them throughout life, strive as eagerly and enjoy as keenly in the frosts of December as amidst the blossoms of May.

What is it that distinguishes those favorites of nature from the rest of her children? What is the secret of that fascination before which even the powers of nature seem to yield? We speak not of those who are born with the silver spoon, who have been brought up in the marble palaces, and have sported as children in the Elysian fields, but of the few among the outer tenants, the cottars and squatters of the great common, who force their entrance into the palace grounds. There can be no mistake as

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to the badge which distinguishes these men—it is intellect. They are all men of strong reasoning faculties. This is the *sine qua non*. Men of brilliant imagination often get the start at first, but unless intellect obtain the mastery they lose their way or loiter behind. Nor is the man of fine feelings and generous heart more likely to succeed; he may conciliate friendship and love, but he will be pushed aside by harder natures, and most likely will retire in disgust from the struggle.

But though superior intellectual powers are absolutely essential to the man who would win the prizes of public life, these powers must be of a peculiar order. The meditative intellect will not do. Its possessor is too much inclined to stand apart and contemplate the struggling crowd, and as he advances in life the prizes of ambition lose their attraction, and thought like virtue is to him its own reward. Neither will the man of subtle analysing mind be more likely to succeed, for he loses time in attempting to extricate the infinite complexities of human affairs, and before he has half finished his laborious examination the moment of action is past. It is, therefore, the practical intellect which characterises the successful man of ambition. An intellect capable of directing all its energy, and of carrying along with it the energy of other men, towards some definite end—a mind which expresses itself in action and in business, which is actuated by a desire for results rather than for principles, for the concrete rather than the abstract.

But in addition to this intellectual basis, certain moral qualifications at first sight apparently incompatible are indispensable. For first, the ambitious man must be at once patient and restless. He must work perseveringly to attain his end, but he must not be satisfied with it when attained. Content is fatal to his career—he must ever look mainly to the future, and to the moon for his reward. Secondly, he must be obstinate and he must be pliant—obstinate, to keep to his purpose; pliant, to be able to avail himself of the sinuosities of life. Thirdly, he must be conciliating and imperative, for he must use the arts both of persuasion

and command. And, lastly, he must be honorable, and yet not over scrupulous—honorable, that his party may trust in him; not over scrupulous, that he may, when the crisis comes, carry out some *coup d'état* which will do the work of years, and compensate for the shortness of life. The morality of a delicate woman or of an amiable man would be fatal to great success. It is true there are instances of men who have won their spurs with spotless shield—the *preux chevaliers* of nature—but these are the Miltons, the Chathams, the Wellingtons; men of a different clay from ordinary humanity, spirits of some other world who have been sent here through some freak of nature. But for the common run of ambitious men prudery is failure, and the Jesuit principle is a necessary element in the system of their lives—a principle which, although utterly without defence in *foro conscientie*, is pretty sure of an acquittal before the tribunal of the world, if it has only been lucky enough to retain Success as its advocate.

It will be said, why then should men try to rise to the dignities of life, if, in order to succeed, they must stain the purity of the ermine of their souls? We answer, far be it from us to ask any one so to strive. Let him keep his ermine pure and white if he can, in the position in life in which he was born. This is the teaching of St. Paul. But let him not complain if he do not attain what he does not strive for. The good things of this life are not promised to the pure. In Utopia it is otherwise—the good always prosper and the wicked are unsuccessful—but in this nether world it is as frequently the reverse, arising from that *unfitness* of things which must ever co-exist with a state of probation; and it is a moral teaching as dangerous as it is unsound, which holds out the rewards of this world as inducements to virtue. Virtue is a road neither to riches nor distinction. He who would win the world's prizes must use the world's weapons. He must labour, he must scheme, and above all he must dare.

But it does not necessarily follow that the ambitious man is lost in the theological sense. "Twas by ambition that the angels fell," but through

ambition men often rise to a nobler nature than they had before. Great questions of policy, enlarged principles of action, give a more elevated tone to the character, and the latter end of the man is often better than the beginning.

If we were asked for a type or representative of the ambitious man, combining all the qualities most essential to success, and who should best illustrate the principles which we have endeavoured to enunciate, we would fix upon Harry Brougham.

No one ever had the "Scotch" mind more fully developed. No one so eminently combined perseverance with impatience—cautious, elaborate preparation with that rapidity of action and energy of expression which secure all the advantages of surprise. Honorable to his party, but the first to suggest to them the most daring acts of strategy, which, when necessary, he did not hesitate to execute; he rose irregularly perhaps, but rapidly and surely, to the summit of his ambition; happy in this, that his moral nature kept pace with his external fortunes, and that when peer of the empire he was in every respect a better man than when tribune of the people.

But it was not alone to nature that Brougham was indebted for his success. A special education brought into the greatest efficiency the formidable combination of his natural powers, for instinctively and from the very outset his studies were directed by his ambition. Brougham was no student of the Belles Lettres. Poetry seems never to have had attractions; and if he ever perused the novels and romances of his own or of other times, it could not be discovered from his writings. He studied that he might acquire power; and feeling that this could best be done by strengthening his reasoning faculties, he devoted all his attention to those branches of study which seem to have the most direct tendency to that result. Hence, he early addicted himself to mathematics—for there is in this science of sciences something definite in result. It certainly unlocks some of the secrets of nature, and we think it may give a similar mastery over the moral world. Why should human action and motive not be subject to arithmetical calculation

as well as the laws of nature? And does not the higher calculus seem just on the verge of the two worlds of matter and mind, ready to grasp at both? But a mind like Brougham's was not to be led astray by such fallacies; a slight experience would teach him that the complication of human affairs, their intimate action and reaction, transcends the resources of the subtlest mathematics. He felt the impress of his genius therefore, and passed on to methods more directly applicable to human affairs. Logic and metaphysics were next studied with characteristic ardour, but though he threw on them the light of his original mind, they could not long detain one so eminently practical. He soon discovered that he who would rule mankind must appeal to their prejudices and passions as frequently as to their reason; nor could he fail to see that the metaphysical notion of a man, as made up of so many separate qualities and powers, is a most fallacious representation of a being so essentially individual and concrete. These considerations would direct him to another branch of study, which, while it avowedly purported to appeal to the passions fully as much as to the reason of man, repudiated altogether the metaphysical analysis. In the view of this science—that of Oratory—man was a living, acting being, who must be moved altogether, if at all. Here, then, was the science of sciences to the man ambitious of power; and accordingly Brougham rested content, devoting his meditative power to its exhaustive study and his whole life to its active use.

Such was the education of Lord Brougham,—for his professional training as a barrister merely helped more thoroughly to combine the three courses of study through which he had passed. Not that we mean to say that he utterly neglected other branches of knowledge; for, with the exception of polite literature, there is evidence in his writings that he is nearly a universalist—a cyclopædia of useful knowledge. But all that is accessory; it hangs on him loosely; whereas his oratory, his metaphysics, and his mathematics have been imbibed into his nature, and form part of the man.

Now it so happens that we have

the result of this education in the first volume of these collected Reviews. The "Oratorical Articles" clearly demonstrate the profound and exhaustive study which he had made of the art; while in the same volume the biographical sketches of the statesmen of the Georges afford abundant illustration of our remarks upon the conditions of success necessary to the ambitious man, and also on their special application to Brougham himself. For in sketching lives, in many instances so like his own, he becomes a kind of witness in his own case, and is forced to enunciate opinions and distribute censure or applause which he cannot help seeing apply to himself.

We propose, therefore, to restrict our remarks to this volume for the present, and to content ourselves with a very brief summary of Lord Brougham's oratorical system, and then to pass under review some of the chief of those statesmen whose portraits Lord Brougham here gives us. And when it is considered that to do so involves something like an account of the matter of a dozen Reviews, condensed in the *Brannah* press of Lord Brougham's style, it will be admitted that we have attempted fully as much as our space can in any manner permit of our accomplishing.

The first remark of Lord Brougham's which attracted our attention on perusing his oratorical articles was, that we lose much of the effect of ancient oratory from ignorance of the peculiarities of feeling in the audience to whom it was addressed; and that even the fullest information will not enlist our sympathies. For instance, in one of *Cicero's* orations

After working our feelings up to the highest pitch, by the finest painting of vicious excesses, and their miserable effects, the whole is wound up by, what to us appears, a pure anticlimax—a disrespect to some 'Nymph of the Grot.' When, again, he is making the father of *Verrus* sum up his iniquities, the first acts enumerated are those of culpable negligence, the next of official corruption, then follows the connivance at the protection of piracy, then the judicial murder of citizens in furtherance of his collusion with the pirates, and after these enormities follows those of inviting matrons to a banquet, and appearing in public with a long purple robe.

But *Demosthenes* was the favourite orator of Brougham, whom, with only the minimum of allowance necessary for the difference of auditory, he laboured not unsuccessfully to reproduce; so that whether or not Brougham could have been original in his oratory, he has deliberately foregone the attempt, and tied himself down to what would be called the most slavish and literal copying, if it were not that the supreme excellence of the model justifies any sacrifice of any possible originality.

According to Brougham, the study of *Demosthenes* is the best corrective of the loose style of writing and of oratory current in the present day, which "affords a new instance how wide a departure may be made from nature with very little care, and how apt easy writing is to prove hard reading." It is easy to acquire the faculty of fluent speaking; any one will succeed who will give himself the trouble of frequently trying it, and can harden himself against the pain of frequent failures. Complete self-possession and perfect fluency can thus be acquired mechanically, but it will be the self-possession of ignorance, and the fluency of speaking about and about a subject. It may be,

That the habit may have taught him something of arrangement, and a few of the simplest methods of producing an impression; but his diction is sure to be much worse than if he never made the attempt. Such a speaker is never in want of a word, and hardly ever has one that is worth having.

Not in this way did *Demosthenes* acquire his marvellous oratory.

The greatest of all orators never regarded the composition of any sentence worthy of him to deliver, as a thing of easy execution. Practised as he was, and able surely if any man ever was by his own mastery over language, to pour out his ideas with facility, he elaborated every passage with almost equal care. Having the same ideas to express, he did not, like our easy and fluent moderns, clothe them in different language for the sake of beauty; but reflecting that he had upon the fullest deliberation adopted one form of expression as the best, and because every other must needs be worse, he used it again without any change, unless further labour and more trials had enabled him in any particular to improve the workmanship.

Might not this in part arise from

the fact that books were few, and reporters had not yet been invented? Would Demosthenes have so repeated himself had he lived in the days of Hansard?

Lord Erskine was to Brougham the English Demosthenes, whom he would rank, if he had the marshalling of Olympus, among the *Dii Majores* of English oratory—higher than Burke or Pitt; and the copious extracts from his speeches which he adduces, give some support to an opinion, in which, however, we are far from concurring. In correctness of composition and felicity of expression, Erskine may be equal to Burke, and probably superior to Pitt; but what he has to say is of the earth earthy, whereas Burke's thoughts come up from the abyss, and down from the heaven of heavens, and although he may labour occasionally in the expression of a thought, we feel that it is the thought of one belonging to a superior race; and in the case of Pitt, there is a majesty of assertion, a homage of self-respect, expressing itself in noble thoughts, which indicate a nature cast in a loftier mould than that of Erskine.

There can be little difference in opinion as to Erskine's merits as a pleader. Brougham thus explains his success:—

In no one sentence is the subject—the business on hand—the case—the client—the verdict lost sight of; and the fire of that oratory, or rather that rhetoric (for it is quite under discipline) which was melting the hearts and dazzling the understandings of his hearers, had not the power to touch for an instant the hard head of the *Nisi Prius* Lawyer from which it radiated, or to make him swerve even from the minutest details most befitting his purpose, and the alternate admissions and disavowals best adapted to put his case in the safest position.

From forensic eloquence Brougham passes to the consideration of the oratory of the pulpit. He asks how it happens that, considering the advantages of the preacher over all other orators in a sublime range of subjects, and in an audience who are compelled to attend, or at least to remain, eloquence in the pulpit is so very rare; and he answers that the reason is that people feel more strongly appeals made to them upon matters before their eyes, and at the present time, than topics drawn from the evidence

of things unseen, and which refer to the period when time shall be no more.

Of the French pulpit orators, Brougham gives the preference to Massillon as the most Demosthenic, holding him much superior to Bossuet. We cannot resist the temptation of affording our readers an opportunity of judging for themselves, by a citation of the passages which are considered the master-pieces of each; and we will also quote a celebrated passage from Robert Hall, which seems to rank him on a par with either of the French divines.

Brougham gives a translation of what he considers the correctest of the several readings of the celebrated passage of Massillon's sermon on the small number of the elect, which we are told made his audience start to their feet:—

I figure to myself that our last hour is come; the heavens are opening over our heads. Time is no more, and Eternity has begun. Jesus Christ is about to appear, to judge us according to our deserts; and we are here awaiting at his hands the sentence of everlasting life or death. I ask you now—stricken with terror like yourselves—in no wise separating my lot from yours, but placing myself in the situation in which we all must one day stand before God our Judge—if Christ, I ask you, were at this moment to come to make the awful partition of the just and the unjust—think you that the greater number would be saved? Do you believe that the numbers would be equal? If the lives of the multitude here present were sifted, would he find among us ten righteous—would he find a single one?

The selection from Bossuet is taken from a sermon on the Day of Judgment; the translation is ours:—

The assize is opened—the Judge is seated. Criminal! come plead your case. But you have little time to prepare yourself! O God, how short is the time to unravel an affair so complicated as that of your reckoning and your life. Ah, why address superfluous cries! Ah, why do you bitterly sigh after so many lost years—vainly, uselessly! There is no more time to you. You enter the region of Eternity. See, there is no more visible sun to commence and finish the days, the seasons, the years. It is the Lord himself who now begins to measure all things by his own infinity. I see you astonished and horror-struck at the presence of your Judge; but look also at your accusers, those poor

who are raising their voices against your inexorable hardness.

save others from the infliction of much unnecessary talk.

And now for Hall :—

I cannot but imagine the virtuous heroes, legislators, and patriots of every age and country are bending from their elevated seats to witness this contest, as if they were incapable of enjoying their eternal repose. Enjoy that repose, illustrious immortals! Your mantle fell when you ascended; and thousands inflamed with your spirit are ready to swear by Him that sitteth upon the throne and liveth for ever and ever, that they will protect freedom in her last asylum, and never desert that cause which you sustained by your labours and cemented with your blood. And thou, sole Ruler among the children of men, to whom the shields of the earth belong, gird on thy sword, thou most Mighty; go forth with our hosts in the day of battle.

As the only compensation we can make for these most imperfect remarks, we earnestly recommend the reader to peruse the Rhetorical Articles of Lord Brougham. There is probably no better *vade mecum* of oratory in our language. The author is a consummate orator himself, the most competent man living to teach his art, and no better way could be imagined than that which he has selected, namely, a cursory review of ancient and modern eloquence, illustrated by quotations whose excellence has been guaranteed by the unanimous suffrage of all men of letters. One important lesson they will at least learn from these articles, for it is the one most frequently and most emphatically inculcated by the author, namely, that eloquence is an art rather than a gift—an art which requires the greatest special labour to learn, and which implies the greatest amount of general learning. He, 'the earnest student,' who will not be deterred by these difficulties, and who, with adequate preparation, will devote himself to the study of the art of eloquence, will derive the greatest benefit from these articles; while he who is deterred by the labour which, to his surprise, he will find is necessary in an art which haply he thought was of the easiest acquisition—open to all who have the two requisites of brass and volubility—will also derive benefit if he takes these precepts to heart. He will avoid making a fool of himself, and

We have already indicated the light in which we purpose to regard the 'Historical Sketches,' and the use we mean to make of them, namely, as illustrating the career of the ambitious man in general, and as illustrating reflectively the character of Brougham, whom we have selected as a type. But in this view the primary question is—can we trust these sketches as giving a true insight into the character and motives of the men they purport to portray? We think we may. There is intrinsic evidence in each instance that Lord Brougham wishes to tell the truth, for he neither exaggerates the virtues of those who belong to his own party, nor slurs over their defects, and he is equally just to those of the opposite party, with some of whom he had been engaged in actual conflict. In the second place, we can have no doubt of his ability to give a just and discriminating character, once we are satisfied of his honesty. A statesman himself, who has experienced most of the phases of political life, who has run the gamut from something very like demagogism, to something beyond conservatism, Brougham has the advantage as a political portrait painter over most living men. He has a manifest advantage both over those who are still in the heat of party passion, and over those who have never mixed in party strife, or felt the ardent emotions which spring from ambition; for both the impassioned and the calm view of men and things present themselves to him—the one from memory, the other in the present, and the one corrects and clears the other. But without further preface let us join that group of listeners round Brougham, as he stands below the portrait of Walpole.

On the whole he gives you a favourable idea of that celebrated statesman, and one as different as might be from that which we would be compelled to entertain, if we believed the reports of his political adversaries, the patriots of the day, after the definition of Samuel Johnson. Of ancient, honourable, and wealthy family, Robert Walpole entered public

life under the auspices of Marlborough; and when, according to our author, "a vile court intrigue saved France from being undone by the victories of that great man, when what St. Simon calls the 'miracle de Londres' unexpectedly rescued Louis XIV from his doom," Walpole threw up his place with the Duke. The offence was not forgiven; he was impeached and sent to the Tower on a charge of having received £900 from a contractor.

The charge was substantially true, and the only extenuation which can be pleaded is, that they who impeached him would have done the same thing if they had the opportunity, and many of them had in reality done worse.

Corruption, in fact, was the disease of the day—an epidemic which not unfrequently follows in the wake of a revolution. But to extenuate the sins of an individual in consideration of the general turpitude, is dangerous; for it is a tempting method to excuse our own infirmities, to cast part of the burden of our sins on the broad shoulders of society, and go on our way sinning and rejoicing, not because we are better than others, but because others are so very bad we can hardly be worse than they are.

Whether worse or better, Walpole left £300,000, when it was notorious he lived at a rate nearly double his income; nor will his celebrated speculation in South Sea Stock, although he got a thousand per cent. profit, account for the balance at his credit.

So much with respect to his personal corruption. As he rather boasted of than concealed his corruption of others, it seems unnecessary to inquire further into its reality: but we hardly agree with Lord Brougham when he felicitates his readers on the loftier tone of our public morality. It may have been so in 1839, when he wrote this article, but in 1856 it may be questioned whether our public men are so immaculate as to entitle them to throw stones against the glass-houses of the members of Commons in Walpole's day. No doubt, our premiers and whippers-in do not in general carry on the business of political persuasion by means of the currency. You are not asked to dinner and find a five-hundred Bank of England note under your plate; but if you get a post for yourself, for your brother, or

your cousin, or a relation of your wife, worth as much a year, the motive brought to bear on you may be somewhat more refined, but it is essentially the same. Walpole, however, differed from our modern vote-brokers, in openly, and—what was rather aggravating to those who sold, and certainly more expensive to him, the buyer—contemptuously stating his opinion of the purchasability of public men. "Every man has his price; if you don't buy him, he becomes a patriot"—a maxim not without something to say for itself in the present day. "Patriots are easily raised. I have myself made many a one; 'tis but to refuse an unreasonable demand, and up springs a patriot." Lord Brougham also fathers upon Walpole the noted definition of gratitude as "a lively sense of favours to come." Such frankness must have increased the cost of corruption fully twenty per cent.

It is difficult to account for the success of Walpole's political career, and for his long tenure of unbroken power. Brougham but half solves the difficulty:—

Inferior to many in qualities that dazzle the multitude, and undervaluing the mere outward accomplishments of English statesmanship—may, accounting them merits only so far as they conduced to parliamentary and to popular influence, and even much undervaluing their effects in that direction—Walpole yet ranks in the very highest class of those whose unvarying prudence, clear apprehension, fertility of resources to meet unexpected difficulties, firmness of purpose, just and not seemingly exaggerated self-confidence, point them out by common consent as the men qualified to guide the course of human affairs, to ward off public dangers, and to watch over the peace of empires. His knowledge was sound and practical; it was like all his other qualities, for use and not for ornament, yet he lacked nothing of the information which in his day formed the provision of the politician. With men his acquaintance was extensive, and it was profound. His severe judgment, the somewhat misanthropic bias to which reference has been made, never misled him; it only put him on his guard, and it may safely be affirmed that no man ever made fewer mistakes in his intercourse either with adversaries or with friends, or the indifferent world.

Perhaps it may serve to the more complete solution of the problem in-

volved in the political success of a man who wanted some of the requisites we have deemed essential to the success of the man of ambition, that the times in which he flourished somewhat resembled France of the present day. England had only recently passed through a cycle of intense political excitement, and lassitude, corruption, and want of public principle had been the natural result of the reaction; a desire to make money had replaced the desire of glory, whether on the field of battle or in the equally exciting field of revolutionary politics. In such a state of society any power which offers protection to the "men of order" is sure of the adhesion of the majority, and the very mediocrity of its professions, the "safeness" of its character, only increases its strength. Preserve property, foster trade, promote public companies, and a nation just recovering from a revolution can do for a time without glory and without excitement other than that of gambling.

Lord Brougham devotes considerable space to a consideration of the character of Bolingbroke. It is a finished portrait, painted *con amore*, perhaps from the latent idea that there was something in the character of Bolingbroke akin to his own.

Bolingbroke has left a reputation of being the greatest of English orators, though there is not in existence a solitary speech of his whereby we may test the accuracy of the common report. His fastidious contemporaries thought his eloquence supernatural, and when we consider that Swift and Pope were among them, we know not of any other English orator to whose excellence such testimony can be brought. And Pitt, looking to this great traditional fame, thought that a speech of Bolingbroke was a greater desideratum than any of the missing classics; while Brougham agrees as to this general opinion, on independent grounds.

If Bolingbroke spoke as he wrote he must have been the greatest of modern orators, as far as composition goes; for he has the raciness and spirit, occasionally even the fire, perhaps not the vehemence, of Fox, with richer imagery and far more correct diction; the accurate composition of Pitt, with in-

initely more grace and variety; the copiousness, almost the learning, and occasionally the depth of Burke, without his wearily elaborate air; his speech never degenerates for an instant into dissertation, which Burke scarcely ever avoids.

We cannot resist the temptation of inserting one of the passages from Bolingbroke's writings, which Brougham adduces in support of his opinion. It is taken from the celebrated dedication to Sir Robert Walpole:—

Should a minister govern in various instances of domestic and foreign management, ignorantly, weakly, or even wickedly, and yet pay this reverence and bear this regard to the constitution, he would deserve certainly much better quarter, and would meet with it too from every man of sense and honour, than a minister who should conduct the administration with great ability and success, and should at the same time procure and abet, or even connive at such indirect violations of the rules of the constitution as tend to the destruction of it; or even at such evasions as tend to render it useless. A minister who had the ill qualities of both of these, and the good qualities of neither; who made his administration hateful in some respects and despicable in others; who sought that security by ruining the constitution which he had forfeited by dishonouring the government; who encouraged the profligate and seduced the unwary to concur in this design, by affecting to explode all public spirit, and to ridicule every form of our constitution—such a minister would be looked upon most justly as the shame and scourge of his country. Sooner or later he would fall without pity, and it is hard to say what punishment would be proportional to his crimes.

We have little time to trace the orbit of this wandering star, but the leading incidents of his political life are sufficiently known to deprive him of any claim to the respect of any party in the political world. His intrigues to overthrow the government of Godolphin and Marlborough, in which he succeeded, to the infinite injury of his country; his intrigues to overthrow the Protestant succession, in which he failed to his country's advantage; his banishment; his service with the Stuarts; his desertion of them and his return to retirement, literature, ennui, and political infamy, are known to every reader of history. But the political Satan had amiable points in his character; his

attachment to his friends was warm and zealous, and they cultivated it and looked up to him with somewhat like idolatry.

His spirit was high and manly, his courage, personal and political, was without a stain. He had no sordid propensities; his faults were not mean or paltry; they were, both in his private life and his public, on a large scale, creating for the most part wonder or terror more than scorn or contempt. . . . That the genius which he displayed in the Senate—his wisdom, his address, his resources in council—should, when joined to fascinating manners and literary accomplishments, have made him shine in society without a rival, can easily be comprehended. So great an orator, so noble a person in figure and demeanour, one so little under dominion of the principle which makes men harsh, and the restraint which renders their manners formal, was sure to captivate all superficial admirers, and even to win the more precious applause of superior minds.

Such was Bolingbroke; one of those men who to the rarest endowments of genius add an almost total want of principle, and whose influence, both on their contemporaries and on posterity, is almost entirely evil, lending attractions to vice and prestige to a course of conduct setting at defiance all notions of duty.

Nor in such cases is there any sufficient antidote. The desire of fame is the great motive influencing the nobler order of public men. Power may have its attractions, and even the desire of wealth has urged many to climb the difficult ascent of state preferment; but it is the aspiration after the praise of future ages—a motive perhaps irrational and ideal, but noble and chivalrous—which has been the main sustaining motive of all those who have left their impress on history; but when, as in a case like Bolingbroke's, this crowning glory is seen to be secured without the aid, and even in defiance of virtue, the spring of moral excellence is poisoned in its purest source, and the stream which otherwise would fertilize nations, forced into the narrow channels of egotism, becomes a torrent devastating the face of society.

Perhaps the best corrective against the influence of such anarchy of history is to point out that in general their career results in the shipwreck

of their personal fortunes; and the reason is, that they want one set of those dual qualifications which we have mentioned as necessary in the successful man of ambition. Thus, for instance, Bolingbroke, unhesitating in action—whose whole career, in fact, was a series of *coups d'état*—was deficient in that party honour which alone can secure adherents; and though no man could be less accused of allowing the grass to grow under his heels, he was utterly destitute of that patience and perseverance essential to any lasting result.

In this and in other respects his character presents an instructive contrast to that of Walpole, who, while deficient in the qualities which rendered Bolingbroke notorious and pernicious, was eminently endowed with those which, if they could not have added to Bolingbroke's fame, would to a certainty have made him an eminently useful man in the state. While, on the other hand, had somewhat of Bolingbroke's dash been added to the *laissez-aller* nature of Walpole, his name might be mentioned with admiration by those young and ardent spirits who are the heralds of fame, and who now accord to him only a very dubious respect, if they do not absolutely decry his memory.

We now accompany Lord Brougham to the portrait of a statesman who, to all Bolingbroke's ability and impetuosity, combined a sagacity equal to that of Walpole, with a high and unstained honor without a parallel.

No man occupies so pure and unsullied a page in English history as that greatest of statesmen and patriots, William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. Lord Brougham is among his sincere admirers, as, indeed, who is the Englishman of what party or sect soever, who does not admire that pure and lofty patriot who knew no party or sectarian policy, save the good of his country?

The following is one of several delineations of Chatham's character by our author:—

The first place among the great qualities which distinguished Lord Chatham is unquestionably due to firmness of purpose, resolute determination in the pursuit of his objects. *Quicquid vult, id valde vult*, and although extremely apt to exist in excess, it

must be admitted to be the foundation of all true greatness of character. Everything, however, depends on the endowments in company of which it is found; and in Lord Chatham these were of a very high order. The quickness with which he could ascertain his object and discover his road to it, was fully commensurate with his perseverance and his boldness in pursuing it; the firmness of grasp with which he held his advantage was fully equalled by the rapidity of the glance with which he discovered it. Add to this a mind eminently fertile in resources; a courage which nothing could daunt in the choice of his means; a resolution equally indomitable in their application; a genius, in short, original and daring, which bounded over the petty obstacles raised by ordinary men—their squeamishness, and their precedents, and their forms and their regularities—and forced away his path through the entanglements of this base undergrowth to the worthy object ever in view, the prosperity and renown of his country. In pursuing his course towards that goal, he disregarded alike the frown of power and the gales of popular applause, exposed himself undaunted to the vengeance of the court, while he battled against its corruptions, and confronted unappalled the rudest shocks of public indignation, while he resisted the dictates of pernicious agitators, and could conscientiously exclaim, with an illustrious statesman of antiquity, "*Ego hec anime semper fui, ut invidiam virtutis parum, gloriam non invidiam putarem.*"

The success of the administration of Chatham is familiar to every tyro of history. He found the country in the most depressed state in which it had ever stood in the Commonwealth of Europe, he left it undisputably, and for the first time in history, the paramount power of the world. "These," said Horace Walpole, "are the doings of Mr. Pitt, and they are marvellous in our eyes."

His ministry was the despotism of genius :—

Upon his first proposition for changing the conduct of the war he stood single among his colleagues, and tendered his resignation should they persist in their dissent; they at once succumbed, and from that hour ceased to have an opinion of their own upon any branch of public affairs. Nay, so absolutely was he determined to have the control of these measures, of which he knew the responsibility rested upon him alone, that he insisted upon the First Lord of the Admiralty not having the correspondence of his own department; and no less eminent a naval character than Lord Anson, as well as his

junior Lords, was obliged to sign the naval orders issued by Mr. Pitt, while the writing was covered over from their eyes.

None but a man who held his commission to rule direct from nature could have acted in this way, and none other would have been obeyed. "Can I choose my own king?" says the erudite *Teufelsdröckh*. "I can choose my own King Popinjay, and play what farce and tragedy I may with him, but he who is to be my ruler, whose will is to be higher than my will, was chosen forme in Heaven."

Chatham's whole mind was kingly. While fighting what he thought the battle of the Constitution in the person of Wilkes, he took special care to mark his abhorrence of that demagogue's character, "as one not deserving to be ranked with the human species." Nor did he lower the lofty tone which was his by right even to hereditary royalty; and George III., obstinate as he was and inflated with ideas of his prerogative, had to yield; like others, to the will of this man.

We have scanty materials for estimating his great reputation as an orator. His speech on the employment of the Indians in the American war is the longest extant, but it is somewhat hacknied, and loses its effect from our familiarity with it since our school days. Brougham gives some other selections not so well known, a few of which we will insert.

Speaking of confidence in a mediocre ministry, which he tolerated and sometimes patronised, he said, after giving them credit for characters fair enough :—

Confide in you? O no! You must pardon me, gentlemen; confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom.

In the Wilkes controversy, he said :—

The Constitution at this moment stands violated. If the breach be effectually repaired, the people will return to tranquillity. If not, let discord reign for ever! I know to what point my language will appear directed, but I have the principles of an Englishman, and I utter them without fear or reserve. Rather than that the Constitution should be tamely given up, and our birthrights be surrendered to a despotic minister, I hope, my

Lords, old as I am, that I shall see the question brought to an issue, and fairly tried between the people and government.

In an argument on Parliamentary Privilege, he says :—

The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the forces of the crown. It may be frail, its roof may shake, the wind may blow through it, the storm may enter, the rain may enter—but the King of England cannot enter! All his force dares not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement.

"These examples," says Brougham, "may serve to convey a pretty accurate idea of the peculiar vein of eloquence which distinguished this great man's speeches. It was of the very highest order; vehement, fiery, close to the subject, concise, sometimes eminently, even boldly figurative; it was original and surprising, yet quite natural. To call it argument would be an abuse of terms; but it had always a sufficient foundation in reason to avoid any appearance of inconsistency or error, or wandering from the point."

It cannot be denied that Chatham was deficient in some of the requisites we have desiderated in the successfully ambitious man. He had no compromise about him. He was commanding, imperious, and seldom used conciliation. He walked straight forward to his object, despising and overthrowing all obstacles, and yet, notwithstanding his vehemence, his political life was unstained by any violent act of authority. For Chatham was one of nature's autocrats, to whom people yielded by instinct. It was not necessary for him to persuade when he could command, nor to strain his legal authority when there was no opposition to his wishes.

Burke, Pitt, Fox, have been drawn by the masters of every school, and we are thus acquainted with their minutest lineaments seen under all varieties of light. Yet let us not through this familiarity, deprive these great men of the high consideration to which they are entitled. And to keep us from any such error, let us simply ask ourselves what statesmen since their death have approached, or even equalled them?

Who among those who since their time have guided the destinies of England, with the solitary exception of Wellington, have carried captive in their career the most distinguished of their contemporaries? With the one exception, England has had no natural leaders since. The days of allegiance to uncrowned merit are gone, not because there is any want of willing subjects, but because the dynasty of the kings by right divine has disappeared. Party men now are kept together purely by party ties; the spirit of clique has seized on the vacant throne of genius. Political adhesion now depends either on connection by marriage, or on the natural attraction inherent in the dispensers of patronage for the time being; and the most obsequious of political adherents feels in his inner nature a protest in favour of his own independence—a tacit caveat that his obedience is not to be construed into an admission of any natural right to command in the party obeyed, and that the fact of the one ruling and the other obeying is merely an accident.

But it is not alone in politics that this want of the Kœnig is felt. We feel the void everywhere in society. There is no one to look up to. No one whom if undressed, literally and metaphorically, we would see any propriety in obeying. This arises not so much from the intellectual mediocrity of the age as from its moral degradation. Our aristocracy have lost much of their nobility. Gentlemanly feeling is dying away—the old way of estimating things which was somewhat confused and hazy, because viewed through the light of a hundred emotions of the heart, undefined in their limits and fluctuating in their obligations with all the varieties of character among individual men—a grand fine Turner painting, after all—has given place to a precise, definite system by which the value of every one, human and divine, can be ascertained within a hundred pounds. Adhesion to statesman A, will give me a probable chance of a post worth £300 per annum; and adhesion to B, will give me a chance of £600 per annum, therefore I will adhere to B. I have no definite conviction on the question which of

their principles is best for the country; there is a good deal to be said on both sides, and individually they are both very "respectable" men; but I have the chance of getting twice as much from B as from A, and it is a duty I owe to my family and to myself, to stand by her Majesty's Government, to whom God be gracious, and send a speedy appreciation of my merits, else I may feel it my duty to turn a patriot.

But to return to our three statesmen.

It is a common mistake among those who have not read Burke's works, to call him a mere theorist, but he was the most cautious and practical of statesmen, thoroughly aware of the intense action and reaction in human affairs, and therefore never attempting to carry principles to their extreme consequences. He knew that constitutions grew, and could not be spun out of logic; and so he laboured rather to ameliorate than to change—to modify than to subvert. In fact, the political ideas he propounded were not unlike those of the "*Idée Napoléonienne*," only expressed in richer language, and modified by their adaptation to a constitutional system of government. He had the same preference as the two Napoleons for a perfect machine, with as few clogs or useless wheels as may be; but Burke's machine behaved to go by wind, by water, or by steam, and sometimes to stand still; whereas the engine of the Bonapartes was constructed with a view to perpetual motion under the influence of steam only, and that always at high pressure.

Brougham thinks Burke exaggerated the mischiefs to be apprehended from the French revolution. He might, he says, have foreseen the possibility of a "new, orderly, and profitable government" rising out of the ruins of the Republic. "All this we now see clearly enough," he says, "having survived Mr. Burke forty years." We who have survived another eighteen years since Brougham made this remark, have seen this "new, orderly, and profitable government" disappear from the face of the earth, and another government, *very* orderly, though somewhat like a despotism, occupy its place. Burke has not yet been proved to have been wrong.

The career of this distinguished statesman corroborates our remarks as to the qualifications necessary to gain the prizes of ambition. Burke's mind was of the meditative cast, and he was far too honest to make use of *coups d'état* to further his advancement, while, great man though he was, he had not the majesty of Chatham to enable him to rise without them. The consequence was, that his career as a statesman, so far as his personal advancement was concerned, was a failure.

Brougham gives a discriminating, and of course an incongruous character of Fox. With such capacities to rise in his higher nature, and such facility of sinking in his lower nature, no one presents so puzzling a problem as Fox, if we attempt a moral estimate of his character. He seems, while we contemplate him, to undergo a perpetual metempsychosis. At one time he is Cato, and again he is Mephistopheles. We see him now as Socrates, scattering maxims of wisdom and morality; the morrow he is the ruined gambler, not unfrequently in a state of intoxication. Then another change comes over him: he goes to the House, and declaims in majestic terms on the rights of mankind, and his audience feel themselves elevated in moral tone as they listen to him; but next day there is a subscription to pay his gambling debts, which he accepts without hesitation. A great patriot, he yet seemed to wish for the triumph of Napoleon over his country, and he thwarted Pitt in his attempt to check the aggrandisement of Russia. Continually declaiming in favour of liberty, and denouncing the ministry as embarked in a conspiracy against the constitution, he retired with his party from the House of Commons, where it was his duty to watch over that very constitution, and defend it from all attacks.

Pitt was a much simpler character; cold, able, statuesque, draping himself in a proud self-respect which rendered him incapable of any meanness, or of anything tending to abate the dignity of his public life; he was a statesman modelled on the schoolboy notions of the patriot of Greece or Rome; equally as perfect, uncorruptible, and uncompromising, and as little capable of sympathising with the infirmities and weaknesses of ordinary men.

We may say of Pitt that we admire and respect but do not love him, though no one now can hate him. Of Fox again we must say that we respect him not at all, but we admire the versatility of his capacious intellect, and find it impossible not to love his genial, erring, and we must add unprincipled nature. The former had most of the qualities which conduce to political power, but wanted conciliation; with which, however, he could dispense, inheriting as he did much of the natural right to command, so largely possessed by his father. Fox had what Pitt wanted; no one made friends so easily, but he had one defect which was fatal to his success as an ambitious man—he could not be trusted.

Brougham's sketch of Lord Melville is too racy to be omitted, though the Scotch statesman is hardly entitled to rank with those whose portraits we have been examining. The secret of his power, says Brougham, was—

No doubt owing, partly to the unhesitating and unqualified determination which regulated his conduct of devoting his whole patronage to the support of his party, and to the extent of that patronage, from his being so long minister of India, as well as having the whole Scotch preferment at his absolute disposal; but it was also in part owing to the engaging qualities of the man—a steady, determined friend, who only stood the faster by those who wanted him the more; nay, who even in their errors or their faults would not give up his adherents. An agreeable companion, from the joyous hilarity of his manners, void of all affectation, all pride, all pretension; a kind and affectionate man in "the relations of private life." That such a man should, for so many years, have disposed of the votes of nearly all the Scotch commoners and peers, was the less to be wondered at when it is kept in view that at that time there was no doubt of the ministry's stability; the political sky was clear and settled to the very verge of the horizon; there was nothing to disturb the hearts of anxious mortals. The wary and pensive Scot felt sure of his election, if he had but kept by the true faith, and his path lay straight before him.

"The path of righteous devotion, leading unto a blessed preferment." But suddenly the government changed and Pitt went out.

It was, in truth, a crisis to try men's souls. For a while all was uncertainty and counter-

nation, all were seen fluttering about like birds in an eclipse or a thunderstorm; no man could tell whom he might trust—nay, worse still, no man could tell of whom he could ask anything. It was hard to say, not who were in office, but who were likely to remain in office. Our countrymen were in dismay and destruction. It might truly be said they knew not which way to look or whither to turn. But such a crisis was too sharp to last, it passed away, and then was to be seen a proof of Mr. Dundas's power amongst us, which transcended all expectation and almost surpassed belief, if, indeed, it is not rather to be viewed as an evidence of the acute foresight, the political second sight of the Scottish nation. The trusty band in both houses actually were found adhering to him against the existing government—nay, he held the proxies of many Scottish peers in open opposition! Well might his colleague exclaim to the hapless Addington, in such unheard of troubles, "Doctor, the Thanes fly from us." When the very Scotch peers wavered, and when the Grampian hills might next be expected to move about, it was time to think that the end of all things was at hand, and the return of Pitt and security and patronage and Dundas speedily ensued, to bless old Scotland, and reward her providence or her fidelity, her attachment at once to her patron and to herself.

If we had space, we would extract Brougham's sketch of Lord Eldon, a man in all respects equipped with those qualities essential to political success.

The Judge, so prone to doubt that he could hardly bring his mind to decide, was, in all that practically concerned his party or himself, as ready to take a line and to follow it with determination of purpose as the least ingenious of ordinary statesmen. He, whose fears very much resembled his conscientious scruples, of which no man spoke more or felt less; he was about as often the slave of them as the Indian is of his deformed little gods, of which he makes much and then breaks them to pieces or casts them into the fire. Who, be the act mild or harsh, moderate or violent, sanctioned by the law and constitution or an open outrage upon both, was heard, indeed, to wail and to groan much of painful necessity—often vowed to God—spoke largely of conscience—complained bitterly of a hard lot; but the paramount sense of duty overcame all other feelings; and with wailing and with tears, beating his breast and only not tearing his hair, he did, in the twinkling of an eye, the act which unexpectedly discomfited his adversaries and secured his own power for ever.

We have given ample specimens of the style of Lord Brougham, chiefly on

account of the merit of the extracts and their suitability to our object, but also because his style is eminently suggestive of the man. It is quite a natural style, the offspring of his own sagacious, direct, and powerful mind. Deficient in ornament, and even indicating a want of imagination, it is by no means bald, being impregnated throughout by close cogent reasoning, which often, in its concentration, rises to Demosthenic eloquence. The solitary object it aims at is to make an impression, to carry the object in hand, to hit the nail right on the head. That done, there is no finishing or polishing, the argument is clenched, and it is no slight logical force which will unfasten it. But his merits as an author are not to be estimated by particular passages, but by the method of treatment of his subject as a whole. He might, had he so chosen, have given more finish and ornament to his sentences, but he might thereby have sacrificed force to elegance—he might have secured the admiration of the critic and failed to convince the reader. In our humble opinion, we think he was right to avoid such risks. Brougham was substantially a man of action, and only by accident, as it were, a man of let-

ters; and to have made this accident anything else than a mere clothing to the substance, would have been incongruous. But by not being led astray in this way by literary ambition, it has so happened he has achieved a literary success. His style is a first-class style of its kind, the style of the man of business and ambition, the fit organ for those who attempt to compel fortune to their service, who feel that they have a right to be heard and obeyed. As a master, therefore, of a real genuine style, fitted for peculiar purposes, we prophecy that Lord Brougham will be popular as an author, long after the works of those who, at present, enjoy a greater literary reputation shall have been laid aside as unnatural and affected.

For a similar reason we expect that the reputation of Lord Brougham, as a statesman, will increase with time, and that posterity will assign him a higher rank among his contemporaries than that which he at present occupies; for we hold him to be a real genuine man, acting and speaking from the dictates of a strong, plain, practical mind, without fear, without adulation, and, as the greatest of all merits in the present day, without affectation.

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REFORMATORY AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

ABOUT five miles from the city of Tours, in the far-famed valley of the Loire, there stands a structure of modern date and of unobtrusive aspect, towards which many a tourist, impelled by mere curiosity, and many an enlightened philanthropist, actuated by a loftier motive, have of late been seen to direct their footsteps :—we allude to the well-known school of Mettray, established for the reception and treatment of male juvenile delinquents.

It is our design in this article to give a brief account of the origin and progress of this institution, and of its results ; to notice such establishments of the same kind as have been founded in this kingdom, in other parts of the continent of Europe, and in America ; to set forth the peculiar character and necessities of those for whom such institutions are believed to be adapted ; and to state such objections as have, from time to time, and more especially of late, been urged against them.

In 1810 the following enactment became a part of the Penal Code of France, of which it constitutes the 66th Article :—

When a person accused shall be under sixteen years of age, if he be deemed to have acted *sans discernement*,* he shall be acquitted; but he shall, according to circumstances, be either restored to his family, or taken to a

House of Correction, to be there educated and detained for such a number of years as shall be determined by the judgment, but which shall in no case exceed the period at which he shall have completed his twentieth year.

Various attempts were made to carry the provisions of this Article into effect ; but with no other result than this—that, as regarded the principal place of confinement for young persons in the metropolitan department, out of every hundred discharged prisoners no fewer than seventy-five were again in the hands of justice in three months ! This was a startling discovery. At length, in 1837, the Government appointed a commission to make a personal examination of the transatlantic system of prison discipline ; and Frederic Auguste De Metz, a judge of the court of Appeal at Paris, a gentleman well qualified for the task assigned to him, was despatched to the United States. But though he witnessed there a mode of dealing with convicts in general which appeared to be attended with unparalleled success, he felt that the grand problem of effecting a sensible diminution in the floating mass of criminality had yet to be solved, and that the solution could be looked for only in the mode of treating juvenile offenders. It was by mere accident that, about this time, his attention was

* It is remarkable that though this plea is indulgently urged by the State in behalf of the young offender, the young offender himself never alleges it as an excuse. Besides, if want of discernment has exempted him from the discomforts of a prison, why should it not also save him from the penalties he is made to undergo at Mettray, for the more venial offence of violating the regulations of that institution ?

directed to the *Rauhe Haus*, near Hamburg, a private establishment for the education of vicious children, of which we will speak more particularly presently, conducted on the principle of giving to its inmates that which they had never before enjoyed—the benignant influence and comforts of home; a purpose which it was sought to effect by breaking up the total number into families of twelve, under a superintendent discharging the duties and actuated by the feelings of a parent, with a distinct institution of brothers in training, who were engaged in constant assistance and supervision. Here M. De Metz believed that he had discovered an exemplification of the practical operation of the principle embodied in the Article of the Penal Code already cited. He accordingly resolved to apply the principle to young persons of that class to which the Article refers. An old school-fellow of his, M. le Vicomte de Brétignères de Courteilles, a retired soldier, a man of acute intellect and of singular benevolence, joined him in the project, and devoted a considerable estate, and the remainder of his life, to the prosecution of it. Hence originated the Reformatory School of Mettray.

In 1839 they commenced their undertaking; and in five months they succeeded in constructing five dwellings, which in ten months were ready for the reception of 120 children. Five other dwellings, a chapel, a place for punishment, several granges, and a complete farming establishment, have been successively added. With a view to make their ground sure as they advanced, M. De Metz and his conjutor commenced with a staff of assistants twice as numerous as the first consignment of children. The first nine "colonists," (a convenient euphemism!) were received on the 22nd January, 1840; and during the earlier years the whole number was employed in levelling the yards and fitting up their habitations; an occupation which was found to have a powerful tendency to create in them an attachment to the place of their new abode. The latest account we have been able to procure brings down the narrative of the proceedings at Mettray to January, 1854. It had then educated and liberated 953 boys, of whom 774 have remained irre-

proachable, after a lapse in many cases of ten years; 58 only were half reformed; and only 103, or less than one-ninth, (about 11 per cent.) have relapsed into crime. There were, at the date of the last report, 550 inmates. The institution receives a trifling subsidy of 40,000 francs from Government; the other funds needful for its support are supplied partly by the liberality of the original founder and his friends; partly by the labour, chiefly agricultural, of the establishment. Munificent contributions have been made by the cities of Orleans, Limoges, Tours, Poitiers, and Paris: and among the individual contributors, honourable and grateful mention is made of M. le Comte Leon d'Ourches, who, by a generous and opportune donation of 160,000 francs, has entitled himself to be regarded as the third founder of the colony. The first thing that strikes the visitor, as he approaches this institution, is the total absence of boundary walls, or of any material contrivances for preventing the escape of the inmates, who are free to come and free to go; the only key is, as is expressed in a well known French idiom, "the key of the open fields." Let it be understood, however, that though the young people have always the opportunity to decamp, any attempt to do so is regarded as a grave offence, from the commission of which it is considered as a point of honour to abstain. From the first moment of his arrival the young "colonist" is treated as one who can be trusted not to make the attempt. The system is such, that the absence of an individual is immediately observed; and the missing party is forthwith pursued. The attempts at evasion are extremely rare, and we have heard of only one that has been successful. We may add, that there is the same liberty as regards communications from without; the visits of relatives and correspondence with them is both permitted and encouraged; unless the moral character of such relatives renders it expedient to inhibit all intercourse with them. Each family of forty, which has its own separate dwelling, is governed by two young men specially educated and trained for the purpose, assisted by two boys elected quarterly, by ballot, by their comrades, with the denomination of "elder brothers." This plan is adopted for the

purpose of bringing the procedure as near as possible to a resemblance of the family system, of conferring an honourable recompense upon those who are selected, and of giving a proof of confidence in the judgment and fairness of the young electors, of whose spirit the directors have thus a valuable index. This institution of "elder brothers" is justly regarded as the mainspring of the system; it gives the body of colonists living together in the same dwelling that habit of acting together for the common comfort of their domestic relations, which is a considerable step towards the creation of the *esprit de famille*. There is hung up a quarterly list of the names of such colonists as, during the preceding three months, had, by the blamelessness of their conduct, given no occasion for punishment. This is found to be attended with good effect; as is also another regulation—a weekly list for each family, which is hung up in the family room. Much of this will doubtless excite a smile; but we have brought it forward for the purpose of shewing how earnestly the founders of the institution are penetrated with the persuasion that its success depends upon the degree to which they are able to imbue the children with the family feeling, teach them that they are dwelling in the family home, under the domestic roof, around the paternal hearth. The spirit of the domestic discipline at Mettray is well set forth in the following anecdote, which is narrated by M. Cochin, in his *Notice sur Mettray*, p. 28:—"The abbé Fissiaux, who is at the head of the colony of Marseilles, while on a visit at Mettray, desired the colonists to point out to him the three best boys. The eyes of the rest instantly turned to three of the children whose good behaviour was most marked. The worthy abbé tried a more delicate test. 'Point out to me,' said he, 'the worst boy.' The children all remained motionless. One of them came forward by himself, with an air of distress, and said in a very low voice, '*T'es I.*' 'My friend,' said the abbé, embracing him, 'your conduct satisfies me that you are mistaken, and I will not believe you, though you tell me so.' 'Thenceforward,' says the narrator, 'that little boy has behaved very well, and is already *beaucoup* comparative-

ment au passé." Doubtless. And if ever the simple-hearted abbé pays another visit to Mettray, he will find *le plus mauvais sujet* there in high feather with the hope of having his self-condemnation so authoritatively set aside. The whole story is characteristically French, and reminds us of the acute and piquant remark of Voltaire, that "the same sermon which would work a French audience into the highest pitch of devotion would set an English audience a laughing." In the case of this poor child we see the working and the fostering of that *sense of honor*, which, in the absence of a spirit of religion, prevades the whole of society in France, and which led an eminent statesman of that country to address one of our Inspectors of Prisons in these terms:—"You, in England, have one potent instrument for the reformation of prisoners, which we have not got here: you have *religion*: we have none." In truth the system in operation at Mettray is a jumble of sound and unsound principles, and may be fitly represented by an arch, one end of which stands upon a rock, while the other rests upon a quicksand. We do not for a moment question the potency of the principle known as "the sense of honour." He must be a heedless observer, or an uncandid witness, who affirms that it has but little force. The truth is, its force is wonderful. But we wish to see the neglected and demoralized youth of these kingdoms brought under the influence of a principle whose force is more wondrous still; which has a code of morals that is perfect, and motives to obey it that are designed to be universal, immutable, and irresistible. We have pointed out several good regulations that are in force at Mettray. Though agriculture is the chief, it is not the sole industrial occupation of the children. The ground floor, in the different dwelling houses, is used for workshops, in which agricultural implements are made or repaired, the young people working in absolute silence, under the instructions of a *chef d'atelier*, or superintendent, well skilled in the business. Other occupations, as tailoring, rope-making, and washing, are carried on under proper instructors; care being taken to assign the children to such employments as are

suited to their inclinations or capacities, or to the mode of life to which they are likely to addict themselves, when the term of their schooling has expired. The whole proceedings of every individual, from the moment he enters the establishment till he leaves it, are registered. An accurate account is kept of his conduct and of his misdemeanours, more or less slight—of the rewards he has received; and of the punishments, extremely slight and well-contrived, to which he has been subjected. And on his leaving the establishment a watch is continued to be kept on the place where he is hired with the farmers and gardeners in the neighbourhood; so that the returns year after year tell precisely the whole effect of the system of discipline. We confess that we regard this last as one of its best features. No penal or reformatory discipline can be effective, unless the discharged prisoner is made to understand and feel that, whether his future conduct be good, or bad, or indifferent, it is closely watched. The bearing in mind of this post-prison surveillance, acting as a subsidiary element of the discipline, must produce the best effects. It is true that the number of trades in which the inmates at Mettray are instructed is rather scanty—but this arises from a desire on the part of the directors to detach the children as much as possible from a city life, which presents numerous and peculiar temptations, and to give them a taste for the more healthful and secure occupations of husbandry. Hence the manufactures in which they are employed are chiefly such as are connected with agriculture, so that they see the practical utility of the handicraft operations they perform. At the instance of the Minister of Marine, a ship's mast and tackle have been set up in the play ground, and a veteran seaman has been engaged to teach the lads who had a taste for such occupation, so much seamanship as could be learnt with the aid of this apparatus. The success of the experiment has exceeded every anticipation. It has been found that lads thus trained can soon make themselves useful on board ship, and they are consequently in demand for the navy. Enlistment in the army is also studiously promoted; and, it is said,

with the best effect. In these employments nothing is made for the general market; the colony consumes all that it makes, and, as far as possible, makes all that it consumes. The period of detention is three years; at the expiration of which term they are, as we have already mentioned, hired by the neighbouring farmers and tradesmen, from whom there are more applications than can be satisfied. When a boy is thus placed out, "a patron" is obtained for him, that is, some gentleman in the vicinity who will interest himself in his conduct and welfare. Reports from these patrons are received every six months, from which a list is made out. If the lad behaves well, he is presented, on his arriving at his twentieth year, with a ring engraved with an appropriate device. If he turns out ill, while under twenty years of age, he is either received back for a further trial, or is sent to the House of Correction from which he came, and there remains until the expiration of his sentence. There is a normal school attached to the institution, in which there are from twelve to eighteen pupils, to replace such of the masters as are sent off to similar establishments that are forming in various parts of France.

We cannot withhold the following anecdote from our readers. Not long since there was too much reason to believe that certain pecuniary support would be withdrawn from the institution, to such an extent that the establishment must be wound up, and the further prosecution of it abandoned; whereupon the different *employés*, a body of young men from twenty-one to thirty-five years of age—men of tried ability and vigour, who could at any time command remunerative employment elsewhere, waited on M. De Metz, and offered to continue their services at half their salaries! So fully were their hearts devoted to the work in which they were engaged. We must not omit to notice that Mettray has in its whole constitution one peculiar feature,—military organization. Each family is taught to consider itself a company of the regiment which is made up of the whole establishment; the monitors to each house are, so to speak, its corporals; the superintendent its lieutenant and captain; the Director

of the Colony, its colonel. Military discipline is assiduously, though not harshly or unkindly, enforced and practised; the boys march to their work, their exercise, their school, their play ground; a band of military music, selected from the boys themselves, assists in familiarizing and instilling the military notion and feeling; an exact obedience on the one hand, and a constant superintendence on the other, are thus at once enforced. Such is Mettray; an institution which, whether for good or for evil, has exercised, and will continue to exercise, over the minds of the founders of similar establishments through the globe, an influence so powerful and diffusive as to justify all the minuteness with which we have described its structure and operation. There are in France and Algeria forty-one institutions of this description, but the results are far from being either uniform or encouraging. Of these, 18 are directed by laymen, 15 by ecclesiastics or religious bodies, and 8 under a mixed direction, lay and clerical. Three are specially devoted to Protestant children; and, of these, that at Strasbourg is the most interesting and the best known.

Immediately after Mettray, in point of interest and importance, though prior to it in point of origin, comes the universally known Rauhe Haus, at the village of Horn, about three miles from Hamburg, and founded, in 1833, by M. Wichern, for the reception and training of poor friendless outcasts of the adjacent city. It was not designed for those who had fallen into crime, but for those whose circumstances and associates were likely to lead them into it. The benevolent founder's view was this,—“that a prison school will only train culprits; it will not develop the feelings or morals: that can alone be done by placing the child, as far as possible, in the position in which the heavenly Father would have him placed,—in a well-ordered family, where his best faculties and disposition should be educed and expanded; an institution which shall not send forth branded convicts, (lost to all self-respect), but moral patients restored to health, who henceforth should mingle unmarked with those around them.” The usual designation,

“House of Rescue,” was dropped, and the new institution took its name from that belonging to the old, rough, thatched cottage first inhabited, Rauhe Haus. “Let the child feel,” says M. Wichern, “that when his foot passes over the threshold of his new abode, his conduct is changed! He begins a new life. His past misbehaviour is forgiven and forgotten.” The number of inmates at the commencement was only four or five, whom M. Wichern had induced by gentle remonstrance and calm reasoning, suited to the capacity of the poor children, to come into their new dwelling; being determined

By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
And make persuasion do the work of fear:

and he was immediately rewarded with answerable success. With the aid of his young converts, he soon brought their humble tenement into a habitable condition; and when all was ready, he inaugurated his undertaking with a simple but most impressive religious solemnity, which those who were present could not easily have forgotten; and “we consecrated our establishment,” says he, “on — —, in the midst of such a bright sunshine, that only God's own love could shine more brightly.” The whole proceeding was eminently affecting. The following prayer, offered up on this occasion, as it came from the speaker's heart, will surely find its way to that of the reader:—“Deign, O thou God of mercy, to enter this lowly dwelling as its guardian and defence; dwell therein, as its Lord and owner;—supply us therein with bodily and spiritual food;—awaken therein the longing for that far better and eternal abode of peace, which thou in yonder mansions hast prepared for them that love thy appearing, and patiently look for thy salvation.” There are no bars, bolts, or boundary wall; “the strongest and most unscaleable wall,” says the founder, “is, we find, to have no wall at all.” We have not space to go into the details of the management of this most interesting establishment; suffice it to say that, as a Reformatory, its success has been as signal as that of Mettray, while the leading principle on which it is conducted—the family feeling—is the

same. The amount of compulsion exercised is slight, and rarely needed. Kindness, vigilance, the effect of example, and, above all, the moral influences, wholly new to the wretched children sent thither, which are brought to bear upon them, rarely fail to work the desired effects. The boys are all taught some branch of industry; and, as fast as they shew themselves qualified and deserving, are placed out in various honest callings. The whole number is grouped into families of twelve, over each of which superintendents are appointed.

In Belgium there are two reformatory schools one at Ruysselede, modelled upon that at Mettray, and superintended by the well-known reformer of prisons, M. Ducpétiaux; and the other at Beernem, exclusively for girls, and conducted by Sisters of Charity. It must be observed, however, that only about one half of the inmates are of the criminal class; the rest are pauper children sent by the parishes, or by benevolent societies: a fact which ought to be borne in mind when contrasting results. For example, when Mr. Robert Hall, Recorder of Doncaster, visited, in 1854, the establishment of Petit Bourg, near Corbeil, in France, for the treatment of precisely the same class of offenders with that received at Mettray, he applied his usual test,—the searching question, “Do you succeed in gaining the affections of your young people?” The answer was, “Never!” The children were described as being at once selfish and ungrateful; sometimes well-behaved out of policy, but never evincing the slightest kindly feeling for the most sedulous care. At Ruysselede he asked the same question. “Yes,” was the reply; “we should do little good if we did not gain the hearts of the great majority,—almost of all those who remain any length of time with us; but the parishes remove some of them before any good can be hoped for.” We pray our readers to mark that; we shall have to recur to it by-and-by. At Mettray the children say their prayers aloud; at Ruysselede all pray in silence. “How do you know that your children pray at all?” asks a superintendent of the former establishment of the director of the latter. “How do you know,”

retorts the director, “whether yours pray with the heart? For if they don’t, they had better not pray at all.” This is a very pretty controversy as it stands; we leave the rival litigants to decide it at their leisure.

In contrasting the Belgian system with that of France, or, indeed, with that of any other State, it is proper to bear in mind that the reformatory schools of that kingdom have been instituted by virtue of a law which applies to the whole nation, and admits to a participation in its benefits every mendicant, vagrant, pauper, or morally neglected child found in certain defined circumstances. The design is not merely to come to the rescue of some children only, of a given class or locality, but to compass the reformation of the whole of the youthful population heretofore condemned, by the extreme misery, the vices, the negligence, or the thriftlessness of their parents, to be swallowed up and lost in the depots of mendicity and the prisons. In short, it is boldly attempted to extinguish pauperism in Belgium, by the education and apprenticeship of all its mendicant, vagrant, and pauper children; and in the course of this endeavour the highest refinements of discipline and economy have been brought into practical use.

There is at Kopf, near Berlin, a reformatory establishment, and another at Dusselthal Abbey, near Dusseldorf, founded, in 1816, by Count Von der Recke. Switzerland, too, as is well known, boasts of her reform schools at Neu Hof and Hofwyl, besides that at Bachtelen, near Berne, and the renowned normal school of Kreutlingen, near Constance, founded by Werhli, the disciple and follower of Pestalozzi and Fellenberg. Nor have the United States been behind Europe in this useful and benevolent career. The earliest Reformatory was established in New York in 1824; this was followed by one at Philadelphia, in 1826; in 1835 an excellent one was founded; and it reports the most encouraging results. There are others of more recent date in Massachusetts and Maryland. The latest we have heard of is the Baltimore House of Refuge, established in 1852. These reckon their

and of them, three-fourths are said to be reformed. Finally, in 1848, a deputation was despatched by the Governor General of Canada, to inquire and report concerning the Reformatories in the United States; and they recommended the erection of one or two houses of refuge at Quebec or Montreal, or at Toronto or Hamilton.

Let us now see what has been done in these kingdoms for the treatment of that large and daily increasing class,—our juvenile delinquents. In 1788 the earliest step seems to have been taken in this direction, by several earnest and enlightened men, whose attention had been directed to the great number of depraved and vagrant children infesting London and its vicinity, living, and trained to live, by mendicancy and theft. Thus originated the Philanthropic Society. It is worthy of notice, that not only did the Separate System of confinement for adults, now so generally adopted, commence in England, but also the subsidiary plan of providing reformatory schools for the reception of our youthful criminals had its beginning there. No earlier example is upon record of the latter class of establishments than the school of the Philanthropic Society, which may justly be regarded as the parent and model of all subsequent institutions of that sort. "A single child," says one of the earliest Reports, "was first put to nurse, to which several more were soon added; when the number amounted to twelve, a small house, at £10 per annum, was hired, in a situation where more could easily be obtained, as they might be wanted. A second house was soon hired, and presently a third and fourth; a small spot of garden ground was also taken, in which the boys should assist the gardener in their leisure hours. At the end of the second year, the school contained about fifty children of both sexes, divided into distinct families; each managed as much as possible on the footing of a HOME, and each instructed in some branch of industry likely to be useful to them in after life." This was the very system that was subsequently adopted at Mettray; but, unhappily, owing to a great increase of the number of the inmates, the desire of a less costly

management, and the difficulty of obtaining a sufficient staff of properly qualified superintendents, to train the children on the footing of small separate families, the domestic principle was broken in upon, and it was resolved to concentrate the school, and to associate the boys and girls together respectively, in greater numbers. The school was then removed to St. George's Fields, in the Borough of Southwark. Here, among other measures of internal management, those boys who were of a criminal character were separated from those who had been received on the ground of destitution, or thrown helpless and friendless on the world by their parents' misconduct. On this footing the society continued its operations till 1845, when it was resolved to discontinue the girls' school altogether, and to limit the agency of the charity as much as possible to the "Reformation of Penitent and Destitute Offenders;" and to retain these only so long as seemed necessary for their improvement; apprenticing them out, or enabling them to emigrate after two or three years' probation, instead of keeping them in the establishment (as had previously been usual) till near the age of manhood. And now Mettray, which up to this time might be regarded as the follower of the Philanthropic Society, took, in its turn, the lead, and set to the latter the example which it has up to this time very closely followed. It was determined to remove the Philanthropic from London altogether, and transform its manufactory into a farm, where, trained in the more healthful and active operation of agricultural life, the boys would be properly prepared for emigration; and, lastly, to return to the society's original system, of distributing the boys into separate families or households, where more individual superintendence, and more kindly domestic influence, might be substituted for the ordinary mechanical and formal discipline. Accordingly, in January, 1849, the committee obtained an eligible farm of one hundred and thirty-three acres, in the immediate vicinity of Redhill and Reigate Station, on the Brighton and South Eastern Railways. Here then commenced the important experiment, for the result of which the United Kingdom is

watching with the most earnest anxiety, viz:—"How far the discipline and out-door occupations of a country school, conducted on the footing of an agricultural colony, can be successfully applied to the reformation and industrial training of such youths as such an institution seeks to rescue." The impulse is almost irresistible by which one feels impelled to place Mettray and Redhill side by side, to compare them, to contrast them, to mark the peculiar features that distinguish them, to watch the effects of the peculiar advantages by which each is benefited, or of the peculiar difficulties with which each has to contend. One great disadvantage attaches to Redhill—the majority of the elder boys are strictly *volunteers*, admitted at their own application, on the expiration of their sentence, whom, therefore, the society has no legal power to detain, or to compel to return if they choose to abscond. From the opening of the institution in April, 1849, up to the date of the last report, February, 1856, eight hundred and seventy-five boys had been admitted. Of the number, one hundred and seventy-five, admitted in 1855, seventy-six had lost one parent, twenty-five both, one hundred and four had not been regularly at school, fifty-three had been exposed to the evils of a vicious home and bad parental example; twenty-eight had been once before in prison; eighteen, twice; and sixty-eight, thrice and upwards. It is plain that from such a class as this the ranks of adults in crime must be plentifully recruited. But there is a question to which it is well worth our while to seek for the true answer—what are the causes that chiefly engender this loathsome and revolting mass of premature depravity? To this inquiry we have obtained one uniform reply—parental neglect. Either the parents are unable to superintend the child's early years—to educate, control, and employ him; or they set a bad example, which the child but too readily follows; or give evil counsel, which he but too readily obeys. Even if we suppose the child to be the offspring of sober and industrious parents, who send him to school, but whose occupations take them from home, what is to become of him when school hours are over? If he goes home, he finds no parent

there. If he goes into the street, he meets there with associates who tempt, corrupt, and ensnare him. It is not a mere peradventure, that the child *may* fall; it is a moral certainty that he *will*. No youth could pass unscathed through such a fearful ordeal as this. The best thing we can wish for the poor, neglected little creature is, that, if he is doomed to fall, he may fall soon, and be brought, while his disposition is more pliant and ductile than it ever will be at any future stage of his life, under the beneficent influence of a well ordered institution, in which he may be instructed in those duties and those doctrines which it can never be too soon to teach him. Whether such an establishment as that at Redhill be suited to his case, is a question which we will consider presently. We agree with the able and zealous chaplain of that institution in his opinion, that "*reformation*, except in rare and exceptional cases, ought to be a word wholly inapplicable to children of fourteen or twelve, or as many are, even of ten years of age. It at once proclaims that obvious duties have been neglected, and the simplest responsibilities forgotten, when minds and hearts so young are found so early tainted and deformed. Did we take more pains to form them rightly from the first, there would be but a few, at least at such a tender age, to be reformed." True, but not new. It is the old story over again; at least it is as old as the time of Solomon; for he, too, had a notion, that there was some hope in the early training of a child in the way he should go. We seem, however, to be disinclined to take him at his word, till we have made the experiment for ourselves; like the canny Scotchman: "Honesty, my friend, is the best policy: and I ought to know, for I've tried baith."

The last Report of Redhill states, "Our discharges for the year 1855 have amounted to 108. Of these 18 deserted, or were discharged after fair probation, as calculated to do more injury to their schoolmates than benefit to themselves by the opportunity afforded them. Of the remaining 90, 65 emigrated—46 to Australia, and 19 to America. So far as we have heard of these, the large majority are likely to do well." But we are entitled to ask, of how many of those

emigrants have you had tidings? And from whom have you heard of the well-doing of those you refer to,—from themselves, or from trustworthy witnesses? We hold it to be of the last importance that a constant, watchful, and even anxious guardianship should, as far as possible, be exercised over the discharged boys; and that throughout the whole of their schooling they should be made to bear this truth in mind. This would exercise a most salutary influence over them during the period of their detention, and save the time, trouble, and cost that are expended upon them. But to fling them back into the world without a care for their future welfare would be “to throw the helve after the hatchet,”—“*post omnia perdere naulum*.”

The total number of boys at Redhill is broken up, as at Mettray, and as at the Philanthropic at its original constitution, into separate schools, of which there are at present six, each under a master appropriated to itself, and complete in all its arrangements and accommodations. The different masters are independent of each other, and responsible only to the chief manager, who is also the chaplain. In each school there is put up monthly a Good Conduct List, on which is inscribed the names of such of the boys as have passed through the preceding month without any complaint against them for negligence or misbehaviour. The boys who keep their names on this list for three consecutive months receive a small prize chosen by themselves. The plan appears to work well. Half-yearly examinations in general and religious knowledge are henceforth to take place.

The Report for the year 1855 well observes, “The thing to be done in this institution is, to change a lad who, unreformed, is a continual annoyance and expense to the community, into one who shall not only be harmless but useful, and, in his honest industry and labour, profitable—a producer, instead of a mere spoiler, waster, and consumer of the fruits of others’ toil. If this be effectually done, no ordinary rate of cost is really expensive, for he steals and consumes in his crimes and his punishment ten times more than can be spent in his reformation. Expense is

in such a case economy. The waste is, failure in the reformatory process.”

As compared with Mettray, Redhill labours under certain disadvantages: it has not the military organization and discipline which are found to be so efficacious in the former: it has no legal power to detain the greater number of its inmates, or to enforce their return if they should choose to abscond. But the difficulties of its task it seeks to overcome by employing religious influence, personal kindness, exact justice, and constant employment, accompanied by small rewards in the nature of wages.

The last Report states that out of 636 who have left the school since it was opened in 1849, 540 had stayed in it willingly, and gone out to honest employment in the colonies or in England; and that it may fairly be asserted of 70 per cent. of these, that they have been conducting themselves well.

Similar institutions have been established at Stretton-on-Dunsmore, in Warwickshire (recently given up for want of funds), at Durham, at Kingswood near Bristol, at Saltley near Birmingham, at Hardwick in the county of Gloucester, at Brighton, at Westminster, and at Parkhurst in the Isle of Wight—a government institution, in which the prisoners work in *association*!

When it is alleged, as an objection to national establishments for the maintenance and training, as well as for the punishment, of young offenders, that this is holding out a premium to crime, and giving to the offspring of negligent, dishonest, and profligate parents an education and nurture that the hardworking, upright labourer or artisan is unable, with all his self-denial, to provide for his children, it is sufficient to answer, that the objection is groundless. First, because we do not give to the criminal child such an education as he ought to receive at home; and we could not do this, if we would. Parental nurture and discipline are God’s own ordinance; and when they are neglected, nothing that the most enlightened and earnest philanthropy can substitute for them can be an equivalent. Secondly, neither the young delinquent himself, nor his negligent

parents or guardians have any taste for such institutions : not the young urchin himself, for he there finds his freedom restrained, his inclinations curbed, and the whole system in antagonism to his settled habits : not the parents, for they are made to smart for the misconduct of the child, by being compelled to defray the cost of his maintenance. When the objector can bring forward an instance of a young scoundrel who has been decoyed from a penny theatre by the superior attractions of a properly regulated Reformatory School, or of a worthless parent who is desirous of being mulcted in the cost of his stripling's maintenance there, or of an honest labourer who is willing to have his virtuous child made the enforced associate of young thieves who bear the ineffaceable brand of criminality upon their brow, we shall then deem the objection a just one.

But we have an objection to Reformatory Schools, as at present constituted, which we believe it will be difficult to answer. We object to them on this ground, that in undertaking, as they do, the penal treatment of young culprits, they assume a function that pertains exclusively and inalienably to the State. We hold that, among the duties incumbent by an express divine ordinance upon the Executive, one is—the punishment of its criminal members ; and that duty it delegates to other hands AT ITS PERIL ! Its responsibility in this case cannot be shifted, cannot be shared. The treatment of all delinquents, whether adult or juvenile, belongs solely to it. They fall by law into the hands of the law ; and revelation, reason, universal usage, conspire in testifying that by the law they should be dealt with. No amount of accountability, or of sound judgment, or of unimpeachable philanthropy, can entitle an association of private individuals to take upon itself an obligation which no human power can transfer to it ; or to absolve the Government from an obligation which is tied to it by a bond which cannot be sundered. The moment a criminal, no matter how venial his offence may be, passes

from the grasp of the law into that of a private society, he passes into hands that are unauthorized to detain and impotent to punish him.

But it is said in reply to this :—

“ You cannot send a mere child to gaol ; it is not a fit place for him.”

Then we answer—Let it be made fit.

Let suitable accommodation, suitable

education, suitable employment, suitable

exercise, be provided in every

gaol in this kingdom for such inmates ;

and let us incur, without a

murmur, any amount of cost and

trouble for the due treatment of such,

rather than subvert the first principles

of reason and justice, by delivering

them over to hands that have no

right to their custody. It is alleged

that, by the self-denying, sympathizing,

truly Christian-minded persons who

establish and manage those

“ reformatories,” good is done. Yes,

but evil is done too. And we are

bold to say that the good they do can

be done as effectually, without any

admixture of evil, in a properly constructed

and properly managed gaol.

We hold in as high estimation as

any one can the priceless value

of individual benevolence ; but we

believe that the kindly and parental

influence which has been brought to

operate upon the friendless objects of

reformatory schools, may be much

more effectually exercised by paid

than by unpaid agency. “ It is a

mistake to accredit effective philan-

thropy solely to voluntary effort, and

to deny it to those who apply their

hearts and devote their time and talent

to the work, simply because they

live by their labour, and make it

their vocation. A labour of love is

not necessarily unpaid, or beneficially

uncontrolled.”*

“ But,” say the advocates of ‘ Re-

formatory Schools,’ “ a gaol is not

only unfit for young children, but

they are unfit for it. They are irre-

sponsible beings ; and therefore it is

at once unfeeling and irrational to

subject them to a discipline which is

utterly unadapted to their capacity.”

This is begging the question—nay, it

is worse ;—it is a direct arraignment

of the Divine wisdom ;—it is no less

than an impeachment of His skill in

* On Juvenile Crime, as it affects Commerce, and the best means of repressing it. By Jolinger Symons, Esq. 1855.

the construction of that wondrous fabric, a human creature, implying that against its innate and early tendency to act wrong he has not provided a needful check; and that the masterpiece of his handiwork is surpassed in this respect even by the production of the human artificer. Examine the mechanism of a watch: see there the contrivance by which the greater recoiling power of the spring at its utmost tension, is compensated by a simple contrivance which renders equable the motion of the whole machine. And will any one tell us that a child is less skillfully formed than a chronometer! No,—as soon as the child is able to do what is wrong he is able to hear the voice of the inward monitor rebuking him for the deed. There is no appreciable interval between the commitment of the act and the warning of the avenger: conscience applies her scourge to the transgressor as the thunder pursues the flash. If those who maintain that a very young lad can have no adequate notion of property will only take from him his playthings—his ball or his marbles—perhaps they will see reason to think differently. The truth is, that a child of seven, aye, or five years of age, has as just a notion of the doctrine of *meum* and *tuum* as any student of Grotius or Puffendorf. For surely, if he can feel an instinctive sense of injustice at the invasion of his own *rights*, he must at the same time have some notion of his *duty* with respect to the rights of others. "From a child * thou hast known the Scriptures." So says St. Paul to Timothy. But Timothy must have then known his Bible to little purpose, if he did not understand the eighth commandment. Those who stickle so stoutly for the irresponsibility of young pilferers must excuse us if we believe an Apostle rather than them.

Instead, therefore, of whining and whimpering when a young culprit is brought before us, and asking with a rueful look of perplexity, "What shall we do with such a mere child as this?" let us rejoice with exceeding joy that he has fallen into our hands at so tender an age, before his heart is rendered more corrupt by the force

of evil example, and his conscience more seared by further training in the path of vice. Let us regard this as an opportunity to be embraced with thankfulness, of rescuing from after-ruin a poor neglected outcast, and of timely arresting a career which, unchecked, must end either at the gibbet or the antipodes. Bear in mind the exceeding *lubricity* of *crime*, and that the trivial theft is father to the felony. Lose not a moment; eradicate evil habits, instil good principles,—which are nothing else than *reasons* for being good; urge moral, religious, Christian motives; and do all this with the potency, we may say with the omnipotence of Christian love; and your task will be as facile as your success will be sure. Fear not, if you begin well, that you will ever fail for want of fit agents to carry on the good work: not mere hirelings, who, having no capacity for any other occupation, think themselves well qualified for the very highest occupation of all—the educating and fostering of those "high, capacious powers that lie folded up in man," the implanting of religious principles, the communication of religious truths, the formation of religious habits, the cultivation of religious affections, and the setting of religious examples. Only throw open a field for such labourers, and they will eagerly proffer their priceless services; services that gold cannot purchase, any more than it can recompense them. This encouraging prospect lies before us. As for France, we are persuaded that she will look in vain for another Mettray, or another De Metz. We have seen in Recorder Hall's account of Petit Bourg, that the system has signally failed there. We are prepared, from the very nature of the case, to find other failures elsewhere in that kingdom. M. De Metz possesses peculiar aptitudes, which are very rarely to be met with, and not to be transmitted. We require in a matter of this sort not only an agent that shall be fit, but an establishment that shall be lasting. Founders must die: institutions should be immortal.

Even apart from every other consideration than their intellectual nurture, these poor uncared-for children

* Ἀπὸ βρέφους, "from an infant." The original makes still more strongly for us.

excite an interest that attaches almost exclusively to their class. All accounts coincide in representing them as being endowed with minds peculiarly alert and quick of comprehension, as if their intellects were preternaturally sharpened by the very necessities of their condition. This fact is but an illustration of an old anecdote, which, however familiar to some of our readers, may be new to most of them; it appears to be even more novel to some who have heard it before than to others, so true is the aphorism that "nothing is so new as what we have forgotten." A learned foreigner, on a visit to London, after his friend had shewn him all the notabilities of that vast city, inquired whether they had any building there for the reception and accommodation of the prime intellect of the nation. "Yes," was the answer, "come and I will shew it to you;" and then, taking him opposite to the gaol of Newgate, and pointing to that gloomy structure, he said, "*There be our wits!*" But those "wits" had undergone a long and assiduous training before they had duly qualified themselves for the privilege which a paternal government had provided for them,—free commons and free quarters, with the advantage of further improving themselves in the deeper mysteries of their craft. They had begun early—most of them; practised sedulously, and pursued their calling skilfully. Will any one tell us that the young urchin who steals our pocket-handkerchief has evinced less dexterity than the weaver who made it? Will it be maintained that the young burglar who has picked our patent lock is a more bungling craftsman than the locksmith who constructed it? Yet out of such material are our most formidable felons formed. "It is only his first offence," says the police officer, or the magistrate. *Only his first offence!* Only the *first* step beyond the edge of the precipice;—only the *first*

plunge into the water on the verge of the cataract: Why, this is the very turning point of the poor child's career. The moment Justice lays her hand upon the culprit, society instinctively shrinks from all contact with him. An unspotted name is the very panoply of character; that once lost, the enamel is gone! True, the poor child may, in the eye of God and in the belief of man, have repented of his fault, and firmly resolved to amend it. True, he may be willing to enter upon an honest calling, or to turn to any occupation he can obtain. *But who will employ him?* And this brings us to a point to which we are most anxious to draw the notice of our readers—the wide and abundant field of labour which lies open to the legitimate activity of those excellent individuals who are bestirring themselves so laudably in the cause of neglected and outcast children. If they will look at the soil that thus invites their cultivation, they will find that though the domain of the Law be lamentably wide, that of Philanthropy is wider still. We do not gauge the depths of juvenile delinquency, when we give the number of our convicts, or even of committals. There is a vast fermenting mass of youthful crime that never reaches legal detection; a vast mass of idleness and ignorance just hovering on the verge of crime, which is sure to fall into it if a timely hand do not interpose to stay its course, and to turn it into a better channel, and direct it towards a proper end. These constitute what are called the Arab† population of our alleys and larger towns; and in the education and training of these, the most active philanthropy may find ample scope for the exercise of its most ardent and untiring energy, without trenching upon an office to which neither the ordinance of God nor the law of man has called it.

† An unfortunate misnomer, closely verging upon a palpable solecism. The Arab, with his roving and nomadic habits, no more resembles those settled tenants of our lanes and alleys, than a butterfly is like a barnacle.

F A I T H .

BY FRANCIS DAVIS.

I.

The name of faith 's a holy word,
 Though men at times abuse it,
 And faith itself 's a conquering sword
 When earnestly we use it.
 Believe yourself a paltry slave,
 And freedom falls behind you ;
 Believe yourself a man, and brave—
 And such the world shall find you.
 For faith's a nerve and stay of steel
 To lofty and to lowly—
 A heavenly lamp for human weal
 Where human will is holy.

II.

'Tis faith that veils the darts of death,
 Or arms us for his tourney ;
 'Tis faith that points the patriot's path,
 And feasts him on his journey.
 Believe you're cursed with cobweb-soul,
 And every breath will break it—
 Believe you've might to make the goal,
 And here's my hand you'll make it ;
 For faith a mover is of mounds,
 A raiser of the lowly,
 A trump of soul-begetting sounds,
 Where ear and heart are holy.

III.

Then take ye Faith, nor ever fear
 Ye err by such assumption,
 No matter how the taunt and jeer
 May name the nymph Presumption.
 And grasp her firm when evils lower—
 The closer clasped, the warmer—
 For faith in your right arm is more
 Than countless suits of armour.
 Oh faith 's a shield to mighty men,
 A love-light to the lowly,
 And if a smiter now and then,
 The work, at times, is holy.

IV.

Then, God of nations ! sow each soil,
 Each city, hill, and hollow
 With faith—with more, the will to toil.
 And all man seeks must follow :
 For had each soul but faith and will,
 By all yon sun's adorning,
 The tallest mount of human ill
 The sea should have ere morning.
 Oh ! faith, thou might in muscle's dearth,
 Not all hell's hosts may flout thee ;
 God bless thee, light of heaven and earth—
 For both were black without thee.

OUR COLOURS AND CREEDS.

A SONG FOR SUMMER.

BY FRANCIS DAVIS.

I.

Brown Summer 's abroad, and is shepherd-like keeping
 Her brightness and odour by mountain and vale,
 Where sainted young Melody, heavenward leaping,
 Rolls, gushing and gushing, her heart on the gale.
 The hills of our Ulster—the queenly, the olden—
 Like passion-souled poets of beauty—of God
 Gleam forth with their flower-thoughts—emerald and golden —
 Where many a light-leaving angel hath trod.
 Then lovingly mingle these flowers, my brother—
 The gold of the lily and green of our land—
 For, oh ! while they aid us in hating each other,
 Far better our isle were a desert of sand.

II.

Oh ! say not ye deem that the God of Creation
 Had love in his heart, when he lighted this world
 With beauties like these, if the soul of a nation
 Must groan at each glimpse of their glory unfurled ;
 Nor say you believe that the Child of the manger,
 In coming, in going, in aught, was divine,
 If the creed which you hold the best beacon in danger
 Must lead you to look like a demon on mine :
 If heaven be love—if religion be holy—
 If God be a Being whom man should obey,
 Oh ! hate not, but pity, your brother, if folly,
 Or creed and conviction have led him astray.

III.

Oh ! if, in our darkness, we've wantonly lingered
 To pile up the altar where Liberty bleeds,
 Why—why to our folly cling on, gory-fingered,
 Till crushed through the earth by our colours and creeds ?
 Let's hang the red past, like a beacon, before us,
 Not lighting up passions by heaven abhorred,
 But melting those clouds by our madness hung o'er us,
 The scoff of the nations—the curse of the Lord !
 Ah, heaven ! no more may those passions have power
 To wring from thy teachings the scourge and the chain ;
 No more o'er the tint of a leaf or a flower
 May bigotry brandish the club of a Cain !

THE DARRAGH

CHAPTER VII.

FIRST LOVE.

You say that she is changed to you,
 You call her fickle and untrue :
 She never changed—she but obeyed
 A feeling which her mind did master :
 She ne'er was fickle—she but strayed
 Like careless sheep to newer pasture.
 She never then was false to you,
 Because she ne'er was true.

The Young Man's Dream.

IN about a fortnight after the events recorded in the last chapter, my cousin Gilbert returned from his *séjour* at Castle O'Skerrett; and my uncle, who was all frankness and action, asked him at once what he had been doing on the Trasnagh Sands, and what was the nature of his acquaintance with Mr. Marellos and his daughter. It was after dinner, and just when the ladies had withdrawn, and the good old General had esconced himself in the black chair, that he put this question; and I do think had he fired a pistol at my cousin's head, he could not have been more thunderstruck. He became deadly pale, nay, yellow and livid for a moment, then mastering his emotion with a strong effort, he answered in a slow, constrained voice, the colour coming back to his face in a rush of blood with the effort of each word, "that he employed Marellos as a clerk to draw leases—that his mare had gone dead lame a mile beyond Ballytrasnagh the day after he had left the Darragh, and that he had returned to the hotel in that village, and had gone out next morning to the sea beach to seek for agates with Marellos, whose daughter wished to witness the surf breaking on the shore, &c., &c." In fact, he explained any little mystery in the transaction so simply, and so much to our satisfaction, that whatever suspicion had been created by his singular agitation when commencing his explanation, was effectually dissipated by the candour which appeared in its conclusion. And I am sure my uncle never thought more of the matter: nor did I, till the explosion of after events laid it bare to the reasonings of my memory.

Our two ladies seemed much

pleased at Mr. Kildoon's reinstatement in our household; for, living as he did occasionally in the society of the county, he had a faculty of small talk, and a budget of Lilliputian histories, consisting of the sayings and doings of our neighbours in the Wild West,—

The Brownes, the Bodkins, and the Frenches;
 Squire Blake and Captain Kirwan;
 My Lord Clancarty and all the Tranches;
 And—Mrs. General Irwin,"

which were apples and nuts to the appetite and Cheltenhamized habits of our elder guest, and certainly not unacceptable to her fair daughter. In fact, Gilbert was a first-rate talker of *persons*, while whatever little conversational power I possessed was on *things*. And my uncle's tastes were mine.

So when Gilbert, after tea that evening, unbuckled his post bag which he had been replenishing during his stay with O'Skerrett—who was himself both long-eared and loquacious—the outrush of news and gossip was so continuous as effectually to dumbfound me, and nearly swept my uncle's patience off its feet, as he paced the drawing-room with a quicker and a more jerky step than usual, and an occasional clearing of his throat, unwounded with him. This, though visible and audible to me, was unobserved by the narrator, whose graphic recitals went smoothly in amidst the muslins, and pleasantly over the crochet-work to the ears and sensorium of his gentle auditory, who sat sewing at a sofa-table, and ever and anon repaying his labours with sweet smiles, and a degree of attentive gusto which I was painfully aware no powers of

mine could elicit. To be sure, to make amends for this, I had Miss Cardonald all to myself when she wished to ride or desired to sing. Gilbert had no time for the former, and neither taste nor tune for the latter. I had both; and Isabella Cardonald was as graceful on the saddle as she was charming at the piano. So we rode together on the sounding shore, or amidst the dark ravines of the mountains—sometimes with the General, but more frequently by ourselves; and we sang together in the evenings, she initiating me into the tender pathos of the ballad music of Scotland, and I awakening her taste to the wild and thrilling sorrow of the Irish melody:—and so it came to pass naturally enough, that before the ash-buds had gone forth into leaves, and before the spring had warmed into summer, I had become attached to Miss Cardonald. I am not ashamed to state this now. True, she was some years my senior, but she was the first really nice lady visitor I had seen since I had lost my Madeline; and I was a boy—proud, shy, and romantic—with an imagination whose activity I often mistook for feeling, and a mind which had come in contact with but little society, save the few occasional visitors at my uncle's house. He early saw my attachment, and spoke to me of it, like himself, right nobly and candidly. "Walter," he said, "I do not quite approve of your fancy: you are too young and too impulsive to exercise a just discretion in matters where your affections are concerned; yet I throw no stone at you, for at your age we are more hasty to feel than calm to judge; and thus the heart outsails the head. I grant you that the young lady is very pretty, and by no means deficient in intelligence; but remember what a teacher she has had all her life; and how her mother's character and society must have exercised an influence over her. Her father was Lord Glenmorloch, a Scotch judge, with a coarse mind, a keen tongue, a cool, clever head, and a heart as cold as a snowball. He fell in love with her mother for her pretty face, but made her but an ill-tempered husband, frequently breaking in upon her silly speeches with, 'Hold your tongue, na'am,' or, 'Lucy, you're a fool.' To

me, Walter, I confess, this poor lady is absolutely revolting, and her sojourn at my house and at my cottage has been one of the most wearisome chapters in the life of my old age. Pardon my warmth, dear nephew, but I cannot away with her affectation; and I confess I should have rejoiced if she and her daughter had returned to England after her first visit to my poor house, and not taken this cottage, settling themselves thus at my very fireside. My dear Walter, you used to speak of your Madeline as your pattern of all that is nice and feminine. Is this young lady like her? And do you think had our Madeline been spared, that she and Miss Cardonald would have become as intimate from accordance of character as you would have desired them to be? 'I trow not.' Is the young lady religious? Is she thoroughly refined? Is she fond of what you are so given to—books—scenery? Would your natural or educational tastes ever agree? I am afraid not. What is this the old Latin says—'Idem nolle, atque idem velle, id demum amicitia vera est.' I fear I quote incorrectly, for my Latin, like my cavalry sabre, is rusting from disuse; but I know I reason right, because I do so dispassionately and calmly, with true love for you, and no unkindness towards the young lady. Walter, do you recollect what happened at the village of Barnagee?" My uncle here alluded to an occurrence which had taken place a month before this.

Mrs. Cardonald had expressed a desire to see an immense brown bog which supplied our house, and indeed half the country side, with excellent fuel. A village stood on a hill beyond the bog; here the General had built a schoolhouse, to teach the young idea of the rustic population how to shoot; and to this village we had driven one day after luncheon; a shower was falling, and we went into the schoolroom for shelter—it was a large barn-like edifice—the children had been dismissed, and at the master's desk stood a man whom my uncle recognised as the celebrated G—— O——, a travelling missionary from the Wesleyan body to the Celtic population. On the present occasion he had congregated upwards of sixty of the peasantry, and was preparing

to address them in their native tongue. My uncle at once uncovered, and sat down on a form, and we all followed his example. The orator was, by turns, loud, soft, impressive, pathetic and exciting; now lifting his impulsive audience into exultation; now depressing them to tears, as they rose and fell on the waves of his eloquence, like sea birds on the surge. He spoke the Irish fluently and beautifully, with a singularly sweet and flexible voice, which rolled forth the rich gutturals—soft yet strong—of a language which seems to have been made originally to the pattern of the Irish mind, and has within itself a poetry, a copiousness, a power of adaptation, and a pathos, unparalleled by any other language, ancient or modern. As the speaker proceeded, and deepened to his subject, his auditory became greatly excited—the men rooted in attention; the females weeping; one old man next me was beating time softly on the ground with his staff in a sort of involuntary symphony with the stirring descant of the preacher; and even my uncle, who understood nothing of the language, was thoroughly excited and most respectfully attentive, while I sat by his side with every pulse quickened—and then I heard a very low laugh, and turning suddenly round to where Miss Cardonald was sitting with my cousin, I saw that they had been ridiculing the whole scene; the lady's eyes were full of laughter—I had rather have seen tears there—and Mr. Kildoon's face wore a most disagreeable expression of contempt, mixed uglily up with a satirical smirk, though he immediately pulled up when he met my uncle's stern frown of disapprobation at his levity. I recollect so well the General going up to the missionary after his discourse was over, shaking him heartily by the hand, and inviting him cordially to dine and sleep at the Darragh on the present occasion, and whenever he should be itinerating through the country; and I remember also his saying to me, as we went together to look after the carriage, "Walter, that young lady has a vulgar mind; old Peggy Shanahan who sat in the corner, with the bare feet and a pipe in her mouth, conducted herself more like a lady, for the large tears

were running over her face, like rain-drops on the carriage window, while our young friend was evidently jeering at the good man and his word. As for Gilbert," continued my uncle, "nothing, I fear, could move him that was not monetary—a pecuniary matter alone would have pathos or the reverse for him—his bosom would swell or sink only at the details of the budget, and nothing, I am sure, could extract a tear from that horny eye, except it were a sudden fall in the funds, when he was necessitated to sell out at a dead loss." My uncle spoke this playfully, not illnaturally. Indeed his hand over us was ever gentle—never rough—and because, in this affair of mine, he never opposed me, or sought to lord it over me, but treated me like a brother and a friend, and neither ridiculed or trampled on my feelings, but handled them with respect; because of all this, he so much prevailed with me, that I had thoughts of going up to Dublin to my rooms in the College, and spending a month or two there, in hopes of finding the water of Lethe within the walls of Academus; when, unfortunately, two events occurred, which combined to blow this small spark of fancy into a flame of affection. One was "*Circumstance*, that unspiritual god;" the other was *Jealousy*. I shall narrate both briefly, hoping not to weary my readers by so doing.

In the very bosom of the mountains which bounded and sheltered the Darragh woods, lay a deep black tarn—

All round and coiled into itself like hate,

and called by the peasantry the Black Pond, or the Pedlar's Pond. A road ran by it, which was a kind of Irish Simphon, and was carried right across the top of the mountain by a gradual but steep ascent. A most perfect specimen of engineering was this road, and made by a royal commission, and government officers, to give the peasantry employment in the dreadful famine year of 181—. A valley lay smiling under the road, through which ran a torrent; on the further bank of the river a mountain rose—one of the highest in Ireland—in mural walls of dark slate mingling with scanty herbage, and the morning and evening shadows that fell over

that wild way were dark as death and gloomy as despair. The place was five miles from the Darragh, and an agreeable ride; and one fine morning the General, Miss Cardonald and I set out on horseback to visit the pass and see the Black Pond. On reaching it, it was necessary to climb up and clamber over a great many huge blocks, which lay in a chaotic heap like the spoils of an earthquake, and formed the edges of the rude stone cup in which the tarn lay. These rocks had been wet with the unfortunate pedlar's blood, who had been robbed of all the glittering contents of his store, and then cruelly murdered, it is said, by two tinkers' wives who met him on that lone mountain, and having accomplished their purpose, had cast his body into the lake.

"Now, Walter," said my uncle, "dismount, and take Miss Cardonald from her saddle—the groom will walk your horses—you must ascend these boulders in order to see the tarn which lies in the hollow; but remember that the day is declining, and that five minutes will shew you all you need to see, and above all, forget not that we old soldiers do not always possess 'patience, the beggar's virtue,' as Massinger calls it, but like to be up to time; so, au revoir."

We went up the rocks with considerable difficulty, the young lady being impeded by her riding dress. At length we saw the inky water in its round and rugged bowl of stone; it looked like black oil. A solitary crane, resting on one leg, stood motionless on a shelf of rock which protruded into it; and a precipice behind threw a shadow on its dead calm surface, as black as if it came from a thunder cloud.* We turned to regain the road, but in so doing my companion slipped and slightly sprained her foot; she did not complain, but turned so very pale that, fearing she might faint, I scrambled down to the Tarn and brought her some water, which revived her; but she was totally unable to walk, so that I had to lift her, and carry her over the boulders and down the rocks, which I effected with perfect ease, and with as much tenderness and

respect as if I were carrying my dear Madeline. The General looked very grave when we appeared, but on being told the cause, nothing could exceed his gentleness and kindness to the hurt damsel, and by shortening her stirrup, and making some saddle arrangements, we reached home in two hours. I am afraid that during my enactment of the pious *Eneas* and my agreeable portage of the young lady, I said some things more warm than wise; and pity, which is proverbially and poetically akin to a deeper feeling, helped on my folly in no small degree.

Well—for a week Miss Cardonald kept to her sofa, and even the General was a daily visitor at the cottage, while I spent all my evenings there, in very flagrant idleness it must be allowed, and becoming each day more hopelessly involved in the meshes of the feeling which was fast enthralling my fancy.

A month afterwards, the other circumstance took place, which, though of a perfectly different character, had greatly the effect of quickening my feelings, and bringing matters to a consummation—not—to be devoutly wished. I was in the County of Westmeath for a few days, and had returned sooner than I intended. I arrived at the Darragh at four o'clock, and found all out. The evening was golden and lovely, and I followed my heart over to the cottage, racing across the fields and leaping all the drains that came in my way. On reaching my destination, I found that Mrs. Cardonald had gone to Ballynatrannagh, but the servant added "that her young lady was walking in the wood."

I thought the girl looked very sly and full of meaning. "Which path did Miss Cardonald take?"

"Oh, sir," she answered, "it is to the great oak she usually goes."

When I reached the grass path at the end of which the giant forester had towered for centuries, I saw no sign of her I sought; however, on turning softly round the huge stem of the oak, I found her sitting on the soft green sward, and my cousin stretched at her feet, chatting pleasantly, looking abundantly happy, and evidently

* Scenery resembling this is to be found in the magnificent Pass into Dingle, across the Comer Mountain, by Mount Brandon, in the county of Kerry.

quite at his ease. The young lady coloured high at my sudden advent, and Gilbert grew deadly pale. I knew that he admired her; I knew also that she liked his conversation; but I was not prepared for the appearance of great intimacy which seemed to exist between the parties. We had an awkward greeting enough. I thought she looked annoyed at my having caught her alone with Gilbert, for she was a proud woman, so we had rather an uncomfortable walk home; the two gentlemen ill at ease; the lady grave, silent, but composed, for she was always very calm, and in more modern days would not have been pronounced a "susceptible subject" in the *Ars Mesmerica*. Where the wood opened out into a green paddock, we encountered Gabriel Parsons, our rough-rider, an old groom of Montfort's; this man was an Englishman, and was as blunt in speech as he was bold in the saddle. On the present occasion he was riding a large and very high-spirited horse; and if one were to judge by the heated appearance of both animals—the rational and irrational—they had been evidently striving together for the mastery. Gabriel's seat, however, was perfect; easy perhaps to a fault, and almost loose, but whenever the animal commenced any violent motion, whether it were the gallop, the plunge, or the leap, the muscles of his thigh and the knee bones would turn in on the saddle with a tenacity of adherence that gave the rider the semblance of being glued to his horse, or fastened by clamps of steel to the saddle. As we approached, the man touched his hat, when immediately the wild animal he bestrode, as if possessed by some equine demon of contrariety, commenced anew his antics—rearing, plunging, snorting, and endeavouring to break away—while his rider sat, like James Fitz-James, "erect and fair," as cool and as immovable as the statue of his majesty George II. on his black steed in St. Stephen's-green. At length, when the fight was over, the following conversation was initiated by Mr. Kildoon—

"Well, Parsons, that horse tries your horsemanship."

Parsons.—"He is a foolidge beast for sartin, sir."

Gilbert.—rather pompously—"I wonder now if I were to mount him,

and gallop him up the paddock, would it tame his spirit at all?"

Parsons.—grinning—"Why, bless your soul, sir, he would cast *you* over his ears at the first plunge—he would not bear *you* on his back for two minutes."

Gilbert.—"Oh nonsense, I have twice your weight"—Parsons was a little dried up creature, with long legs and a body like the back of a chair—"and I fancy a steadier hand."

Parsons.—"Well, sir, here goes"—diamounting—"you can try; the hanimal is rather beat, which is all the better for you."

Gilbert.—rather discomposed—"Oh no, I should prefer not just now. I have no straps or spurs."

Miss Cardonald.—"Oh pray do, Mr. Kildoon. I am sure you will ride him famously. What an eye the creature has, and such a glossy skin; do pray let us see how he gallops."

But my cousin still appearing recusant and very awkward—and the anatomy Parsons grinning most undisguisedly—and the horse once more becoming restive, I could not contain myself any longer, but seized the bridle, and in a moment threw myself into the saddle. the groom eagerly thrusting his whip into my hand; and after sustaining five or six desperate attempts made by the brute to dislodge me by rearing and plunging, I got his head round to the field, and giving him the lash with all my might on his flanks, and a loud whirroo from my lips, he started off in a run-away-wild gallop up the long paddock, clearing the high paling at the end of it, and knocking most of it down with his hind legs, and so gaining the lawn, where I kept him up to the stride till I had nearly blown him, and made him to feel that I was his complete master; when I brought him back at a gentle canter, by the way he had gone, over the broken rails and down the paddock again, to the party, where I found Parsons narrating, to Gilbert's intense disgust, and to Miss Cardonald's great enjoyment, "how Mr. Kildoon had let his brown 'oss founder in a ditch, and how Master Walter had gone clean hover him on 'ighflyer," which was one of the most "ridiculousst things as ever 'appened between two gents at a 'unt."

As I leaped off the horse, who was now quite quiet, my cousin looked

daggers at me; but little I recked, for Miss Cardonald was warmed to a pitch of complimentary kindness she never had evinced before, and seemed not to mind Gilbert, who suddenly left us on the plea of having to meet a tenant. The approbation of my fair friend coming so fast on the heels of my jealous fit, like sunshine after storm, completely threw me off my guard, and before we reached the trelliced door of her mother's cottage, I had declared my love to Miss Cardonald, and had been heard if not with rapture, at least with complacency and a smiling calmness. I went home in a whirl of happiness; and I suppose, from a pink rose-scented billet which the General received in the evening from Mrs. Cardonald, that the lady had opened the treaty, for my uncle engaged me to ride with him in the morning to M'Clintock's, and wished me good night with a face of most unusual anxiety.

On the morrow, as we rode together out of the old-fashioned gates, he said, "Walter, I received last night a note from Mrs. Cardonald, which I shall want your glass to help me to interpret." I then told him everything, giving him a brief but animated history of my feelings, and of my hopes. When I had done he flushed deeply, and an expression of great pain for a moment darkened the light of his noble features, but it was a countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

"Walter," he said, "you have done great wrong and grieved me much, but it is unavailing to reproach you now; you have crossed the Rubicon, and you cannot go back; but you are little more than twenty, and consequently not of age; and what my poor friend, Montfort, often said of you is true; you do not know the world sufficiently to guide you along the path of a necessary caution, and to guard you from the effects of your own very impulsive, unsuspecting, and imaginative temperament; joined with—you will pardon me for saying—too much independence of action for so very young a man. If you are determined to marry Miss Cardonald, I will not withhold my consent; you are still my dear nephew, and ever will be; but, Walter, I have watched this business, which you know I at

at one time endeavoured to stop, but failed, because of your irresolution and want of power over your own will. I have made my observations, which were clear because they were unimpassioned, and the result is, I do not think that Miss Cardonald loves you—nay, do not look so angry—or that you love her. Come now, do sit quietly on your horse: nay more, I am under a strong persuasion that she never *could* love you, as the woman who was to be your life-long companion and friend ought to love you. She evidently does not comprehend you. Your habits and modes of thinking and expression are all new to her, living, as she has lived in watering-place society all her life: you and she are made up of very opposite elements; and your training and education have been at schools as diverse as the poles are asunder. Beyond all question, she is an attractive girl from her great prettiness. She is also, I do think, not deficient in sense; but, my dear nephew, she could not value you, because she does not understand you. Remember, too, she is six years your senior. Now do not fidget so on your saddle, but bear the cautery a little longer, remembering how friendly is the hand that holds it. You are not twenty-one; now suppose you were to go on the continent, and travel a little, until such time as you attain your majority. You have now taken your College degree, and The Darragh is but a temptation to idleness, which, to old or young, is the root of all evil. Travel through Germany, or go, if you please, into Italy, or where you like. You shall have ample means from me to make the tour comfortably. If at the end of that period your mind and the mind of the lady be the same, I hereby promise to give my full consent to your union. But, if I do so, it is on the condition of there being no engagement, written or spoken; and, this being agreed on, you may correspond together by letter if you so please. I will say or write all this to Mrs. Cardonald, if you are willing I should do so, and also tell her that I have to make certain legal settlements of my property on your coming of age; this will reconcile her to the delay, and is, besides, what I always intended doing. You will possess all my property at my death,

except some thousands which I have bequeathed to Gilbert, together with the fee-simple of all his present large farm; *he* will be a rich man, not through me, but by himself; I am at times frightened at his taste for amassing wealth; the passion is too old a feeling for so young a man. My will is in my oak cabinet, in a drawer on which is painted Raphael's Madonna. It is all quite regular, drawn up by my lawyers, and M'Clintock has in his iron safe an attested copy. The Darragh and my other property is a clear £5,000 a year; it will be all yours. I owe no man anything save great nature's debt, which is—or ought to be—a kind thought for every man and a kind word to all. If I am spared till you return, we shall live more together like brothers, and our intercourse may be healthier and more profitable to us both. *You*, perhaps, will be less dreamy, and your mind will come out into more consistence and reality; while your freshness and buoyancy will cheer me, and do the old man good; and *I* will endeavour to be more communicative of the experience which age has forced upon me, and thus we shall mutually advantage each other. I have left you too much to yourself, but there is a good time coming. Now, dear nephew, speak and tell me how you like my proposal?" The large tears stood in my uncle's eyes as he concluded, and turned on me his beloved countenance, all radiating with the kindness and generosity which broke from his noble, loving heart. I could not speak for some minutes, for those waters in his eyes and a tremulousness in the tones of his voice had infected me too, almost to weeping, and my breast swelled till I thought it would burst. But when I found my voice, I thanked my uncle most gratefully for all he had purposed and promised, and feeling that I had acted ill towards him, I asked and

obtained his pardon again and again; for the generosity of his conduct struck me as something particularly lovely and admirable, while my reason told me that the course he had suggested was the one most accordant with common sense as well with what was right.

So we had a tranquil and happy ride together, and much affectionate communion of spirit. And in the evening I went over to the cottage—my uncle having previously had a long satisfactory interview with the old lady, who came into all his plan. Here I found Miss Cardonald looking the image of calm repose; and in a few nights afterwards, when I took my leave of her, though she suffered me to press her to my heart, and kiss her cheek, yet there was no pallor on her face, nor tear in her eye, and her voice was clear and unbroken as she pronounced *heradieux*. This I remembered well during my absence, and with feelings I could scarce describe.

On that night, after I had prepared all things for an early start on the following morning, I went to my uncle's dressing-room to say a sad farewell. The old man folded me to his heart in a strict embrace, kissing both my cheeks, and blessing me fervently; he then gave me a large draft on his London bankers, a purse heavy with guineas, and thrust a little book into my bosom, and with his eyes charged with tears, and a murmur, "My dear, dear Walter"—he left me at his chamber door—and I never saw that loved and stately form in life again.

There was one heart that night beating against a wakeful pillow with inexpressible exultation, and one eye glittering with the fire of commingled hate and love, and that was my cousin Gilbert's.

But this I never knew or dreamed of till it was revealed in the lightning flash which came to scathe my youth some time afterwards.

CHAPTER VIII.

RAMBLING FROM THE HOMESTEAD.

Where is the chieftain ?
 He is not on the lake ;
 Where is the huntsman ?
 He has past from the brake ;
 Where is the warrior gone ?
 He is lost from the lea ;
 Where is the master flown ?
 Far o'er the dim sea :
 Fixed is the falcon eye
 With a film on it now ;
 Mute is the tuneful tongue,
 And marble the brow :
 And the large hand lies clenched
 In the rest of the dead,
 For a shroud's round the heart
 And a sod's o'er the head.

A Cinah for Black Thomas of Carrowmore.

THE book which my uncle had thrust into my bosom was a copy of the New Testament, which had been my sister's, and was all marked and underwritten in her graceful Italian hand ; and to my amazement some of the marginal comments were traced in the neat old-fashioned holograph of my uncle himself.

And this explained to me what had often occurred during his illness ; how he used to pray aloud at nights when he thought I was asleep ; and how often he read this book, which, I confess, I put down to his affection for the sweet owner, and his grief at her recent loss, when in truth it was the dawning of Heaven's light which had come in through this dark gate on his soul.

On the fly-leaf he had written my name, just under my Madeline's, and beneath both, his own well-known cipher, "A. N. ;" then a Latin poesy, —and the ink which traced it was scarce dry—" *Lege et Perlege.*"

I complied with the injunction for a few days, but quickly wearied of the task. I did not understand the book ; so I soon put it up with many other souvenirs from the same loved hands, to be taken out at times, like relics from their niches, and gazed on and put back again, after they had kindled into brightness and warmth the fire which oftentimes will burn low on the altar which memory rears

in the heart to the absent and the dead.

I put up, to use a travelling phrase, at a large hotel, in a public part of the city. This house was kept by an old butler of my uncle's, who married the housekeeper ; and with their conjoint savings, and some help from the General, had set up this hotel. Here I was in a measure at home ; I hoped to be very quiet, but it seemed otherwise to the Gods, for, on the second day, when I descended to the coffee-room to see the morning paper, I encountered Captain O'Skerrett, as noisy and as good-natured as ever, who effectually snapt asunder the threads of my solitude. He greeted me most obstreperously ; nearly wrung my hand off my wrist, asked for the "Janneral" twenty times, and "my dear fellowed" me twenty times more. He proposed that I should go in his gig to a review "in the Phoenix," but this I eschewed, pleading illness. He then declared I should accompany him and some good fellows to the theatre that evening, but this I parried, pleading a cold ; he then insisted on taking me to a ball and supper at Lady Grace O'Kelly's, in Merrion-square, that night, but this I fenced off also, pleading headache and fatigue. So I suppose, to make up for my delinquencies, he went to all three himself. Next day, in return for his kindness,

I could not but ask him to dine; and after the good wine had done its office, or, in other words, after he had had his bottle of sherry, he became pensive, confidential, and very communicative about his friend Kildoon, whose prenomen he contracted—I was going to say gibbeted—by an ungraceful syncope, to Gibby. He spoke of his being such a good fellow,—so clever at making money, and “what a pity it was he had so loose a seat in his hunting saddle.” He then hinted at his having an attachment to a young lady; and at this I felt all the blood in my body rush to my heart, but was relieved by the Captain lamenting my cousin’s folly in this matter, for “I hear,” said he, “that though she is a prodigy in beauty, yet that she is only a pedlar’s daughter, and a Jewess into the bargain.” I saw it was Mareello’s daughter to whom he alluded; but deeming it dishonourable to take advantage of the outpourings of so leaky a vessel as the Captain, and not caring to hear of my cousin’s peccadilloes, and remembering that “*in vino veritas*,” I complained of a sudden headache, and, ordering a light, I left the worthy Castellan to himself and the *Dublin Evening Post*, and ascended to my bedchamber.

Before I escaped, however, and while the waiter was getting my candle, another secret thing was revealed which I had no wish to hear, but which, nevertheless, interested me, as opening up a new depth in my cousin’s anomalous and inscrutable character, and likewise giving me the key of Gilbert’s intimacy with my present communicative guest. The Captain, in his sympathy for my fictitious headache, proposed, as a sovereign remedy, a glass of brandy and water each, and a “quiet pool at écarte;” and on my smilingly declining both antidotes, remarked:—“Why, then, it’s many a good cleaning out with the same écarte that your cousin Gibby Kildoon has given me at Castle O’Skerrett, and many a long night have we sat up together over the cards; and sure it’s but a gentlemanly thing that one of the family should now offer me my revenge, on neutral ground too, like this stupid old hotel.” I pointed to my head, which really *was* beginning to ache at the idea of the proposed

symposium; and vanished through the door, with a good night, a smile, and a bow.

“So, then, Gilbert is a gambler,” was my thought now; and this awakened a long train of bitter regrets, as I paced my chamber for many an hour. And as I remembered how entirely my uncle’s money passed through this man’s hands, and how he was trusted by the General; and how little I had ever done in the way of looking after affairs at home, or helping my generous uncle in his business, but spent my life in self-seeking and unprofitable dreaming; I sternly accused myself of selfishness, ingratitude, and indolence,—and, perhaps, I was not altogether wrong. But if the retrospect was one of pain for the past, I firmly determined that it should be productive of profit for the future; and so, dismissing these unhappy thoughts from my mind, I stole into bed to dream of happiness which was not to be mine, and scenes which were never to be realized;—while my last waking recollection was hearing the voice of the gallant Captain in the passage—and a little thicker, no doubt, in utterance from the extreme probability of his having swallowed my share of the brandy and water as well as his own.

He was in high palaver with Boots, and their converse ran in this fashion:—

Captain.—“Hah, numbereighteen, you say; oh, that’s my ticket, is it! and Mr. Nugent—the young gentleman I dined with, is number nineteen; very well—Boots, here, pull *mine* off, and take yourself off too, into the bargain.”

Boots.—“To be sure, your honour, I will—I shall, your honour.”

The Captain.—“But, I say, Boots!”

Boots.—“Well, Captain!”

The Captain.—“Be sure to call me in the morning; now, don’t neglect me on any account—at—let me see—half-past eleven o’clock; and, I say, Boots, let me have a beefsteak for my breakfast, a fresh egg, a bowl of hot cocoan—and, mind me now—and don’t forget, Boots—plenty of buttered toast.”

Exit Boots, with an unpolished namesake under each arm. The Captain falls into the arms of Morpheus, “*cibo vinoque gravatus*.”

I sailed the following night for Holyhead—I say sailed, inasmuch as our present steamers were as yet beneath the horizon of invention, and we were fain to *smack* it across the channel in small sloops, which were nautical Pandora boxes, and comprehended every evil and discomfort which could possibly be grouped together in a cabin about sixteen feet square, crammed thickly with sick, suffering and noisy humanity. I had a hackney-coach from the hotel to reach the long, hearse-like caravan in which we rumbled and jostled down to Howth at eleven o'clock, p.m.—A sort of motionary rehearsal of what was awaiting us on board the packet. The old Post-office clock in College-green was chiming half-past ten as I joined the coach, which waited for its passengers under the lee of King William's statue, at that time gaudily painted in loyal hues of orange and blue, before this age of bronze had invested horse and man with their present metallic, dingy colours.

O'Skerrett, who had accompanied me in the hackney-coach, now took leave of me, shaking my hand with a Galwegian energy which almost crushed the cartilage of my fingers. "God bless you, my dear fellow; take care of yourself, and don't forget to give my love to the Janneral;" such was his mode of saying the word—"when you are next writing home. A Jew—a Jew, my dear fellow," by which Hebraizing of the language, I understood him as recommending me to the care of a special Providence.

The night was dark and wet; and as I stumbled along over the feet of the passengers to get to my seat, they all seemed so cross at my intrusion, with my tall figure and damp cloak, that I almost expected a kick from each of them *in transitu*. The rain beat violently against the windows, and fell in torrents upon the wooden roof and the few upright figures on it, who muffled in plaid cloaks, or crouching under saturated umbrellas, were abiding the peltings of the pitiless storm, and earning a fit of the rheumatism *in futuro*. Long and dreary was our drive by the woods and walls of Marino; the sheds and stands of historical Clontarf; by the cocklebeds of Clabake; by rural

Raheny, and mud-embosomed Baldoyle, all wrapped from human vision in the dark—misty—damp—drizzly—rain-pattering, cold, gusty midnight, for my repeater rung twelve as we stepped on the quay of Howth, where all was black, and wet, and sloppy, and the dark hull of the little ugly packet was scarce visible as she loomed on the water by the light of the lanterns dimly burning from her mast and bowsprit. Why this voyage was reserved for midnight I believe nobody ever yet was ingenious enough to make out—when people are most tired, and most cold, and most unwilling to leave home; when our life and our luggage are both most liable to be lost; when the sea is most dangerous, and its navigation most difficult; and when every one is thinking of the comforts of his or her particular bed at home. Why such a time should have been selected, no one could define; but supposed it was something very *profound*, emanating from the sapient mind of the Post-office authorities. Having got my luggage on board, I descended after it; and, slipping and scating over the boards of the wet deck, reached the companion door, and descended into the cabin, where, amidst an atmosphere of malaria and horrors, I found a party at supper. Some discussing chops, and some oysters; while others were intent on cups ebriating and uninebriating, in the shape of whiskey-toddy and tea; and all of them, as the steward told me with a grin, "in the height of good sperrits;" though, added he, "it's the basins they'll be shouting for the moment we reach the say!" They appeared to be respectable tradespeople from London, and were as happy and as noisy over their food as an army of apes in a nuttery.

I clambered into my berth at once; and as I had been too often rocked on the billow of the Atlantic to anticipate anything like sea-sickness, I amused myself by watching the scene before me. The cabin was frightfully hot, with a temperature up to 120 of Fahrenheit, while the awful aggregate of smells was as conglomerated as those of Cologne, but more distinct, because of their condensation in so small a space. I could recognize the odour of whiskey, tea, rashers, roast-mutton, onions, bilge-water, tar, paint,

musty furniture, and lamp-oil, each in the abstract, and all in the aggregate, forming a sum-total of olfactory arithmetic perfectly disgusting. Yet, in the midst of all, the revellers feasted high, and the mirth and fun grew fast and furious; healths were drunk, and glasses clinked together, and songs were sung, till, in the midst of the pathos produced by "the wounded Ussar," and "fair Haddy-laide's" grief, which was being chanted by a little unwashed Cockney, the vessel, which had now rounded the pier, rolled heavily; and bending to her starboard gunwale as the rough north wind struck her mainsail, gave a tremendous lurch, which at once destroyed the equanimity, and nearly the equilibrium of the whole party. In a moment they were all staggering to their berths; and immediately afterwards there were twenty calls of supplication to "steward;" in the midst of which horrible din and hubbub, I, being excessively tired, fell fast asleep, and waked not till we were in the Race of the Head, when I found the vessel was going pretty steadily with the wind on her larboard quarter; and glad was I to go on deck in the cold, indistinct twilight of the breaking morning, and inhale the lovely, bracing sea breeze after my night-long potations of poisonous gas and azote in my berth, where, indeed, I was "cabined, cribbed, confined" in the most literal sense.

The day was dawning beautifully; the Snowdonian peaks were all on fire, and crimsoning and lightening into joy at the advent of the great Traveller, who was slowly wheeling his dazzling disk up the path which kindled at his coming; while the deep blue waters all around, rushing and tossing and weltering together, seemed great nature's bath from which he was to ascend in his freshness, his strength, and his beauty.

We had a well-packed coach from Holyhead to Bangor ferry. No Suspension Bridge was there yet, to charm the eye with its light and pendant elegance, and its span of metallic gracefulness and beauty. No massive Tubular overtopped the blue Straits, the symbol of an iron-power age, and the type of the combination of science with utilitarianism; but a large boat rocked at the ferry, in which we were all fain to embark,

a second little lugger taking our baggage, and after a short pull we landed and had our breakfast at the boat-house, standing near where now is the George Inn, kept, and admirably kept too, by the kind and courteous Mrs. Roberts, whose sweet Welsh mutton and piquant Mulligatawny soup have so oft refreshed my weary and hungry nature; and in whose beds of purest white-stem linen I have had so many a delightful night's slumber. At Chester the "coach slept," that is, the passengers which had sat inside and outside of it; and next morning I had a chaise into Shropshire to visit a maternal aunt, my mother's youngest sister, who had married an Oxford fellow, and was now residing not far from Shrewsbury on his living. His name was Silverties, and it was very expressive of his belongings, as well as of his character—his hair was silver grey, and his voice silver toned, and his brow, hand, and cheek were as pale as that metal; his manner was silvery soft; the tone of his mind as correct and as colourless as that insipid metal—his house was neat as silver, and his domestics moved stilly as if silver sandeled; while his well-laid table and ancient beaufet sparkled and groaned with the sheen and the weight of that precious bullion.

They were hereditary parsons these Silverties, and as like one another as eggs or annals. The Doctor's grandfather had been an Oxford fellow, and retired on a living. His father had been the same, and had gone and done likewise. They had all from sire to son worn a college-cap, settled in a college-parsonage, married wives, saved money, lived softly, and died respected by all men—because they paid their debts; and mourned by no one save their tradesmen, and that in merely a mercantile way.

My uncle, the Rev. Euseby, was an average type of the generation: he was a fair scholar, a well bred man, and a very indolent clergyman. Every Sunday morning he preached softly from his well-cushioned pulpit, and every Sunday evening he slept sweetly in his well-padded pew; my aunt nodding diagonally and sympathetically to him from the opposite corner. His sermons, though nerveless in doctrine and delivery, yet exercised

an unhappily expulsive power in thinning his congregation; while beneath the soft, slumberous sunshine of his indolent ministry sprang up, like fungi round an oak, some two or three dissenting houses; in the very shadow of his tall church and its beautiful mediæval tower. Yet was he kind to the poor, while kinder to himself; and no man ever saw him in an ill-humour—after he had dined to his satisfaction. Badinage apart, he was a good natured and gentlemanly clerical Epicurean, with a formal address, faultless linen, and a well ordered house, of which good eating was the presiding deity, Mrs. M'Couskie, the cook, the officiating priestess, and punctuality and primness the domestic Lares and Penates. Three young women attired in grey sat on the red form at morning prayers; three young women clothed in green worshipped at the same form at evening prayers. The thin butler was father to the fat footman, and grandfather to the aforesaid triad of parti-coloured damsels; and all had an easy servitude of it, except when a mistake occurred in the victualling department, when the Doctor exploded in a shower of wrath, or simmered slowly in the more silent effervescence of indignation. I well recollect, the day I arrived, his real agony at dinner, because the butler permitted a tiny particle of cork to escape into the decanter of sherry. Again and again he adverted and reverted to this, and made as many lamentations over the untoward deed as would have furnished the pathos for a threnody to Bacchus and his vinous crew. My aunt was a quiet gentle creature, with a grief-stricken spirit, for the children of her young married life had all been among the early gathered, and the scent of our rose leaves when they are thus withered has even more of sorrow than of sweetness in it. She had delicate health, and seldom left her room except for church. Here I found a lively young fellow, Frank Gayston by name, an embryo barrister by profession, and an Irishman by birth; and during my week's sojourn with the Rev. Eusely, I had much enjoyment from the buoyant animal spirits of my countryman. He was quite of a different order from Captain O'Skerratt. This man was a thorough gentleman, well educated,

and had always been in good society; but at times the well-spring of his Irish vivacity would overflow and drown his discretion; and his eccentric imaginations, escaping to the surface, would glitter like bubbles, or float like froth-bells adown the stream of his conversation. He was a Philo-Hibernian of the first water, and would fight the national battle till all were tired out with his arguments, or wearied with laughing at his burlesque. When he acted on the defensive, and held forth his shield before what he called "the bleeding breast of Erin," he was generally moderate and always efficient; but when he assumed the offensive, and drew his sword "to slay the Saxon," his taste for wild and reckless fun hurried him into all kinds of extravagance of assertion and oddity of humour. With his reverend entertainer he was perpetually sparring, assailing his English prejudices, and putting him on his educational mettle on literary and classical matters. I can best illustrate the pair and their mutual bearing, by a wild and sportive kitten frisking and gamboling round a sleek and decorous tabby, who sits winking on a wet day upon a velvet hearth-rug. As a specimen of his peculiar genius, I shall quote one from many a dialogue between the parties, in which the vivacity was all on the one side, and astonishment and gravity on the other.

SCENE—BREAKFAST TABLE.

Dr. Silverties.—Reading *Morning Chronicle*. "Well, I see they have been robbing the dean's house in Berkshire—a band of burglars"—they could not have got much, because the dean's brother is a banker in Reading, and he keeps no cash ever in his house; and so we may apply the old worn Latin adage to him, 'Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.'

Frank.—"Doctor, may I ask you by what authority you call that word cantaybit, when it is written cantabit? The Italians, whose language is modern Latin, and who should know better than you or I, pronounce the *a* naturally, and so we do in Ireland."

Doctor (rather huffy).—"Indeed, sir, I never was in Ireland."

Frank.—"A great pity, sir. You are a scholar and a grammarian, and you would find the English tongue spoken there in all its purity. No cruel hexasperation of the haich, fearful to classical ears like yours: no saying 'my haunt,' in place of 'my aunt'; or 'Hymen's halter,' in place of 'altar.' And, on the other hand, no elision of that much-abused letter, such as calling a 'house' a 'ouse'; or saying 'appy' instead of 'happy.' And, again, no vulgar paragoge, or final addition of a letter, or change of the same, such as you find in the speech of men bred at Eton—ay, Doctor, and who have graduated at Christ Church, Oxford—such as calling a window a 'winder,' or *Eliza* 'Elizar.' This you never meet in Ireland. True, you will hear the English undefiled, sounded forth in all its richness and platitude; but it is always intelligible and unvitiated by barbaric dialects like those of Somersetshire, Devon, or Lancashire. In Ireland we speak the language unprovincially and purely. True, we have amongst us what you call brogue; but this is its beauty, and its breadth, its power, and its euphony."

Doctor (interrupting).—"You surely, sir, do not mean to assert that the Irish people speak our language better than we do ourselves?"

Frank.—"Unquestionably, sir, they do, and foreigners allow it: they are not guilty of your commonest anomalies. Why, in this very word *Cuno*, you pronounce the *a* ay; while in its English derivative, chant, you make it au, and call the word chaunt. Now in Ireland we give the same intonation both to the Latin and English words. And, by-the-bye, your pronunciation of the vowel *a*, as if it was spelt au, is a relic of your Norman Conquest; for a as au is pure, or rather impure, French. How can foreigners acquire your language, abounding in such irregularities? We, as a conquered nation, have accepted the tongue of our victors, and improved it."

Doctor (smiling).—"Why, sir, we consider the brogue a decided burlesque on our spoken language."

Frank.—"Pure ignorance, Doctor, and founded on pride, just as the Grenlanders esteem themselves the most polished of all nations, and the

Tartar grins at you that you may see how lovely are his black teeth. A well-bred Irishman speaks the English language better than any Saxon could do. Our own Celtic is a magnificent thing: not like your English, cribbed and cabbaged from many languages, Greek, Latin, German, French, &c.; but self-derived and independent, drawing all its power, its variety, and its beauty from its own ancient radicals—as every leaf and twigling of the kingly oak derives its life and glory from its own roots—or as each planet which adorns our system educes its light and motion from its own sun."

Doctor.—"Indeed, Mr. Gayston, I never thought so much could be said of Ireland or the Irish; for, with the exception of yourself, and Walter here, and a few other descendants of the English whom I have the honour of knowing and esteeming, I have ever held the nation as something below par, both as regards learning as well as morals."

Frank.—"Doctor, you amaze me beyond expression. A scholar like you to speak so! Have you never read the great *Ussher*? Are you not acquainted with the 'Venerable Bede,' your own countryman? Are you ignorant of their testimony to the old faith, pure morals, deep learning of Ireland, when *your* ancestors—forgive me for so saying—were semi-nude, or at least wearing petticoats of skins, in place of black inexpressibles of broad Yorkshire cloth, eating raw salmon, trapping wolves, and burning their children in basketfuls amidst the oak groves of their idolatry? Have you never heard of *Maildulf*, the tutor of *Aldhelm*, who was the best scholar, according to *Warton*, of the eighth century? This tutor was an Irishman, as were also *Albin* and *Duncan*, *John Erigena*, an illustrious name, renowned for Greek; and *Sedulius*, the commentator on *St. Paul*; with *Claudius*, a brother divine, who wrote on the *Galatians*; and *Bishop Dungal*, a geometrician and a logician; and *Clement*, the assistant at *Paris* of the renowned *Alcuin*, the tutor of the Emperor *Charlemagne*. Then further, we claim for Ireland the chronicler *Marianus*, who wrote in the eleventh century, and whom *Sigebert* styles 'the most learned man of his age.' But I see I

an wearying you, Doctor, with this long literary Irish roll-call; so, passing over a dozen or more of learned men's names, I would go on to modern days, and ask you where you would find such a gifted statesman as Edmund Burke; so classical and polished a speaker as George Canning; such a humourist as Sterne; such a master of the English tongue as Swift; such a divine as Archbishop Ussher; such an orator as Sheridan; such a lyric bard as Moore; such a dramatist as Farquhar; such a wit as Curran; such a poet as 'poor Collins'; such a lively writer as Sir Richard Steele; such a novelist, dramatist, poet, and essayist as Dr. Goldsmith, on whose tomb your great lexicographer, Johnson, wrote 'Nil tetigit quod non ornavit.' All Irishmen, Doctor; every man and mind of them genuine Erigenæ, and redolent of the green sod of sweet Erin."

The Doctor. smiling—"Oh indeed, I do not dispute your names, nor your claims to national talent, though I believe Swift rather disowned you—but the antiquity of civilization which you pretend to, I own I conceive to be rather apocryphal and unproven."

Frank getting very wild and energetic. "Antiquity, Doctor! If it is antiquity you require, I think I can satisfy you on that score: come back with me now among the old classics, and you will find Ireland mixed up with them all. What is Orion, the mighty hunter, whom Homer speaks of in his Odyssey, but an Irish word O'Ryan, an ancient family who emigrated from the county of Clare into Greece? and Orestes too, what is it but a derivation of O'Redmund, O'Reilly's, or probably Reeves or anciently O'Reeves? And what is Eschylus but a barbarous corruption of O'Scullys? A very good family these O'Scullys, I assure you."

The Doctor. "Oh dear sir—surely you are facetious."

Frank. "Then Homer very likely was an Irishman."

The Doctor. "Oh dear—dear! this is too bad!"

Frank becoming utterly reckless—"Yes, Doctor, I do assert my belief in the extreme probability that the king of the poets was my countryman, and a native of the emerald isle; and I argue from plain facts.

What is his name in Greek? *Ounpoor*, which is just O'Meara, an ancient sept in the county of Tipperary, and thus is solved the puzzle of his birth-place, and why the seven towns disputed for him, seeing he was only an Irish ballad singer, and blind beggarman—and this point is certified by looking at his two heroes—I need not speak of Patrocles, or Pat Rockles, or Roche (the origin it is supposed of Moore's Captain Rock) as we call him in Ireland. And even you, doctor, must own that Achilles is a mere corrupt transposition by the Doric dialect of O'Kellies—the '*impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer*,' being a Mayo man, and the chief of them all, and a fine old family they are."

The Doctor.—"Oh dear—oh dear—but you're a strange man, sir."

Frank—warming into high steam power—"Then Machaon in the Trojan horse was Macan, ancestor to the Dublin counsellor of that name. Ulysses or Odysseus was a corruption of O'Dennis, or rather O'Dennessy; and the Furies were called Erynnyss—that is Irishwomen. Livy, whose history Lord Byron calls a "pictured page," was Hibernian, and probably a Dublin man taking his name from the Liffey, on whose banks he was nurtured, &c. &c. &c. &c." Here the Doctor falls back in the chair in a sudden burst of laughter, "*tabulæ risu solvuntur*," and Frank becomes melancholy, heaves a sigh, and proceeds to hammer his egg gravely.

Gayston accompanied me to London: I was astonished to find in him a most profitable companion. He was grave, thoughtful, and communicative of much information derived from varied and extensive reading; he had a quick eye for scenery, a warm yet just relish for poetry, and a lively sympathy in the tastes and feelings of those he was with. Those bursts of extravagance animal spirits which took him and shook him into every kind of absurdity for the time, were the *exceptions* and not the *rule* of his bright and intelligent mind. It was the letting off of steam previous to the start of the steady engine with its train; and after one of these paroxysms he would continue pensive for a long time, as patients are physically depressed after the *spasm* of epilepsy. He was in truth a very Irishman—no doubt volatile as well

expect to receive by letter. Miss Cardonald had not honoured me with any letter by this mail. At the hotel we met a very fair and fascinating Scotch girl, Miss Conyngham. She was of very noble lineage, and had a beautifully chiselled aristocratic face and charming manner, simple-natured and kind. We were known to her party, and had many an excursion together in carriage, barge, donkey, or afoot; and before ten days had elapsed, Ellersly had fallen most irretrievably in love with Louisa Conyngham; and, ceasing to become my companion from his entire absorption in her society, I left him and Treves together, where Rome is grey in antiquity, and nature is green in sweet landscape, and the air is pure and bracing, and

"Sweetly and nimbly doth commend itself
Unto our gentle senses."

I still grasped my pilgrim's staff, walking all the stages, and picking up the language even amidst the patois which I heard from the peasantry. I visited the Polish Mills of Idar, on the Nahe, (which river often reminded me of our County of Wicklow Ovoca,) and saw the curious painful sight of a number of workmen lying on their stomachs in wooden shields, in order to reach the low level of the water wheels, by whose action they cut, shaped, and polished the magnificent agates and chrystals in which the place abounds. I endured the utter filth and ill-savour of Oberstein for the sake of its cliffs, its castle, and its scenery; and eventually, after following the flowings of the Nahe, I rested for two late autumnal months at Kreuznach, interesting to me from its historical, personal associations, for here it was that my ancestor Count Nugent had his left arm shattered by an imperialist bullet, when a captain in Lord Craven's English Horse Guards under Gustavus Adolphus, who took the town by escalade in the year 1633. In the Hof where I lodged there was a Hungarian, who had been professor of European languages at a school in Hamburgh, and was now here for his health; he was an amiable and accomplished man, and was glad to have me as a regular pupil for two or three hours each day, instructing me in German, Swedish, and

Russian; and as I was fond of languages, I made under his clever teaching great proficiency both in writing and speaking these tongues; and this I knew would gratify my uncle, when he came to know that I had not been living a mere idle life, but cultivating the mental soil, and enlarging my means of acquiring knowledge.

As the winter approached, the good professor advised me to go on to Heidelberg, and join the lingual courses of lectures there, and thus perfect myself in the languages I had been learning from him; and this counsel I the more readily adopted, as Lord Ellersly was there, and as my present place of abode was becoming very solitary as the winter deepened in. At Heidelberg I lived quietly, lodging at a large farm-house which lay in a green recess off the Bergstrasse, on the high road to Darmstadt; here I attended Professor Kreuzer's lectures on classical history, and Herr Meyerstein's prelections on the languages of modern Europe. I also improved my skill in fencing, which accomplishment I had acquired from Corporal Mon, and practised under his severe tuition, or rather drill, almost from my infancy; but I did not mingle much with the students, not liking their ways or manners. I abhorred beer, cared nothing for smoking, and was too independent in mind and bearing to submit to be bound down to the strict code of the conventional laws of their clubs and their societies; nevertheless, having friends among them, I occasionally frequented the Hirschgasse, where I acquired rather a high renown for my skill and success in fencing, and where I was a spectator, but not a principal, of many a furious duel, which however seldom eventuated in anything more serious than a slit ear, or a slight gash across the cheek, which these warlike youths considered but as the insignia of honour. I had a good horse also, thanks to my uncle's generous bounty, and some good boar-hunting in the forest of the Odenwald and round the roots of old Melibochus. Time wore on, and I had not heard from my Irish home for many weeks. Miss Cardonald had sent me but two letters in calm response to some fiery folios I had transmitted to her, full of the scenes I had mingled amidst, and not silent

on the hopes I still nourished. M'Clintock and his family were in the north of France, and my dear uncle's last and most affectionate letter was becoming older in date each day, when rather an exciting incident took place which stirred the still waters of my tranquil life, and was followed by a storm, under whose fury I now wonder I did not perish altogether.

I have spoken but little of Lord Ellersly; he was a delicate young man, extremely mechanical in his tastes, with great ardour of temperament concealed beneath a shy manner, which those who did not know his true and "modest merit" mistook for pride of birth. On the departure of the Stewart Conynghams for England, he had come on to Heidelberg, there to remain till the return of his parents, who were wintering at Rome. He kept himself quite apart from society, but fraternized much with a very young man at the University, who was of an honourable family in Saxony, and whose name was Von Klein. This youth was a graceful and most promising artist, and had much refinement of feeling; but he was a sad cripple, and his mind always appeared to me to be too bright and vivacious for his body, as the keen steel rapier wears the scabbard. His mother was a widow, and I believe her life was locked up in the life of the lad, which in truth he was, and nothing more, his years scarce reaching to eighteen. He lodged in the same house with Ellersly, and they were continually together. I called them "the Etcher and the Sketcher."

Von Klein had, unintentionally, given some offence to a big and burly student, named Zornbach. This man was son to an Austrian army-clothing contractor, and had been at the University now for two years; he was an extremely vulgar person—full of practical jokes; and presuming on his physical strength, and some skill at fence, he was apt to play the bully whenever he was permitted. I had fenced with him several times; our reputation at the foils was about at a par among the students; but by some chance I had, at each of our amicable encounters, obtained a decided advantage, and I could perceive he was quite ready to quarrel with me. But

the reserve of my manner had hitherto defended me from a challenge, and my uncle had educated me with a dislike to duelling merely for its own wild sake,—often quoting to me the wise words of old Polonius to his son:—

Beware of entrance to a quarrel, but being in—
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.

He had quite put a stop to the custom in his own regiment, thus anticipating the feeling which at present exists.

One evening we were assembled at Herr Meyerstein's lecture, which he held in his private rooms. At the termination of his discourse, and as the Professor left the chamber, we all rose and bowed to him, and were in the act of resuming our seats, when Zornbach, in one of his practical jokes, drew away the chair from behind Von Klein, who fell heavily on the floor, where he remained, seemingly in great pain, till lifted up by Ellersly and myself.

"A mere joke, I declare," said Zornbach; but many stern voices sounded angrily, and cries of "shame, shame," were heard among the students.

Flushing with passion, Zornbach exclaimed, "Who says shame!—Which of you, gentlemen, *dares* to apply that word to me? Did *you*, Mr. Nugent, speak such a word against me? Answer me, Sir, at once."

Burning with indignation, I yet restrained myself to say, "I certainly did not *speak* the word—"

"What mean you by that emphasis, Sir?"

His manner was so overbearing and haughty, that I felt all my blood getting up, and I answered: "I did not use the word shame, or comment on your act audibly; but I certainly felt, I am sure in common with every gentleman in the room, that such conduct as you displayed towards that poor crippled boy, whom Lord Ellersly has now taken off to his bed, was unbecoming and vulgar; and if I did not know Mr. Zornbach's character, I should add dastardly, as coming from a strong man to one who is unable to repel it."

Pale with anger, and the shame of my rebuke, he rejoined—

"These are biting words, Sir;—

you are well able to fight your own battles, and your friend's too. Are you willing to give me satisfaction now at once for the insult conveyed in your speech?"

I replied, "I certainly was quite ready at all times to draw my sword in so good a cause as defending helplessness against violence and wrong!"

So we all proceeded to adjourn to a meadow which lay behind a little Inn on the opposite bank of the Neckar. I forget the name of the Hof, but it was a famous spot for the decision of these matters.

As we were going out we met Ellersly, who reported that his young friend had suffered considerable hurt from lighting, in his fall, on his hip, which was the poor boy's peccant part. Ellersly wanted to withdraw me, and take up the quarrel himself,—I never saw his gentle temper flame so high; but I would only permit him to accompany me as a second.

We fought for nearly ten minutes. My adversary had more strength and weight, but I felt I was his superior in activity and in temper, and certainly his equal in skill; he was, nevertheless, very cool, and fenced warily, and more on the defensive, as if biding his time; till I chanced with my sword to inflict a small wound just above his left eye, which appeared to distress him from the blood flowing down and obstructing his sight; his temper, too, was fast failing, while I was becoming cooler every moment. He now lunged at me furiously; when—making use of a trick of fence, taught to me by the old corporal years ago—I struck his sword downwards, traversing my blade with his towards the hilt, and then with a strong and sudden jerk, I made his weapon to fly from his hand several yards to one side. He stood before me looking pale and troubled, with his head down, and his arms crossed on his breast. I immediately sheathed my own sword, and walking over to where his lay on the ground, I picked it up, and presented

it to him, saying, with a bow, that "I hoped our quarrel had fairly been settled, and that we should now be friends." The young men around us cheered this act of mine, clapping their hands; he seemed greatly pleased, and we shook hands and parted. I went over, at Ellersly's desire, to see Von Klein, whose pale face lightened up at seeing me, and who repeatedly kissed my hand in a transport of boyish gratitude. I have reason to believe that he never afterwards met with any annoyance during his sojourn at the University. All this happened, I recollect, on a Monday. I was greatly depressed all the week. I was thoroughly angry with Miss Cardonald. Her silence was hard to be borne; and when she *did* write, the few and frigid lines too plainly betrayed the indifference of the writer to her correspondent; and I felt that any regard she might have had for me was becoming gradually extinguished; while in my own breast pride and resentment were assuming the place where love had been. I spent all this week taking long walks through the neighbourhood, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies;" but the gall prevailed. Yet amidst the fermentations of my mind, reason was working itself into clearness, and resuming its throne. But on Thursday came a few lines from M'Clintock, bearing an old date, and saying that my uncle had been ill now for a fortnight, and advising my immediate return (I had received no Darragh letters for three weeks). Dreadfully shocked, grieved, and alarmed, I prepared every thing to start for home next day. But on my going to the Post-office the following morning, I saw my cousin Gilbert's handwriting on a letter to me, sealed with black wax. I broke it open—a mist rose, as if from its pages, before my swimming eyes. I gave a cry; and staggering against a shop door, I fell on the street—for I had seen in the letter that *my uncle was dead!*

THE PROGRESS OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

Of the half million of spectators of the recent magnificent and unparalleled Naval Review, not one, probably, beheld the close of the pageant with any feeling of doubt as to whether Britannia yet rules the waves, nor whether the old lady has any, the remotest, intention of relinquishing her trident for a distaff. The spectator's pride in the wooden walls of Britannia, and his confidence that she requires no other bulwark, inasmuch as "her march is o'er the mountain wave, her home is on the deep," must have been a thousand-fold confirmed, and he might apostrophise his country in the words of Cowper :—

Mistress, at least while Providence shall
please,
And trident-bearing Queen of the wide seas !

Or he might exclaim, with Shakespeare—

Let us be back'd with God, and with the
seas,
Which He hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps alone defend ourselves ;
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.

Grand and truthful lines are these ! Ay, and whoever has a spark of true British patriotism in his bosom must proudly endorse the old remark, that the Sovereign of these favoured Isles should receive the ambassadors of foreign powers—*on the quarter-deck of a first-rater !* Yes, Britain's strength and defence in the past was, in the present is, and in the future must and will be, her oak leviathans. They are her shield and her impregnable bulwark ; they are her pride and her glory ; they are her ministers of vengeance wherever oceans and seas upheave their waters ; they are

The armaments which thunder-strike the
walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,

as our late colossal enemy is bitterly cognizant !

And now we propose to have a little Naval Review of our own, by the aid of sundry old books, and divers private manuscript notes and memoranda. We shall not seize you by the button, and, like Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, compel you to unwillingly listen to our narrative—you are free to go or stay, to hearken in a genial mood, or to imitate the deaf adder, as you list. But we really think that the subject of our gossip is such that, albeit you may already be partially familiar with the details, you can hardly fail to be interested if you are a true-born Briton ; for it is of the rise and progress of our glorious navy that we shall succinctly discourse.

The limit of a single article will oblige us to greatly condense our stores of information, and to be brief even when we would willingly linger and amplify. We, therefore, shall only lightly glance at the rise of our navy, down to the time of Henry VII., in whose reign it first became an established royal institution and service. We may very fittingly preface our discourse, by referring to the entertaining and instructive pages of quaint old Purchas, from whose "commendations of navigation, as an art worthy the care of the most worthy ; the Necessitie, Commodity, Dignitie thereof," we extract the following sagacious and pertinent sayings :—"The sea covereth one halfe of this patrimony of man—thus should man at once loose halfe his inheritance, if the art of navigation did not enable him to manage this untamed beast, and with the bridle of the winds, and saddle of his shipping, to make him serviceable. Now for the services of the sea, they are innumerable : it hath on it tempests and calmes, to affect and stupefie the subtlest philosopher ; sustaineth moveable fortresses for the souldier, *mayntayneth, as in our*

Island, a wall of defence, and a waterie garrison to guard the State ; entertaines the sunne with vapours, the moone with obsequiousnesse, the starres also with a natural looking glasse." Elsewhere, he remarks—"How little had we knowne of the world, and the wonders of God in the world, had not the sea opened us a passage into all lands. Pegasus, the winged horse, which (the poets fained) with the stroke of his foot first made Helicon, the muses' well, to spring, was the issue of Neptune, and that snaky-headed monster, Medusa. *The mariner seems rough-heaven and rude, according to the ocean that breeds him ; but he that can play with those dangers which would transforme others into stones, and dares dwell within so few inches of death ; that calls the most tempestuous elements his parents ; he, I say, is the true Pegasus, that with his wing-like sailes flies over the world ; which hath helped to deliver Andromeda (geography) before chained to the rocks, and ready to be devoured of that monster, Ignorance.*"

Old chronicles tell us that Alfred the Great had a number of unusually large and powerful galleys constructed expressly to resist the Danes, and to serve only as vessels of war, and thus he certainly formed the nucleus of a navy ; but his successors were not so far-sighted, for all our early monarchs, from before the era of the Norman conquest until the time of Henry VII., were accustomed to purchase, hire, or impress merchant vessels whenever they wished to gather together a fleet for warlike purposes. The mariners engaged attended almost solely to the management of the ships, the soldiers on board doing the fighting. Various ports were, indeed, compelled by their charters to keep or provide a certain number of suitable vessels for the national use, whenever required. Thus, the Cinque Ports had to supply fifty-seven ships, each with a crew of twenty-two seamen—from which we may form some idea of their size. When Richard Cœur de Lion went forth as a crusader, he was accompanied by the largest and best appointed fleet ever seen up to that period—numbering in all some three hundred vessels, including about a dozen emphatically called "tall shippes." The size and

rig of the vessels at this period were very various, and their names are singular enough, as "dromonds," "busses," "galliones," "vissiers," "schuyts," &c. We happen to have in our note-book a copy of the "Laws and Ordinances" appointed by this king for his navy, which is not only intrinsically curious, but also valuable as being, we believe, the earliest "articles of war," relative to the naval service, extant. We therefore here insert it verbatim :—

1. That whoso killed any person on shipboard should be tied with him that was slain, and throwen into the sea.
2. And if he killed him on the land, he should, in like manner, be tied with the partie slaine, and be buried with him in the earth.
3. He that shall be convicted by lawful witnes to draw out his knife or weapon, to the intent to strike any man, or that hath stricken any to the drawing of blood, shall loose his hand.
4. Also he that striketh any person with his hand without effusion of blood, shall be plunged three times in the sea.
5. Item, whoso speaketh any opprobrious or contumelious wordes in reviling or cursing one another, for so oftentimes as he hath reviled shall pay so many ounces of silver.

If he was unable, what would be the alternative punishment ?

6. Item, a thiefe or felon that hath stollen, being lawfully convicted, shall have his head shorne, and *boying* (?) pitch powred upon his head, and feathers or down strawed upon the same, whereby he may be knownen, and so at the first landing place they shall come to, there to be cast up.

The above laws are tolerably stringent, and some of them are pleasantly suggestive of the humanity of the good old times. It will be seen by the last ordinance that "tarring and feathering" is by no means a modern punishment, but our Lynch-law friends don't boil their tar before applying it to the victim, nor do they shave his poll to increase the torture.

Even before this early period, England stubbornly claimed what was vaguely called the "sovereignty of the seas," and enforced it by compelling friendly foreign ships to lower their flags or topsails as a token of homage and acknowledgment of naval supremacy. Two centuries ago the

learned Selden, in his "Mare Clausum," declared that "the English have a hereditary, uninterrupted right to the sovereignty of these seas, conveyed to them from their earliest ancestors, in trust for their latest posterity."

In 1347, Edward III. blockaded Calais with a fleet of seven hundred and thirty-eight vessels, manned by about thirteen thousand seamen—little more than a score to each sail on an average; and although there is reason to suppose that a few of these vessels were of a very respectable size, yet the majority were not more than thirty to fifty tons burthen each. We may here add that it has not been ascertained precisely when cannon were first used on board English ships, but probably about the latter end of the fifteenth, or early part of the sixteenth century. At any rate, it is certain that for a considerable period after their introduction they were mounted only *en barbette*, i.e., to fire over the bulwarks. Port-holes in the sides of ships were of later invention. At this period the largest ships had two masts, each with a round top, resembling a huge basket, to sustain cross-bowmen and javelin-men. Cumbersome erections on the deck forward and aft were called fore-castle and stern-castles—the former name yet being somewhat absurdly retained, although the last vestige of its origin no longer exists on shipboard.*

Henry VII., at the beginning of

his reign, built what was the very first ship of the royal navy, the "Great Harry." She is said to have cost no less than £14,000; equivalent, we presume, to ten times that sum at the present day. She had a very long, if not very glorious existence, and was finally burnt by accident in 1553. Henry VIII. emulated and surpassed his predecessor by building, in 1513, the celebrated "Henri Grace a Dieu," of 1000 tons burthen. This was in all respects a remarkable ship, being not only the largest ever built in England up to that period, but also marking a decided era of progress in the architecture and equipment of men-of-war. She was the first ship fitted with four masts, and also the first three-decker, and the first known to have her cannon mounted at port-holes. Judging by an engraving of this ship before us, she must have been a most picturesque object. Of her eighty guns, which were of all sizes, fifty-four were mounted in two batteries on her broadsides, and the residue on the fore-castle, bows, and stern. The lower battery was much too near the water to be of any service except in a calm sea—a fault of construction prevalent to a comparatively recent date. Her stern rose to a very great elevation, and it, and the immense stern-castle, or poop, were profusely carved and decorated. At each corner of the poop, gangways, and fore-castle, were round towers, surmounted with a species of cupola. From

* *Appropos of Ireland.* In a very curious production, by an anonymous writer, of the date 1423, entitled "The Prologue of the Processe of the Libel of English Policie," &c., occur the following very interesting lines:—

"The Irishmen have cause like to ours,
Our land and hers together to defend,
That no enemy should hurt ne offend
Ireland ne us; but as one commonie
Should helpe well to keepe about the sea:
For they have havens great, and goodly bayes,
Sure, wide, and deep, and good assayes [access?].
At Waterford; and coves many one:
And as men sayne in England, be there none
Better havens ships in to ride,
No more sure for enemies to abide.
Why speak I thus so much of Ireland?
For all so much as I can understand,
It is fertile for things that there doe growe
And multiplen; loke who lust to knowe!
So large, so good, and so commodious,
That to declare is strange and marvailous."

her bows projected an enormous beak or prow, above which rose a bowsprit of a single spar. Each of three of her lower masts supported topmasts and topgallants, but the fourth, or mizzen, had only a light topmast. At the head of each mast were deep round tops. Her mast heads, and the yard arms, are all represented as being adorned with emblazoned flags or ensigns, and streamers.

Bluff King Hal appears to have done much towards the formation of England's royal navy, and he aided maritime enterprise generally, and also greatly encouraged merchants and mariners in various ways. Above all, he was the founder of Woolwich, Deptford, and Portsmouth dockyards, the Trinity House, &c., and he placed the navy on a permanent footing, by establishing an Admiralty and Navy Office, and assigning fixed rates of pay to officers and men. Seamen received five shillings per month. In the last year of his reign the navy numbered more than a hundred ships, their aggregate tonnage being 12,455.

We need not linger over the two succeeding reigns. It is, however, worthy of remark, that in the reign of Edward VI. the three ships sent forth to find a north-east passage to Cathay or China (in other words, our first Arctic expedition) under command of the unfortunate Sir Hugh Willoughby, were built expressly for that adventurous service in an unprecedentedly strong manner, and their keels and bottoms were sheathed with *lead*. This was at least a step in the right direction, yet it was not improved upon for centuries! It was not until 1761 that a man-of-war (the "Alarm," a 32-gun frigate) was first *coppered*, and more than twenty years then elapsed ere this highly beneficial innovation became general. How slow were our grandfathers (to go no further back) to adopt even the most obvious improvements! Even so late as 1833, the often tried but never successful plan of lead sheathing was once more and for the last time used on a man-of-war; but this resuscitation shared the fate of all preceding ones. What is especially worthy of observation, is the fact that the ancient Romans are positively known to have sheathed their

galleys with lead, fastened with copper nails. Solomon was right—nothing new under the sun!

We now come to the reign of King Hal's illustrious daughter, Queen Elizabeth, who, with all her faults and weaknesses, was every inch a truly great sovereign, and therefore we do not marvel at the fact that, in the words of Camden, "she justly acquired the glorious title of the Restorer of Naval Power, and Sovereign of the Northern Seas, inasmuch that foreign nations were struck with awe at her proceedings, and were now willing respectfully to court a power which had so lately been the object of their contempt." From the beginning to the end of her long and glorious career, Elizabeth never ceased to do her utmost to strengthen and improve her navy, and with what immense success, the annals of her reign eloquently testify. She made great and beneficial changes in the royal dockyards, and the administration of naval affairs generally; improved the chief ports; caused gunpowder and brass cannon to be of home manufacture; invited able foreign sea captains to enter her service; encouraged maritime enterprise and discovery; and remodelled the Admiralty, raising the salaries of the officers, liberally rewarding merit, and doubling the pay of the seamen, giving them ten shillings per month, and abundant food. The great event of her reign was the defeat of the Spanish Armada, at which momentous crisis this lion-hearted queen exclaimed—"I have but the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart of a king, and of a king of England, too; and I think foul scorn that Parma, or Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the border of my realms; to which, rather than any dishonour should grow by me, I, myself, will take up arms." Heroic and immortal words, these! and spoken not in a spirit of vain boasting, but from the inmost soul. The destinies of the greatest nation on earth were safe in the keeping of such a woman.

About half a century ago, when Napoleon the Great threatened to invade England, a work was officially drawn up from the records in the Tower of London, and printed by command of George III., under title

of "A Report of the Arrangements which were made for the Internal Defence of these Kingdoms, when Spain, by its Armada, projected the Invasion and Conquest of England, &c." From this valuable authority we quote the following abstract of the naval squadrons of Great Britain assembled to guard our shores :—

	Men.
34 of her Majesty's shippes, grete and small, with	6,264
34 marchants' shippes, with Sir F. Drake, westward	2,394
29 shippes and barques, payd by the Citie of London	2,140
31 shippes and barques, which are victuallers, under the Lord High Admiral (Howard of Effingham) ..	1,561
19 coasters, grete and small, under the Lord Admiral, payd by the queene	943
23 coasters, under the Lord Henrie Seymour, payd by the queene ..	1,093
23 voluntarie shippes, grete and small	939
Totallia } 193 shippes } 15,334 men.	

In Campbell's "Lives of the Admirals," a full list is given of the names, tonnage, and crews of all the ships of Elizabeth's navy, at the time of her death in 1603. From this memorandum we learn that she left forty-two ships, their aggregate burthen being 16,915 tons, exclusive of one ship (probably of 200 tons) the tonnage of which is not given. Casting up the columns, we find that the mariners of this fleet numbered 5,534; the gunners, 804; the soldiers, 2,008; in all 8,346 men; but this does not include the crews of three of the smaller vessels. The first-raters were from 900 to 1,000 tons; and many range from 400 to 800 tons. Altogether, it must be admitted that for the age this was a very powerful navy, provided that it was really maintained practically at its nominal strength, as above detailed. In looking over the list, it is curious to perceive that we yet retain in our navy the same names as those borne by several of Elizabeth's ships. For example, she had a Victory, a Warspight (Warspite), a Nonpareil, a Lion, a Defiance, a Dreadnought, a Swallow, a Tiger, &c. The names of some of her ships are singular, as the White Bear, the Ark Royal, the Mer-Honneur, the Due Repulse, the

Garland, the Foresight, the Tide, the Crane, the Answer, the Advantage, Tramontain, the Catis, the Moon, the Merlin, the Synnet, &c. Two only are named after saints—the Saint Matthew, and the Saint Andrew. We shrewdly suspect that these ships (both first-raters) were built in the time of her sister Mary, and the latter's consort, Philip of Spain. Her first-raters had each a crew comprised of 340 mariners, 40 gunners, and 120 soldiers—in all 500 men.

We need hardly allude to the great sea captains of Elizabeth's reign. Every reader must be familiar with the names of Lord Howard of Effingham, the Lord High Admiral of England, Devereux, Earl of Essex, the Earl of Cumberland, Sir John Hawkins, Sir Francis Drake, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Martin Frobisher, Sir Robert Dudley, Sir Richard Grenville, and others who reflected the highest glory on the reign of their royal mistress. Perhaps not one of the above named great commanders was so chivalrously heroic as Sir R. Grenville, nor died so gloriously. In battle with a Spanish fleet he was surrounded by an overwhelming force, but refused to attempt to escape, saying that he would rather die than bring such dishonour on himself, his country, and his queen's ship; and after nearly all the crew of his ship, the *Revenge*, were killed or wounded, he surrendered only when absolutely compelled by the survivors. He died three days afterwards of his wounds, and his last words were truly memorable:—"Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind; for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, fighting for his country, queen, religion, and honour, my soul willingly departing from this body, leaving behind the lasting fame of having behaved as every valiant soldier is bound to do." Lasting fame! Yea verily, thou noble sea captain, *sans peur et sans reproche*, thy dying words were prophetic, and thy honoured memory shall be worthily cherished by the latest posterity of these isles!

During Elizabeth's reign considerable progression in the building, &c., of men-of-war was manifested. Sir Richard Dudley (who became Duke of

Northumberland) was the most eminent naval architect of the age. He was undoubtedly a man of original genius, and he designed no less than seven new classes of war ships, and showed great foresight and ingenuity in his plans. With regard to the calibre of the ship guns at this period, we find a list in Sir William Monson's *Naval Tracts* (written in the time of Elizabeth and her successor), and he gives their names, their bores, their weight, their several charges of powder, and the weight of the shot they projected. The reader will be interested, or at least amused, by the quaint names of these pieces of ordnance, which we shall here give in the order of their several sizes. They were—cannon royal, cannon, cannon serpentine, bastard cannon, demi-cannon, cannon petro, culverin, basilisk, demiculverin, bastard culverin, sacar, minion, faulcon, falconet, serpentine, rabanet. Some of them were of great size; the cannon royal weighed 8000 lbs., had a bore of $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches, a charge of 30 lbs. of powder, and threw a shot of 66 lbs. weight. We may remark that the charge of powder seems inordinate, but we believe that gunpowder in those days did not possess such an expansive and projectile force as that manufactured now. The medium sized ordnance seems to have been the demi-cannon, which weighed 4000 lbs., had a bore of $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches, a charge of 18 lbs. of powder, and projected a shot of $30\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. The smallest was the rabanet, which weighed 300 lbs., had a bore of 1 inch, a charge of $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of powder, and projected a shot of $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.

We have already given a copy of the naval "laws and ordinances" in the time of Richard I., and we now, as a fitting corollary, must not quit the reign of Elizabeth without quoting her "articles of war," which are abundantly curious and suggestive. Our authority is the Harleian MSS :

The executions and capitall punishments I finde to be thus in Queene Elizabeth's time, aborde her own shippes. If anye one man killed another, he was to be bounde to the dead man, and soe thrown into the sea. If anye one drew a weapon wherewith to stryke his captaine, he was to loose his righte hande. If anye one drew a weapon within borde, in anye waye of tumult or inurder, he was to loose his righte hande. If anye one pilfered, or stole away anye goods or monies from anye of his fellows, he was to be thyrse ducked at

the boltsprits, and then to be dragged at the bote's sterne, and sett on shoare upon the next land, with a lofe of bread and a can of beere. If anye one practysed to steale awaye anye of her Majestys shippes, the captaine was to cause him to be hanged by the heels untill his braines were beaten out against the shippe's sides, [!!] and then to be cutt down and lett fall intoe the sea. If anye one slept in his watche: for the first time, he was to be headed with a bucket of water; for the second time, he was to be haled upp by the wrysts, and to have two buckets of water poured into his sleeves; for the thyrd time, he was to be bounde to the main mast with plates of iron, and to have some gunn chambers or a baskett of bulletts tied to his arms, and soe to remain at the pleasure of the captaine; for the fourthe time, he was to be hanged at the boltsprits, with a can of beere and a biscotte of breade, and a sharp knife, and so to hange, and chuse whether he woulde cutt himself downe and fall into the sea, or hange still and starve. If anye one marriner or soldier stole awaye from her Majesty's service, without lycense of his captaine, he was to be hanged. If anye one mutinye about his allowed proportion of victuals, he was to be laid in the bilboes during the captaine's pleasure. As for all pettie pilferings and comissions of that kinde, those were generallie punished with the whippe, the offender beinge for that purpose bounde faste to the capstan; and the waggerie and idleness of shippe boys paid by the boatewayne with a rodde; and commonlie this execution is done upon Mondaye morninges, and is so frequentlie in use, that some meere seamen and saylers doe believe, in good earnest, that they shall never have a faire winde untill the poore boyes be dulie brought to the chest; that is, whipped every Mondaye morninge.

And so farewell to the great Elizabeth and her navy, which Shakespere doubtless had in view when he bade us imagine the —

Brave fleet,
With silken streamers, the young Phœbus fanning.
Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, ship boys climbing,
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confused; behold the threading sail,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms thro' the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge!

James I. succeeded, as we have shown, to the possession of a considerable navy; and if he did not cherish it quite so much as he had power to do, we must at least admit that he was not altogether careless of its in-

crease and efficiency. At his death, in 1625, he left a navy of 82 ships, then maintained at an annual expenditure of £50,000. He also expressly commanded a famous first-rater to be built, concerning which the following interesting account has been preserved:—"This year, 1610, the king built a most goodly ship for war, the keel whereof was one hundred and fourteen feet, and the cross-beam forty-four feet in length; she will carry sixty-four pieces of great ordnance, and is of the burden of fourteen hundred tons. This royal ship is double-built, and is most sumptuously adorned, within and without, with all manner of carving, painting, and rich gilding, being, in all respects, the greatest and goodliest ship that ever was built in England; and this glorious ship the king gave unto his son Henry, Prince of Wales; and on the 24th of September, the King, the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and the Lady Elizabeth, with many great lords, went unto Woolwich to see it launched, but, because of the narrowness of the dock, it could not then be launched; whereupon, the prince came the next morning by three o'clock, and then, at the launching thereof, the prince named it after his own dignity, and called it 'The Prince.' The great workmaster in building this ship was Mr. Phineas Pett, gentleman, sometime Master of Arts of Emanuel College, Cambridge."

One sentence in the above—"because of the narrowness of the dock, it could not then be launched"—requires a word of explanation. Down even to a comparatively recent period, first-rate ships were actually built *in dock*, and so floated out when completed, it being thought too difficult and dangerous to build them on the stocks on level ground. We wonder what our fathers, only a single generation ago, would have thought of the practicability of moving a monster like the Great Eastern, which will, moreover, be launched broadside!

Little glory accrued to our navy during the hapless reign of Charles I., and yet we may suppose that the unfortunate king had its prosperity and augmentation at heart, for he levied a tax called "Ship Money" to the amount of £200,000; and this very tax for the (at least ostensible) support of the naval service, was, as is well

known, one of the oppressions which led to the civil war. Hampden and others refused to pay it, although their personal assessment was small, on the ground that it was an illegal and unconstitutional exaction. In 1637, Charles built the "Sovereign of the Seas" (subsequently called the "Royal Sovereign") which far surpassed in size any former ship. Her extreme length was 232 feet, but her length of keel was only 128 feet, so that her rake of stem and stern, together, must have been enormous. Her breadth was 48 feet; and from the keel to the top of the poop lantern was 76 feet. She had five lanterns, and the largest could hold ten persons. The tonnage of this ship has been variously stated. By one account her burden was 1637 tons (corresponding with the date she was built,) and by another 1683 tons. Mr. Thomas Heywood, her decorator, published a long and interesting description of her. He stated that "she has three flush-deckes and a forecastle, an halfe-decke, a quarter-decke, and a round-house. Her lower tyre hath thirty ports, which are to be furnished with demi-cannon and whole cannon throughout, being able to beare them. Her middle tyre hath also thirty ports for demi-culverin and whole culverin. Her third tyre hath twenty-six ports for other ordnance. Her forecastle hath twelve ports, and her halfe-deck hath fourteen ports. She hath thirteen or fourteen ports more within-board for murdering pieces, besides a great many loopholes out of the cabins for musket shot. She carried, moreover, ten pieces of chase-ordnance in her right forward, and ten right aft, that is, according to the land service, in the front and the reare." This makes 136 guns, exclusive of the "murdering pieces," but it has been clearly shown that she only mounted 100. We cannot conceive the use of the "murdering pieces," unless to fire at an enemy's tops or to repel boarders. The reader will note that cannon of different calibre were placed on the same battery, and this stupid custom prevailed even two or three generations later, thus causing blunders in charging and loss of time in action. The enormous castles, fore and aft, were about this period much reduced in size, and frigates were introduced in the service. The first frigate proper appears to have been

the Constant Warwick, a ship of about 400 tons, and 26 guns. In 1633, the eighth year of Charles's reign, his navy numbered 50 ships, and their aggregate tonnage was 23,595; and in 1641, 42 ships, of 22,411 tons. It seems, therefore, that although the number of ships had lessened in that interval, vessels of much larger size must have been introduced in the navy, as the aggregate tonnage was little decreased.

The era of the Commonwealth was, unquestionably, a glorious one for the navy. First the Parliament, and subsequently the Protector, managed the naval affairs of the kingdom with hitherto unparalleled skill and energy, splendidly aided by several great commanders, and especially by the grand old sea-king, Admiral Blake. Holland, Spain, Portugal, France, Tunis and Tripoli, Italy, and the West Indies, all trembled at the thunder of the English guns, and everywhere was the navy of the Commonwealth triumphant. Even ultra-royalists involuntarily expressed profound admiration at the marvellous achievements of their country's fleets under the republicans. Mr. Hepworth Dixon, in the able preface to the new edition of his capital "Life of Blake," makes some pertinent observations which we will here extract:—

One part of the naval career of Blake is of striking interest. He was the first man who broke through the old delusion that ships could not attack batteries. On three memorable occasions Blake attacked stone walls—at St. Mary's, at Porto Ferrino, and at Santa Cruz—and each time with complete success. Contemporaries at first thought him mad, as contemporaries often think men of genius; and the enemies whom he destroyed behind their granite walls consoled themselves by saying he was the devil. Even after his death the wonder did not cease. Clarendon, a political opponent, says of him:—"He was the first man that declined the old track, and made it manifest that science might be attained in less time than was imagined; and despised those rules which had been long in practice, to keep his ship and his men out of danger, which had been held, in former times, a point of great ability and circumspection, as if the principal art requisite in the captain of a ship, had been to be sure to come home safe again. He was the first man who brought the ships to contend castles on shore, which had been thought ever very formidable, and were discovered by him only to make a noise, and to fright those who could rarely be hurt by them. He was the first that infused that proportion of courage into the seamen, by

making them see, by experience, what mighty things they could do if they were resolved, and taught them to fight in fire as well as upon water; and though he hath been very well imitated and followed, he was the first that drew the copy of naval courage, and bold and resolute achievement." There are officers who still think it madness to oppose ships to batteries, though steam has added wings to the man-of-war, enabling it to attack when and how it pleases, to retire from the range, to return at will, to shift the position, to defy winds and tide. There are still officers who think their chief business lies in 'coming home safe again.' Blake was of another mind; Nelson was of another mind; Dundonald, I believe, is of another mind. Santa Cruz was Blake's Cronstadt—one of the strongest fortresses of the seventeenth century; when Blake attacked it with his worn and rotting ships, it was strengthened by an enormous fleet—a fleet carrying nearly as many guns, and far more men, than his own. The Spaniards were as confident as the Muscovites in the impregnability of the fortress; yet he entered the harbour, silenced the batteries, and burnt the fleet. The royalist writers were overpowered by this brilliant feat of arms.

Common men, of course, adhere to the common opinion; but uncommon men see that Blake was right, as well as successful, in attacking Santa Cruz. The most brilliant seaman of our generation—the true successor of Blake and Nelson—Lord Dundonald (who has done the writer of this narrative the very great honour of revising the naval part of it), has written some brief and pregnant notes on Blake's most celebrated actions. This was before the Russian war broke out, and long before the question of attacking Helsingfors and Cronstadt arose. With respect to Blake's attack on Santa Cruz, Lord Dundonald says, in a profound and characteristic passage:—"On the principle which I have never found to fail—that the more impracticable a task appears, the more easily it may be achieved, under judicious management—the attack on Santa Cruz was founded on correct estimate of the probable result."

In 1658, the Protector's navy numbered 157 ships of all rates, having 4300 guns, and manned by 21,910 men; maintained at an annual cost of £400,000. Even yet, the captains of ships and the admirals of fleets were very frequently men who had not been trained to the sea, but served indifferently, as ordered, either as sea or land officers. It was nothing unusual for the colonel of dragoons of one year to be the captain of a ship the next, or for the general to suddenly assume the title and duties of an admiral. It is remarkable that Blake, Deane, Sandwich, Monk, the Duke of York,

Prince Rupert, and several others of the most brilliant and successful admirals of the Commonwealth, and of Charles II.'s reign, were not appointed to command fleets until they had earned a reputation as able land officers. We may also here note that, up to this period, large men-of-war did not carry their own provisions or at any rate only a temporary supply, having tenders, or small vessels called, appropriately enough, victuallers, to provide them with rations. Sir Anthony Deane was the first who built ships of war (viz. :—the “Warspite” and “Defiance,” in 1665) to carry six months' provision on board, and yet to have their lower-deck ports sufficiently elevated above the level of the sea.

During the reign of the “merry monarch” (who, although professing to be very anxious to uphold and improve the navy, cared as little for it as for anything else of national importance,) his brother, the Duke of York, was Lord High Admiral, and certainly proved himself to be a very able administrator, and a gallant commander-in-chief in battle. In the long and sanguinary wars with Holland, during this reign, our navy at least upheld its reputation on the whole, although, owing to the criminal supineness of the profligate monarch, on one disgraceful occasion, at least, England's honour was shamefully tarnished. It is said that Charles was absorbed in the most trifling and wanton amusements, *pour passer le temps*, at the very moment when the Dutch, after burning the shipping at Sheerness, insolently sailed up the Thames with brooms at their mast-heads. What a miserable caricature of a monarch then toyed with the sceptre, erst so gloriously grasped by the grand Queen Bess!

As regards the ships, we find that in 1677 there were six rates, besides sloops. The total number of ships of the navy in 1675 was 151, and their aggregate tonnage 70,587. At the death of Charles, in 1685, he left 179 ships, of 103,558 tons burthen. The first-raters were from 90 to 100 guns, and the largest was 1400 tons. “The characteristic of a first-rate of 1677,” says Mr. James, in his *Naval History*, “seems to have been, to mount her guns on three whole decks, a quarter-deck, fore-castle, and poop; of a second-rate, to mount her guns on three

whole decks and a quarter-deck; of a third-rate, to mount hers on two whole decks, a quarter-deck, fore-castle, and poop; of a fourth-rate, to mount hers on two whole decks and a quarter-deck; of a fifth-rate, to mount hers on her first gun-deck, from end to end, on her second, partially, with a few guns on the quarter-deck; and of a sixth-rate, to mount her guns on a single deck, with or without any on her quarter-deck. It is worthy of remark, that there were, in these times, three-deckers of 64, and two-deckers of 30 guns; and that many single-decked ships of the present day exceed, nay, nearly double, even the former in tonnage.” Fire-ships and yachts were introduced in 1675; and bombs, or mortar-vessels, were first employed to bombard Algiers in 1681. As regards fire-ships, we have a detailed account of one fitted out in 1693. It was a new three-hundred ton ship, and “at the bottom of the hold were a hundred barrels of gunpowder; these were covered with pitch, sulphur, rosin, tow, straw, and faggots, over which lay beams bored through, to give air to the fire, and upon these lay three hundred carcasses, filled with grenades, chain-shot, iron bullets, loaded pistols, wrapped in pitched linen, broken iron bars, and the bottoms of glass bottles!” This truly diabolical vessel was employed in an attack on St. Maloes, but on that occasion did not succeed in taking up the position designed. As it was, she struck on a rock, and her crew set fire to her. We are told that the explosion which ensued was “terrible beyond description; it shook the whole town like an earthquake, broke all glass and earthenware for three leagues [!] round, and struck off the roofs of three hundred houses. The capstern of the vessel, which weighed two hundred weight, was carried over the walls, and destroyed a house it happened to fall upon. The greatest part of the walls, towards the sea, fell down also.” We wonder what they would have said to Lord Dundonald's grand suffocator (or whatever his secret destructive may be called) in those days. The king who gave the order for the massacre of the Huguenots would not have been at all squeamish in using it!

The poet Dryden has bequeathed a striking allegorical picture of the meeting of hostile fleets at this period—

As far as I could cast my eyes
Upon the sea, something methought did rise
Like bluish mists, which, still appearing more,
Took dreadful shapes, and thus moved towards
the shore ;

The object I could first distinctly view
Was tall, straight trees, which on the waters
flew.

Wings on their sides, instead of leaves, did
grow,
Which gathered all the breath the wind could
blow ;

And at their roots grew floating palaces,
Whose outbowed bellies cut the yielding seas.

*All turned their sides and to each other spoke,
I saw their words break out in fire and smoke !*

In the reign of William III. the rates of all men-of-war exhibit much higher corresponding weight of metal than in the preceding reigns. His first-raters were from 100 guns upwards ; the second-raters from 90 guns ; the third-raters from 60 guns. The great fault of his ships seems to have been their excessive number of guns in proportion to their tonnage, and the lower-deck ports were much too near the water. In 1702, the year of King William's death, his navy numbered 272 vessels, and their aggregate tonnage was 159,020. The navy estimates in the same year amounted to £1,056,915, or just double the expense of Charles II.'s navy. The number of men employed was about 50,000. Improvements in the build and equipment of the ships were very slow, but steady.

The most eminent naval heroes of Queen Anne's reign were sturdy old Benbow, who fought on his stumps ; Sir George Rooke, who won for us Gibraltar, by one of the most daring and brilliant *coups-de-main* on record ; and Sir Cloudesly Shovel, who, from a cabin-boy, rose by dint of merit to be an admiral and commander-in-chief, and finally perished with the crew of his ship, and those of several other men-of-war, by running on the Scilly rocks in the year 1707. One saying of Sir Cloudesly Shovel has been deemed both witty and wise : "I mightily esteem short lower-masts ; for the shorter they are, the longer they will stand." At the death of Queen Anne, in 1704, her navy numbered 247 ships, and their aggregate tonnage was 167,219.

About this period foreign nations, particularly the Spaniards, the French,

and the Swedes, made more decided progress in the art of the naval architecture than the English, and built their ships on scientific principles. It is noteworthy, also, that they retained their superiority in these respects even down to the first quarter of the present century ; and the finest ships in the British Navy up to the death of George III. were either captured from the enemy, or built in our dock-yards from their models. It was a familiar (and very true) saying that the French and Spaniards built ships for the English to capture. As regards men-of-war in the time of Anne, Mr. James says that the foreigners "allowed a greater width to the port-holes and to the spaces between them. This, in a given number of portholes and spaces, necessarily added to the length of the vessel ; and as that increased length required a proportionate breadth, a general increase of bulk, and thence of tonnage, became the consequence. The ship was thus rendered more buoyant, and her lower battery stood higher from the water ; advantages which were sensibly felt by the British in almost every encounter attended by a rough sea, or a wind fresher than common. In the form of the lower body of their ships, the French greatly surpassed the English ; but, in point of materials and workmanship, the advantage was, and is to this day, on the side of the latter. To the British, however, is certainly due the merit of having been the first to introduce the curved form to that part of the stern against which the sea beats : on the other hand, they were among the last to abandon the immoderate contraction of the upper decks of their ships, and the consequent low position of their chain-plates. The Spaniards appear to have taken the lead, even of the French, in the proportion between the size and the numerical force of their ships. *As a sense of pride had induced Spain to build her ships higher, a sense of safety had impelled her to build them broader than those of any other nation.*" This last sentence of Mr. James is exceedingly piquant.

We must now rapidly glance at the naval progression manifest during the Hanoverian dynasty. In the reign of George I., the navy, in 1724, comprised 233 vessels, their tonnage being 170,862. At his death, in 1727, the

ships of size in the navy were only 178, and were divided into six classes, as follows :—

First-rates, from 100 guns upwards, burdens about 1,900 tons.

Second-rates, from 90, and below 100 guns, burdens about 1,600 tons.

Third-rates, from 70 to 90 guns, burdens about 1,200 to 1,400 tons.

Fourth-rates, from 50 to 70 guns, burdens about 800 to 1,000 tons.

Fifth-rates, from 30 to 50 guns, burdens about 400 to 800 tons.

Sixth-rates, from 20 to 30 guns, burdens about 374 to 400 tons.

We are reminded of a curious anecdote we have met with, concerning George I. and one of his ships of war which brought him over from Hanover to England, and was nearly lost on the passage. Subsequently he sold her, and she became (*sic transit gloria mundi!*) a Newcastle collier! Whereupon a Jacobite wag of the day wickedly wrote—

Mark the sad change in all sublunary things.—

Coal she exports that once imported kings!

In the reign of George II., in 1753, the navy comprised 291 ships, their aggregate tonnage being 234,924. In this reign some important innovations took place. In 1757, two new, and subsequently famous, classes of ships were added to the navy, viz.:—32 and 36-gun ships, both genuine frigates, and of a class which, in the succeeding reign, proved eminently valuable and successful, as our naval annals testify. In the previous year, the Admiralty wisely decreed that the poor old 50-gun two-decker should no longer rank as a line-of-battle ship, and although thus *razed*, as sailors say, on paper, she was not degraded to class with frigates, but called simply a 50-gun ship. A few years previous to this, the Government (in what we must charitably suppose was a fit of hallucination) actually caused 29 new 44-gun *two-deckers* to be added to the navy,—miserable cranky tubs, neither frigates nor liners, nor fit for pleasure nor for war, as they could not sail and could not fight. Well does James say of them—"A few individuals remained to attend convoys; but, although a provoking durability, common to the class, continued

them for years in the service, they lost the appellation of frigates, and took that of the 'old two-decked 44-gun ship; a name, the very mention of which raises a smile among modern men-of-war's-men." The chief naval worthies of this reign were Admirals Vernon, Boscawen, Anson, Howe, Osborne, and poor *murdered* Byng, whose last words were indeed prophetically true. "Justice," said he, "will be done to my reputation hereafter; the manner and cause of raising and keeping up the popular clamour and prejudice against me will be seen through; I shall be considered, as I now perceive myself, a victim destined to divert the indignation of an injured people." Yes, the judicial murder of Admiral Byng will ever remain an indelible blot on the ministry and the sovereign of the day.

On the whole, the reign of the second George was much more remarkable for commercial enterprise, and voyages of discovery, and settlement of colonies, than for naval glory. The colonies prospered, and commerce to both East and West Indies, to America, and to foreign countries generally, became so considerable that the poet Thomson could say of the port of London—

On either hand,
Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts
Shot up their spires. . . Whence, ribbed
with oak,
To bear the British thunder, black and bold,
The roaring vessel rushed into the main.

The British navy earned its highest reputation in the succeeding reign, our fleets having been actively employed against various enemies during four-fifths of the long period whilst George III. was sovereign. What an exciting era of the history of our navy is that under consideration! What marvellous exploits did our seamen perform, and what great and glorious victories did they achieve! A host of proud and spirit-stirring reminiscences are excited by the mere mention of the great sea-captains who won imperishable renown within the space of half a century. There was Rodney, and Hood, and Howe, and Nelson, and St. Vincent, and Duncan, and Bridport, and Hyde Parker, and Collingwood, and Saumarez, and Exmouth, and many others less known to fame, but whose names and exploits will

not be forgotten by posterity. And think of the long roll of battles which these old-service heroes fought and won! Rodney's great and repeated victories; Howe's triumph of the first of June; Cape St. Vincent; Camperdown; the Nile; Copenhagen; and—crown of all—Trafalgar! What memories and proud associations do those names conjure! The pride of every maritime nation was humbled by these and scores of minor victories. Britain defeated and destroyed the combined navies of nearly all Europe, and almost annihilated her enemies' commerce. Some of them, as Spain, Holland, and Denmark, never recovered the stunning blows they received; they irrevocably lost their former prestige as naval powers; their resources were crippled, and their naval spirit broken; and never since have they effectively replaced the fleets they then lost. Looking at these results, bearing in mind also that England owed her own safety from invasion and the security of her enormous colonial dependencies in every quarter of the globe and the existence of her commerce solely to the power of her fleets and the transcendent skill, daring, and pluck of her matchless seamen,—can we marvel that our countrymen were at that period excited to a pitch of naval enthusiasm infinitely exceeding that evoked by the dubious and eminently unsatisfactory operations of the two campaigns of the war just concluded. Can we help asking what Nelson, or St. Vincent, or Duncan, would have performed, had they possessed such fleets as were sent to the Baltic and Black Sea?

When George III. ascended the throne in 1760 the number of H.M. ships was 412; their tonnage was 321,104; and 70,000 men were voted to man them; the estimates of expenses being £3,227,143. Subsequently the rate of increase was prodigious. In 1783 the ships numbered 617; their tonnage being 500,781. The commencement of what is called by historians the First French Revolutionary War was a most interesting and momentous epoch in the history of our navy. The French and the Spaniards had very powerful fleets at that period, and the Dutch, the Danes and Swedes, and the Russians, had also each a considerable navy. The grand total

of vessels belonging to the British navy was then 401, exclusive of vessels building, &c. Of these, 108 were ships of the line. The first-raters then ranged from 100 to 120 guns; but there was only a single 120-gun ship (of 2747 tons), and she was not in commission at the time. For the year in question (1793) the supplies voted were as follows:—For 45,000 seamen and marines, £2,340,000; for the ordinary, including half-pay, £669,205; extraordinaries, £387,710; ordnance not provided for in 1791, £32,068; towards paying the navy debt, £575,000; total £4,003,948. At that date the flag officers were 64; post captains, 431; masters and commanders, 163; lieutenants, 1,429. So prodigiously did the exigencies of the times compel the increase of the navy, that only two years later, in 1795, the number of seamen was 85,000, and marines, 15,000; the total supplies for the sea-service, exclusive of ordnance, amounting to £6,315,523. In 1801, sixteen millions were voted for supplies of the navy; and in 1814, when nearly a thousand vessels of war, of all kinds, were actually in commission (177 being *liners*) the estimates for the expenses of this enormous force amounted to £18,786,509! In the thirteen years ending in 1814, no less than 83 of the enemy's line-of-battle ships were captured and destroyed; and 569 enemy's ships of all rates met the same fate.

What the British navy is at the present day it would be superfluous to detail. We may, however, mention that this year (1856) the supplies voted for the naval estimates were 76,000 men (including 16,000 marines, and 10,000 classed as "boys"). The number voted in 1855 was 70,000, and the large increase is to provide men for the new gun and mortar boats, at the estimated cost of nearly half a million sterling, for pay and victualling. But as peace is now declared, probably from ten to twenty thousand men will be discharged, and the navy reduced to its usual peace establishment.

After our discursive (yet, we trust, entertaining and instructive) gossip about the fighting-ships of past generations, it will not be out of place, partly by way of contrast, to conclude by some brief details concerning our modern first-raters—the latest exemplars of our progress in the art

of marine architecture in the shape of men-o'-war. We shall select the three most magnificent ships of our present navy—the “Duke of Wellington,” the “Royal Albert,” and the “Marlborough.”

The “Duke” was originally built for a 120-gun sailing ship, but was sawn in twain on the stocks, lengthened a score of feet, and fitted with a screw-propeller. She also was originally christened the “Windsor Castle;” but on the death of the great Duke, his name was given to her *in memoriam*. The following are her dimensions:—Length over all, 278 feet, 6 inches; length between perpendiculars, 240 feet, 6 inches; extreme breadth, 60 feet; depth of hold, 24 feet, 8 inches; height from keel to taffrail, 65 feet; burthen, 3,759 tons, old measurement, or 3,153 tons, new measurement; draught of water, 25 feet; weight of hull, 3,000 tons; weight of hull and all *materiel*, ready for sea, 5,500 tons; engines, 750 horse-power (nominally). Her armament comprises 32-pounders, 82-pounders, 8-inch guns, and one 68-pounder;—altogether she can throw a broadside weight of metal of 4,030lbs.—and, it is said, can repeat this six times in four minutes! What a tremendous battery! We can better appreciate its terrific magnitude and power, when we recollect that Nelson’s celebrated old “Victory,” of 104 guns, only fired 900lbs. of cold iron at a single broadside; and the “Caledonia,” of 120 guns (long reckoned the greatest and noblest ship ever built), 1,772lbs. the broadside. Her complement is 1,100 men, all told. Probably nothing will give our landsmen readers a more vivid conception of the mighty proportions of this floating leviathan, than some details of her stores, which we shall condense (from the account before us) in a single suggestive paragraph. Her anchors weigh 22 tons, 12 cwt.; her twelve boats (two launches, one pinnace, three cutters, three gigs, and a dingey), 12 tons, 8 cwt.; gunner’s stores, 22 tons, 15 cwt.; boatswain’s and carpenter’s stores, 97 tons, 8 cwt.; coals, 642 tons; guns, 368 tons, 17 cwt.; 11,560 round-shot, 158 tons, 13 cwt.; 1,100 shells, 19 tons, 12 cwt.; grape and canister, 11 tons, 3 cwt.; powder, 63 tons, 17 cwt.; small arms (342

muskets, 50 rifles, 90 Colt’s revolvers, 20 tomahawks, used in boarding an enemy’s vessel, to ascend the side, cut away the boarding nettings, &c., 150 boarding pikes, and 550 cutlasses), 12 tons, 5 cwt.; bread, salt-beef and pork, sugar, tea, coffee, flour, peas, vinegar, rum, suet, mustard, pepper, tobacco, soap, candles, and wearing apparel, in the aggregate, 142 tons, 8 cwt.; water, 263 tons, 1 cwt.; captain’s stores, 3 tons; wardroom stores, 4 tons; midshipmen’s stores, 4 tons; holy stones and sand, 6 tons; marines’ stores, 15 cwt.; medical stores, 10 cwt.; officers’, seamen’s, marines’, and boys’ bags and beds, 137 tons, 10 cwt.; masts, in all, 128 tons, 15 cwt.; iron cables, 56 tons, 11 cwt.; rope cables [we suppose *hawesers*, &c., are meant by this phrase], 7 tons, 18 cwt.; standing rigging, 38 tons; running rigging, 46 tons; blocks, 9 tons; sails, 15 tons, 1 cwt.; engines and boilers, when filled with water, 623 tons, 12 cwt.; the fan of the screw, 8 tons, 14 cwt.; engineers’ stores, 17 tons, 5 cwt., 51 lbs.

It would be an insult to the intelligence of our readers were we to make any comment on the above startling items: the bare enumeration speaks for itself. We may, however, here mention the present rate of allowance of food per man per diem in the navy. Biscuit, 1 lb., or soft bread, 1½ lbs.; spirits, ½ gill; fresh meat, 1 lb.; vegetables, ½ lb.; sugar, 1½ ounces; chocolate, 1 ounce; tea, ¼ ounce. Or, instead of fresh meat and vegetables, salt pork, 1 lb.; peas, ½ pint, every alternate day; and salt beef, 1 lb.; flour, 9 ounces; suet, 3 ounces; currants or raisins, 1½ ounces, every alternate day. Also, regularly once a week, oatmeal, ½ pint; mustard, ½ ounce; pepper, ½ ounce; vinegar, ½ pint. We think her Majesty’s Hearts of Oak may well thrive on this dietary. How nobly it contrasts with the abominably insufficient allowance to the seamen of the navy fifty or sixty years ago!

Another stupendous first-rate is the “Royal Albert,” constructed by the late Oliver Lang, master-shipwright at Woolwich. The extreme length of this imperial ship is 276 feet; on the lower deck, 220 feet; extreme breadth, 60 feet, 10 inches; length of keel, 180 feet; depth of hold, 25 feet;

height from keel to taffrail, 65 feet ; burthen, 3,462 tons. She was pierced for 140 guns, but mounts 121. We have before us two lists of her armament, but they vary considerably, and in giving the following, we do not vouch for its accuracy:—"32 sixty-eight pounders on her lower deck, each gun weighing 65 cwt., and measuring 9 feet long ; 34 thirty-two pounders on her middle-deck ; 34 thirty-two pounders on her main-deck ; and on the quarter-deck, 16 thirty-two pounders. The fore-castle is furnished with 14 thirty-two pounders, and one large gun, weighing 95 cwt., and measuring 10 feet in length, on a traversing carriage, shifting on fighting centres, and throwing a shot of 68 pounds." (This gives 131 guns, but only 121 are mounted, we believe). Total weight of metal per broadside, 4,000 lbs. To these statistics of the Royal Albert we may add that her engines are nominally of 400 horse-power, but can be worked up to 1,200. Her main-mast is 124 feet, 8 inches long, and 3 feet, 4 inches in diameter ; maintopmast, 75 feet, 6 inches long ; and maintopgallant, 55 feet. Her main-yard is 111 feet in length. She can spread nearly 11,000 yards of canvass !

	Guns.	Calibre.	Weight.	Length.
Gun-deck	10	8-inch	65 cwt.	9 feet.
Ditto	26	32-pounders.	56 cwt.	9 feet, 6 inches.
Middle-deck	30	32-pounders.	56 cwt.	9 feet, 6 inches.
Ditto	6	8-inch	65 cwt.	9 feet.
Main-deck	38	32-pounders.	42 cwt.	8 feet.
Quarter-deck	20	32-pounders.	25 cwt.	6 feet.
Fore-castle	1	68-pounder.	95 cwt.	10 feet (pivot.)

It may be interesting to those of our readers who are unfamiliar with the names and positions of the interior divisions of modern ships-of-war, to give here a brief description of the manner in which the huge hull of a first-rate screw three-decker is divided and sub-divided. We will begin with the *Upper Deck*. The Poop is the elevated deck, extending from the stern to the companion-ladder ; next comes the *Quarter-deck* (and, by-the-by, whenever you—unless you are a civilian—set foot on the quarter-deck, you must touch your hat, as the Sovereign is *supposed* to be present), which ranges from the break of the poop to the main-mast : the Gangways and Waist are between the main and foremast ; and the Fore-

Our last (and greatest) *Monster of the Deep* is the "*Marlborough*," launched a few months ago, but not yet ready for sea. From the newspaper accounts we gather the following items relative to this latest specimen of John Bull's screw three-deckers:—Her length between perpendiculars is 245 feet, 6 inches ; length of keel for tonnage, 206 feet, 3 inches ; breadth extreme, 61 feet, 2½ inches ; breadth for tonnage, 60 feet, 4½ inches ; breadth moulded, 59 feet, 6½ inches ; depth in hold, 25 feet, 10 inches ; burthen in tons, 4,000—36-94 ; load draught of water forward, 25 feet ; ditto aft, 26 feet ; height of taffrail above load-water-line, 39 feet, 10 inches ; height of main-truck, 213 feet, 4 inches ; length of main-yard, 111 feet ; weight of main-mast, 23 tons ; ditto main-yard, 6 tons ; ditto anchors, 23 tons ; ditto rigging, 93 tons ; ditto sails (square feet, 38,974), 15 tons ; ditto guns and carriages, 369 tons ; ditto shot, 170 tons ; do. powder, 64 tons ; ditto machinery (two engines, six boilers, &c.), 600 tons ; weight of water in boilers, 100 tons ; power of engines, 800 horses. Her armament of 131 guns is reported to be as follows:—

castle is the deck from the foremast to the bows. The captain's cabin is beneath the poop. The *Main Deck* is the principal fighting deck, and is also appropriated to various uses. Thus, the stern portion is occupied by the grand cabin, the admiral's private cabins, &c. Forward of the cabins is the half-deck ; and near the foremast is the Galley, where the provisions are cooked. Beneath the main deck is the *Middle Deck*, at the after part of which the Ward-room (or mess-room) of the officers is situated, and also their private cabins. The capstan is on this deck, and also the great pumps. Here the marines are berthed ; and in the bows is the Sick Bay, or hospital of the ship. We next descend to the *Lower*, or

Gun Deck, at the after part of which is the Gun Room, where the "youngsters," and master's assistants, &c., mess. On this deck the seamen are berthed. The tiller works on it aft; and the cables pass through the hawsholes forward on it. Of course it sustains much the heaviest battery in the ship, and is therefore the strongest of all decks. Beneath this is the *Orlop Deck*, where the cables, spare rigging, sails, &c., are stowed, and which contains the purser's rooms, and other store-rooms, offices, &c. The fore and the after *Cockpit* are situated at either end of the orlop. The "oldsters" (passed midshipmen) mess in the after cockpit, which in time of battle is occupied by the surgeons and the wounded undergoing operations. Finally, there is the *Hold*, which comprises all that portion of the ship beneath the orlops and cockpits, and is subdivided into a variety of rooms, &c. In such colossal ships as the *Royal Albert*, the hold is of course equal in size to an immense warehouse, and yet so valuable is every inch of available space, that great ingenuity and practical experience are requisite to compress into these submarine bowels of the ship the prodigious mass of stores of every description which *must* be therein stowed away in such a manner as to be accessible at the shortest notice. Forward is the main Magazine, where the cartridges and powder are stored; abaft of it is the Fore Hold, which contains tanks of water, provisions, shot-lockers, spirits, slops, &c. Next, there is the stoke-hole, the engine-room, &c.; abaft of which is the bread-room, and small or after-magazine, &c.

The above is a very brief description of the interior arrangements of a screw first-rater. To describe them fully a volume would hardly suffice.

Many of our readers probably have no definite idea of the immense cost of every broadside fired by a modern line-of-battle ship. We will give an extract from some statistics on the subject. Our authority says—"Shells are now generally used instead of shot, and the destructive effects, therefore, of cannon indefinitely increased. Formerly shot only was used, and the charge of a 32-pounder cost about 5s. It is, however, now found

that shells are incomparably more efficient; and what is called a 32 lb. shell, fitted with fusee, and all complete, costs 20s.; and the charge of powder, with wads, 12s. more, or 32s. for every 32 lb. shell fired. For an 8-inch, or 68 lb. shell, the cost is 24s.; and with powder and wads, 38s. The guns for the 32 lb. shell weigh about two tons, and cost about £40. The guns for the 68 lb. shell weigh from 3½ to 4½ tons, and cost from £65 to £95 each." We need hardly remark that improvements in the manufacture of cannon, and in practical gunnery, keep steady pace with the progression manifested in the art of building and equipping Britain's floating bulwarks. Perhaps it would not be too much to predict that ere long the number of guns carried by first-rate men-of-war—or; indeed, by all classes—will be considerably reduced; but their calibre and length of range immensely enlarged. Lancaster's oval cannon is a step in this direction. It has a range of three or four miles. A small steamer armed with a couple of such guns could absolutely batter to pieces a sailing three-decker, without receiving a shot in return, provided her huge antagonist was unprovided with the new long-range 68 or 84-pounders!

It is not only our first-rate ships-of-war that evidence the amazing progression of the last few years, for *all* rates in the navy have been correspondingly enlarged and improved. Look at the magnificent 90-gun screws, for instance! They are a *third* larger than a first-rater of Nelson's time, and incomparably more powerful. The *Agamemnon*, of 91 guns, is 3,074 tons; the *Algiers*, 90 guns, 3,165 tons; the *James Watt*, 91 guns, 3,083 tons; the *Princess Royal*, 91 guns, 3,129 tons; and many more are of similar force. Even the first-class "frigates" built nowadays are larger and throw much heavier broadsides than many of the old liners. For example, the *Imperieuse*, of 51 guns, is 2,371 tons; the *Arrogant*, 47 guns, 1,872 tons; the *Terrible*, 21 guns, 1,847 tons. The hundreds of gun and mortar boats, which made such a prominent feature in the late review, are a new and very important arm of the service.

Our ships, of all rates, at the present day carry metal immensely heavier than they did during the last war; and the science of naval gunnery and the training of the crew generally, have been so improved, that there can be little doubt that a regular open sea-fight now would be quickly decided, but would be murderous whilst the engagement lasted. As to our sailors, they would fight just with the same spirit they have always evinced; in *that* respect, at least, there would be as little difference between the seamen of this generation and those of Nelson's time, as between the tars who fought under Blake and sturdy old Benbow, and those with whom Earl St. Vincent and Lord Howe won their glorious victories. In other words, there would be no difference at all in hearty spirit and bravery, whatever there might be in skill. The seamen of all nations have their own peculiar and characteristic mode of doing battle-business. The Turks are inspired by Mahomedan fanaticism, and will calmly and uncomplainingly permit themselves to be killed almost to the last man, but rarely think of surrendering. The Spaniards fight (or did fight) with considerable gallantry, but with little skill. The French are chivalrously brave and enthusiastic, but lack skill, stamina, and steady endurance. The Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, and Dutch, all fight with the most dogged obstinacy, and with great nautical ability. The Russians (judging by the few actions in which their ships have been engaged) are wretched seamen, and have no heart nor real liking for the work, but being trained to render implicit obedience even unto death, will fight as well as they are able until resistance is hopeless; and, finally, there is the British tar—our own dear matchless Jack!—who fights pretty much in the fashion of one of the bull-dogs of his native land, going to work with consummate skill, as though fighting were the regular every-day occupation of his life, cheering and pouring in his broadsides with the most hearty good will, and continuing them with invincible resolution until the foe cries out *Avast!*

Hearts of oak are our ships,
Hearts of oak are our men;

We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady,

To fight and to conquer again and again!

Every man-o'-war's-man knows the above chorus quite as well as he knows his own name; and it is literally true, that the British seaman considers the word "conquer" as the necessary and inevitable sequence of "to fight." With him to fight and to conquer are synonymous; but Defeat is a word unknown in his vocabulary.

In conclusion, it appears to us that the terrible Business of War, both by sea and land, is rapidly becoming a perfect science in itself, and that every great movement in ships and troops resembles the moves on a chess-board—skill and profound calculation regulating each and all. But superiority in ships, and in the seamanship and physical power and pluck of the crews, will invariably decide the day; and, in these essentials, no nation whatever can rival us. The creation of a *steam Navy*—which has been the work of the last half-dozen years—will, however, change the aspect of naval warfare. Our fleets will no longer be so dependent on the winds and tides, but will be able at all times to rapidly move direct to wherever their services are required; and in battle on the open sea, the weather-gage, or getting to windward of the enemy will no longer be so important an advantage, as the ships will be enabled, by their screw-propellers, to take up almost any position they desire. These advantages, however, it must be borne in mind, the foe will equally possess. It remains to be proved, also, to what extent and degree steam ships-of-war are superior to sailing vessels during a regular line engagement; for at present the best judges have no practical results to guide them to any positive decision. Peaceful reviews, and holiday manœuvres, and firing of blank cartridges, afford no criteria. All we are certain of is, that, with steam line-of-battle ships, as well as with any other, Britain is sure, humanly speaking, to retain her wonted naval supremacy.

CYPRUS.

CHAPTER I.

THE WINE CELLARS OF SALINA.

It was early in the autumn of 1853. The rumours of war were as yet but vague and uncertain. Europe was "drifting" into the contest that was to fertilize the barren hills of the south-western Crimea with the best blood of England, France, and Russia; but as yet the talk was chiefly of "holy-places;" of "keys" and "crosses;" of Latin innovations and Greek rights. A party of eight of us were quietly sailing down the Nile from Upper Egypt, anxiously looking out for Cairo, and tired of the monotony of the muddiest of sacred rivers. Abdoolah, our *manji*, or skipper, had been quietly watching us as he smoked his *chibouque*, contemptively, in "the bows." He was the picture of oriental impassiveness. The spirit of the East was upon him, and he drowsily smoked, and mused, and regarded us. At length he rose with true Levantine gravity, and, diving into a recess beneath the deck, produced a bottle, with which he advanced to us. He handed it to me, and I held it to the light. The bottle was of thin transparent glass; the liquid it contained, a rich amber.

"Is it wine, Abdoolah?" I asked.

"Vino d'oro," (golden wine), was the laconic reply.

And where does it come from?"

"From an island," said he. "An island away there," pointing to the North.

"From Rhodes?" I asked.

Abdoolah shook his head.

"From Crete?"

Another shake of the head.

"From Cyprus?"

"From Cyprus," re-echoed Abdoolah, "that's the name."

We tried the wine. It was excellent.

"Let us visit Cyprus," said one of our party, a vivacious little French lady—"let us visit Cyprus before we return to the west."

"Nobody ever visits Cyprus now,"

said her husband, shrugging his shoulders.

"The more reason why we should," was the rejoinder.

A fortnight afterwards, five out of our party of eight were at Beyrout, on the coast of Syria, awaiting a Tuscan steamboat that calls at Salina, the port of Larnacca, the busiest town in all Cyprus, on its way from the Levant to Italy. The French lady and her husband, it is hardly necessary to say, constituted two of the five.

* * * * *

"Take it, Signor," exclaimed our worthy host, "it is good: good for natives—good for strangers—good for the tired—good for the sick—good for those in health—good for Frank, Greek, and Turk—good for everybody."

Signor Baltisiniko, the Greek merchant who was thus chanting the praises of the golden colored *camandria*—the vino d'oro of Abdoolah—was a resident in the neighborhood of Salina, and had received us with the warmest hospitality. We had steamed into the harbour only two hours before, through the few French, Greek, and Italian vessels which it contained. The sun was shining with sweltering brilliancy upon the scene, and those two hours were hours of labour and endurance.

We had resisted the efforts of the quarantine guardians to deposit us in their foul tumble-down lazaretto, for our vessel had a clean bill of health. We had resisted, as well as we could, their cries of *bushaceeh*, when their efforts to incarcerate us had failed. We had passed unscathed through the ordeal of the custom-house officers, who first inspected our *scakeras*, or Turkish passports, and then proceeded to pull about our boxes and luggage, displaying all the mysteries of the toilette to the wondering gaze of open-mouthed idlers. We had even stood by in silence,

filled with stoic resolution, whilst one savage held up a pair of braces to the gaze and laughter of his companions—held them up by one corner, gingerly, as a man might hold up an irritated cat by the extremity of its tail. We had quietly replaced our goods, one by one, when the "authorities" had finished their inspection, resisting with passive firmness their renewed demands for *burshesh*. All this and more we had endured, and now, in Signor Baltisiniko's comfortable house, we listened to the praises of the *camandria*, in execrable Italian.

We were in Salina, or Salines, or the Mina, as it is variously called, taking its name from a salt-marsh in the vicinity, the source of much of its trade. Salina bears the same relation to Larnacca, the chief commercial town of Cyprus, that Leith does to Edinburgh.

The scene before us was charming—and we lay, four of us, including our host, on four couches, (for the ladies had retired) enjoying it. The verandah in which we lay opened out towards the sea, and a gentle breeze came rippling along towards us from the opposite coasts of Syria. The port, with its single row of houses, was somewhat below us—the old ruined citadel to our right, its buttresses overgrown with flowers and parasitic plants. Everything bore the aspect of decay and dilapidation, yet everything was picturesque—a sad sight to commercial eyes, a pleasant one to the lover of natural beauty.

The narrowing promontory of north-eastern Cyprus stretched away upon our left, until lost in the hazy horizon. The white sails of the fishing boats occasionally caught the sun's rays as they moved silently over the water, and then, falling into shade again, became black dots upon the ocean.

It was a day of intense heat, and we enjoyed the pleasant freshness of the sea breeze, and the glorious scene, and the golden-colored *camandria*.

Two things struck us as strange on landing, and we asked our host about them. In the first place, not a word of Arabic was spoken. To travellers fresh from Syria this sounds strangely. A kind of patois Greek and a very little Turkish are the languages of the Cypriots; but it was in Italian

that the upper classes welcomed strangers—in Cypriot Italian. Secondly, civilized vehicles were common—we had reached a country of chariots and horses, of real four-wheeled carriages and leathern harness! In Syria, one sees none such.

The conversation, however, soon turned upon the great curiosities of Salina, its wine cellars—caves of considerable dimensions, partly artificial, partly natural, in which the inhabitants of old saved their most precious treasures from the grasp of the Levantine pirates, the entrances being curiously concealed.

In the evening, Signor Baltisiniko conducted us into a court-yard enclosed with high walls, at the rear of his residence, to inspect his wine cave.

"These houses," he explained, "have all been built recently. The caves have existed for ever. This quarter of the town is only a mile from Larnacca proper, which lies inland. Originally, you might have travelled over this place a hundred times, and not know there was a cave within miles of you. But that was in the good old times."

The court-yard led us into a vaulted chamber, opening at once from the further wall of the enclosure. Here all was perfect darkness. Two servants preceded us with flambeaux, and we advanced into the arched passage. The floor was almost level, slightly descending. A heavy door was soon reached. This let us into a narrower passage, affording but space for one to proceed at a time.

The ground on either side was quite sandy—wooden planks alone prevented the sand from closing the aperture.

"See," said Baltisiniko, pointing to the sand as he held a torch close to it, "when the fugitives were pursued, they had only to remove a few planks, and the passage was closed up."

"Preventing them from getting out as well as their enemies from getting in," I observed.

"True, very true, Signor," was the reply, "but they had stores enough within, and they knew where to dig themselves out. They had always passages half excavated for that purpose, by which they could escape in another quarter, if the enemy labored hard to get in after them."

"These boards seem rather rotten,"

I remarked, as I examined them further on.

"True, eccellenza, and my good friend Carpatry nearly lost his life by not changing his in time—they must be replaced soon."

"And what of Carpatry, Signor?" I asked.

"He was removing a cask—the slaves let it slip in the passage—down came the boards, down came the sand with the boards, smothering them. Carpatry himself was some way behind, and escaped into the cave again. It was some days before he was dug out, and he lived on the *camandria*."

At length we emerged into a wide and spacious vault, which was blocked up here and there with the falling sand that had crumbled down from the roof or sides. It had evidently been originally considerably more extensive than when we visited it. But the wants of its present proprietor were more than satisfied by the ample space remaining. The roof was probably 30 feet high in the highest part, and was bell-shaped. In fact, it was as if we had found our way into a huge bell of sand. Twenty or thirty goodly-sized jars and casks were stored at the further end of it—the former more than half buried in the ground—and it was with pride that the good Signor Baltisiniko pointed out to us which contained the *camandria* of twenty years old, which of ten, and which of more recent vintages.

The coolness of the apartment was its most surprising characteristic. The passage through the vaulted entrance had been stifling, whilst the crumbling sand was mixed freely with the air, rendering it thick and offensive; but here all was changed. By a thousand minute channels through the sand above, our host assured us, the air freely circulated, making its way into and out of the cave, and thus preventing its becoming heated and oppressive. The flambeaus of the servants illuminated the whole chamber, particularly when they were sent up upon the casks by their master.

After we had sufficiently enjoyed the refreshing atmosphere, and tasted a glass of wine drawn by the Signor himself fresh from a jar, as cold as if it had been iced, he ordered the servants to shout, which they did

with a diabolical vehemence and energy that startled us. Their shouts appeared to roll round the casks, and about the cavern in an unearthly way, and brought down from the roof a shower of very fine particles of sand, that set us all coughing.

"Enough, enough," said their master, "we must have a glass of wine after that. Do not fear, gentlemen; the roof has stood hundreds of such shouts, and will stand hundreds more."

It was with a sensation of relief that we found ourselves emerging from the lower regions of the Cypriot's wine cellars into the light of day.

The most remarkable object in the neighbourhood of Salina, besides the wine caves, are the ruins of the ancient city of Citium. It was with no small difficulty that we discovered these ruins, for antiquaries are scarce in Cyprus; the people are too much taken up with the present, and how best to enjoy it, to think at all of the past. By dint, however, of a little perseverance and much questioning, we succeeded in convincing our host that such ruins did really exist, and were visible in some of the fields around. Hardly half a mile from his own house they were to be seen, consisting, simply, of the remains of a wall, appearing here and there at intervals; an occasional mound with masonry peeping forth in angular corners or whitened crests; and lastly, a few massive blocks of stone, too large to be carried off entire, and too hard to be broken up for building purposes by the apathetic Cypriots. But what of this town of Citium? Is there nothing more to be said of it than that it flourished before our era, was in existence two hundred years after Christ, and is now faintly indicated by these remains? It is remarkable further, good reader, as the birth-place of Zeno, the founder of the Stoics. And a strange thing truly it is, that the man who preached indifference alike to pain or pleasure, should have come from the island in which pleasure was deified—in which wine, love, and idleness should have been regarded as the only things worth living for. The island of Venus was the last place whence one would have expected that the stern

philosophy of the Stoics should have issued, yet so it was. Extremes meet—the extreme of enthusiasm in pursuit of pleasure, on the one side, led to the utter despising and denial of its very existence on the other. To the wise man, said the Cypriot, there is no real good but enjoyment, no real evil but pain—to the wise man, said Zeno, pleasure and pain are equally indifferent; there is, in fact, no such thing as pleasure, no such thing as pain; he accepts the one or the other with equal indifference. The Cypriots seized one corner of the tangled web of metaphysics, and strained it violently in their own direction to suit their own views; Zeno ran straightway to the opposite extremity, and was as violent in dragging it his own way, that he might get as far from them as possible. It is often so in life still; human nature is very much in these days what it was when the Cypriots worshipped Venus, and Zeno denied the existence both of pleasure and pain to the wise.

Nor is it solely for its wine cellars and its classical associations that Salina is a place of note in the Levant. It has, too, its religious traditions, strange and profitable. Of that Lazarus raised by our Saviour to life, one of these traditions asserts that the Jews drove him from Bethany to Jerusalem—from Jerusalem to the sea coast—from the sea coast to Cyprus; they could not bear that a living witness to his miracle-working powers should remain amongst them. In Cyprus, at Salina, continues the tradition, Lazarus was

safe. Here he lived and died a zealous missionary of the new faith. In a church dedicated to him his bones were deposited, and when pilgrimages began to be fashionable, there was hardly a shrine of more sanctity or repute than that of St. Lazarus at Salina.

The church still remains—the cathedral of a Greek bishop—one of the finest specimens of the oldest Byzantine style of architecture. Its monuments are dilapidated, it is true; the air of neglect which has settled brooding down upon everything Cypriot has fallen heavily upon it—still as we wandered through its venerable aisles and gazed upon the decorated ceiling, we felt that the spirit of religion had not quite flown from the sanctuary. A holy calm pervaded it, and the traditions of eighteen hundred years have not hallowed it for nought.

The tomb of the saint himself—a small chapel—was to Cyprus what the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket was to England, when men in England put faith in shrines. Its elaborate carvings, and the remains of its rich decorations, attest its former splendour. Thousands swarmed from the remotest parts of the island, when Christianity was alive in Cyprus, to pay their devotions at the shrine of St. Lazarus; and although the Venetians carried off the bones of the saint when they left the island, still the shrine has not lost its sanctity. There is no holier place in Cyprus at the present day, although pilgrims—who formerly drew near to it in thousands—now come but in tens.

CHAPTER II.

LARNACCA.

It was evening as we rode quietly along the road that leads from Salina to Larnacca. The sun was setting behind a mass of golden clouds right before us; the little undulating hills we passed were tipped with an occasional ray that gilded and illuminated them. For the environs of a busy English town, those of Larnacca would be singularly dull and quiet—yet Larnacca is the busiest town in all Cyprus. An occasional

balio or consular agent passed us by, attended by his *cavasses* or servants; the *balio* usually in the attire of Western Europe,—hat, boots, and coat of unexceptionable black. Were he suddenly transferred to Rotten Row, no one there would feel surprised at his advent. Far different, however, the attire of his servants—some in picturesque Greek costume, bedecked with flowers in the most startling profusion—some in

old-fashioned Turkish habiliments—some in the dingiest garbs of European Jews.

As we crest a little hill before us, a figure appears against the golden sky beyond, that is more picturesque by far than the trimmest and sprucest of *balios*, or the most flower-bedizened of servants. It is a Turk in the old voluminous robe, and magnificent turban, and flowing beard—a striking picture! He is mounted on a small but well-proportioned horse, and carries himself with that jaunty air that would say, he is of the faithful—the odor of sanctity and self-sufficiency is strong upon him—a glance shows that in Cyprus he is of the ruling race, and knows it well too. A Greek slave, in scanty costume, mopping his forehead occasionally with his sleeve, pants along by the horse's head.

Poor Cypriots, too, pass and re-pass occasionally with poultry and wine for sale—two of the staples of Larnacca; the wine, the common black wine of the island, or else the intoxicating *rackey*.

Stunted mulberry bushes, sand, hard baked earth, frowy grass in irregular patches, and an occasional vehicle complete the foreground of the picture, as we ride along—the golden sunset makes them all picturesque, commonplace though they may be in themselves. In the distance, the sea, the port of Salina with its ships, the northern coasts of the island, the lofty mountain range, and a summit or two tipped with snow.

At length we pass one garden villa after another. Larnacca is a succession of garden villas where it is not in ruins. The dome-covered cathedral stands out boldly from the surrounding low houses as we draw still nearer—the tapering minarets of the mosques are becoming more distinct—the consular flagstuffs, the brilliant foliage intermingled with the low white walled and red roofed houses, the crescent-shaped streets. We are in Larnacca. It is the hour of evening prayer, and the muezzin calls the Moslems to their devotions from the minaret of the mosque. Stopping his ears with his fingers, he turns southwards to Mecca, then eastwards, then northwards, then westwards, shouting, with stentorian voice, the

names of God and of the prophet in Arabic. He says no more. Those names are enough to remind the devout of their duty.

This mosque from which he shouts, like most others in Cyprus, was once a church—a neat Gothic structure of marble. Were it not for the incongruous minaret, which rises where the clock-tower once was, it would be still a striking and picturesque object. Six marble pillars, well-proportioned and neatly cut, support the *entresol*. We peeped in as we passed, and saw some devout Musselmans at prayers. By the pillars and the four-pilasters supporting the gallery, it is divided into a central aisle and two side naves, in cathedral style.

A little further on we passed the Turkish cemetery, conspicuous with its graven turbans, its cypresses, and gloomy gates. There was a certain well-to-do air about it, however, that showed the wealthier Turks alone were there buried.

It was autumn, as I have said, when we reached Cyprus, and we were cautioned against the malaria of Larnacca and its vicinity. The salt-marshes in the neighbourhood of Salina, the low undrained land in all directions, the heavy dews and intense heat of the day render the months of August and September the most unhealthy of the year. There was but one remedy and preservative, we were assured, and that remedy and preservative was *camandria*. The people of Cyprus—Jew, Moslem, and Christian, have all faith in their golden-coloured *camandria*. We drank it freely, and by avoiding the night dews and acting with ordinary caution in the day time, continued to evade both fevers and agues.

A great deal has been said lately in the newspapers and elsewhere, against the English consular agents in the Levant. Our experience in Larnacca was of a diametrically opposite character. We found Mr. Kerr everywhere spoken most highly of—warmly praised for industry, energy, and attention to the public. The French consul takes precedence officially in Larnacca, and has done so time out of mind—ever since the Venetians were expelled, indeed, and European consular agents were first admitted. But personally none stood higher than Mr. Kerr.

In Cyprus, we found, as often happens, the greatest want abounding in the midst of vegetable luxuriance. Miserable Greeks, scantily clothed in a few filthy rags, and covered with sores, the result at once of dirt and want, are to be met with abundantly in the town, small as it is - a village it would be anywhere else, a town of importance in Cyprus. Peeping into the tumble down apartments where these miserable wretches live, and which a very little energy would render comparatively decent and comfortable, we see a family of naked children sprawling about on the floor, the mother gone out to beg or to work, the father to beg and to smoke. Superintending such a family, a girl, frequently with fine features, and possessing the large vivacious eyes characteristic of the island, may be generally seen ministering to the wants of the little sufferers, or endeavouring to render palatable some nauseous, unripe fruit, which cannot be endured in its natural condition. Her scanty clothing scarcely suffices for covering. The sores she has inherited from her parents, or which have been bred of dirt and want, peep out here and there through the scanty habiliments, and render loathsome a form that would be otherwise attractive. The stunted mulberry tree in the yard without, or the frowzy grass which tries to grow about its stem, are not more lamentable indications of the neglect of culture and attention, than are such luckless families.

But why dwell on such scenes? No traveller in the Levant can be new to such, whether he wanders about the half-European, half-Asiatic streets of Alexandria, the deserted cities of Syria, the luxuriant coasts of Asia Minor, or the European territories of the Ottoman.

The ruins of a deserted temple, raised to one of the many island saints in by-gone days of prosperity, and the remains of large dwellings, once full of light and joy, now overgrown with weeds, and yielding scanty pasturage to the homiest of oxen, are the most noteworthy objects which one meets with commonly in the suburbs of Larnaca. In those portions only of the town whence issues the road to Nicosia, the capital on one side, and on the other that to

Salina, is there the slightest appearance of activity and life.

But it would be giving the reader a very false idea of Larnaca were he to suppose from what I have said that squalor and poverty are to be met with all over the town.

The population of Cyprus is divided into two classes, the rich and luxurious, and the very poor. The former is abundant in the larger towns, bearing a greater proportion to the rest of the inhabitants than in most European cities. The middle intermediate class, however, is totally wanting. The purse-proud Turk, the wealthy Greek merchant, the important consular agent, all dwell in palaces. The necessaries, nay, the luxuries of life, are to be obtained so easily in Cyprus, that the slightest run of luck or the most short-lived prosperity makes a fortune. The fine roomy verandahs, the large houses, the elegant equipages, the numerous servants, are all to be had and maintained so cheaply, that what would be a very scanty income in the west of Europe suffices for splendour in this favoured island. Where a good horse, small but active, can be had for five pounds, and an excellent house, palatial in its size and appointments, can be rented for ten pounds yearly, it may be easily conceived that splendour is cheap and luxury easily obtainable.

The equipages that roll over the streets of Larnaca, and make their way to Salina, are sufficient to astonish the tourist fresh from Syria. There is a glitter about the harness, and a parade about the coachman and attendant footmen, that make the visitor disposed to regard the proprietor as necessarily a man of wealth and importance, the fact probably being, that the income on which that man lives would hardly suffice to enable him to live in the most modest comfort in London, hardly to maintain a family in threadbare respectability.

Let us inspect one of the houses inhabited by these specimens of the aristocracy of Cyprus at Larnaca. They are all pretty much alike, whether their owner be a puffy Turk, a scheming Greek merchant, or a consular agent, foreign or native. *Et uno d'ce omnes.*

The walls of the mansion are of

red brick, the roof flat and white washed. The verandah which projects into the court-yard has been recently decorated afresh, and shines in all the glory of fresh green paint and whitewash. The court-yard is neat and clean, paved with slabs of polished or unpolished marble; the grass around the flower bed in the centre somewhat too luxuriant to be neat. The garden that stretches off to our right, and surrounds the dwelling proper of the owners—usually a small house detached from the public reception rooms—is evidently well tended, but its incongruities would excite a smile in western Europe. A beautiful border of marigolds, for instance, surrounds a bed of onions—rosebushes bearing the sweetest of flowers in maturest bloom form an edging to a gigantic crop of French beans—lofty hyacinths hide behind them the large leaf of the cucumber, whilst the loveliest of jessamines cage in a roving collection of garlic shoots.

It is the custom of the country, and the Cypriots see here no incongruity at all. On the whole, the thing looks far better than the grumbling Englishman will admit at first.

Grape vines and pomegranates are to be found in profusion in all gardens of the island, whether the tourist peeps at the palaces of Larnacca or Nicosia, or inspects the more modest gardens of Famagosta, or wonders at the contrasts presented to his gaze in Baffa and Salina. Amidst the poorest dwellings, as in the gardens of the richest, vines and pomegranates are most abundant. Nor can anything well surpass the beauty of these staple products, when the ripe fruit lades the branches, almost to the destruction of the latter. The ripe clusters of white or purple grapes, just peeping out from the thick foliage around, the rich crimson and gold of the pomegranates contrasting with the bright green of their bushes, are both beautiful to behold. One's ideas of what tropical luxuriance ought to be are quite realized by this magnificent picture, whilst the flower-covered earth and the delicately blue sky form fitting adjuncts and frames.

The vines are usually trained along the walls and pillars of the verandahs, and on trellis-work round the interior of the court-yard, adding much to the

retired country-like aspect of the Cypriot's home, even when it is situated in the midst of a city.

The furniture of these houses is partly Oriental, partly European. The ottomans and divans of the Turks are found usually stretching round the walls of the reception rooms; but the stately ceremoniousness of Turkish life is altogether absent from the more mercurial Greeks. Elegant little tables are supplied with coffee when a visitor enters, or, if the weather be intensely hot, sherbet may be substituted. Wine is not usually produced unless the visitor is residing in the house, or on intimate terms with the host. In partaking of the refreshment, the host and his guest recline on couches placed there for the purpose, or sit upright on straight-backed chairs, which are anything but comfortable. Their discomfort, indeed, is only endured because they are regarded as fashionable.

The house in which the owner of the mansion sleeps, and in which his family reside, is generally at some little distance from the reception rooms, and to be approached only through the garden. This custom, doubtless, originated in the seclusion of the Turkish women, and the Greeks adopt it because Turkish ladies are frequent visitors of their wives and daughters. Indeed, although the Greek women are not secluded in the same way as the Turkish, yet it is not the best of them who are to be seen moving freely through the bazaars or public walks. They have caught the trick of adding to the charms of nature by enveloping themselves in a little mystery, and only reveal to the stranger in passing so much of their forms and features as may conduce, they hope, to make him long to see more.

On a saint's day, or at the period of some of the numerous festivities of the Greek church, it is amusing to witness the care taken by the servants in these large houses to decorate themselves. The most glittering colours bedeck their persons—bright yellow and scarlet, blue, white, and crimson, purple and green are all to be found in their motley suits, either forming the chief attractions of the jacket, scarf, sash, stockings, or trousers, or fluttering about them in the form of multitudinous ribbons at the

knees or on the shoulders. Nor is this all. They are by no means content with the brilliant assemblage of colours in which they are enveloped, from their red morocco shoes to their blue caps, unless the garden yields its tribute. A geranium flower behind each ear, a wilderness of roses and mignonette in the bosom, and bunches of marigolds at either knee amongst the males, to set off the captivating garters, are absolutely necessary before they consider themselves equipped *à la mode* for the solemnities or festivities of the day.

The Turkish servant differs materially in these respects from the Greek. The former is grave in his jollity, giving a dignity to the most trivial circumstances by the solemn pre-occupied way in which he goes about them. With him there is no flaunting of glittering colors, no display of flowers. His silver chains and his glass "jewels" he is fond of exhibiting, and you can see at a glance that he is proud of his dark robe of the thinnest of silks. Even although the Greeks and Turks of Cyprus constantly intermarry, there is the greatest possible difference between the two classes. Each maintains its characteristics unimpaired, adopting none or few of the peculiar customs of its rival.

The Turks are by no means numerous in Larnacca; and the few of them resident there have almost all taken their wives from Greek families in their vicinity, living with their wives' relations on amicable terms—a circumstance peculiar to Cyprus perhaps, and resulting, it is probable, as much from the limited number of purely Turkish families to be found in the small towns of the island, as from the want of communication with other Turkish provinces.

Like all the towns of Cyprus, Larnacca abounds in large ruinous buildings, formerly occupied by families well to do in the world (for Cypriots). On the walls and in the chinks of such, a luxuriant vegetation is to be found, depending wholly upon the dew and the scanty periodical rains for its nourishment, and rooted in the mould formed by the decaying bricks and mortar which fill up the crevices. Even fruit trees may occasionally be found in such situations, either projecting from a fissure in the walls, or

rooted in a heap of loose bricks and rubbish upon the floor. Indeed the abundance of fruit trees, occupying every spare nook and corner, astonishes the traveller, the whole growing evidently with little or no attention from man, fostered by the bounteous climate alone and the vegetable mould out of which they spring. I have already mentioned the vine and pomegranate as the principal objects of cultivation of this kind; but, besides these, apples, apricots, quinces, figs, the mulberry, and a species of bandecoy are both abundant and prolific—so abundant and so prolific as to lead the tourist naturally to remark, "If so much can be obtained without labour, how much could be obtained with it?"

It is said that some of the most miserable looking of the Greek population are by no means so poor as they would have people believe; indeed, that on the contrary, they are wealthy, whatever the state of abject poverty in which they may appear to live. Fear of exorbitant exactions on the part of the Turkish ruler, should they display their wealth, is usually assigned as the motive for this conduct, and the story has been so often repeated, both in the Levant and in England, that one feels that he is encountering a widely-spread prejudice when proclaiming his incredulity. We were told such was the case in Larnacca, in Nicosia, in Famagosta, in every town of any consequence in which we met with European residents, and yet I do not believe a word of it. There was no single instance in which it was repeated to us in which there was not an evil animus against the Turks to give it birth, or bolster it up when it had once gained admission to the mind. We saw too many examples of rich Greeks, who were not afraid to let it be known that they were rich, to give the assertion credence. In times past such may have been the case, and I should by no means assert that it has never been so, but of this I feel convinced, that there is no danger at the present day in any man proclaiming himself to be wealthy in Cyprus, whether he belongs to the Greek church or to the Roman Catholic, whether he is a Protestant or a Mohammedan.

The day in Larnacca is peculiar

enough, such is the variety of habits and manners to be witnessed, such the contrasts everywhere presented to the observer's eye. But the night is often infinitely more strange. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the moonlight night, as it settles down peacefully and calmly upon the wide sea beyond, upon the harbour and its ships, upon the long line of cottages forming the distant seaport, upon the ruined houses, the hovels and the palaces of Larnacca proper. The rich vegetation covered with dew and glistening in the moonbeams is noteworthy enough. The brilliant flowers catch a new lustre from the soft silvery light showered down upon them in profusion. The pleasantly cool verandah looks cooler and more pleasant as the moonbeams alternate with lines of lengthened shadow upon the stone or marble terrace beyond. All this makes the gazer loth to retire from viewing such a scene to seek his couch. He will have another look—he will inspect this glorious scene once again, ere he buries himself in forgetfulness and slumber.

It is still early, and the hum of insect life alone disturbs the stillness of the night, as the traveller turns at length from the beautiful view without, to seek the needed repose. He has laid himself down comfortably, and, thinking perhaps of a far-off home, and a far off-land, resigns himself to "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." The eyelids are closing, the form is perfectly composed, the heaving of the chest alone tells of life. The drowsy god is laying his hand upon the slumberer, when, hark! he stirs, he rouses himself, he involuntarily rubs his eyes—"pshaw, it's all a dream" he whispers to himself, as he listens attentively. All is silent, and he composes himself once more on his couch. Before he has had time, however, to obtain a wink of sleep, another loud, deep, long-protracted yell disturbs him. There can be no doubt about it. It was no dream, no illusion, but a howl of a singular, of an almost unearthly character. "What can it be?" asks the unsophisticated tourist—"what can it be?" and with that he seeks the window again, and there he finds all quiet, all beautiful, as before. The yell or howl has died away, and

silence is disturbed only by the insect hum.

The jackals are up and about, and the jackals have roused the traveller from his slumbers. They come down to the environs of the town in troops, and nothing can be more strange or alarming than the whining howl or discordant yell they utter forth at intervals. These howls or yells are, however, but the overtures to a grand concert of barks and yelpings indulged in by the troops of wanderers for hours together, particularly on moonlit nights.

It is evident our traveller must get accustomed to them as best he can. It is useless complaining. The heaviest maledictions on the whole tribe of wolves, foxes, dogs, and jackals are of as little use as the benignant blessings. He must resign himself to inexorable fate, and sleep as best he may. He resolves he *will* do so. The loudest of barks, the most diabolical of yells, shall not disturb him again, or make him start once from his repose.

He composes himself, and the jackals and their howls, notwithstanding, would soon be in the land of oblivion again, were it not for a confused hum of many voices and many musical instruments borne to his ears from a distance. He may try and convince himself that it is all imagination, but it will not do. The reality is there floating on the air all around him in many-toned dissonance. The sounds draw nearer and more near, until he can distinctly recognise the tink, tink, tink, of many a guitar and the lachrymose ditty of many a Cypriot youth. It is a custom of these youths to wander about on moonlit nights singing love-songs by way of serenades to all and sundry whom it may concern. It *does* concern many who would gladly purchase their silence. Anything more woe-begone, more melancholy, than these nocturnal serenades of Larnaccan minstrels, it would not be easy to hear anywhere. It is only in a little worse time and tune than the howls of the jackals by which it is occasionally drowned.

Impatiently does our weary traveller hear the sounds drawing gradually nearer—impatiently and fretfully. The discord, produced by the several

instruments and the lackadaisical drawling voices, becomes clearer and more distinct, until it booms from without the court-yard into every nook and corner of every chamber in the house. There is no escape from it, let him turn himself never so artfully from the window, let him envelope himself never so artistically in his scanty bedclothes. It comes

sweeping on like destiny, and lurks about him for a time, and then sweeps as gradually off again, till lost in the distance.

If no other serenading party takes the same route subsequently, the weary traveller may now compose himself to sleep, disturbed only by the yelping and howling of the unwearyed jackals.

CHAPTER III.

A HIDE INTO THE INTERIOR—LARNACCA TO NICOSIA.

WE sallied forth in the evening again to commence our journey from Larnacca to the capital, intending to take up our quarters for the night at a sort of halfway village, with an unpronounceable Greek name. Our cavalcade was miscellaneous, if not picturesque. A carriage contained the ladies in riding habits, who were to take to their horses five miles out of the town. It drove off in grand style, soon leaving us so far behind, as we walked our horses leisurely—for we had only ten miles to go—that it was lost to view. Mounted on small native horses, we sauntered on pleasantly enough towards the northwards, whilst our servants, with mules, brought up the rear. In our western innocence we thought we were going slowly enough, but we did not go half slowly enough for the mules and their drivers.

Especially agreeable was the scene as we made our way along. Gardens, with vines, oranges, citrons, and pomegranates, bloomed on every side, embosoming the prettiest and most picturesque of houses, decked with every hue of the rainbow. The long shadows thrown by the evening sun enhanced the beauty of the prospect. The fruits and flowers gave a fragrance to the air, and an *appearance* of agricultural prosperity pleasant to contemplate. Thomson's lines were brought forcibly to our memory by the scene before us:—

Bear me, Pomona ! to thy citron groves ;
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With the deep orange, glowing thro' the green,
Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reelin'd
Beneath the spreading tamarind, that shakes,
Sun'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
Deep in the night the massy locust sheds,
quench my hot limbs.

The citron and the lemon, the orange and the tamarind were all here, and even an occasional specimen of the locust tree was to be met with, although the extreme eastern side of the island, in the neighbourhood of Famagosta, is its favorite locality.

The sun was just sinking behind the highest summits of Mount Olympus on our left, as we issued from the environs of Larnacca to make our way northwards. A train of camels, which had evidently journeyed from the capital, laden with corn, cotton, and fruit, passed us by when we had emerged from the suburbs and gained the open country. It was an interesting spectacle to see the long line of patient desert-ships,—the nose of the one behind tied to the tail of the one before,—making its way noiselessly, stealthily, with undulating motion, slowly along. At the best of seasons the camel is a melancholy animal to contemplate; the soft solemn looking eyes, the drooping neck, so unlike the proudly arched neck of the horse, the huge joints bending and becoming straight again as if by means of springs, the monotonous see-saw motion as one side is raised after the other, rolling the burden about from side to side incessantly, all conspire to give to the laden camel the air of endurance and sad submission to inevitable fate, rather than that of cheerful, brisk, and hopeful labour.

A more striking contrast between the Turkish horses, as they cantered about the caravan, they and their owners brisk and active as their labours were drawing to a close—a more striking contrast between them and the long line of burdened camels which they were escorting, it would not be easy to discover anywhere.

From its earliest years, indeed, the camel seems to be the most miserable of animals. It never scampers or plays about like the young of other animals. It lies moaning on the ground, or runs crying after its dam, as if every movement were painful—every lifting of its leg a new source of torture. Yet one is by no means disgusted with this most melancholy and most patient of animals. The large sad eye is full of meaning and of expression, as it is turned towards the observing stranger; the ungraceful neck, as it bears the head from side to side, has a character of its own that is far from being repulsive; and although the animal itself is neither symmetrical nor elegant, it interests, perhaps, more than many other animals more shapely would do.

The shadows of the laden train, with the Turkish horsemen flitting about, their long spears forming a pleasant oriental feature of the scene, were stretching over the road in regular patches of the evening sunshine and dark shade. As we passed them by, the camels looked at us and passed on. Our horses looked at them and passed on. A few of the Turks graciously returned our salute of *salaam alikam*—"Peace be with you"—as they inspected us in passing. One old greybeard, of portentously scowling features, rich, doubtless, in the odour of Mohammedan sanctity, bestowed upon us no blessing at all, but a curse, deep and emphatic, as we "infidel dogs," swept past him. Ignorant of the unfriendly import of his reply, one of our party, a vivacious Frenchman, gave the old gentleman a polite bow, lifting his hat in a cordial manner, in return for the malediction.

One or two Greek families were to be seen here and there in the gardens which dotted the country, rare and more rarely as we advanced. They were enjoying the refreshing coolness of the evening air, with its balmy fragrance; and very picturesque were such little groups, when we happened to be near enough to observe them particularly. The graceful, close-fitting bodice of the young girls, generally of the most brilliant colours, their amply wide though short petticoats, their full trousers of silk or satin, and their sandaled feet were all pleasant to contemplate, as

they tripped blithely over the grass, or tended the flowers, or played with their more grave parents, or their less sprightly brothers.

The outlines of the mountains that reared their heads before us, a little to our left, became gradually more and more distinct as we advanced. We could discern, from a miserable village at which we stopped for a few hours, the ruins of the church said to have been erected by Queen Helena; on the summit of one of these mountains; whilst upon the side of another we discerned what we were informed were the ruins of the temple of Venus. The former was at too great a distance and in too wild a region of the country to permit of our visiting it in company with the ladies of our party; but the temple we all determined forthwith upon inspecting together, as soon as we could spare a day in Nicosia for the purpose.

In the course of the twenty-five miles which we passed over in journeying from Larnacca to Nicosia, we saw but two villages, properly so called, both situated on the high road. The first of these, Arradippe by name, was originally the only place in the island in which the Turks allowed swine to be reared. That prohibition, however, has long since been withdrawn, and pigs are now to be seen in the streets of Nicosia and Larnacca; nay, even in the very bazaars frequented by Turks and Jews.

At the second village, that in which we passed the night, there are more evidences of cultivation in the neighbourhood; both mulberry plantations and the cotton shrub still exist. A tiny waterfall in the neighbourhood of the village gives it a pleasant and picturesque aspect, particularly as the surrounding flatness is relieved by the mulberry trees. These trees are usually planted in long lines, forming squares, and containing two, three or five thousand plants. They are diligently pruned, and not allowed to reach a greater altitude than seven or eight feet. In the heats of summer they require watering once or twice a day when first planted. The Cypriots make a little trough round each tree to serve as a reservoir. These troughs are then filled by means of little canals.

We passed the night in the best

house the village afforded, and experienced much pleasure in walking out by moonlight amid the mulberry plantation. The signs of industry were pleasant to witness after the utter stagnation of Arradippe and its neighbourhood. We were objects of curiosity, as might have been anticipated, to the inhabitants, particularly as there were two European ladies in our party; so that our walks were attended by all the idlers of the district—men, women and children—all the Greek idlers only; the few Turks in the village were too dignified or too self-satisfied to trouble themselves about us.

The best house in the village, and the cleanliest, had been prepared for our reception by the provident care of Signor Baltisniko. For a few piastres, indeed, there was not a villager in the district who would not gladly have surrendered his cottage and all it possessed to anybody. The owners of the mulberry and cotton plantations resided at Nicosia, so that there remained but the poorest of labourers, the most miserable of shopkeepers, the least enterprising of traders, as the staple inhabitants. For a sum that would have scarcely provided us with a decent breakfast in a London hotel, we had a night's lodging, accommodation and provender for our cattle, a supper and a breakfast for ourselves.

Nothing could be more abject than the condition of the villagers—nothing more striking than the contrast between the wealth of nature around and the poverty of man. In the midst of luxuriant vegetation, of fruits and flowers in profusion, of numerous poultry and pigs, poverty, want, and degradation seemed stamped on the inhabitants. There was an air of patient submission about them too, the worst feature in their lot. They were content to be miserable—appeared, indeed, to regard it as essentially necessary, in the system of things, that they should be miserable, and filthy and squalid. It struck us as particularly remarkable in connexion with these villages, that not a single Turk was to be seen out of doors in them. All the inhabitants to be met with were Greeks, Cypriot Greeks—the laziest of living men. They appeared to subsist on the vegetables and poultry raised in

the neighbourhood of their diminutive cottages, reared more by the fostering hand of nature than by any care they appeared to bestow upon them. They were in the habit, too, of supplying the travellers along the road with a few necessaries, for there were two or three shops, or what pretended to be such, in each. Pigs were to be met with also in one or two of the tumble-down enclosures in the neighbourhood of the cottages, the boniest of pigs, rooting about and grunting with satisfaction. It was, doubtless, easy to rear them where the vegetation was so rich and luxuriant. Not a single ox, or sheep, or horse, was to be seen anywhere near. The milk we had with our coffee was procured from a goat belonging to the proprietor of the abode in which we took up our quarters. A stray donkey now and then caught our eye, the only beast of burden the villagers possessed.

Our arrival and departure excited no small sensation amongst the unsophisticated inhabitants. Naked children danced with delight to see our horses and mules led forth and prepared for the journey. The strutting importance of the cawasses lent us by the English Consul at Larnacca, doubtless, impressed the little urchins with an ineffable sense of the greatness of these men. Old men, half stupid with constant smoking, hobbled to the sides of the road, many of them covered with sores, to see the cavalcade depart; some of them, doubtless, out of mere curiosity, others to obtain alms. Women, with matted locks and the most tattered raiment, left their culinary operations to sit down at the door or by the road-side, chewing some pungent spice the while, to see us off. Great was the hectoring noise of the cawasses, loud the shouts of the Greek servants, incessant the ordering of all parties by the dragomans, ere we finally departed—not in peace, but in the loudest possible of uproars, the constant talking of our own servants being a mere trifle to the patronizing shouts of the naked children, as they danced almost frantically at our riding off, or the whining drawls of the mendicants, and the reiterated demands of everybody we had spoken to in the place for *buxsheesh*.

We had not left the village more than three or four miles behind us, when the ruins of Threnmitus, destroyed by Richard *Cœur de Lion* of England, were pointed out to us. The town has never since been occupied, although evidently once a place of some consequence. Our delay to inspect these ruins was but a brief one, and, pushing on, we soon found ourselves on the borders of the Messarea, the plain nearly in the centre of which Nicosia is situated.

Whatever may have been its fertility in ancient times, the Messarea at the present day, except in the immediate neighbourhood of the capital, is an arid desert waste. Not a tree, not a blade of grass, not a solitary creeper is to be seen upon it for miles—all one monotonous expanse of yellow clayey soil and half-caked sand. Ridge after ridge of these inhospitable wastes is to be passed in succession before symptoms of vegetation are at all visible any where. The horizon is bounded by one of these low ridges, running with monotonous regularity along, right in front.

"Once past that," says the eager traveller, "and, doubtless, the scene will be altered."

Horses are pushed on, mules are belabored, the clay and sand are passed over as rapidly as toilsome travelling will permit; the cavalcade is ascending the hill or ridge which formerly bounded the view, and gradually the prospect opens beyond. And what is that prospect? Still the same unvarying waste of yellow sand and yellowish brown earth, terminated by another ridge equally bleak and sterile with the former.

"And where is Nicosia?" asks the impatient traveller eagerly of his dragoman.

"Up on the ridge we can see him," is the reply, in dragomanic English, as the attendant points with his whip to the boundary in front, which appears to fringe the sky as with a clearly-defined sepia line on a blue ground. If Nicosia be *not* seen when you reach it, dragoman still points forward, and assures you you have not yet reached the ridge in front—a fact there is no gainsaying. At length the view of the capital bursts all at once upon the traveller, and amply repays him for the toil and monotony of his journey.

We had been ascending for some

time previously, and on reaching the highest point of the ascent, which we did gradually and imperceptibly, the minarets and domes of Nicosia were distinctly seen outlined upon the glowing sky. In a few minutes the entire town, with its walls and forts, was visible, situated on an elevated portion of the vast plain of which it occupies the centre of the north-western expansion.

From the southern side, Nicosia has the appearance of being strongly fortified. That it *was* strongly fortified under the Venetians there can be no doubt; and as the Turks have maintained its defences, and repaired them when necessary, it still looks formidable. Whether its fortifications are suited to the modern state of warlike science is altogether a different question. I should say not.

The ramparts, with their embrasures and guns, form, unquestionably, at the present day, an interesting feature of the scene which presents itself to the tourist. Behind them, sloping upwards towards the north, the loftier houses are apparent, surmounted by the Pasha's palace, and intermingled with the domed summits of the hummums, or Turkish baths. Loftiest of all, however, the graceful minarets soar upwards into the skies, the most fitting of ornaments for religious buildings, typical as they are of aspirations heavenward. When to these features of the scene the mind's eye adds the graceful vegetation of the Levant, forming a border of green to each minute portion of the landscape, fringing the houses, and contrasting pleasantly with the frowning battlements, it will be apparent that the first view of Nicosia is one to make an impression on the mind—one by no means to be forgotten as soon as seen.

We had hardly obtained our first peep at the minarets of the capital, when the character of the district over which we were riding completely changed. The clayey yellow soil and the sandy heaps were no longer to be met with. Vegetation, at first thin and scanty, served as a carpet, even on the road, for the feet of our beasts. As we advanced, however, this vegetation became richer and thicker on both sides of the way—a thin coating of grass still indicating the path on which we journeyed.

Cultivation soon exhibited itself

as we still pressed forwards. The irregular vegetation of the district we had traversed changed into the pleasant alternation of corn fields and pasture-land, of vineyards and orchards. Oxen and sheep were to be seen on both sides of our path, browsing in silent happiness; whilst the mulberry, peeping out frequently from the patches of corn-land and orchards, told of the silk-worm and industry. A pleasanter change than that we experienced in issuing from the desert waste of a large portion of our road, and finding ourselves suddenly transferred into a district rich with the bounty of nature, and bearing evidence of human tending, can hardly be conceived. Our horses seemed as elate at the transformation as we were, and tripped snortingly along, as if they already snuffed up the savoury odour of their evening meal from some still distant stables in Nicosia. Even the very mules pricked up their long ears and quickened their paces, at the aspect of the town, and the luxuriant vegetation, and the evidences of human culture all around.

New life was inspired into our whole party by the distant prospect of the town. We simultaneously put spurs to our horses, or touched them gently with our riding whips—for they wanted little incitement to put forth their strength and exhibit their speed. The muleteers shouted lustily to the laden animals as we did so, and they, too, broke into a brisk trot, without any unreasonable amount of flogging—as willingly, indeed, as mules under any circumstances could be expected to do. All was life and gladness and joyful expectation, where, a quarter of an hour previously, all had been taciturnity and grim endurance.

There are certain characteristics by which the vicinity of all towns under Turkish domination may be known. One of these is, an abundance of ruined houses; another, numerous consequent heaps of rubbish; a third, prowling, yellowish, hungry-looking dogs, roaming about as if condemned for sins, in a previous existence, to perpetual motion in this life; and a fourth, most melancholy of all, beggars of all ages and both sexes. Not one of these characteristics was wanting as we drew near Nicosia. The

ruins, the rubbish heaps, the dogs, the beggars, were all opened up to view in due time as we approached nearer to the fortifications. Heated by our rapid advance, we now walked our horses, to the great satisfaction, doubtless, of the mules who were labouring on far behind.

The entrance to the town did not greatly differ from that which usually conducts the traveller into extensive fortifications. There was the same covered-way-in, as I believe it is technically called, under the ramparts—the draw bridge—the gradual emerging into the light, and then plunging into darkness again, until finally, the interior of the town was exposed to our eager gaze. Turkish soldiers were on guard, but we were allowed free entrance, not being even challenged as we rode forward—except by the vendors of sherbet and coffee, of *ruckey* and *comandria*, who kept their little stalls at the entrance of the fortress.

And now that I have got over the twenty-five miles that separated us from Larnacca, let me do an act of justice to the Turk, in recording the perfect safety with which we accomplished this and other journeys in Cyprus, and how totally unnecessary our arms were, as implements of defence. Nor was this accidental. We travelled northwards and westwards, through the cultivated and uncultivated districts, in all more than two hundred miles, and a large portion of those two hundred over rugged mountain passes, and at the bases of uninhabited ranges of hills clothed with forests: but, whether journeying over the beaten highroads, or making our way into the recesses of the mountain range in search of ruins, we still found ourselves perfectly safe from violence; safer than we should have been in many parts of Western Europe, which are regarded as much further advanced in the race of civilization than Cyprus. I do not mean to take up the cudgels against any man in defence of the Turk. I believe his taxation is irregular and arbitrary—his governorships of provinces and islands given away to incompetent or rapacious men—his distant provinces comparatively uncared for; but of some of the evils usually regarded as inseparable from his rule there is little or nothing to be seen in Cyprus.

There is, I verily believe, security for life and property in the island, whatever people may say about the danger of men allowing it to appear that they are rich. There is, too, security enough in travelling about, at least for Europeans, without taking with them troops of horse or armed men of any kind as a protection.

That there has been gross misman-

agement, the ruined lines of houses, the diminished population, and the troops of beggars are sufficient to drove. That the resources of the island are vast, that these resources are undeveloped, there cannot be a doubt. Let the Turk be blamed for this as much as you will, and he deserves great blame for it, but let him not be blamed for evils which do not exist.

MODERN ENGLISH LATIN VERSE.*

THE palmy days of Latin verse writing are now, it must be confessed, over. No man any longer expects to be made a bishop, a judge, or Secretary of State from his familiarity with Virgil or Statius. A false quantity is no longer the mark of the beast, denoting a miserable outsider, innocent of the mysteries enacted on the banks of the Isis and Cam. Latin quotations in the House of Commons are getting rarer and rarer, and more and more limited in their range. People are altogether beginning to look upon scholarship as a thing of the past—a superfluous accomplishment not to be weighed in the balance against an acquaintance with the rule of three. Immediate productiveness is now the sole test of ability. What is a man the worse for calling *tympānum*, *tympānum*? What is he better for knowing that the fifth foot of an hexameter must be a dactyl? These are the questions a man will hear asked in the same sort of society in which, some years ago, it was the proudest boast to say, "*et nos ergo manum ferulæ subduximus.*" But far be it from us to combat the "spirit of the age." We are not just now going forth to do battle with that brazen coated Goliath. The reed and not the sling is our weapon on the present occasion; and we seek no more than to offer half an hour's amusement to those in whom the old superstition is still alive; and who are yet fresh enough to take delight in the reminiscences of their early days, when the prize for Latin verse

was worth more than an emperor's crown, and a good copy of "longs and shorts" was a patent of nobility.

And, indeed, we have a kind of secret conviction that, after all, but little apology is required for offering this kind of entertainment to our readers. A large class of society, though doubtless a small minority of the whole, is still so thoroughly impregnated with the classical tradition, still feels so strongly that scholarship is a kind of freemasonry, a sort of qualification belonging to a peculiar class—in fact, like Sir Walter Scott's Toryism, so much the attribute of a gentleman—that the editor of such works as the *Musæ Etonenses* may feel pretty sure of his labours being generally approved, without taking into account that class of readers to whom they may be an object of special interest. Let us see then without further delay who were the first scholars that initiated the gentle art of Latin poetry in these islands.

Scotland was early celebrated for her Latinity. The "*Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum*," published by Arthur Jonston about 1630, contain a variety of poems written with considerable elegance and idiomatic knowledge. Those of Jonston himself and of John Scot of Scotstarvet, are, perhaps, the best in the collection. The former was also the author of a translation of the Psalms, which has long disputed the palm with Buchanan. Hallam thinks him little, if at all inferior, though he admits that Buchanan has excelled him in his version of the 137th. We

* *Musæ Etonenses—sive carminum Etonæ conditorum delectus. Series nova. Tom. 1. Fasciculus 1. Edidit Richardus Oke, S.V.P.*

do not ourselves go so far even as this; we think Jonston in every way Buchanan's equal; and we think that in those two Psalms which have been usually considered Buchanan's masterpieces, Jonston has on the whole excelled him. In the 104th Psalm we prefer Jonston's elegiacs to Buchanan's hexameters. And in the conclusion of the 137th, we think the same superiority is visible. We quote the three last couplets from each:—

BUCHANAN.

Tu quoque crudeles, Babylon, dabis impia
pœnas,
Et rerum instabiles experière vices;
Felix qui nostris accedet claudibus ultor,
Reddet ad exemplum qui tibi damna tuum,
Felix qui tenero consperget saxa cerebro,
Eripiens gremio pignora cara tuo.

JONSTON.

Felicem qui clade pari data damna rependet,
Et feret ultrices in tua tecta faces,
Felicem quiaquis scopulis illidet acutis,
Dulcia materno pignora raptâ sinu.

We do not share the admiration which has been generally felt for Buchanan's Latin verse. Even in his last poem, *De Sphæra*, there is a monotonous jingle which reminds us painfully of the workshop. He does not seem to be aware of the offensive effect produced by rhymes. And the repetitions which are meant to be Virgilian are in our opinion clumsy and inopportune.

Buchanan died in the year 1582; and in 1584 was born Phineas Fletcher, author of the *Purple Island*, and also of a Latin poem, entitled the *Locustæ*, written at Cambridge in the year 1627. Certain passages in this poem are said to have furnished Milton with his idea of Satan in *Paradise Lost*—a tradition warmly combated by Todd, but apparently not without some foundation. The *Locustæ* was directed against the Jesuits, and the spirit of the following lines is certainly thoroughly Miltonic.

Nos contra immemori per tuta silentia somno
Steruimur interea, et mediâ jam luce supini
Sertentes fessam trahimus pia turba quietem.
Quod si animos sine honore acti sine fine la-
boris
Pronitet, et proni imperii regnique labantis
Nil miceret, positâ flagris odiâque remissis,

Oramus veniam, et dexteras præbemus inermes.
Fors ille audacis facti, et iusto immemor iras
Placatus facilisque manns et fœdera junget;
Fors solito lapsos, peccati oblitus, homines
Restituet, cælum nobis soliumque relinquet:
At me nulla dies animi emptique prioris
Disimilem arguerit; quin nunc rescindere
cælum

Et conjurato vietricem milite pacem
Rumpere, ferventique juvat miscere tumultu.

Æquemus meritis pœnas, atque ultima passis
Plura tamen magnis exactor debeat ansis.
Tartareis mala speluncis, vindictaque cælo
Deficiat; nunquam, nunquam crudelis inul-
tos

Inmeritosve Erebus capiet; meruisse nefan-
dum
Supplicium medios inter solabitur ignes.

This last sentiment is sublimely Satanic—and the whole poem is truly classical both in diction and rhythm; but it has been strangely overlooked by most of the writers on modern Latin verse.

Milton is of course the great luminary in the Latin poetry of England. His verses possess all the fluency and vigour that might be expected from a great poet writing in what was still almost a living language. They are redolent, as Hallam says, of the same spirit that produced *Comus* and *L'Allegro* before the sour spirit of Puritanism had infected his genius. At the same time, we think it is a question whether Milton really deserves the preeminence in this department which is usually assigned to him. His verses have a sonorous swing that carry us away as we read them, but they often deviate from classical simplicity—and are characterized by an effort at point which not unfrequently turns out to be purely verbal. On the whole, we are inclined to think that Fletcher, Cowley, and May, are all on the whole equal to the author of *Paradise Lost*, and that each of them has in turns surpassed him by a longer interval than he has surpassed them. Of Fletcher we have already spoken. May and Cowley were contemporaries. The former, however, though more than twenty years older than Cowley, did not publish his *Supplementum Lucani* till some time after Cowley was known as a Latin poet. May was born in 1595, was educated at Sidney Sussex, Cambridge, and afterwards entered at Gray's Inn, 1615. Later in life he

became a Roundhead. He died on the 13th of November, 1650, "after having drank his cheerful bottle as usual."† He is principally known by his Latin verses aforesaid, though he was also the author of several plays. His poem is much lauded by Hallam as having caught the peculiarities of his original very exactly, and the passage he cites is certainly a very happy one. Speaking of the intrigue of Caesar and Cleopatra, who had married her brother Ptolemy, he says:—

— nec crimen inesse
Concubitu nimium tali, Cleopatra, putabunt,
Qui Ptolemæorum thalamos, consuetaque jura
Incestæ novère domus, fratremque sorori
Conjugio junctum, sacre sub nomine tædæ
Majus adulterio delictum: turpius isset
(Quis credat?) justî ad thalamos Cleopatra
mariti

Utque minus lecto peccaret, adultera facta est.

But May is very unequal. His versification is disfigured by the use of such terminations as "*et sceleratâ*," "*inveniebat*," and the like, a license which Lucan never permits himself—by the constant use of the short final *o*, in which the Roman poet very sparingly indulges, and by a constant disregard of the laws of quantity in respect of the vowel before two consonants, such as *spero* and *sciens*. It is very remarkable that so obvious a solecism as this should have maintained its ground so long. Yet up to the middle of the last century we find it practised by all the eminent Latin writers. A parallel case is that of the fifth foot of the Greek Iambic, which, according to the universal practice of the tragedians, must be an iambic where the last word in the line is a trisyllable. Yet this simple rule was overlooked by all the great critics down to the days of Porson. May is also very often prosy in the extreme. His description of the honours paid to Caesar is ludicrously so, and reminds one irresistibly of the "He laid his knife and fork across his plate," style, which Johnson hit off so happily.

The other two principal Latin verse writers of this period are Cowley and his friend Crashaw. The former Johnson thought superior to Milton, an opinion we do not share

on the whole; though, as above stated, we think Milton has written nothing equal to Cowley's *Epitaphium Vivi Auctoris*. This little ode, though well known, our readers will, we are sure, pardon us for recalling to their attention.

Hic, oh viator, sub Iare parvulo
Conleius hic est conditus, hic jacet,
Defunctus humani laboris
Sorte, supervacuâque vitâ.

Non indecorâ pauperie nitens,
Et non inerti nobilis otio:
Vanoque dilectis popello
Divitiis animosus hostis.

Possis ut illum dicere mortuum,
En terra jam nunc quantula sufficit.
Exempla sit curæ, viator,
Terra sit illa levis, precare.

Hic sparge flores, sparge breves rosas,
Nam vita gaudet mortus floribus;
Herbique odoratis corona
Vatis adhuc cinerem calentem.

In spite of many faults, this ode goes to the heart, and we always recur to it with pleasure. Crashaw's verses are elegant, but he is best known by his admirable epigram on the Miracle of Cana of Galilee.

Vidit, et erubuit, Lympha pudica Deum.

About this period commences the first series of the *Musæ Anglicanæ*. The verses in this collection are all very much upon a par. A copy by Mr. Bathurst on the marriage of Charles the Second contains the following pretty lines:—

Aspice ut obscure nemorum per devia reptet
Virginitas ignava hederæ, necdum illa sub
auras
Emicat, aut humili squalens caput exerit
umbrâ;
Tandem inopis pertæsa tori, si fortè vel
arceam,
Ætherei Jovis, aut proceræ robora quercûs
Strinxerit amplexu, et sensim insinuârit
amores,
Protinus ad superas gaudet simul ardua sedes
Scandere, seque unâ mirantibus induit astra.

These lines are truly Virgilian. A poem in two books on Tobacco, and a short piece entitled *Cursus Glacialis*, Anglice, skating, will also well repay

† Clarendon.

the attention of all lovers of the art of Latin verse.

The second volume of the *Musæ Anglicanæ* opens with a great subject, and a still greater name. The Peace of Ryswick by Joseph Addison, A.M. Coll. Mag. Soc. If not the first, Addison is certainly in the very first rank of English Latin poets. The superiority of his composition to those by which they are surrounded is marked and shining. They display a union of elegance and simplicity, and a nice appreciation of the genius of Latin poetry, which has been rarely equalled. It has been said that too much of his attention was devoted to the poets of the silver age, and that Claudian was his model rather than Virgil. There is little evidence of this, however, in his own verses. His cadences are Virgilian. We find in him none of the cloying harmony of Claudian, who has frequently as many as two hundred lines together without a single elision, nor any of the sententious morality and obscure terseness of Lucan. Even the fluent and spirited versification of Statius has hardly attracted him. The *Georgics* seem to be his model; and he is almost always easy, graceful, and natural. He has the art of making us think that what he says in Latin could not have been said so well in English; and of pleasing no less by the ingenuity of his thoughts than by the correctness of his language. The battle of the Cranes and Pygmies will always remain a monument of his skill in this respect. Did our space permit us, we would willingly quote it entire; as it is, we must content ourselves with the concluding lines.

Elysii valles nunc agmine lustrat inani,
Et veterum Heroum miscetur gradibus
 umbris
Plebs parva: aut si quid fidei mereatur
 anilis
Fabula, Pastores per noctis opaca pusillas
Sæpe vident umbras, Pygmæos corpore cascos.
Dum secura Graum, et veteres oblita labores,
Lætitie penitus vacat, indulgetque choreis,
Angustosque terit calles, viridesque per orbis
Turba levis salit, et Lemurum cognomine
 gaudet.

The whole poem is pervaded by that

delicate and felicitous fancy which was the prevailing characteristic of Addison's mind, and which afterwards shone forth so charmingly in that variety of allegories which form some of the most attractive numbers of the *Spectator*. But perhaps even this is surpassed by some lines quoted in one of his own essays,* and generally ascribed to himself, on the pairing of birds. As many of our readers may never perhaps have noticed them, we shall take this occasion of introducing them.

Scit thalamo servare fidem sanctasque ve-
 ratur
Connubii leges; non illum in pectore eander
Sollicitat nives, neque pravum accendit
 amorem
Splendida lanugo, nec honesta in vertice
 crista,
Purpureusve nitor pennarum; ast agmina
 late
Femineæ explerat cæcis, maculasque re-
 quirit
Cognatas, paribusque interlita corpora guttis.
Ni faceret pictis alvum circum undique mon-
 stris
Confusam aspiceret vulgo, partusque bifor-
 mes,
Et genus ambiguum, et Veneris monumenta
 nefanda.

Hinc merula in nigro se oblectat nigra ma-
 rito;
Hinc sponsum lasciva petit Philomela caso-
 rum,
Agnoscitque pares sonitus; hinc noctua te-
 tram
Canitiem alarum, et glaucos miratur ocellos.
Nempe sibi semper constat crescitque quot-
 annis
Lucida progenies, castos confessa parentes:
Dum virides inter saltus, lucosque sonantes
Vere nove exultat, plumasque decora juven-
 tus
Explicat ad solem, patrisque coloribus ardet.

Addison's Latin verses are, in our opinion, much better than his English; and the above specimen, together with the Cranes and the Pigmies, a better title to honor than the Campaign, or even the greater part of Cato. But, then, we must remember that in those days Latin had hardly become a dead language. It was no longer indeed the vernacular tongue of Italy, but it occupied the same place in Europe then, as French does now.

* *Spectator*, No. 412.

It was the general medium of communication, and was a necessary accomplishment of every statesman. The power of writing a good Latin poem was not then, as now, a mere barren and superfluous talent. It introduced the author at once to the notice of the learned world—it was of real living and substantial utility. And persons should remember this, who are apt to sneer at the mode by which men then rose into eminence as puerile and laughable.

It is to be observed, both as an evidence and consequence of this truth, that up to the period of which we are now treating, the practice of translating from English into Latin was almost unknown—Latin was sufficient for itself. Now and then some great English poem would be rendered into that tongue which was the common medium of exchange among the literary men of all countries. Pope engaged Dobson to translate his *Essay upon Man*, and the same scholar completed a translation of *Paradise Lost*. But, then, it was for a practical purpose, that these works might be read and understood by all scholars. They were not done as exercises—nor, as far as we know, were schoolboys trained in any other way than by original compositions.

The first English scholar who, to our knowledge, was an exception to this rule, was Vincent Bourne, Second Master of Westminster School about this period. His translations are well known to all readers of a kindred spirit; and Cowper, who was educated under him, went so far as to assert that he was a better Latin poet than any of the ancients, except Ovid. We not only entirely dissent, as the reader may suppose, from this hyperbolic eulogy, but we consider Bourne's Latin verses to be very far removed from the first class. His original pieces, such as the *Camera Obscura*, the *Magic Lantern*, the *Ebb and Flow of the Tide*, the *Propagation of Sound*, and others of a similar kind, are all very good, and not unworthy to be placed along side of Addison's. His *Iter per Thamesin* is also thoroughly Horatian both in spirit and expression; but his Versions of English Poetry we must pronounce, on the whole, a failure. He has purchased vigour and fluency at the expense both of

classical diction and classical thought. One or two examples will be sufficient to illustrate our meaning. We select the following from "The Pride of every Grove I chose":—

Ah! me the blooming pride of May
And that of beauty are but one,
At noon both flourish bright and gay,
Both fade at evening pale and gone.

Hei mihi quod floret languetque superbia
Mali,
Floret idem formæ gloria, languet idem.
Utraque mane vigens placidumque et dulces
rubescit,
Utraque marcescit vespere, pallet, abit.

We know not whether most to admire the spirit and point of these lines, or to condemn the total absence of anything resembling the manner of Ovid, Tibullus and Propertius. It is difficult, of course, to draw the line between servile imitation, and that necessary congruity without which Latin verses, however clear, cannot answer the only end for which they can be written. But it is just in surmounting this difficulty that the skill of the scholar consists. He must, to a certain extent, be fettered in his choice of expressions. But he shows his talent by moving easily in his fetters, and not by throwing them off. Here are more instances of the same sort, from "Black-eyed Susan":—

Sive Indus gemmarum eboris aut fertilis
Afer,
Seu mihi visendus dives odoris Arabs:
Esse cum cunctas tecum reputabo relictas
Quas ostentat Arabs, Afer, et Indus, opes.
Quodcumque egregium pulchrum vel dulces
videbo,
Occurret quiddam, quod memorabo, tui.

It is, however, but fair that we should quote, after these, one translation of his which has always been greatly admired, and which Gilbert Wakefield, no mean authority, asserted to possess "a dignity which the Roman elegy never knew before." It is from the ballad of William and Margaret:—

Such shall the fairest face appear
When youth and years are flown,
Such is the robe that kings must wear
When time has reft their crown.

Cumque dies aberuit molles, et læta juven-
tas,
Gloria pallescit sic, Cyparisse, tua.
Cum mors decutiet capiti diademata regum
Hæc erit in trabæ conspiciendus honos.

We do not quite like the "Cyparisse," but otherwise the stanza is solemn, impressive, and musical. *Si sic omnia dixisset!* But Bourne indulged even more than his contemporaries in all the hateful licenses of quantity and rhythm we have already alluded to, and it is only very seldom that we meet with a couplet like the above, combining vigour and correctness in any noticeable degree.

One more poet has yet to be noticed before we pass on to the days of Johnson, Gray, and Warton, and the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The writer in question is Edmund Smith, a man of uncommon abilities, who threw away all his chances in life by inveterate idleness and dissipation. He died a young man from the effects of some strong ale, "too delicious," says old Johnson, "to be resisted"—and his name is now hardly known to any but literary antiquaries. He was, however, the author of a Latin ode, pronounced by the same critic to be the best modern Latin he knew. It was addressed to Pococke, the celebrated Oriental traveller; and there is a *curiosa felicitas* about it which well warrants the encomium of Johnson:—

Vides lacunæ sulphure lividos
Ardere fluctus, quæ stetit impie
Moles Gomorrhæ mox procellâ
Haurita rubrâ, pluviusque flammis:

Quod ista tellus si similes tibi
Si fortè denos nutrierat Viros,
Adhuc stetitset, nec vibrato
Dextra Dei tonuisset igne.

Quin nunc requiris tecta virentia
Nini ferocis, nunc Babel arduum,
Immane opus, crescentibusque
Vertice sideribus propinquum.

Nequiquam: Amici disparibus sonis,
Eludit aures nescius artifex,
Linguasque miratur recentes
In patriis peregrinus oris,

And again:—

Ac sicut albens perpetuâ nive
Simul favillas, et cineres sinu
Eructat ardenti, et pruinis
Contiguas rotat Ætna flammæ;

Sic te trementem, te nive candidum
Mens intus urget, mens agit ignea
Sequi reluctantem Iobelem
Per tonitru, æreasque nubes.

The happiness with which he turns the peculiarities of each locality upon Pocock's own character is quite sui generis.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* is a repository of Latin verse. Johnson's own contributions to it are well known, and are among some of the most perfect specimens of Latinity in all our literature. His ode to Urban is unique of its kind, nor do we see in it any inferiority to the verses *ad ornatisimam puellam*, erroneously attributed to Johnson by Malone, but now generally allowed to be from the pen of that accomplished scholar Bishop Lowth. Mr. Croker makes a rather superfluous display of reading in his note upon the authorship of these verses, in which he tells us that he has discovered in the "New Foundling Hospital for Wit," that it was the production of the prelate in question; the truth being that the fact is openly declared in a subsequent number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*—in which, October, 1752, a translation of the ode is printed, purporting to be from the Latin of Mr. Lowth, late Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. Both Johnson and Lowth were admirable Latin verse writers, though the former did not succeed so well in his longer efforts. His Messiah is not good. The "*Vallis aromaticas fundit Saronica Nubes*" is not the only line in it which is not Virgilian.* Some of his epigrams, however, and shorter pieces are really excellent. His tetra-stich on Laura, for example, which Croker has vainly sought to depreciate.

Anglicæ inter pulcherrima Laura puellas
Mox uteri pondus depositura grave,
Adsit, Laura, tibi facilis Lucina dolenti,
Nere tibi noceat prænituisse Dæm.

The fourth line seems to us one of the happiest epigrammatic turns with which we are acquainted. The fact

that the goddess Lucina was not celebrated for beauty makes the expression all the more natural. To have said that Laura outshone Venus would have been a needless hyperbole. Johnson's ode to St. Kenneth is also thoroughly good; but we get the best notion of his Latin scholarship from his prose. His two letters to the Vice-chancellor of Oxford are superior to most of the Latin that is written in the present day. Bishop Lowth is best known by his paraphrases of certain scriptural passages. The Lament of David over Saul and Jonathan is the most famous of them, and it well merits its reputation. His Epitaph on a Favourite Daughter who died young, is also exquisitely beautiful, and show of what the Latin language is capable in the hands of one who is a poet at heart and a real scholar by training.

Cara, vale, ingenio præstans, pietate, pudore—
Et plusquam nato nomine cara, vale.
Cara Maria vale! at veniet felicius ævum
Quando iterum tecum, sin modo dignus, ero.
Cara redi, lætâ tum dicam voce, paternos
Eja age in amplexus, cara Maria, redi.

There are many little things scattered up and down in the pages of the 'Gentleman's Magazine' well worth the trouble of exhumation to those who are curious in such things. The following strikes us as a first-class epigram on two young ladies drowned while bathing—

Quid nunc æquoreis debemus fluctibus, unam
Si dederint Venerem, cum rapuere duas?

It is a pity that the neatness of this couplet should be marred by the mistake in the mood of *rapuere*, which should, beyond all question, be *rapuerint*—however, these were trifles to which the men of those days did not condescend. In the columns of the polite Mr. Urban we find also the first translation of "Three Children sliding on the ice."

Tres vere primo pueri
In glaciem dum steterunt,
Eheu pertriste! sic evenit
Ut nunquam venerunt.

Perlapsi siccam essent ai
Templeve adfuissent,
Sunt bene certus quod non tum
Sub aquis se mersissent.

Quæis nati sunt et cui sunt non
Attendite vos, oh mi!
Ut tuti sient peregre
Serrate tutos domi.

A very clever Alcaic ode by a right reverend prelate on the discovery of tar water, is also to be found in this periodical for the year 1752; and indeed there are so many Latin pieces of great merit to be found in it, during the first fifty years of its existence, that it is invidious to particularize any. But it is curious to observe how, with a thorough knowledge of idiom, great command of rhythm, and very frequently with facility of expression, there co-exists a most unaccountable ignorance of the commonest rules of quantity. We find the *u* in *cruce* long, the *e* in *gleba* short, and a variety of other glaring false quantities which it is marvellous to find coupled with such proficiency in other respects.

Gray is undoubtedly, on the whole, the only English scholar whose Latin verses are quite on a par with Addison's—a far deeper and riper scholar than the light and fanciful author of the *Cranes* and *Pigmies*, his Latin compositions reflect the character of his mind, and are all of a more sombre and substantial cast than Addison's. His philosophic hexameters are unrivalled; they display the power of Lucretius without his ruggedness, and exhibit modern knowledge without violating the laws of classical diction. But if we were to give a specimen of Gray's peculiar power of throwing himself into the full spirit of the ancient writers, we should select his heroic epistle from *Sophonisba* to *Masinissa*, which is certainly the most truly Ovidian performance extant among English writers, Milton not excepted. We subjoin a portion of it.

Primitias tuas meministi, atque arma Sy-
phacis
Fusa, et per Tyrias ducta tropæa vias?
(Laudis at antiquæ forsân meminisse pigebit
Quodque decus quondam causa doloris erit)
Tempus ego certe meminî felicia Pœnis
Quo te non pudit solvere vota Deis:
Mœniaque intrantem vidi: longo agmine duxit
Turba salutantum purpureique patres.
Fœminea ante omnes longe admiratur euntem
Hæret et aspectu tota caterva tuo.
Jam flexi regale decus per colla capilli
Jam decet ardentis fuscus in ore color.
Commendat frontis generosa modestia formam
Seque cupit laudi surripuisse suæ.

Prima genas tenui signat vix flore juventas
 Et dextræ soli credimus esse virum.
 Dum faciles gradiens oculos per singula jactas
 Seu rexit castus lumina, sive Venus;
 In me (vel certo visum est) conversa morari
 Sensi: virgineus percussit ora pudor
 Nescio quid vultus molle spirare tuendo,
 Credideramque tuos lentius ire pedes:
 Quærebam juxta æqualis si dignior esset
 Quæ poterat visus detinuisse tuos;
 Nulla fuit circum æqualis quæ dignior esset
 Asseruitque decus conacia forma suum.

We have often thought it matter for regret that Gray was not sent to Oxford instead of to Cambridge. Classical learning in his day had not come into vogue at the latter university, and no encouragement was given to the shy and sensitive poet to prosecute his studies for the public benefit. Magdalen Gardens would have been a fitter retreat, and Warton and Lowth fitter companions for the author of the lines on Eton College, and the beautiful ode on the Chartreuse. Amid such scenes and with such congenial associates, his exquisite taste, his elegant scholarship, and extensive erudition would have borne far more copious fruit. His poetical talents, ripened in a more kindly atmosphere, might have enriched our literature with some more complete and glorious production than what is at best but a collection of fugitive pieces, however tender

and beautiful; or had he, on the other hand, devoted himself to classical study, his great industry and singular power of memory might have enabled him to rival Bentley and anticipate Porson, while Oxford might have had the glory of producing the first Greek scholar of the empire. Gray, in his lonely room at Cambridge, or still more lonely lodgings in town, has always been to us a melancholy picture to contemplate. We prefer to imagine him wandering along the woody banks of the Cherwell and Isis, stretched under the stately elms of Nuneham Park, or moralising amid the ruins of Godstow.

Gray, so fond of Latin poetry himself, has in turn afforded more employment to the cultivators of this art than any other English author who has written so little. His productions are eminently adapted for translation, and we suppose the *Elegy* has been rendered into Latin oftener than any other single piece of English poetry. We are ourselves acquainted with some six or seven printed versions, and doubtless those in MSS. are legion. The best is, in our opinion, a fragmentary one by Gilbert Wakefield, to be found in the notes of his edition of Gray; which we think superior to those lately published in the Oxford and Cambridge collections. We subjoin a few stanzas, side by side, so that the reader can judge for himself.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion or the echoing horn
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

ARUNDINES CAMI.

Mans in odorifero peramabilis aura Favoni,
 Quæ de straminea garrit hirundo casa,
 Vaticinus galli clangor, lituosæ resultans,
 Discutient humilis somnia nulla tori.

WAKEFIELD.

Jam neque sol rediens, Zephyrive susurrus
 odori,
 Nec quæ straminea sub lare garrit avis;
 Nec galli strepitus, neque ræci marmura
 coram,
 Excutient humili mascula membra toro.

Can storied urn or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Quid tituli, quid sculpta jacebunt marmora?
 membris
 An sese inanimet spiritus arte redux?
 Gloria num tacitas exsuscitet ore favillas?
 Num Stygium tangant molliæ verba Deum?

Num fugientem animam vivus de marmore
 vultus,
 Ad solitam revocat num memor urna
 domum?
 An lingue blandis mors est auribus loquelis?
 Aut poterit ludis voce calere cinis?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

Foraitan hæc etiam neglecta in sede quiescant
Quæ cælo fuerant pectora feta suo ;
Dextera, quæ indomitos domuisset inulta
Britannos,
Vel poterat vivam sollicitasse lyram.

We shall give one or two more of
Mr. Wakefield's stanzas by them-
selves, assuring our readers that if
they will refer to the *Arundines Cami*
they will find we have done Mr. Ma-
caulay no injustice :—

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Spas prochl à strepita, prochl à certamine
vulgi
Non humilis limen transilire casus
Uno per tacitas jucunda oblivia vallis
Fallentem tenuit vita tenore viam.

Their name, their years, spelt by the un-
lettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews
To teach the rustic moralist to die.

Indocili musa nomen signatur, et ætas ;
Non celebrant tituli, non elegia dolet :
Multaque de sacro documenta volumine cir-
cum
Inserit, ut dicat rustica turba mori.

Translation now became gradually
more common. Warton commenced
a translation of Akenside's *Pleasures*
of the Imagination, and a capital ver-
sion of Pope's *Eloisa* was published
in 1787 by one J. Wright. In 1793
the scholars of Berkhamstead School
brought out a volume of verses con-
taining a very fair version of *Lycidas*,
and also a very bad one of the *Elegy*.
As we believe that Wright's verses
are very little known, and believing
them to be as excellent as any trans-
lation we possess, we shall make no
apology for offering an extract. It is
the passage commencing—

To dream once more, I close my willing eyes.

Lumina tum condo dulces cupientia somnos,
Talìa contingant somnia sæpe mihi.
Non deserta senu ! jam nos peragrarè vide-
mur,
Dum nostra humectat mutum ens dolor ;

Cor pregnans olim divinæ semine flammæ
Hæc fortassè tegit gleba inhonora sinu ;
Fortè manus, sceptrum imperii gestasse ca-
paces,
Aut strepitus vivos eliciasse lyre.

Qua turris longæva hederoso vertice nutat,
Aut scopulus tumidis pendet adæsus aquis,
Tolleris en ! nutuque vocas taciturnus in altum,
Densantur nubes, turbida sævit hyems ;
Territa consurgo, rediit quodeunque malum
est,
Et vigilem assuetus torquet, ut ante, dolor.
Te servat rapti felix injuria sensus,
Et te lætari, teque dolere vetat ;
Te tenet alta quies, et pax æterna serenat,
Fervida nec nimio sanguine vena salit.
Talis adhuc clauso ventorum carcere pontus,
Magna ubi mens placidas non agitat ar-
guas ;
Aut reus, ut sese placabilis ira remisit
Numinis, et læti copia facta poli est.
Securus damni venias, Venus arma reponit,
Æthere nec cassis subijcit illa faces,
Religio prohibet, naturæque pigra reclamât,
Estque tibi gelidum pectus, at uror ego.

Still, however, original composition
continued to be the rule, and transla-
tion the exception. Latin was begin-
ning to fall into disuse as a practical
language ; but the tradition lingered,
and a good masculine style continued
to prevail.

In 1772, the practice of Latin-
verse composition had received a
great stimulus by the institution of
the Chancellor's Prize in the Uni-
versity of Oxford. Previous to this,
college exercises had afforded the
only field of composition. None of
these have been handed down to us,
except the *Carmina Quadrigesimalia*,
the Lenten exercises written by the
Westminster and Eton students of
Christ Church. Some of these com-
positions are marked by a real poetic
fancy, and a happy epigrammatic
turn, which has now become a thing
of the past, whether in Latin or Eng-
lish. The plan of them was to set
some metaphysical or philosophic
question or maxim to be confirmed or
refuted, by illustrations drawn from
nature, or history, or the world of
fiction. Some very beautiful speci-
mens are quoted at the end of the
Anthologia Oxoniensis, but they are
scarcely equal to those of more ancient

date. Among the contributors to these latter were Markham, afterwards George the Third's tutor, and Archbishop of York, and also Impey, of Warren Hastings celebrity. The following short specimen will not be unacceptable to our classical readers, as the volume from which they are taken is exceedingly scarce :—

AN AGENS ASSIMILET SIBI PATIENS.—*AFF.*

Crudeli Phædra infelix tabescit amore
Et furit effervens his malesana modis,
Eben quam vellem patulâ recubare sub ulno,
Ægraque muscoso membra levare toro ;
Detur ubi fugiente sitim restinguere rivo,
Et somnum querulas ducere propter aquas !
Eja ! agite et croceis suras vincite cothurnis.
Dum celeres quantiunt avia lustra canes ;
Huc sese glomerant nemoroso a vertice cervi,
Clanore ingenti Mænala rauca vocant ;
Te, Diana, sequor, sen tristis Sirius urat,
Seu pronum inspergat cana pruina jugum ;
Atque oh quis fulvæ spatiiis ne sistat arena
Queis rota pulvereum fervida radit iter !
Ipsa jugis instabo et lora undantia flectam,
Ipsa manu effusus hæc moderabor equos
Hippolytus studio calcet quocunque, fideli
Obsequio, discit Phædra calere pari.

AN OMNIA HABEANT SUUM UBI.—*AFF.*

Nascuntur steriles saxosis montibus orni,
Populus in campis pinguibus alba viget.
Lenta salix placido proclivior imminet amni
Seligit ulvosos alnus opaca lacus.
Irriguas valles hymenæcis aspera laurus
At declive jugum pronuba vitis amat.
Et si, flava Venus, Marti meditere corollam,
Frondet ad æstivas Cypria myrtus aquas—
Tasmini proles per maruin effusa vagatur
Vestit et ornatos ductilis umbra lares.
Maternum contenta solum sic diligit arbor
Queque, nisi Orphæa non socianda lyrâ.

There is a delicate and airy grace about these lines, and a fiery Propertien vigour about the former, which charms us at the twentieth perusal as well as at the first ; something so agreeably different from the forced conceits and far-fetched novelties by which Latin poets now endeavour to make up for a simplicity they cannot imitate. If any of our readers should chance to meet with the volume from which these are taken, we recommend to his notice some lines on a bird's nest, some on I. Allegro and II. Penseroso ; one piece describing a beautiful evening after a showery day, and another taken from Pope's Rape of the Lock.

.. The last quarter of the eighteenth cen-

tury was pre-eminently the one of classical statesmen. The names of Wellesley, Grenville, and Canning, alongside of Lowth, Warton, Heber, Abbot, and Copleston, all occurring in the list of prizemen within twenty years of one another, sufficiently attest the zeal with which Latin poetry was cultivated by some of the leading intellects of the day. Lord North, too, was an accomplished scholar, and his verses on the Feast of the Purification, in a former volume of *Musæ Etonenses*, are extremely graceful and pleasing. Among all these stars, however, Lord Wellesley is, in our opinion, *facile princeps*—the greatest, and we grieve to say the last, of those who wrote Latin verse with idiomatic precision and natural vigour combined—who united to the ease of the mediæval scholars, the greater metrical correctness of modern times, and a genuine classical tone which we look for in vain in the compositions of the present day. His Lordship was equally excellent in translation as in original composition, and could perform with success that truly difficult task of reproducing an English author in a Latin dress, without either language suffering from the process. Witness his really wonderful version of the passage from Milton's *Arcades*—the speech of the Genius of the Wood—printed in the *Anthologia*—and which if the reader compare carefully with the other translations among which it is set, he will find it easy to appreciate the criticism we are about to offer on contemporary verse writers.

But else in deep of night, when drowsiness
Hath locked up mortal sense, &c.

Ast alta sub nocte, ubi vis lethæa soporis
Mortales clausit sensus, juvat æthere aperto
Sirenum exaudire modos. Illic usque novenos
Desuper implexos orbes, clarosque meatus
Astrorum procul assidunt, ternasque Sorores,
Divino mulcent cantu, dum fœdere certo
Fila adamantæis torquent vitalia fuis,
Unde Deum atque hominum devolvi æquo
ordine fata.
Usque adeo, initi imperio, vis blanda mo-
dorum
Delenire ipsas sacra dulcedine Purcas,
Inatabilemque suas intra compescere leges
Naturam, et trahere æquato modulamine
mundum
Ad celeste melos : atqui non ire per aures
Humanas, sensumque lebetem, terrenaque
claustra.

Of his lordship's original verses we need subjoin none—they are too well known. His *Salix Babylonica*, his lines on Bedlam, his epistle Octavia Antonio, and his magnificent hexameters on the state of Europe, originally published in the *Anti-Jacobin*, and for some strange reason omitted in the *Anthologia*, are all household words to such as delight in the scholarship of a past generation. The *Salix Babylonica* was written as recently as 1839, and affords a beautiful instance of the affection with which the old man, *rerum vagis exercitus undis*, cherished his reminiscences of Eton and all that appertained to it:—

Me quoties curas vident lenire seniles
Umbræ tuæ, et viridi ripa beata toro,
Sit mihi, primitiasque meas, tenuisque triumphos,

Sit, revocare tuos, dulcis Etona! dies.

The Latinity of Lord Grenville is not less pure than Lord Wellesley's, but his verse has not quite the same polish and fluency. Yet he sometimes rises to a vigour of thought greater than his illustrious contemporary has any where exhibited. The concluding lines of his *Exul Gallicus*—especially the two following couplets—are an instance of this. Speaking of the regicides who have possessed themselves of his hereditary possessions, he goes on—

Ille habet, illa habeat secum; mihi conscia virtus

Sit satis, et nulla vieta labore fides!

Hæc ego sum tantis dignus majoribus, auctum
Hæc trado natæ nobilitate domum.

The last two lines are truly noble. His translation of the 137th Psalm, his paraphrases from Euripides, Orestes, and Andromache; his version of Ben Jonson's celebrated Epitaph, and his *Hylas*, a translation of the dirge in *Cymbeline*, are among the best of his remaining pieces—all characterised by the same feature of simplicity and tenderness, varied by occasional bursts of great power. We wish our space would permit us to quote his *Hylas* entire. It is, if we may use the term, one of the most loveable little bits of Latin verse we know.

Lord Grenville found his scholarship a great solace to him in his declining years. "He was latterly confined to his room by the gout, and I once asked him," says Sir Henry Halford, in the preface to his own *Nugæ Metricæ*, "how it was that I always found him so cheerful under circumstances which, to a man of his active habits, must have been so irksome? 'I go back to my classics, sir,' was the answer; and the next day," adds Sir Henry, "he sent me a copy of his own *Nugæ Metricæ*, which he tells us incited him to lay up a similar resource himself for the days when he might be incapacitated for his professional labours." Sir Henry was a sound scholar, and wrote excellent Latin; but he rather excelled in prose than in verse, though his *Nugæ Metricæ* contain many spirited passages. He was a devoted worshipper of the Latin muse; and during his annual autumnal sojourn at Wistow,* his time was pretty evenly divided between whist, backgammon, and Latin verses. Great was his delight if he happened to come across a sympathizing neighbour; and we have the picture of the old man in our eye now, as dressed in an old fashioned brown coat, rather the worse for powder, nankeen trousers, speckled silk stockings and highly polished shoes, he used to stroll down his avenue, with one hand gently raised, pouring out, with due pause and emphasis, his latest version from the *Deserted Village*, or some favourite passage of Pope. "I think that will do, sir—I think that will do," would be his satisfied exclamation on such occasions, and very generally his complacency was justifiable.

The last issue of *Muse Etonenses* was in 1796; and the one previous to that, as far as we know, the first, in 1755. The present volume takes up the line of succession, and gives us a series of verses composed between 1796 and 1800. They are all, of course, very good, but none of surpassing merit. An eclogue by the present Archbishop of Canterbury, curiously enough, relating to Sunday Amusements, is, perhaps, the gem of the whole collection. His Grace

* Sir Henry's seat in Leicestershire.

shows that he is perfectly consistent, and that his present views are the same as he held half-a-century ago, when he exposed the fallacies of the Sabbath breaker in admirable Latin, and no less admirable versification. It is observable, however, that no verses written by Eton men are ever so good as those which they write about Eton. The locality has, doubtless, much to do with this circumstance. The rich combination of meadow, river, and woodland, "crowned" by the gray spires and towers of the College, and surveyed protectingly by the grand mass of Windsor Castle, must stamp an impression on the mind of a boy such as nothing can afterwards impair. It is full, too, of poetic associations. The Thames itself is a source of inspiration.

Thamesi, nam tua sunt tenera oblectamina
Musa,
Nec mutas salices, nec sine laude nemus.

So sings Mr. Hodgson, in one of the most agreeable pieces in the present issue. But the freedom also which Etonians enjoy must, we feel sure, have contributed much towards the formation of this peculiar sentiment, by relieving their school days of those various degrading and irksome reminiscences which that period of life but too often entails upon us. However it may be, the singular attachment of Eton men to their school has been observed thousands of times ere now. We have only glanced at it, to notice its effects upon their "longs and shorts."

The only statesman of the present day who has reaped laurels in the same field as the distinguished gentleman we have been recently discussing, is the present noble leader of the Opposition and Chancellor of the University of Oxford, who, in 1819, when Lord Stanley, obtained the Chancellor's prize for a Latin poem on Syracuse. Since his time, though the aristocracy has had its share of first-class men, no one has appeared on whom the mantle of the Grenvilles or Canning seems to have descended. The present Lord Lyttleton is indeed an elegant scholar, and his verses in the *Arundines Cami* are among the best in the collection, but there are too few of them to justify any lengthened notice.

Some of the best Latin verses of re-

cent times are to be found in the *Museum Criticum*, some of which, on philosophic subjects, were afterwards collected and published in one volume at Eton in 1839, together with the philosophic fragments of Gray. But there are two other poems in the same periodical, which we think are superior to the rest; one entitled *Marasmos*, on Consumption and its cure; the other, *Ars Piscatoria*. The first is signed with the initials W. F., which we conjecture to be William Frere, whether any relation to the translator of *Aristophanes* we know not. His poem is singularly well written, and contains we think one of the very happiest similes in the whole range of poetry. Speaking of the beautiful complexion for which consumptive people are usually remarkable, he compares the invidious progress of the disease to that of a stream which nourishes and at the same time undermines the roots of the flower which grows upon its banks.

Qualis ubi placido delabens agmine rivus
Mordet aquis ripam, tenerumque in cuspide
flovem,
Quem pascit, sensim taciturnâ subruit undâ:
Irriguis viget ille comis; mox caule ramenti
Marcet forma fugax, et surdo volvitur anhe.

The author of *Ars Piscatoria* is, we believe, the present Lord Wensleydale, who carried off all the classical prizes within his reach. Whether he was ever accustomed to put his precepts upon angling to a practical proof we have never heard, but it is at all events one of the best imitations of the *Georgics* extant.

It might here be expected perhaps that we should offer some account of the Latin poetry of Mr. Walter Savage Landor. We have refrained from doing so for two reasons—first, because that gentleman's Latin verses do not furnish us with any topic, either of blame or praise, distinct from other contemporaneous writers; and secondly, because Mr. Landor's works may perhaps at some future time form the subject of a separate article.

It remains to say something of those especially modern productions, which, under the names of *Arundines Cami*, *Anthologia Oxoniensis*, and *Sabrinæ Corolla*, have been recently put forward as the types of contemporaneous scholarship. The comparative merits of these three productions

we have no intention of discussing. They are all three, in our opinion, characterized by the same broad faults which mark the decline of the art of Latin verse.

In the first place, they consist almost entirely of translations—a fact in itself an admission of weakness, such as the character of the more recent prize poems is unhappily powerless to impugn. Could this, however, for one moment be supposed to be accidental, the translations themselves would only tell the same tale. A certain insipid correctness—a kind of dead level—is discernible in all. They are as much like the originals, as a drowned man is like a living one. This is a kind of charge which it is impossible to substantiate, without transferring to our columns far longer passages than our space will permit of. Let our readers peruse critically the following pieces from the *Arundines Cami*; *Sandy's Ghost*—*Byron's Farewell to England*—*Coleridge's Mont Blanc*—*What's in a Name?* by the same poet—*The Deserted Village*—*Aye, but to die and go we know not where*—*The Isles of Greece*—but we might go on enumerating to the end of the volume. These are but a few. Similarly, in the *Anthologia* let him take, *Lucy*—*The Dirge in Cymbeline*—*The last Rose of Summer*—*We met, 'twas in a crowd*—and plenty of others, and if he will compare them, candidly and critically, both with the originals, and also with the translations of the older race of scholars, we make no doubt his verdict will be the same as our own. They are nerveless and diluted, though the Latin is perfectly correct and the metre irreproachable; and they seek for applause in prettinesses and conceits, which, though extremely ingenious, are in our opinion the reverse of classical. We must certainly say that the *Anthologia* does contain some few exceptions. Besides the numerous contributions of Wellesley and Grenville, there are one or two pieces by Mr. Roundell Palmer and Mr. Goldwin Smith which are all that can be desired. *The Rose*, and *Life*, by the latter; and *The Laurel* by the former gentleman, are very beautiful Latin verse, and very successful translations. But they serve but to enforce more strongly the justice of our general censure.

Another point in which modern Latin verse writers seem to us strangely deficient is, judgment in the selection of metres. We find in the *Arundines* such instances as the following. *Aye, but to die, &c.* is translated into elegiacs. Surely a bold style of hexameter, in the manner of Turnus's speeches at the end of the *Æneid*, would have been the proper metre for this; or Lucan, even, would have furnished a decidedly better model for such a passage than Ovid. A little further on, we have an extract from Macaulay's Prophecy of Capys turned into lyrics; and Scott's magnificent lines in *Rokeby*, here called *The Tropic Sun*, into hendecasyllabics. Here again the Virgilian heroic is still more imperatively required. Byron's *Witch of Endor* is in Elegiacs, and the speech of Julia in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* in hexameters. These metres should certainly be transposed. We cannot imagine *Alecto* in an elegy, while, on the other hand, the beautiful comparison between the course of human passion and that of a rivulet is precisely adapted for the tender and somewhat lazy flow of the true Tibullan pentameter. We cannot resist the temptation of offering a few lines of our own in the elegiac metre:—

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.—A. ii., sc. 7.

Nonne vides, leni quæ labitur unda susurre,
Protinus oclusis spumæ sævit aquis:
Quæ rumore suo gratum per lævia murmur
Saxa ciet, nullâ præpediente morâ?
Molliaque incedens fluvialibus inprimit her-
bis
Oscula, propositum dum sibi solvat iter:
Sic prata et valles obiter perlapsa recurvas
Oceanî tumidum gestit inire sinum.
Tu quoque cede mihi, nec quo libet ire, re-
cusa;
Ipsa moræ patiens, flumen at illud, ero.
Ipsa vis in ludos convertam tædia longe,
Dum mihi supremis passibus adit amans,
Cujus componar gremio, ceu, sine laborum
Invento, Elysia umbra beata toris.

The same fault is not so conspicuous in the *Anthologia*. The *Isles of Greece* indeed would have been better in lyrics than elegiacs. Scott's *Melrose* sounds very schoolboyish in the latter metre. The grasshopper from *Anacreon* would, we think, also have fallen more easily into lyric numbers. But, on the whole, there is less to

complain of here than in the productions of the sister academy.

There is yet another fault which we have to notice, more symptomatic, perhaps, than all the rest of the decline of the genuine classic spirit. We mean the tendency to choose for translation, passages the most entirely remote from the genius of Greek and Latin poetry. This is just as truly a morbid appetite as any bodily craving for unnatural food, or unhealthy delicacies. If we look through the indexes of the two works we have been principally discussing, we shall find numerous pieces which ought never to have been there, and which, had the volumes been edited by a Warton, a Gray, or a Wakefield, never would have been. It may display great cleverness and great command over the Latin vocabulary, to put the May Queen, or Queen Mab, or Scott's description of Melrose Abbey, or Alonzo the Brave into Latin verse, but we scarcely see whom they can please except the translator himself, who has experienced the difficulty, and is glad to have got through it anyhow. A man may spend a great portion of time in teaching a dog to dance, but when it is done, it is the oddity of the thing we wonder at, and not its beauty. We know the animal can never dance with real grace. And so we may try and make certain English poetry run in Latin numbers, but if it is not classical in itself, it will be English still under a very thin disguise. We have heard of a gentleman who translated Tennyson's *Vision of Sin*, into Latin elegiacs. It is astonishing how any one can believe that he is writing Latin at all, when engaged on such a performance, or that he is doing what is in any way conducive to the cause of scholarship. Yet this is the fashion of the day. We torture the unfortunate language of old Italy into shapes which it never knew, and utterly alien to its genius. We lead Virgil and Horace into barbarous captivity, and require of them the Lord's song in a strange land.

We have seen a translation of Wordsworth's *Intimations of Immortality*, by the scholars of Radley College, which we gladly admit is, in parts, an exception to the foregoing remarks. Some of the most difficult passages are rendered with a rare

skill which bears evident marks of Mr. Sewell's own hand. It is a daring attempt; and that it should have been only partially successful is a high tribute to the scholarship and taste of the gentleman from whose pen, we are convinced, must have proceeded the most felicitous touches. A few lines will justify our encomium:—

But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realised,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections.

Sed quia corporis incredula sensibus obstans,
Flagitat assidue, quid sit, et unde, puer;
Fallacesque umbras, captataque somnia rerum
Excidere, et vacuâ sentit abesse manu;
Et stupet, et trepidat, nec se sibi fidit, ut
inter
Vana vacillantem fert simulacra pedem;
Motibus hausta quibus, veluti depressus in ipsâ
Fraude reus, cordis pars moribunda pavet—
Sed quia sublucent vaga desideria cœli,
Et patriæ ante oculos fluctuat umbra domus.

We regret that our article has already extended so much beyond our original design that we have no space to refer particularly to the verses of the Shrewsbury scholars, entitled *Sabrinæ Corolla*. This is, however, of the less consequence as the description we have given of the *Arundines Cami* will apply, with some qualification, to this latter collection also. All the faults we have mentioned in the others are less conspicuous we think in the *Sabrinæ Corolla*, but they nevertheless exist; and though there are a few excellent pieces from the pens of Messrs. George and Benjamin Kennedy, they are not sufficient to constitute a title to any distinct classification.

We must now take our leave of a subject on which we would fain linger. If our observations are just, it follows that Latin verse writing is no longer entitled to the prominence in our system of education which it once deservedly occupied. The poetry of scholarship has given way to science. The past and present genera-

tion of scholars differ as much in the point of view from which they regard the works of antiquity, as a poet and a geologist may in the disposition with which they look forth upon the face of nature. To the one its efflorescence is everything; the odour of a flower in spring—the vivid greenness and luxuriance of a meadow in summer—the hues of the copse in autumn—each perhaps awaken some sweet and beautiful association, or stir up in his mind some exquisite poetic train of thought. Yet, he knows nothing necessarily of botany, agriculture or woodcraft. He has only a keen sympathetic appreciation of the beauty around him. Its very spirit enters into him, and when the time of utterance arrives, his whole song is redolent of it. But the other looks deeper than this. A particular vegetation on the surface will suggest to him a particular "formation" underneath. Hills and valleys and rivers carry his mind far away into antediluvian ages, or deep down into the bowels of the mysterious earth. His thoughts are of strata, varied perhaps by occasional reflections on the Mammoth and Leviathan. And so too the men of eighty years ago had, it is to be feared, but an imperfect acquaintance

with the "Indo-Germanic Group," and would have made but a poor figure by the side of such scholars as Müller and Donaldson and Bunsen. But they knew Homer and Euripides, Horace and Virgil to the backbone; had a thorough comprehension of their beauties; were thoroughly imbued with, and if we may so speak, drenched with the juice of the classics. They thus wrote the language with a geniality and a fluency wholly unattainable by us, who are too much occupied in probing among its roots to distil the honey from its flowers. Which pursuit may be the most worthy of admiration, the reader will observe it is not the business of this essay to determine. All we wish to see is a due recognition of the purely literary value of the classical languages, as opposed to the exclusive appreciation of their philological value. Philology may promote the interests of science, but the lighter scholarship of our forefathers cultivated and nourished innumerable intellects of a less severe and special character, which are now left to run riot in all the extravagancies of our contemporary literature—in which too often convulsions pass for healthy energy, egotism for earnestness, and darkness for depth.

FRENCH VERSIONS OF SHAKESPEARE.

A WRITER, whose name it is sufficient to mention in order to dispense with preliminary considerations as to her title for having undertaken such a task, George Sand, in fact, has just made an attempt to "arrange" Shakespeare's *As You Like It* for the *Theatre Français*. George Sand has herself produced many original plays, and it is not by way of disparaging this remarkable genius we venture to repeat the judgment passed by her own countrymen upon her dramatic performances, that they have, with hardly an exception, proved failures. Undeterred by want of success, she has, nevertheless, persisted, upon the sustaining conviction that it is the public who is in fault. With the view of proving how much popular taste has been perverted by false system which it is her mission to

reform, the lady of the bloomer *nom de plume*, has set a trap for her critics, by offering for their appreciation one of the sweetest productions of the greatest of names; as much as to say, "if you do not relish this, no wonder you should not like me." Now, the idea of Sand and Shakespeare having to sink or swim together, was no doubt consoling to wounded pride; and had George Sand simply and seriously, and in a spirit of devout reverence, applied herself to translate, instead of to arrange that work of unsurpassable beauty, we firmly believe that she would not have had to add one more, and that the most striking, to her long nomenclature of abortive experiments. Why she turned to Shakespeare in her distress, and why, having resolved to shelter her own name

under the awful majesty of the mighty Bard, she yet dared to trim, and alter, and dress him up in a fantastical garb of shreds and patches, like a milliner who invents a new fashion out of old costumes paired down to modern conveniences, - why she should, like a vender of adulterated wine, take so much, and no more, of the pure spirit as should give deceptive flavour to her foreign drugs - why she sanded Shakspeare to give him due weight, is what we are not left to conjecture; for we must do the "arranger" the justice to say that she has acknowledged her own misgivings, while she has attempted to shift the blame of her daring freedoms upon her audience, who would not have ladies in the forest of Arden in any other attire than crinoline and flounces.

In a letter to Monsieur Regnier, of the Theatre Français, intended to serve as a preface to her "*Comme il vous plaira*,"* George Sand lays her finger on what she considers, not without truth, the danger which befalls dramatic art by the growing substitution of mere incidents for poetry, wit, and sentiment. People go more now-a-days to see rather than to listen - to be surprised rather than subdued - startled rather than gently pleased, or agreeably exhilarated. "It is certain," says our author, "that the slightest *couleurille* is, as far as plot is concerned, more skillfully arranged than the most admirable drama of the masters of old. But," she adds, "the able play-wrights of the present day run the risk of falling into excess, and to habituate the public to an adroit machinery of crowded situations, without allowing breathing time for reflection - without admitting those sacrifices of its impatience, which it would be sometimes desirable to exact, for sake of forming a judgment of the characters and of becoming imbued with an understanding of their action in the piece, so as, in a word, to seize the true meaning of the performance. Before this public, sated, inattentive, and actually spoiled by the superfluity of incidents with which it is overwhelmed, the condensation of

dramatic writers threatens to degenerate into culpable servility." Now, what George Sand has undertaken to do is to correct not only those modern play-wrights who have spoiled the public for her own productions, which their violent incidents have made to look monotonous, but to correct Shakspeare as well, who, "yielding to the fiery impulses, or the delicious caprices of his inspirations, trampled under foot, along with the rules of composition, certain legitimate needs of the mind, such as order, sobriety, harmony, and logic." In order to show how George Sand has infused into *As You Like It* the order, sobriety, harmony, and logic of *Comme il vous plaira*, we shall proceed to detail the story - mind, good reader, not that delicious story which thou hast already treasured up in thy heart, as a native song of thy childhood, interwoven through all thy dearest associations, and to which, when thou art rendered impatient and irritable by modern dogmatism, paradox, distorted style, barbarous taste, and immoderate pretension, thou turnest for attunement of thy disarranged feelings - oh no, not that story, but one as offensively differing in its sober perversion, as could the most whimsically absurd parody got up for the diversion of a minor theatre. We sat down with pencil in hand, prepared to mark what we expected to find - namely, occasional deviation from the original, with curtailments and even transmutations sparingly attempted; but we had not advanced many pages before we perceived the utter uselessness of attempting any comparison of any kind whatever. It is not an arrangement, nor even is it that pleasant joke which the author herself lets fly for sake of depriving her ready-witted countryman of a too obvious play on a word at her expense. It is not a *dérangement*. What it is we shall not say until we have put the reader in a position to judge for himself. Here is the story, or, in more technical language, the plot.

Jacques, the melancholy Jacques, arrives with a letter from the banished Duke for his daughter Roselind, at

* *Comme il vous plaira*. Comédie en trois actes et en prose, tirée de Shakspeare et arrangée par George Sand. Paris. 1856.

the very moment Orlando is in angry contestation with his brother Oliver. As soon as the latter leaves, and Orlando sits down to weep, Jacques advances and questions old Adam as to the meaning of certain preparations which attract his attention, and is told that the Duke with the lords and ladies of the court, is about to witness games of wrestling between the famous Charles and whoever shall dare to measure strength against so formidable an antagonist; whereupon Jacques, affecting to mistake the two brothers for a pair of boxers, and having his error corrected by the annoyed Orlando—whom we had better call Roland, according to the French version—replies to the latter's assurance of their being gentlemen and brothers, in this wise: "You, nobles! you, brothers! Tell that to others, my friend. You are nobles as are the bulls browsing in the field, and brothers as are the wolves who bite at one another, without regard to relationship." As these civilities are not taken in good part, this sententious speaker utters a good deal of sound morality, which is happily shortened by the appearance of Rosalind and Celia, followed by Pierre Touchard (Touchstone), through whose conversation is learned the affection of the two ladies for one another. Jacques advancing delivers the letter to Rosalind, and having satisfied her anxious enquiries, piques and amuses the ladies with maxims à la Rochefoucauld, and they in turn call to mind that the gentleman was once known at court for his brilliant manners and luxurious habits. Jacques promises to wait for Rosalind's letter of reply to that of her father; while she is writing, Celia is falling in love with one whose "eye is still bright and beautiful, but whose mouth is the tomb of a buried smile." Jacques overhears the recommendation given by Oliver to Charles not to spare his brother, makes some useless efforts to prevent that combat which is to end in the triumph of Roland and in his recovering a gold chain from the hands of Rosalind, before, accompanied by Adam, he quits a place where his life is no longer in safety. Jacques, although he has received Rosalind's letter, is still hanging about the footsteps of the ladies, with one of whom he is already smitten; when Touchard rushes in to tell how the

Duke had recognized Jacques, who had better begone, and how he had seen Rosalind give him the letter, and how he had issued a decree of banishment against her; on which the ladies resolve to fly, under Jacques' protection and accompanied by Touchard, to the forest of Arden.

The second act discovers the exiled Duke and his friends, who are preparing for a collation in a spot where Jacques, when he returns with the letter, will know where to find the anxious father. The Duke's suspense is soon relieved by Jacques, who presents a young gentleman whose feelings will not permit of his long guarding his incognito, and with a cry of *Ah! mon pere! c'est moi*, Rosalind is in her father's arms, whom she assures that she had put on male attire from fear of the effect of too sudden a surprise, and so she wished to break her arrival by little and little. As the appearance of Rosalind in male attire delights the Duke, by reminding him of a son he had lost, nothing remains but to begin the feast, which is interrupted by the arrival of Roland with poor old Adam hungry and exhausted. A mutual recognition takes place between Roland and Rosalind, who soon drop together out of view, in order to allow the true hero and heroine of the piece, the lovers Jacques and Celia, to absorb the attention of the audience. Here Madame Sand takes leave of Shakespeare altogether. The scene is her own, and so characteristically her own, as to make us fancy we are reading a chapter of one of her own novels—her "Jacques" for instance, in which a young man fallen into premature old age from withering experience of the world, is gently softened and allured back to feelings more in accordance with his time of life, by the subtle artifices of love. We are not done yet with the famous wrestler Charles, who, arrived with a warrant from her father, comes at the head of a troop of soldiers to seize her and put her into a convent. Jacques draws his sword against Charles, when Roland rushes between them, and the wrestler, recognising the man who alone of all the world had the honour to conquer him, addresses to him a heroic speech and takes his leave, and Jacques undertakes to escort Celia home.

Touchard and Audrey enliven the

opening of the third act, which is soon darkened by the entry of Jacques, who by this time has become jealous of Roland. The two gentlemen are entangled in the usual mesh of dramatic equivocation, to the particular annoyance of Jacques, whose ill humour is not improved by the entry of Celia in a merry mood at finding Sir Roland with the "governor of her castle," and she utters many pleasant jests about the luxuries of her ducal palace, as she calls her hermitage amongst the rocks and woods. Jacques, who is in no jesting humour, allows his jealousy to get the better of his breeding, and he draws his sword on Roland; but, yielding to the remonstrances of Celia, lays it at her feet; and Rosalind, entering on the instant, Roland receives in like manner her lover's sword. We are now of course hurried to the close. Touchard arrives with news of the abdication of the usurping Duke, and the restoration of Rosalind's father to his rights. The curtain does not yet drop. Oliver, insatiable in his thirst of vengeance, enters at the head of his myrmidons, dragging old Adam, whose arms they have bound. The Duke orders the prisoner to be released, but Oliver charges him with robbery, and his brother Roland with having attempted his life. Jacques, however, who had witnessed the quarrel between the brothers, offers his testimony in favour of Roland; and the Duke, in the plenitude of his restored power, orders Oliver to be thrown from the top of a rock; but at the entreaties of Roland spares his life; and the curtain drops as Jacques is on his knees to Celia, uttering the most fervid declaration of love.

In making the forest of Arden a scene of violent incidents, George Sand has completely missed the spirit which pervades the play of "As you like it." That forest, in which the banished Duke discovers the uses of adversity; where moralises the melancholy Jacques; which resounds with the love songs of Orlando, and in which Rosalind and Celia pour forth their exuberant notes of mirth and affection; where Touchstone plays the merry magpie, and shepherdesses and swains warble the pastoral poetry of fabled ages of purity, that Arden was sacred ground. No wicked passions could enter there. Anger

and vengeance fell away from whoever entered the sweet and solemn sanctuary of that wood. No one but a poet most sensitively alive to the influences of the woods and fields could have so conceived of the humanising and all harmonising spirit of nature, as enjoyed in solitude. Shakespeare did not, in cold imitation of the ancients, people the scene with Dryads and Hamadryads—he drew a charmed circle, within which all was gentle contentment, tender melancholy, soft love, and innocent gaiety. To George Sand the idea that Oliver should be wedded to Celia is shocking and intolerable. But Oliver in Arden is no longer the barbarous brother. The spirit of the place falls on him, and he is full of contrition. He is thrown not from the Tarpeian rock, but into his brother's forgiving arms. Penitence is made to absolve crime, and the purification is completed by the giving the hand of Oliver to the sister by adoption of Orlando's bride. Take again the example of the usurping Duke, who :—

Hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Addressed a mighty power which were on
foot

In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword,
And to the skirts of the wild wood he came,
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted—

Both from his enterprize and from the
world.

Here, where George Sand sees a hurried and inartificial termination of a drama without any plan, the student of Shakespeare discovers the complete elucidation of a beautiful idea. The voice of a holy man uttered from the wild wood was enough to work a more remarkable conversion than that of the other brother, saved from the lion by the exalted generosity of the injured Orlando.

By what misconception could Charles the wrestler be introduced at the head of a band of armed police, to seize the Duke's daughter, "and bring her dead or alive," while the melancholy Jacques is made to draw his sword again and again, as anger or jealousy happen to predominate, is a question which directed to a fine genius, we must utter with sorrow and amaze-

ment. A mistake, however lamentable, does not fall within the category of wilful profanation. If George Sand failed to perceive that Shakespeare meant to invest the scene of his drama with a spirit and purpose above a mere arbitrary selection of place, so indifferently chosen that any other place might have done as well, the worst we might say is, that her understanding has been at fault; but when we come to deal with her treatment of characters about whom there could be no mistake, we have serious charges indeed to prefer, and which we may do the more readily and boldly, as she has, in the published preface to which we have already referred, proved that she has not sinned in ignorance, but that she has wilfully and deliberately laid her hand upon the ark.

It is (writes George Sand) upon the most pleasing of Shakespeare's romantic dramas that I have dared to lay my hand. There appeared in it few expressions of a nature to require being suppressed, nor were the situations overstrained; but the irregularity of the design, or rather say, the almost total absence of plan, fully authorised some sort of arrangement. After a first act full of movement, after the exposition of an artlessly interesting subject, in which characters marked by life, grace, wickedness, or depth, are traced with the hand of a master, the story takes the form of an idyl, becomes altogether fantastic, and dissolves into gentle reveries, whimsical melodies, into almost fairy-like adventures; in conversations, sometimes sentimental, sometimes burlesque or jesting—then into love-teasings, or lyrical contests, until the time comes for Rosalind to embrace her father, and for Roland to recognise Rosalind under her disguise, and for Oliver to fall asleep under a palm tree in this fantastical forest, in which a lion—yes, a real lion straying in the Arden—is going to devour him, until at length it pleases the god Hymen in person to appear from the trunk of a tree, to marry them all, and some of them for the worse: the gentle Audrey with the smutty (*grisoté*) Touchstone, and the faithfully devoted Celia with the detestable Oliver.

It has seemed good to Shakespeare to proceed after this fashion, and I freely confess that for serious minds, as well as for thorough enthusiasts, who are perhaps the only just judges of so mighty a genius, the arrangement I have taken the liberty to make is nothing but a useless *dérangement*. I do not allow myself any illusion as to the little value of any plastering up of this kind, and I should have been much better pleased not to have been obliged to have need of it. But

not being able to render by a literal translation, for none such in our modern tongue gives the true color of the master, the beauties of this entrancing and trailing vision, I have, I trust, succeeded at least in rendering the little poem which traverses it accessible to the *reason*—that French reason of which we are so vain, and which deprives us of so many original things not less precious. However that may be, I have been able to save the finest parts of the work from complete oblivion, and fittingly to seize the masterly figure of Jacques, so soberly sketched; this Alceste of the *renaissance*, who after murmuring some doleful words in the ear of Shakspeare, appeared once more to reveal all his sufferings to the ear of Moliere. I had tenderly loved this Jacques, less real and more poetical than our own misanthrope. I have taken the great liberty of bringing him back to love, fancying to myself that I saw in him the same person who left *Célimène*, to live in the solitude of the forest, there to find a *Celia* worthy of curing his wound. This is my romance by the side of that of Shakspeare, and which is not more improbable than the sudden conversion of the traitor Oliver. Let those censure it who may. I allow them free scope. If in other respects I have been able to give an idea of this sweet pastoral, mixed up of philosophy, gaiety, poetry, heroism and love, I shall have attained my object, which was to prove that which I laid down at the beginning of this letter, viz.:—that to aim exclusively at surprising and fascinating the public by great cleverness of plot, does not fulfil the requirements of the theatre; and that independently of all these means acquired by modern art, authors may charm the heart and the imagination by simple and tranquil beauty, if the words heart and imagination be not a dead letter in these our times.

According to this curious passage, George Sand, in order to fit Shakespeare for the strictly logical character of the French mind, undertook to compound his genius with that of Moliere and her own. The process was easy and obvious. The melancholy Jacques of Shakespeare is found to be the ancestor of Moliere's Alceste, neither of whom would seem to have done justice to a hero, who, in Shakespeare's hands, is but a sober sketch—one who merely utters some sad words before revealing his depth of suffering to Moliere. But where does George Sand find that Jacques is a sufferer? He is, on the contrary, a man of enjoyment after his own fashion. He loves the pleasures of memory. He has passed through the world, and out of its

ways he has winnowed all that he found worth preserving for the nutriment of his reflective mind. His sympathies are more with nature than with man, but they are not shut against his fellow-kind. He is delighted with the eccentricities of Touchstone. He laughed, we dare be sworn, until the tears came into his eyes. The immortal Seven Ages of Man is not the speech of a misanthrope, but of a profound sympathiser with humanity. The last words uttered by him in the play clear up his character completely. Hearing of the conversion of the usurping Duke, he says—

To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and
learned.

And to the penitent Duke he goes after an affectionate leave-taking, we might say an unctuous benediction, pronounced on the good Duke, on Orlando, on Oliver, on Silvius, and with a pleasant salute to Touchstone. This is not misanthropy assuredly. Jacques, who flies to the once odious but now sorrow-stricken Duke, in order that he may gather his stock of severely acquired experience, through sympathetic enquiry and interchange of soul, and add it to his own, is no mouthing declaimer of melodrama, but a profound being worthy of Shakespeare in the sublimest moments of his inspiration. Molière's hero—*n'en déplaise à George Sand*—is not a direct descendant of Jacques, nor is he even a poor relation. Alceste is an honest man, who, shocked at the fashionable hypocrisy of the time, resolves on speaking the simple truth to persons of high degree, not excepting Celimène, the woman of his love. Failing to convince her of the enormity of the vice of scandal, and of the dishonesty of holding one sort of language to people's faces, and indulging in the opposite behind their backs, he resolves on abandoning her and society together, and becoming a hermit of the woods. Alceste, through whose mouth the great Molière reproves the vices of fashionable society, is his own original conception. Well! George Sand pursuing Alceste into the woods, transforms him into the melancholy Jacques, and wins him back to society by

Shakespeare's Celia; and this she says is *mon roman à moi*, which after all she holds to be "not more improbable than the sudden conversion of the traitor Oliver."

The liberties taken with the character of Jacques may be pronounced innocent when contrasted with the crime (in the Pickwickian sense) of utterly suppressing Rosalind. Yes, we repeat, the suppression of a character which all our great leading actresses have aspired to represent worthily. If we were called upon to name a heroine who along with Juliet completed the ideal of woman, it would be Rosalind—not that there is any marked resemblance between the impassioned Italian girl, and the rich mirth, playful fancy, lively wit, and tender and romantic nature of the copiously endowed daughter of the banished Duke, who, transformed into an angelic youth, becomes the gay and animating spirit, as Jacques is the sad, the Duke the wise, and Silvius the elegiac one of the Forest of Arden. George Sand professes to love *artistes*. She would have her readers suppose she lived and felt most at home in the peculiar world of the theatre. Yet, how could she, a woman, have so failed to discover the boundless resources which even in a theatrical sense are supplied by the versatile Rosalind? Had she transferred the characteristics of Rosalind to her own heroine Celia, the public would at least have gained something, for some rays of light would have broken through the cloudy anomalies of her transposition. She has not even done that. She has made a new Celia, while of Rosalind she has preserved the name, which, under the circumstances, is a poetic license indeed—nay, it is a prosy fraud.

Having missed the moral of the purifying forest of Arden, the arranging hand which would have pitched Oliver from a rock could not, however, separate Rosalind from Orlando; and Oliver's loved-one Celia being placed in *disponibilité*, is brought into the foreground and made the heroine, and these lines blighted which said—

We still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, leam'd, play'd, eat
together;

And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

In the wood as in their home they are still inseparable—Rosalind in her boy's clothes and Celia as a shepherdess. We first find them, faint and weary (we are speaking now of Shakespeare), but with what art is not the true key struck by the love-lorn laments of the shepherd Silvius:—

Alas ! poor shephér'd ! searching of thy
wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Rosalind's wound is soothed at each step, for she sees her name carved on every tree, and her eyes are met by love verses in her honor, until her happiness is raised to overflowing; and when she meets Orlando, how pleasantly her delight flows off, under favor of her disguise, in showers of bewildering hyperboles, and tropes and figures with which poor Orlando, confused as from the beating of wings, can only utter—“Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.”

We are not going through the different scenes in which Rosalind appears, for we take for granted they are familiar to our readers' minds. But we cannot refrain from noticing one which strikes us as singularly true to nature. The shepherd Silvius is beseeching Phoebe, who relentlessly refuses to listen to his suit; whereupon Rosalind, by this time thoroughly in love, and in that noble sense which makes a woman estimate the true greatness of a fine passion with which it would be profanity to trifle, thus relieves her own feelings, and speaks her own sentiments at the cost of the confounded little rustic—

And why, I pray you? Who might be
your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once
Over the wretched?

We will allow our readers to finish this splendid speech for themselves, of which by this time it may be hardly necessary to say there is not a word in *Comme il vous plaira*.

There is yet another character in the play which the French author has no less defaced, and that is

Touchstone, who is changed into a mere glutton and vulgar clown, such as the writer no doubt saw at Franconi's. Touchstone is indeed called the “clownish fool,” but it is in the first act. Once in the forest of Arden, he undergoes the sort of, we would say, moral more than intellectual transformation, which Shakespeare has with such exquisite beauty of feeling assigned to the spot. Recollect that Touchstone is humanised into love for Audrey. The melancholy Jacques has drawn his character in a few graphic strokes.

And in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms!

And it is this quality of mind which induces Jacques to a desire that he himself “were a motley fool;” because in that form he could “speak his mind, and would through and through cleanse the foul body of the infected world, if they will patiently receive my medicine.” And again, when he hears Touchstone say to Audrey—“I am here with thee and thy goats as the most capricious poet honest Ovid was amongst the Goths,” Jacques observes, “O knowledge ill inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatched house.” Is he a mere buffoon who could have thus proved to Jacques he was a courtier? “I have trod a measure—I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy,—I have undone three tailors—I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.” And then the fine, aye, the fine raillery of Touchstone regarding the duellist's code of honor. The light of Touchstone's shrewd sense comes through a cracked pane, and is broken into prismatic hues, giving to objects a fantastic colouring of agreeable strangeness, but nothing deforming. All that the French arranger can do with a character, whose grotesqueness is of the kind seen mingled with the fine tracery of a Gothic frieze, is to make him of an amusing strength of appetite.

As the avowed aim of the author's *derangement* was to superimpose a story of her own on a Shakesperian basement, it will be understood

there are many scenes which are altogether of Sand's own invention. We see no use in transcribing them. Our object is not to criticise the celebrated writer's talents for original composition, but to deny the truth of her theories on the subject of Shakespeare. We might go farther, and question the correctness of her views concerning the drama itself, with reference to which we shall take leave to offer a few words.

Simultaneously with *Comme il vous plaira*, our fertile dramatist presented at the Gymnase Theatre a comedy in four acts, called *Françoise*. It is a highly graceful production, and if, instead of being offered as a drama, it had been published in the form of a tale, would assuredly have proved a little *chef d'œuvre*. The moral of the play is unexceptionable, for the avowed object of the writer is to expose what she most truly denounces to be the great defect of her countrymen at this day—namely, absence of moral courage. She exhibits a man of a rather amiable disposition, but too weak to endure privations, when they may be removed by sacrifices of duty, or the selfish betrayals of love and friendship. This man is punished by the rejection he has to endure from *Françoise*, who having watched over him in his difficulties, and with the help of a friend, the pattern of disinterestedness, saved the weak creature from the sort of sufferings he seemed most to dread, refuses his unworthy hand when extended towards her in gratitude, and confers hers upon Jacques, *La Hyonnais*. Aye, Jacques again; and the name we suspect to be no accidental coincidence. The characters are all well drawn. The purpose is direct and palpable, and yet the play wants something—what the deficiency is cannot be so well described, as it is rather of the kind which is felt more than perceived. George Sand, who is not unfrequently declamatory in her novels, and who seems, indeed, to require air and space for the development of her mystical theories, is in her dramas not declamatory at all: a few words are frequently made to tell the *result* of some impassioned struggle, of which the audience has not received, as it were, the key. The conclusion of what has been passing within is often hit off in a few fine touches—in fact, too fine for a mixed

audience. George Sand tells the world that her ideal of the stage would be an audience composed of highly refined and cultivated people, prepared to listen to and enjoy the language of poetry for its own sake. We doubt that even under such conditions the laws proper to the drama could be dispensed with. A drama supposes action, and that of a nature so vivid and so continued, as to draw the attention of a crowd from the vague wanderings of the mind towards the various objects which an assembly of people supplies of itself. The writings of George Sand are of all others those which dispose towards reverie; and although some of her stories abound in sweet pastoral pictures, and quiet painting of country manners, yet there are others, and they are amongst her earliest and her worst, which rather relax the mental fibre and throw the thoughts into unprofitable confusion. Now her dramas fall into the style of her most faulty romances. They trail on slowly, pervaded by a languid sentimentality, unenlivened by smart strokes of wit, and not even relieved by any hearty breadth of humour. There are some writers who would fain suggest that there is degeneracy in the audiences themselves, when compared with those who could sit entranced at the performance of a comedy like the *Misanthrope* of Molière—a play in which pearls of wit are strung on the slightest thread of story. We think we can offer the true reason for the delight with which that masterpiece, as it is pronounced, was received when first produced. Descriptive portraiture was the literary pastime, if not the passion of the seventeenth century—for mode in France is ever followed with the energy of inflamed sentiment. Portraits bearing classical names, for sake of thinly disguising personalities, would pass from hand to hand and from *salon* to *salon*. It was the mode itself which inspired *La Bruyère's* characters; and even *Larochefoucauld's* maxims are of the same family. Now look at Molière's *Misanthrope*, which from beginning to end is a procession of inimitably described persons. Every one who speaks describes somebody else. The calumnies and the backbitings which raise the bile of the hero *Alceste*, are not acts ascribed to individuals, but severe

descriptions of their manners. It is this custom which Moliere reproves; and he does it after the fashion of a master, by showing the facility with which the disagreeable act could be executed—thus by his own profuse ingenuity denying the ingenuity itself. How very dull and pointless must not the elaborate drawings of sententious coxcombs have read, after the brilliant influx of graphic characters that crowd Moliere's canvas, which danced before the eyes and tingled in the ears of the court and the town. He killed the art by a higher art. He closed the doors of the French school of scandal. It is by not sufficiently considering the circumstances which attended the appearance of certain works of excellence, that imitators fall into fatal mistakes. The Misanthrope, if it could be even conceived now for the first time, would fail, not because of being pointless, but that there would be no mark for the points to hit. The dramatist must look to the circumstances of his day, and not allow himself to exalt models, which suited former times, into codes of doctrine for a generation needing different modification of an art exhaustless in its resources, and admitting of endless combinations, addressed ever to the same end of administering delight through genially awakened human sympathies.

We must, however, return to our more immediate subject, that of French adaptations of Shakespeare.

An attempt was made in the year 1829 to present Othello to a Parisian audience. A highly distinguished writer, Count Alfred de Vigny, translated this great tragedy into rhymed verse. A more perfect translation it would be impossible to suppose. The author seems to have set to his work inspired by one predominating idea, that of profound veneration for Shakespeare; under the influence of which he laboured to give the text with literal exactness, but still without allowing to evaporate, as it were, that poetic spirit, which, the better to preserve, he deliberately selected the metrical form, as a necessity dictated by the peculiar structure of his own language. The attempt, we are sorry to have to record, while it did not altogether fail, yet neither did it completely succeed. In a preface to the published transla-

tion, written ten years later, that is to say in 1839, M. de Vigny assigns reasons for the partial failure of his noble effort which do not completely satisfy us. The appearance of the Moor of Venice on the boards of the Theatre Français was, he tells us, looked upon as a profanation as great as if he had invaded a church. And this striking illustration he follows up by a fire of pleasantries at his countrymen, who, so revolutionary and so easily led and misled in politics, are, with regard to literature, the veriest slaves of routine. His history of the slow admission of plain words, such as "pocket-handkerchief," for instance, into the vocabulary of tragedy is infinitely diverting. From periphrase of the most windy amplitude of sound, we descend to more and more restricted evasions of familiar names, until, at length, the word "handkerchief" is boldly launched with the effect of a decree from a revolutionary tribunal, and fainting fits and smelling bottles reveal the advent of a new terror. We fear that for critics of such sensitive fastidiousness, *Othello* was not the best play for a first experiment. The contrast with received rules must have been too violent for the period. We learn from the author himself, that his own example, had it proved successful, was to have been followed by representations from other pens, of *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, *Julius Cæsar*, and *Romeo*. Here, then, we learn that a gallant band of Shakesperians was prepared to support their accomplished leader. But is it not rather depressing to find that, twenty-seven years ago, Paris possessed a number of Shakesperian students, whose enthusiasm gave way before the chilling repugnance of the public? May we suggest an opinion that if the first experiment had been made with "*Julius Cæsar*," the result might have proved more favourable. That noble tragedy seems made for combining classical correctness with that broad movement of fluctuating opinions, and unsteady passions in society, which the young romantic school desired to introduce to the French stage. The play, too, was translated by Auguste Barbier, whose poems, *Les Jambes*, and they were amongst the most popular of the day,

were marked by that same sort of combination, being classical in theme, while fervidly impassioned in spirit. "*Romeo and Juliet*," we opine, could hardly have failed, translated, as we believe it was, by M. Emile Deschamps, the more especially as it was the tragedy for which the public would have been best prepared—for *Romeo and Juliet* were names which had long rung in the popular ear with the sweet mysticism of tradition, somewhat like to those of *Abeilard* and *Eloisa*. Madame de Stael, too, had written about that wonderful Italian girl and her true passion, with the enthusiasm of a sympathising woman and the discrimination of a fine critic. She had prepared the way, and the glorious poetry of the bard would have done the rest. Then might have followed *Hamlet*, as translated by Leon de Wailly, whose subsequent translations of *Tristram Shandy* and *Robert Burns* have gained for him the highest reputation in that way—and then might, in the order of presumed success, have followed *Macbeth* and *Othello*. Why *Othello* should have failed we can understand, without necessarily impugning the taste of an unprepared foreign audience. They could not sympathise with the passion of a somewhat aged black man, and sympathy is the true bond between the actor and his audience. *Brutus* would have bowed them to admiration: with *Romeo and Juliet* all hearts would have beaten in unison. Since that period *Shakspeare* has become better known; his translators have grown more confident; but actors, swayed, as they so much are, by recorded history of their own agitated little world, have not yet acquired courage. M. de Vigny, persuaded that the time is ripe, has made repeated efforts to induce Mlle. Rachel to undertake the part of *Desdemona*; but, although the great *tragedienne* has, may we be allowed the expression, coquetted with the tempting offer, she has not made up her mind to the effort. Pity it is that she should not allow herself the glory of being the first to play, with the success that would assuredly await her, the gentle *Desdemona*, as written without alteration, or curtailment, or strained adaptation. She who has clothed with life the scanty rôle of *Louise de Lignerelles*, may

trust her delicacy and tenderness for a truthful delineation of a character which is full of the grandeur of wronged innocence.

When we say we are not wholly satisfied with the reasons assigned by M. de Vigny, for the failure of the first attempt made to perform a play of *Shakspeare* in the grand integrity of the original text, we mean that there existed obstacles of another kind, on which he does not appear to have laid sufficient stress. The contest between the classic and romantic schools raged then with a fury which degenerated at times to common scufflings in the *parterre*. During the representations of *Victor Hugo's* tragedy of *Hernani*, which appeared about this period, the house would be in a state of uproar. Happily, the quarrel between old and new has ended in the discovery that there is a place in the world for both. It was unfortunate, however, for translators of *Shakspeare*, that the romantic school attempted to shelter their literary heresies under the authority of a name, which, however, mighty in the estimation of a few ardent students, was only known to the public at large as the object of *Voltaire's* scoffing, and that, too, at a moment when the ascendancy of *Jesuitism* had revived the spirit of the philosopher of *Ferney* with an all-extending predominance. Young poets, through the quickness of their sensibilities, became imbued with the prevailing spirit of their time, without perceiving the inconsistencies into which they were hurried. Courtiers, while they repelled *Voltairean* influence, yet feared the turbulent style of the rising school as savouring of revolution—and a revolution was, indeed, close at hand. It was a moment of doubt and confusion, when the clearest minds could not render to themselves satisfactory reasons for their dislikes or preferences. It did not serve to alleviate the fears of those who see dangerous innovation in any departure from the accustomed order of things, that the author of *Hernani* was the poet who chaunted the birth of the Duke of *Bordeaux*, and the translator of *Othello* an officer in the *Garde Royale*. They were revolutionists in literature, and, as such, promoters of the revolutionary spirit, however, unknow-

ingly. Besides, the royalists entertained deep-rooted prejudices against everything English, attributing, as they did and still do, to English example the introduction of systems which they hold to be fatal to the peace of their country. Admiration of the British Constitution they do believe to have been the primary cause of the first revolution, and the immediate cause of that of July. As in politics, so in philosophy. Locke they regard as the source of the materialism of the 18th century. Even Cousin, at the present day, upholds this strange doctrine; which, if true to any extent, would only be true to this—that minds of particular cast only appropriate partially and as much of foreign speculation as agrees with their own habits of thought. The French only see one side of Locke, while, having charged political misfortune and philosophical error on England, and renouncing her religious reformation altogether, they were in no favorable mood for allowing Shakspeare to rush in and dethrone Corneille and Racine. Prejudices of another kind procured this party allies amongst the public at large. Priests of a new literary faith, our young Romanticists, moved by unreflecting enthusiasm, placed Shakspeare in the foreground of the battle, and that not for his own sake alone. They did not, with exclusive devotion to one revered object, profess the simple idea of making their countrymen acquainted with a great foreign poet. Only Germans appear capable of this sort of self-abnegation and power of repelling mixed motives. They had their own romantic dramas ready to be excused and vindicated by the English example. This only excited the stronger repulsion against an author held responsible for the new heresies. In fine, the awful figure of the great Bard of Avon was thrust into the midst of strife, and we must not wonder if, under such circumstances, few bent the knee.

Since that period there has been only one attempt to represent a play of Shakspeare, with some approach to fidelity to the original. It was towards the close of the year 1847 that the celebrated Alexandre Dumas caused *Hamlet*, as translated by him-

self and Paul Meurice, into rhymed verse, to be represented at the *Theatre Historique*. Alexandre Dumas had become the proprietor of this new theatre, with the avowed intention of introducing the masterpieces of the English, Spanish, Italian, and German schools; and the audience, as if to be reminded each evening of a design so worthy of a man of letters, entered a porch which looked like a temple, dedicated to poets of other lands; for round a circular ceiling, on an azure ground, stood the figures of Shakspeare, Calderon, Alfieri, and Schiller. As *Othello* had preceded by a few months the revolution of July, so *Hamlet* appeared almost on the eve of 1848, and amidst the ruin caused by the republic was that of the *Theatre Historique*. As far as it went the experiment proved, we believe, not unsatisfactory. The public showed themselves, at all events, better prepared for the reception of Shakspeare. The language had of late been more studied, and English literature better appreciated. The recollection of Mr. Macready's performance at the *Theatre des Italiens*, a couple of years before, was still vivid. That fine actor had been pronounced by Parisian critics more truly classic than any one of whom the French stage could boast. Classic, as applied to acting, meant, in the French vocabulary, the attainment of the pure ideal, and this ideal was exhibited in the performances of *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*. This, in itself, was a blow to the cant about Shakspeare being the opposite of classic. On Dumas himself, as upon all the leading literary characters of the day, the acting of Mr. Macready made a profound impression; and when the popular dramatist himself had become manager, and by the time he offered his own version of *Hamlet*, prejudices were not entirely effaced, yet had hostility completely ceased. We regret to have to make a heavy accusation even against M. Dumas, and his co-partner, M. Paul Meurice. Their version of *Hamlet* was fair enough, until they came to the catastrophe. True, they omitted some scenes, as, for example, the opening one of the play itself, so indispensably necessary for the preparation;

and they made some slight transpositions ; but all this was pardonable when compared with the monstrousness of their inverted catastrophe. As the king dies, the ghost appears, and proceeds to pronounce the decree of heaven on the king, the queen, Laertes and Hamlet. For the king no pardon ! In the case of the queen there are *des circonstances atténuantes*. Laertes is already sufficiently punished, and may die comfortably. Hamlet is condemned—to live ! This is a fall from literary labor to the most clumsy theatrical contrivance ; and in this scenic effort Dumas and Co., in parting with Shakespeare, abandoned the Horatian rule :—

If in a portrait you should see a handsome woman with a fish's tail, would you not laugh, and call the painter mad ?

In order to screw on this incongruous tail, Horatio is thrown aside. Now it is the sterling friendship of Hamlet and Horatio which is our own binding link of sympathy with Hamlet. We are not quite satisfied with his conduct towards Ophelia, nor indeed towards any one else ; and it is a wonderful proof of Shakespeare's genius, that, despite his vacillations and splenetic bursts of weak temper, we are made not only to sympathise so keenly with his sufferings, but to respect him so profoundly. It is because he moves on the verge of the awful bourne, invested with his dead father's presence, and because though all that is human of him staggers and grows faint, yet his mind's eye ranges reverentially through the supernatural—it is on this account that we tremble like himself, and shrink as he does from the execution of his promise to the Ghost. Between him and all other human beings that appearance of the royal Dane has created separation, except with his friend Horatio. By the perfect virtue of his friendship is the latent strength of Hamlet's soul made manifest, and the noble heart for whom Horatio would at the last moment have shown himself—

“ More an antique Roman than a Dane,”

is one to whom, with his devoted friend, we say—

“ Good night, sweet Prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.”

Dumas and Co.'s *derangement*—“ we thank thee, Sand, for teaching us that word,”—proves that however generally impressed with the grandeur of Hamlet, they had no subtle insight into the character of the Prince of Denmark.

We have now seen how Shakespeare has been treated by French adapters, arrangers, and derangers. Ducis was the first to take liberties with the object of Voltaire's sneering condemnation. Voltaire in his latter days rather retracted the hasty conclusions of his earlier and cruder studies, and Ducis thought he reconciled all differences by arranging Hamlet according to the classic models of the period. He accordingly treated Shakespeare as at this day we see trees and shrubs “arranged” in the royal gardens of Versailles : that is to say, cut into formal shapes, as if nature herself, in presence of royalty, should appear in an artificial dress. The Bard of Avon was presented at court with wig, waistcoat, ruffles, buckles, and sword ; yet it is said that Talma could discern the great spirit through the tawdry disguise, and rose to sublimity in “To be or not to be.” M. De Vigny had the honour of being the first to exhibit Shakespeare in integrity and truth. Why circumstances were against him and his gallant companions, Barbier de Wailly and Deschamps, we have already explained ; and why we believe the day of victory not to be far off, we have rather suggested than dared to affirm. Sure do we feel, however, that it would be better to leave Shakespeare alone than dress him up in false colours, and in a sort of Harlequin patch-work. With all our heart do we protest against such profane incongruities, whether attempted by a Dumas or a Sand.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

OUR narrative of the life of James Montgomery was, in our first volume for 1855,* brought down to the publication of the "World before the Flood," the most popular of his poems. Montgomery was now in the forty-first year of his age, and in the full maturity of his powers. Of power, in any sense of the word, Montgomery exhibited little in his earliest verses. His "Prison Amusements" was one of the dullest poems we ever read; but in every successive work he threw aside commonplaces, and at last worked out a pure and clear style. The conventional language in which verse was then written, was adopted in all he at first wrote. What was peculiar in Montgomery was, that with this conventional language was united the dialect of the "religious world." Each of these faults was a passport to the admiration of the half-educated; for each addressed itself to prepared sympathies, which obeyed the magic of familiar words and forms, and Montgomery seemed for a while the slave and victim of Spirits whom he was soon able to command. It is probable that even yet he is by many persons admired for the poems in which his language is cast in the old moulds of the conventicle, and of the De la Crusca school. A few stanzas occur, in almost every one of his lyrical poems, happily conceived, and written with great beauty of expression; but he soon descends from these heights, and we are reminded of the audience whose admiration he is seeking, and from whose sight he fears he has risen too high. The kindness to him of Southey and Aikin, who, through their reviews, made his name known to a better, if not a larger class of readers than he was able to command before, had the effect,—of which the poet himself was perhaps unconscious—of compelling him in his later writings to think in sympathy with a

higher order of minds than those which he first sought to interest. It is scarcely too much to say that the change elevated him in the scale of being. Among the most interesting things which his biographers have preserved, are a few letters of Southey's. Southey saw in poems, which with less genial critics had excited only ridicule, the manifestations of true genius; and,—always generous—had done what in him lay to bring the works into public notice.

In the eleventh book of the *Paradise Lost*, Adam is shewn the fate of his posterity. Some sixty lines are employed in describing the state of the ante-diluvian world—

He looked, and saw wide territory spread
Before him, towns, and rural works between,
Cities of man with lofty gates and towers;
Concourse in arms—ferce faces threatening
war;

Giants of mighty bone and bold emprise.

On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.

* * * —at last,
Of middle age one rising, eminent
In wise deport, spake much of right and
wrong,

Of justice, of religion, truth and peace,
And judgment from above: him old and
young

Exploded and had seized with violent hands,
Had not a cloud descending snatched him
thence,

Unseen amid the throng—so violence
Proceeded. * *

Adam was all in tears, and to his guide
Lamenting turned full sad.

The passage of which we have given a few lines, and the whole of which ought to be looked at by any one interested in the subject of Montgomery's poem, suggested "The World before the Flood"—Milton's was an expansion, or rather a translation into picture of a few verses of the fifth chapter of *Genesis*—Montgomery's

Should some rough unfeeling Dobbis,*
In this iron-hearted age,
Seize thee on thy nest, poor Robin,
And confine thee in a cage?

Seriously, the complaint that the poem was not written in blank verse, coming from one of the committee appointed to examine it, could not but have stirred the blood of the most lethargic Moravian that ever indulged in the comfortable torpor of a Greenland winter. Montgomery thought it best to appeal to Southey himself. He sent him a considerable portion of the poem in manuscript, and from him he received the comforting assurance that he "never should have objected to the heroic couplet, if it had often been written as you write it—with that full and yet unwearying harmony, well varied, but never interrupted." Southey's letter is too long for extract, but to any persons wishing to estimate Southey, and to learn the facts of his early life, as told by himself, with reference to their effect upon him as a poet and a man, this letter is well worth attentive perusal.

Montgomery visited London in the spring of this year, and remained for what are called "the May meetings." It would be unjust to Montgomery not to transcribe the following passage from a speech of his, delivered three years afterwards, at a Sunday school society:—

At this enchanting season, when an invisible hand is awakening the woods, and shaking the trees into foliage,—when an invisible foot is walking the plains and the valleys, where flowers and fragrance follow its steps,—when a voice, unheard by man, is teaching every little bird to sing, in every bush, the praises of God,—when a beneficent power, perceived only in its effects, is diffusing life, and light, and liberty, and joy throughout the whole creation,—at this enchanting season, who would not love the country? Who would choose the filth, and confinement, and tumult of the town? I love the country; I love the month of May; yet the month of May, when the country is most beautiful (had I freedom of choice), I would spend in London? And why? Because in that month the assemblies of the people of God are most frequent and most full. Then, too, the tribes from the provinces go up to worship there at the anniver-

saries of various institutions. The bliss and festivity of nature in spring are but faint and imperfect resemblances of the enjoyment of those seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Most High.

Campbell and Coleridge were at this time lecturing on Poetry at the Royal Institution. Montgomery gave an evening to each; and we learn from a conversation with his biographer, how he was impressed by the exhibitions:—

Montgomery: "I heard Campbell deliver one of his Lectures on Poetry at the Royal Institution, before one of the most brilliant audiences I ever saw assembled on such an occasion." *Holland*: "Was Lord Byron present?" *Montgomery*: "He did not make his appearance that evening, and I was disappointed in the expectation I had entertained of seeing him. You could not look upon the company without recognising some individual eminent in rank or distinguished in literature: but the moment the lecturer began, I had no longer a disposition to regard the celebrities about me. He read from a paper before him; but in such an energetic manner, and with such visible effect, as I should hardly have supposed possible. His statements were clear, his style elegant, and his reasoning conclusive. After having wound up the attention of his hearers to the highest pitch, brought his arguments to a magnificent climax, and closed with a quotation from Shakspeare, in his best manner, off he went like a rocket! This lecture was the more striking, from its contrast with that delivered by Coleridge the evening before, from the same rostrum. In the former case, the lecturer, though impressing us at once, and in a high degree, with the power of genius, occasionally accompanied the most sublime but inconclusive trains of reasoning with the most intense—not to say painful—physiological expression I ever beheld; his brows being knit, and his cheeks puckered into deep triangular wrinkles, by the violence of his own emotions. But, notwithstanding the frequent obscurity of his sentiments, and this 'painful' accompaniment, when the lecture closed you could not say you had been disappointed." *Everett*: "What were the subjects of the lectures?" *Montgomery*: "Campbell's was on the French and English rhyming tragedies, and Coleridge's on Greek tragedy." *Holland*: "I think Campbell has the best managed powers of any living poet, and exceeds Coleridge as much in taste as he is inferior to him in the deep pathos of pure genius." *Montgomery*: "I believe that is about the fact: whatever Campbell under-

* "Dobbis, a word chosen to express a rude inhuman fellow."

takes he finishes; Coleridge too often leaves splendid attempts incomplete: the former, when I heard him, seemed like a race-horse, starting, careering, and coming in with admirable effect: the latter resembled that of one of the King's heavy dragons, rearing, plunging, and prancing in a crowd, performing grand evolutions, but making little or no progress." *Everett*: "It is to be regretted that Campbell has not published his lectures." *Montgomery*: "I believe they have been purchased by Colburn, and are to appear in the 'New Monthly Magazine.'" *Everett*: "What is your opinion of his 'Specimens of the British Poets?'" *Montgomery*: "His Essay on English Poetry, comprised in the first volume, is admirable; his selections are good, and some of them rare; and you are sorry that his critical remarks are so brief on several of the authors of his 'Specimens.' I was requested to review the work for the 'Eclectic,' but declined the task." *Montgomery* was introduced to Campbell at the close of the lecture, as he had previously been to Coleridge, who pressed him to spend a day at Highgate.

The excitement of London was, it would appear, too much for him. We transcribe a sentence from a letter written soon after his return home:—

I am once more in Sheffield, but not yet settled into myself; neither the whirl of mind, nor the nervous agitation of my frame, have yet been wearied into rest. Since I left home in the beginning of May, I have never yet had one hour of sober thinking, or sober feeling,—I mean every-day thinking and feeling,—thinking and feeling that do not wear and tear out life itself with alternate joys and torments, reveries or trances. O how I long for *quietude*! After all the excesses and exhaustion of such intercourse as I held in London with spirits of fire, and air, and earth, and water,—for spirits of each of these descriptions I encountered,—my heart and soul desire nothing so earnestly as peace in solitude. In town I had too much society; at home I have too little; four weeks of the former have therefore so unsettled me, that it will require four weeks of the latter to bring me back to my lonely habits—I mean to the enjoyment of them, in the easy, regular, unconscious exercise of them. Certainly I saw and heard a great deal in London, but it was like seeing the hedges, or hearing the nightingale (as I actually did), out of a stage-coach window, the former in such rapid retrograde motion, that no distinct picture of them could be retained, the notes of the latter so interrupted or deadened with the lumbering of wheels, and the cracking of the whip, that they were caught like the accidental tones of the *Æolian* harp, when the wind will neither play on it, nor

yet let it alone, but dallies with the strings, till they tremble into momentary music, instantly dissolving, and disappointing the ear that aches with listening. I wonder if you will understand this; I am sure I do; and yet I doubt whether I can make any one else.

A little time passed, and his next letter is in a calmer, if not a more hopeful tone. He is able to resume the composition of his poem, but his progress is slow and unsatisfactory:—

All the fire, and imagination, and feeling that once warmed and quickened me in poetical composition is repressed, if not extinguished: gleams in the darkness, sparks in the ashes, hopes amidst despondency, will break forth at times; and of these I avail myself as well as I can. The work *does* go on, and that is all I can say of it.

This letter was never received. His friend Parken, to whom it was written, was thrown from a gig, and he died from the effects of the fall. Parken was editor of the *Eclectic Review*. For several years *Montgomery* was a frequent writer in it. He wrote in it reviews of most of the great poets of the day. We have not seen his reviews, but we believe that considerable portions of what he there gave to the public were incorporated with his Lectures on Poetry, and with Introductory Notices which he wrote, to collections of poems, published by him under the names of the "Christian Poet," and the "Christian Psalmist." Soon after Parken's death, the *Eclectic Review* made some new arrangement, and *Montgomery's* connection with it ceased.

Soon after this period of dejection, *Montgomery's* poem of "The World before the Flood" appeared. One of his critics deduced a favorable augury from the fact that "the names of the three principal writers on antediluvian theories were Moses, Milton, and Milman. Why not, now, *Montgomery*?" The poem had been originally intended to consist of but four cantos. When enlarged, a love story was interwoven with it; and the ladies, in sympathising with Javan, read the story as if it was a record of James's own experience.

Montgomery's biographers are anxious to shew that passages of the *World before the Flood*, suggested

some stanzas in Byron's *Childe Harold*. There is nothing in this. Resemblances, no doubt, exist, but are wholly accidental; between the *World before the Flood*, and Moore's *Veiled Prophet* there are also some resemblances. It is impossible in these cases to say that such resemblance is the effect of imitation on the part of the poet whose work may have been the last published, and it is trifling with the subject of poetry to point out details of the kind. The *Death of Adam* in the "*World before the Flood*" is a passage as striking as any single passage in English poetry. It does not admit of the selection of single lines or of abridgment. We have not space for the entire, and we can, therefore, only refer our readers to the poem itself.

Montgomery hears Robert Hall preach, and we are treated to some doubtful recollections of verbal criticism on the sermon. There is little object in transcribing such things. The slightest mistake on the part of the person recording the conversation spoils the entire; and we hesitate to ascribe to Montgomery, on the kind of authority which is given us in these volumes, anything more than the general fact that he heard a sermon and was struck by the resemblance of a phrase in it to something in Peter Pindar—the whole passage being so common-place that it occurs everywhere.

Our poet at last gets rid of the *Iris*—his newspaper; his printing office passes into other hands, and he is a free man, if one can be called free who is liable to be seized by every wandering spirit that has a word to say in season or out of season for any of the numberless religious societies. Montgomery was supposed to have his time at his own command, and therefore seldom left a minute to himself. He, however, works for the booksellers, and in his generation does almost infinite good, for, as far as we can find any record of his miscellaneous writing, there is throughout it a vein of good sense as well as of the kindest feeling.

In occupations such as his connection with the religious public made it desirable for booksellers to give him, and in exertions of one kind or other for religious societies, Montgomery's life was past. At no time did he discontinue the habit of writing verse—and his verse not seldom rose

to be something which if not absolutely poetry did as well, if not better. He wrote hymns, and complained of their being used at chapels and meeting-houses with alterations which spoiled them to him, but which were probably found necessary to adapt them so as not to be inconsistent with some peculiarity of doctrine, which either differed from Montgomery's creed, or which perhaps destroyed to his mind their effect as poetry. His complaint on this subject is not unnatural; but we suspect that hymns and spiritual songs are, when once thrown out to the public, regarded as common property—their language to be varied in any way that may suit the convenience of a congregation. The poet feels that a wrong is done him in the alteration of a word. The preacher who prints a few verses which have given him pleasure, in order to their being sung by his congregation, thinks but of that congregation—the poor poet and his feelings being matters about which he is altogether unconcerned.

A letter from Clare, the Northamptonshire peasant poet, is given. Clare enclosed to Montgomery some lines written in skilful imitation of the manner of Withers and Quarles. Montgomery was not taken in, though the lines might have imposed on an archæologist.

We pity poor Montgomery, called upon to pronounce upon poets and poetry—expected to tell all Sheffield, either in his newspaper or in speeches at Mechanics' Institutes, what they were to believe in Politics; in disquisitions at Philosophical Societies, what heed was to be given to new discoveries in Physics; at Moravian or Methodist meetings, what were the orthodox doctrines in which all, to whom the name of Christian could be properly given, agreed; in the "*Eclectic Review*," and in prefaces and postscripts, to deal out immortality of bliss or bale to all English poets living or dead; to biographize and execute at the order of Dr. Lardner, Italian and Spanish poets; to translate from such German as Greenland missionaries wrote in the days of Krantz, accounts of the brethren; to lecture on poetry before institutions to whom every other occupation of his

was alien and repugnant; to write funeral verses for such religious persons as seemed to have a claim to be thus commemorated—a task of which we find him more than once complaining. We only wonder that his health and spirits held out. Yet read what he did, and you will see that in everything he was thoroughly in earnest; and, on the whole, except in occasional intervals of ill health, a very happy man.

We have him visited by Mr. Everitt, one of his biographers. Everitt had been invited to a Methodist missionary meeting, to be held at Halifax, and called upon Montgomery to enquire about his health.

"I am very unwell," said he, "and no better for the sight of that letter in your hand—I see whose it is: I have got one from the same person, but I won't answer it now—call again in the afternoon. I am like a public wheelbarrow,—not only a servant of all work, but a servant of everybody: if I go to Halifax, it will be like walking into a fever; and go or not, I shall have no rest till the meeting is over."

Montgomery and Everitt go to the meeting. They travel together, and Everitt gives some account of their conversation. He praised the "Pilgrim's Progress," quoting Johnson's remark—which we quote, as we had not remembered it—that it is "one of the few things of the kind which you would wish longer."

On reaching Wakefield, where we had to take a chaise for Halifax, he rather objected to the road I proposed, as not being the shortest; he was right; but I had my reasons for preferring that along which he had passed, so many years before, a runaway from Mirfield: he caught my cue, and not unwillingly conversed about 'Departed Days.' At the meeting he spoke with extraordinary animation and fervour; and as the subject led him to Tobago, he had nearly broken down under the emotion excited by an allusion to the missionary labours and sufferings of both his parents in that island, 'where,' said he, 'they made the first deep furrows with the gospel-plough, and fell down dead in them through excess of labour; and now the seed of eternal life, once cast into them, had sprung up in an abundant harvest, under better auspices.' And oh! he exclaimed, with an emphasis which drew tears from

many eyes, 'in the great harvest-day at the end of time, when those who have died in the Lord in Tobago shall arise and stand before the judgment seat, my mother, my dear mother, will stand in the midst of them, to receive her reward!' With much difficulty Mr. Lessey persuaded him to remain a day or two in Halifax after I was gone. On his return home he called upon me, and said he had enjoyed the visit. 'I was,' said he, 'very much pleased with Mr. Newstead [a missionary from Ceylon], and with good old Mr. Suter;* as for Mr. Lessey with his noble intellect, he has such ardour of feeling that the excitement of his conversation would kill me in a week.'

At breakfast, the morning after the meeting, West's picture of "Death on the Pale Horse" was mentioned; Montgomery did not refuse to it some praise, but said that, "as a general rule, nothing was so cheap as *horror* either in painting or poetry." Heathenism, he observed, owed much of its influence to the predominance of this attribute in its hideous idols and abominable practices. A "lusty" gentleman spoke of himself as "a reed shaken with the wind." "He must surely," said Montgomery, "mean a bamboo."

In April, 1824, he attended one of the periodical meetings of teachers belonging to Red Hill Sunday School. At this meeting he spoke, though suffering so much from ill health as to cause serious alarm to his friends. He spoke of irreligious parents through the week obliterating the impressions made upon their children by the instructions given on the Sunday, and compared it with the practice of the monkish calligraphers who defaced precious manuscripts, substituting for their original contents "their own foolish or fanciful legends." It having been mentioned that the Rev. William Harvard, Dr. Marshman and Peter Haslam had been Sunday-school pupils, Montgomery said he knew and honored them. He had read Harvard's work on the introduction of Christianity into Ceylon, with deep interest. As to Marshman, he had given the Bible to the Chinese in their own language, and "thus rendered the word of God accessible to two hundred and fifty millions of mankind."

* A Methodist preacher, brother to the celebrated comedian, Ned Shuter—as he spelled the name, to avoid suspicion of relationship!

Montgomery was a sort of cat-fancier—not quite so bad as Southey. He had always some new feline favorite.

"We well recollect one fine brinlled fellow, called," say his biographers, "Nero, who, during his kittenhood, 'purred' the following epistle to a little girl who had been his play-mate:—

"Hartahead, near the Hole-in-the-Wall
July 23, 1823.

"HARRRRRRR.

"*Mew, wee, mew, mew, hee, wee, mew, wee, wurr, whirr, ghurr, woo, new, whee, ississ, tz, tz, tz, purrrrrrr,*" &c.

Done into English:—

"HARRIET,

"This comes to tell you that I am very well, and I hope you are so too. I am growing a great cat; pray how do you come on? I wish you were here to carry me about as you used to do, and I would scratch you to some purpose, for I can do this much better than I could while you were here. I have not run away yet, but I believe I shall soon, for I find my feet are too many for my head, and often carry me into mischief. Love to Sheffieldina, though I was always fit to pull her cap when I saw you petting her. My mother has brought me a mouse or two, and I caught one myself last night, but it was in my dream, and I awoke as hungry as a hunter, and fell to biting at my tail, which I believe I should have eaten up, but it would not let me catch it. So no more at present from

"TINY."

"P.S.—I forgot to tell you that I can beg, but I like better to steal,—it's more natural, you know."

"Harriet, at Ockbrook."

Montgomery's connection with the Sheffield Iris exposed him to many troublesome visits. The poets were the worst, for Montgomery had acquired very considerable talents for reading bad verse; and no indisposition to give it such immortality as his praise was calculated to bestow. He knew that the poet lives by sympathy, and wherever he could find or fancy any good he spoke and acted kindly:—

One cold day in the month of January, Montgomery was called down stairs to see a man whose stout form, fresh cheek, keen dark eye, and tortoise-like movement struck him in a moment; nor was his surprise lessened when the stranger at once said, 'My name is Nicholson; I am the Airedale poet; I have walked sixty miles for the purpose of seeing you.' Montgomery told him he was afraid he would be badly compensated for so

long a journey. He then told his tale of sorrow, it was that of many an inexperienced author: a poor Bradford wool-sorter, he had found himself a poet, had become the subject of local wonder and admiration, printed a thousand copies of his little volume of verse, sold every one of them, and put the proceeds into his pocket. He was then persuaded to print a second edition of the same number, of which he had sold but a few; so that all the money he had realized by the first was likely to be thrown away by the second experiment. Better and worse luck, as Montgometry told him, could hardly have come more nearly together. While they were in conversation, Mr. Samuel Roberts was announced. Montgometry: 'I have a poet in the parlour; allow me to introduce you to him.' Roberts: 'No; I will have nothing to do with him.' But with a little management, Mr. R. was led forward, his surprise at the peculiar appearance of the stranger being at once evident and amusing. For a while he was very cool and distant; not so Nicholson, who presently set upon Mr. R. that the latter thrusting a bank note into the poet's hand, 'Let me have,' said he, 'half-a-dozen copies of your book'—an order which brought tears into the eyes of the poor man, whose 'unvarnished tale' had produced such a result. Montgometry promised Nicholson that he would read his book, and if he found nothing in it objectionable, and could in any way recommend it, he would do so. He had not read long before he felt his pulse begin to beat quicker; and throwing down the book, 'This man,' said he, 'is a poet.'

Montgomery wrote a letter of praise and advice. The poet published another volume—worse than the first. He began to assume the post—he drank—talked infidelity and blasphemy—wrote repentant letters—but did not discontinue to drink. Montgometry's advice and sympathy and money were thrown away—the poor fellow went on from bad to worse. The mind as well as the body gave way. He was accidentally drowned in the river Aire, on the night of April 14, 1843. Of Nicholson's poems, we have not happened to see any one. Montgometry's praise was not of very high value—as not unlikely to be given for other merits than those of any book before him. The habits of a newspaper writer gave him facility and fluency in expressing the feelings of the moment, and his were always kindly. His biographers do not sufficiently allow for this.

Sheffield had its Literary and Phil-

losophical Society, and Montgomery—poor fellow—had to do the science for them. He appears to have got on at least as well as could be expected. He lectured on Phrenology—an exhibition not quite as pleasant or profitable as Steevens' Lectures on Heads. He discussed the agitated questions of bullion and paper currency; and seems to have done some good, if not in elucidating any disputed doctrines of political economy, yet in what was felt of more moment in Sheffield—in stopping a run on the local banks.

Methodist preachers will die—they rest from their labours—not so their acquaintances. When any of Montgomery's circle died, it was expected that he would write epitaphs and elegies. On one occasion when he complied, the family of the preacher complained of the lines not being sufficiently appropriate. Montgomery had made them intentionally *general* and not *personal*. "I am weary," he says, "of writing memorials of the dead; yet everybody thinks that though nothing but commonplace can be said in any other case, yet in *their own* there is something that would inspire a stone—even a grave-stone—to write eloquently."

In 1837, one of Montgomery's biographers was told by him of a new poem which he had nearly completed—"The Pelican Island." Montgomery was now wise enough not to communicate anything about his intended poem to any of his acquaintances. He had suffered enough of inconvenience from his communications when projecting the "World before the Flood." The poem is almost infinitely superior to any thing else Montgomery has written. The poem had been meditated for many a long year:—

"It has," said Montgomery, "been floating in my mind several years—at least since 1818; about which period I think it was that I read the account which Captain Flinders gives, in his 'Narrative of a Voyage to Terra Australis,' of one of the numerous gulfs which indent the coast of New Holland, studded with small islands which appeared to have been the haunts of pelicans during many generations, through which the birds had been hatched, lived, and died, as unseen as they had been unsung by man. Impressed as I was with the subject, I thought it would do very well for the foundation of a

missionary speech, and serve to illustrate the manner in which the heathen on the adjacent islands had been born, grown up, and perished, as ignorant of God, and of all that is good, as we were ignorant of them, and of their neighbours the pelicans. I tried the subject once in this way; and then it struck me that it would make a good subject for a poem of a couple of hundred lines. I therefore resolved that I would at some time work it up; but I was at a loss for a leading idea, until, when at Ockbrook last spring, I thought I had got a cue; but after composing two or three stanzas, I was dissatisfied both with the measure and the plan, and gave it up for the time. As I was returning to Sheffield from Scarborough last autumn, with my friend Mr. Hodgson, my attention was forcibly arrested by the singular appearance of the country about Thorp Arch, which was so completely flooded, that only a few of the more prominent points of ground were seen, like green islands amidst the lake. By some involuntary association of ideas, I was powerfully reminded of the Pelican Island. In a moment the radical thought of which I had been so long in quest rushed into my mind; and I saw the whole plan of my poem from beginning to end. I immediately began the subject in blank verse; and by the time we reached Ferrybridge, I had composed a number of lines, which I wrote down with my pencil in the inn there; and from that time to the present I have laboured incessantly at the work, and now hope that its execution will be in some degree comparable to my conception of the subject."

The poem is in blank verse—not in such blank verse as any of our narrative or dramatic poets have used—but that looser form which is found in the dramatists of Elizabeth's day. The repeated double endings which occur in that form of verse, give great freedom to the poet. Indeed, in the mechanical part of his art, Montgomery was at all times skilful; and whatever be his faults, monotony is not one.

Darwin's theory of the formation of coral islands had not been propounded when Montgomery's poem was written. And Montgomery's language cannot be reconciled with strict accuracy, if that theory be true. The poet represents the coral insects as carrying on their works much higher above and much deeper below the surface of the ocean, than is consistent with observed facts. The passage, though carefully elaborated, does not appear to us equal to the general tone of the poem. The poem

of Montgomery have not now the circulation which they once had; and, strange to say, we believe that this, the best of his poems, is the least known. When a writer has taken his rank in the world of letters—we mean while still the subject of contemporary criticism—reviewers do little more than mention the fact of the appearance of a new poem. It passes silently into the world—is remembered or forgotten as it may happen. In this way, for instance, some half-dozen of Byron's dramas—of Scott's latter poems—and of Moore's have been but little mentioned. This leads us to quote a passage from the *Pelican Island*.

Dreary and hollow moans foretold a gale;
Nor long the issue tarried; then the wind
Unfrison'd blew its trumpet loud and shrill;
Out flash'd the lightnings gloriously; the rain
Came down like music, and the full-toned
thunder

Roll'd in grand harmony throughout high
heaven:

Till ocean, breaking from his black supineness,
Drown'd in his own stupendous uproar all
The voices of the storm beside; meanwhile
A war of mountains raged upon his surface;
Mountains each other swallowing, and again
New Alps and Andes, from unfathom'd valleys
Upstarting, joined the battle; like those sons
Of earth,—giants, rebounding as new-born
From every fall on their unwearied mother.
I glow'd with all the rapture of the strife:
Beneath was one wild whirl of foaming surges;
Above the array of lightnings, like the swords
Of cherubim, wide brandished, to repel
Aggression from heaven's gates; their flaming
strokes

Quench'd momentarily in the vast abyss.
The voice of Him who walks upon the wind,
And sets his throne upon the floods, rebuked
The headlong tempest in its mid-career,
And turn'd its horrors to magnificence.

The evening sun broke through the embattled
clouds,

And threw round sky and sea as by enchant-
ment,

A radiant girdle, binding them to peace,
In the full rainbow's harmony of beams;
No brilliant fragment, but one sevenfold circle
That spann'd the horizon, meted out the
heavens,

And underarch'd the ocean. 'Twas a scene,
That left itself for ever on my mind.

Night, silent, cool, transparent, crowned the
day;

The sky receded further into space,
The stars came lower down to meet the eye,
Till the whole hemisphere, alive with light,
Twinkled from east to west by one consent.
The constellations round the arctic pole,
That never set to us, here scarcely rose,

But in their stead, Orion through the north
Pursued the Pleiads; Sirius, with his keen,
Quick scintillations, in the zenith reign'd.
The south unveil'd its glories;—there the
Wolf,

With eyes of lightning, watch'd the Centaur's
spear;

Through the clear hyaline, the Ship of
Heaven

Came sailing from eternity; the Dove,
On silver pinions, wing'd her peaceful way;
There, at the footstool of Jehovah's throne,
The Altar, kindled from his presence, blazed;
There too, all else excelling, meekly shone
The Cross, the symbol of redeeming love:
The Heavens declared the glory of the Lord,
The firmament display'd his handy-work.

The secrets of creation are the subject of the poem. Lands first created through the instrumentality of the coral insects, have through gradual changes become fitted for the habitation of man—and then the poet describes human society in its first aspects, and afterwards through the various grades of savage and civilized life. The poem has, perhaps, the fault of diffuseness—though we have felt this more in endeavouring to select passages for quotation, than while reading the poem. Diffuseness is a danger which no writer of blank verse in our language has ever wholly escaped, except Landor.

Montgomery's heart was in his song. We seek in poetry feelings kindred with religion, but are repelled whenever the interruption of sectarian dialect occurs. We wish such passages translated into a more universal language. A true feeling seems to us lowered and narrowed when it has not adequate expression. It is probable, however, that to what we consider its faults, Montgomery's poetry owed much of its popularity—for, as men think and feel in words, the recurrence of conventional phrases is to the half educated certain to call back the old feelings; and a line of an old hymn will often have infinitely more effect than all the tests of a poem. The "*Pelican Island*" is not without the recurrence of something of Moravian sentiment and dialect, but has less of it than Montgomery's other poems; and this, probably, has made the poem less known than it deserves to be.

In January, 1828, Montgomery delivered a lecture on Poetry, before the Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Society.

phical Society. He told his audience that "Poetry is the eldest, the rarest, and most excellent of the fine arts. * * * Music was invented to accompany, and Painting and Sculpture to illustrate it."

Montgomery, we have stated, or ought to have stated, had been presented with an ornamental inkstand by some of his admirers. It was one day lying on his table when it was observed that it should only be used on great occasions; "such," said a friend, "as the introduction of the poet Laureate, whom I should like to see in this room." Montgomery replied, "It is my own fault, or I should have been sitting in a far more splendid room, and with a poet more popular than Southey himself," and proceeded to mention that Moore was then on a visit at Stoke Hall with Mr. Arkwright, whose wife was a Kemble, and that she had written to invite him to spend a few days with the author of *Lalla Rookh*, on the banks of the Derwent. Montgomery had unluckily reviewed severely in the *Eclectic Review* some of Moore's earlier poetry, and felt difficulty in accepting the invitation. Moore calls the scruple an over delicate one. Both poets regretted not having met.

The next book adventure of Montgomery was the publication of an edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Southey had engaged in an edition of the same work, without knowing anything of Montgomery's. A letter of Southey's on the subject is here printed. These letters to Montgomery appear to us fully as interesting as any of those published in the collections of Southey's family.

In the year 1821, the Directors of the London Missionary Society sent a deputation to visit their more important stations, especially those in the South Sea Islands. George Bennett, who was at the time residing in Sheffield, and who was known chiefly by his exertions for most of the public institutions of the place, proposed to undertake the duty, and his services were accepted by the Society, who associated with him the Rev. Daniel Tyerman, the minister of a chapel of the Independents in the Isle of Wight. The objects proposed were, that the deputation should make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the state of

the missions and of the islands—should suggest and, as far as they could, carry into effect plans for the furtherance of the Gospel, and for introducing among the natives the habits of civilized life—should form arrangements for public worship—should do what they could to establish schools for the children of the missionaries and of the natives—and should assist in introducing the knowledge of trade and of agriculture. It was one of those commissions in which everything depended upon the good sense and discretion of those to whom such an extensive range of duties was entrusted. The South Sea Islands were to be the first object of the deputation, and then they were to visit with similar views Java, the East Indies, and Madagascar. The time which they must pass away from England could not be less than five years. This was the calculation at the time of their departure. In the event it proved to be eight years. In the third volume of this work there are two letters addressed to Bennett by Montgomery, for which we wish we could find room; but this is impossible, and they are not susceptible of easy abridgment. We refer to the letters, because we think, to persons engaged in any missionary objects, they are likely to be of practical use.

Montgomery had, properly speaking, few holidays. We have letters from him describing rambles in Wales and in the Lake country, but these were only moments snatched in the intervals of "Bible tours," where he attended in some dozen country towns wherever a meeting could be got up. Everywhere Montgomery was expected to speak; and, it would appear, that he often spoke effectively, though he complains sadly of the great fatigue of these platform exertions. In the course of one of these peregrinations, Montgomery found himself at Keswick. Southey was not at home, but the honors of the house were done by Mrs. Coleridge. He visited Wordsworth—he was at home—but the waterfalls were not in proper swell. One petty rill trickled at the top of Helvellyn. "The grander falls, with which Wordsworth must be familiar, were all from home at the time of my visit to his mountain, as I was at the time of his visit to Sheffield."

While at Keswick, Montgomery received a letter from Bennett, announcing his return. The letter was from London, and tells of his having landed at Deal the day before—the 5th of June, 1829. Montgomery's friend, Hodgson, was with him when the letter arrived, and a joint answer was written. Hodgson mentions that "Montgomery is gone to the top of Skiddaw, and on his return will add a few lines to this letter." We give a few characteristic sentences from Montgomery's part of the letter, dated June 11 :—

Though my limbs, with the occasional help of a pony, bore me to the height of the magnificent mountain, and though my eyes surveyed an immensity of horizon, comprehending land and sea, lakes, rivers, hills, and woods, in the richest diversity, all spread like a map beneath my feet, my mind, but especially my heart has been engaged with you all the forenoon; and from the stupendous elevation on which I stood, I saw not only the adjacent portions of the British Isles, which every eye may see on any clear day from thence, but I traced you all round the world, and the isles of the South Seas, New Zealand, New Holland, China, the two Indies, Madagascar, South Africa, St. Helena, and all the oceans you have crossed, dividing and connecting the utmost regions of the earth, even to the very spot where you landed at length on our own dear shores,—all these were present to my spirit, and in each of these I could perceive that goodness and mercy had followed you all the days of your long absence on a circumnavigation of charity, the first that has been made by an individual since man fell, and the promise of a Saviour was given. I will not flatter you; I know it will humble you when I say that you are, in this respect, the most privileged of all that have lived, or do live; having alone done what never was before attempted, and what your late honoured and lamented companion was not allowed to achieve. The glory thus granted to you, you will lay at the Redeemer's feet, and say, it is the Lord's doing that I have been exalted to do this; and to his name be all the praise. On the summit of Skiddaw, under the blue infinity of heaven above, and in the presence of the widest compass of earth I ever saw, except once before, I laid my thank-offering on that altar not made with hands, to Him who has been the refuge of his people through all generations; to Him who 'before the mountains were brought forth, was God.'

Montgomery, in addition to his almost professional exertions on platforms and drawing-rooms, was seldom without some literary occupa-

tion. Collins, of Glasgow, issued at this time several religious books—generally reprints of popular works—with prefaces written by such persons as he could obtain assistance from, whose names might be a sort of guarantee for the book, and whose own essays would give the book a chance of being purchased by persons who would never look beyond such prefatory matter. Some half-dozen volumes were in this way issued with the sanction of Montgomery's name. Dr. Lardner had also enlisted him for his *Cyclopædia*. By such accidental employment, Montgomery, an unmarried man and of unexpensive habits, made out the means of life. It would appear that in this way something about three hundred a-year could be made by him, on the supposition of his being at all times disposed and able to work; but the most diligent man has his hours of inability, when he cannot or will not work—and Montgomery, when it was proposed to him to prepare for the press Bennett and Tyermann's *Missionary Voyage*, writing to Mr. Bennett says, that he knew his own procrastinating spirit so well that he felt it certain he would not make as much as £150 in half a year. He undertook the preparation of the manuscript account of the *Voyage* for the press. His calculation of the time it would occupy was about eight months, and his remuneration was £200.

At a political dinner at Sheffield in 1830, Montgomery was introduced to Lord Carlisle—then Lord Morpeth—

Montgomery was then for the first time introduced; and brief and desultory as was the greeting on this occasion, the frankness, amiability, intelligence, and refined taste of a young nobleman who has not hesitated to follow the example of his grandfather in courting the favour of the Muses, though allied by birth, rank, and title to those who could only boast with him their share in 'all the blood of the Howards,' made an indelible impression on the mind of our poet. This feeling was evidently reciprocal. Lord Morpeth requested to be allowed to propose the health of Montgomery, in doing which he alluded, in a delicate and graceful speech, to 'the genius and virtues of the bard, who having scaled the heights of Parnassus, had with equal success directed his poetical footsteps towards the holier elevation of Mount Zion.' Montgomery, evidently

affected by the unexpected introduction of his name, after alluding to the cordiality which subsisted between himself and the inhabitants of the town of Sheffield for more than twenty years, added, that as in various excursions to the poetical regions of the fabled Parnassus his townsmen had accompanied him, so he was anxious that they should likewise, and more especially, ascend with him that nobler and holier elevation mentioned by Lord Morpeth,—Mount Zion. ‘And I am not ashamed,’ added he, ‘in this festive meeting to say, with reference to that place which has been the subject of my later themes,—God grant we may all meet there!’

Early in the year 1831, Montgomery's narrative of Bennett and Tyerman's Missionary Voyage appeared. It did not succeed in making as much impression upon the public as we think it ought. It followed Ellis's *Polynesian Researches*, and the subject had been worn somewhat threadbare. Montgomery's was to the religious public probably the best name that could be found among working literary men; still the book would have had a better chance of success, had extracts from the actual journals been given, instead of a compilation from materials altered at discretion. The Missionary Society were the publishers, and it is probable they did not do the business as well as ordinary publishers would. They and Bennett were at war. On the whole, the book—a singularly interesting book, and very creditable to Montgomery—must be described as a failure. The correspondence between Bennett and Montgomery often adverts to this disappointment.

Montgomery's means of support at this period were essentially increased by his frequently delivering lectures on poetry. He was offered reasonable prices for the copyright of his lectures, but he declined acceding to them. If printed, the lectures could not be so well delivered again. It was his practice, when lecturing in any particular locality, to introduce the name of some poet of acknowledged reputation belonging to the district. Leeds for awhile puzzled him, till he thought of Hartley Coleridge, who had some temporary connection with the place. Newcastle was the birth-place of Akenside, and the burial-place of Cunningham. There was not a manufacturing town that had not its poet.

Montgomery had to complain of the *Annals*. The editors of some of them behaved shabbily to him—offering him terms of compensation for prose and verse which they did not fulfil. They behaved even worse to him than this. He saw one of his poems printed in a newspaper, “with two of the leading verses placed at the end, and some intervening ones before.” “You have heard,” he says, “of the horse with his head where his tail should be; but yet the poor animal survived the transposition, for he had only to turn round to the manger and he would find his head in the right place; not so my unhappy stanzas.” The newspaper had printed accurately from Ackerman's “*Forget-Me-Not*,” and this was a case in which the poet had himself corrected the proof sheets.

In 1835, he was given a pension by Sir Robert Peel. Peel's letter communicating the fact was kindly and graceful. “I think,” he says, “you will be pleased when you hear the names of those who have, with yourself, been selected on public grounds, and with a view to the encouragement of science and Literature, for this mark of royal favour—Professor Airy of Cambridge, Mrs. Somerville, Sharon Turner, and Robert Southey.”

When he returned home from this visit, he found a letter from Robert Montgomery complaining of some insolent mention of him in the *Quarterly Review*, and entreating our Montgomery's interference with Lockhart to put an end to such attacks. The correspondence is courteous, but the elder poet expresses a hurt feeling at the advertisements of Robert's poems being so worded as to create inconvenient confusion. The poems of James Montgomery were by his public estimated too highly, and they thought too lowly of Robert's. It is curious enough that both seem to have been gainers in reputation by the accident of adverse reviews provoking strangers into kindness towards them. In James's early day, the *Edinburgh Review* attacked the “*Wanderer of Switzerland*,” his first volume, with foolish violence. This called up Southey to his defence in the *Quarterly*; and Southey, who knew of Robert only through adverse reviewers in the first instance, wrote to him letters of advice and encouragement.

The pension given by Peel to Montgomery, one hundred and fifty pounds a-year, was to an unmarried man enough for his support, or nearly so, and it released him from some inconvenient engagements with periodicals. In the course of the next year (1836), he was enabled to change his residence from one of the dirtiest thoroughfares in Sheffield to a house at "The Mount," as a handsome street of eight houses, situated about a mile and-a-half west from the centre of the town, was called. While Montgomery conducted a newspaper, and the ladies with whom he resided kept a bookseller's shop, it was difficult to make any change of residence. Peel's well-timed gift, occurring at a time when Montgomery had given up the paper, and when increasing years had rendered it desirable that his friends should also discontinue the bookselling business, made the evening of life comfortable to the poet, and to such of the family with whom he was domiciled, as had survived the period of forty years since they and Montgomery had formed one family. How entirely Montgomery was dependent on their care, is exhibited by an incident which is recorded by Mr. Everitt. While passing through the market at Newcastle, Everitt pointed out to him some fine beef. "I dare say it is very excellent," was the reply, "but I am no judge of meat in the stall, never having purchased sixpenny-worth in my life. No—not even when I kept house in York Castle."

One evening that his friend, Mr. Holland, visited him at his new residence, the poet showed him one of those dreadfully beautiful and troublesome things—a young lady's album—from which every one who has ever written a rhyme shrinks with instinctive shudders. This, however, was the album of Dora Wordsworth, and contained lines from Wordsworth, Scott, Southey, and others, and Montgomery could not refuse to contribute. The verses which he wrote in the book were graceful, and led to a very cordial letter from Wordsworth, and to his sending him a copy of his collected poems, with an inscription expressive of his high admiration.

We are glad to find Montgomery denying the value of what is

sometimes called poetical inspiration, apart from study and labour. "No great work," he said, "had ever yet been produced by an author who had not previously amassed the materials in his mind."

Whatever was done of good in Sheffield was supported by Montgomery. His person and his purse were sure to be called upon whenever a meeting was held—his voice and his pen were in continued demand. It was but fair that he should rejoice in the public joy. At the festivities for the coronation of the Queen, Montgomery presided at the Cutlers' Hall. He wrote an ode for the occasion to be sung by the company. His heart was in the task—and though suffering from inflammation of the throat, he never appeared more happy. On one side of the venerable man sat his oldest female friend and housemate, Miss Gales; and on the other, his niece, Harriet Montgomery, the daughter of his brother Ignatius, and who was then on a visit with him from the Moravian settlement at Ockbrook. We have read with admiration Montgomery's speech, which his biographers have done well to preserve. It is too long for insertion here. His ode, "The Sceptre in a Maiden Hand," was sung with enthusiasm. But these were not his only exertions on the occasion of the Sheffield festivities. Lord Fitzwilliam gave an entertainment to about a thousand persons, and Montgomery was called on to write, in the form of a hymn, some lines that might express the feelings with which blessings would be invoked from heaven upon the heads of the earl and his family. This entertainment led to a subscription, the object of which was to give a treat to some three hundred old women. Money was given by several—but one subscription was of a kind which puzzled committees and committee-men. Sheffield had, even then, its gin palaces; and the owner of one of them sent to Montgomery a present of "bouncing Jamaica rum," with a request that the old women might be allowed to have in their concluding cup of tea a sup of real "West Indian cream." After some negotiation with the good-natured publican, an exchange was effected, and wine, given instead, and the happy old sinners

drank the health of Queen Victoria. We suspect that the spirit-merchant was originally giving them what they, could they venture to speak their minds out, would have preferred to the wine which the committee made him substitute. However, they were made happy. "We have been all queens to-day," said one poor soul, in the joy of her heart.

Whoever came to Sheffield or the neighbourhood, would see Montgomery, the one poet of the place; and in some cases the pilgrims deviated very considerably from their proper route to visit him. Several Americans called; among others, Dr. Sparrow, vice-president of Kenyon College, United States. Dr. Sparrow was "an Episcopal clergyman amidst a widely-spread population in the western wilderness." He was anxious to know the moral state of the population of Sheffield, and was told it was rather better than in other equally large towns; that there were as many schools there, that the influx of strangers was less, and the resident clergy of all classes laborious, exemplary, and influential. Montgomery remarked that profane swearing had almost entirely ceased. Sparrow inquired whether females were much employed in the manufactories, and said, "I have been shown through an extensive establishment, in which articles plated with silver are made, and though I saw a woman in the warehouse, I did not notice any in the shops." Montgomery explained that they were employed in rooms, apart from the men. "Good wages are given. This leads to early marriages; yet, except in seasons when work is unusually scarce, a family can be supported comfortably." In the course of the conversation, Dr. Sparrow observed that even the smallest houses had an air of comfort and cleanliness about them, and was told that in Sheffield almost every family lived in a separate house. "*Tenemented*" buildings were almost unknown there. In a population of 100,000, not one decent or industrious family lived in a cellar or a garret, "a circumstance directly favourable to the health and comfort and indirectly to the morals of the labouring population." "How different," it was added, "is the domestic condition of thousands in Liverpool, Manchester, and

elsewhere." Poor Ireland came in for its share of notice from the American observer. What else he saw in his travels there he does not record, but one observable improvement struck his eye. "I was," he says, "struck with the number of persons who had their shoes blacked, in a class whom I would not formerly suspect to have paid attention to such matters." He also said "that there were more cabins white-washed inside." Montgomery derived proofs of the improvement of the Irish from some doubtful statistics; and they passed from pigs and potatoes to poetry. Of Wordsworth's poetry the American preferred to all other poems "The Idiot Boy." Coleridge somewhere mentions, the poems of Wordsworth which seem to have least value, he has often known preferred by men of remarkable talent to those which would seem to have higher claims. We think it was Fox who preferred "Goody Blake and Harry Gill" to anything else in the *Lyrical Ballads*. In the course of conversation, speaking of the poetry of Coleridge and Wordsworth, Montgomery said, "It is like the difference between electricity and galvanism—the former flashing at rapid intervals with the utmost intensity of effect; the other, not less powerful, but rather continuous than sudden in its wonderful influence."

Montgomery's love of flowers is often shown through his poetry. At one time, when he saw a knot of crocuses opening their golden petals in the sun, he said they reminded him of the passage in which Milton describes the stars as deriving their light from that great luminary:—

Towards his all-cheering lamp turn, or are
turned

By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
The universe, and to each inward part,
With gentle penetration, though unseen,
Shows its invisible virtue.

And he adverted to the surprise and delight with which he first saw acres of ground covered with a blue crocus in early spring along the Trent side at Nottingham. At another time his niece tells us, "when he was at Ockbrook, in spring or summer, he frequently took long rambles alone, when he never failed to bring me a large bouquet of wildflowers, and, whenever he could find them, long wreaths of

black bryony, of which he knew I was particularly fond. But I especially noticed how he discovered the *beautiful* in everything, however common."

In one of Montgomery's letters we find a passage from which we must make room for a sentence. "I am a Scotchman, because I was born at Irvine in Ayrshire; I ought to have been an Irishman, because both my parents were such; and I pass for an Englishman, because I was caught young. . . . If I did not love Ireland fervently, I should be a most unnatural and ungrateful wretch: every drop of blood in my veins was derived from Irish fountains. I recollect something of schools in that country—I will not say how far back in the last century—having been an humble pupil in one which was kept by Neddy M'Kaffery, formerly a Roman Catholic priest, but who became a good Moravian brother, and lived and died in a purer faith than he had once possessed."

Montgomery was frequently sent books by strangers. This partly perhaps from his known connection with periodical literature; but, no doubt, in a great degree from the good nature with which he was disposed to treat all his poetical brethren. Several letters of his are preserved referring to the books thus sent him. Among others is one to the publisher of *Failey's Festus*—a work in which Montgomery saw great evidence of poetical genius; but he falls out with the poem on account of its subject. "The author of this strange production has hazarded utter ruin and reprobation in the very choice of his subject—the old story of the Devil and Dr. Faustus—not because the story is old and monstrous, but because it has already been exalted to the 'highest heaven of invention,' by the greatest of German poets, and of European poets too, in the esteem of some critics—but not in mine, though that may be no disparagement to him." He proceeds to speak of Goethe's poem as written in "a grotesque, preternatural, yet frequently tender and beautiful style of verse," and thinks the young poet was rash in provoking comparison with the old giant of Weimar. "Had Goethe's 'Faust' not been written, this would have been a most unaccountably original effort of invention indeed."

Montgomery repeated his lectures on poetry at Bristol and at Bath; and on one occasion mentioned that he had received five hundred pounds for delivering them at different places. The engagement he in general made was a fixed sum—given him by some literary institution for the course of lectures—they repaying themselves by the sale of tickets. The lecturer was often so successful in bringing an audience together, that the stipulated reward was increased by the persons undertaking the management of the matter. At times the lecturer was paid by such casual sum as the sale of the tickets produced.

We cannot but feel some surprise at Montgomery's having been able to keep terms at the same time with the several religious sects with which he was in a kind of communion, and to pursue his own studies in poetry. We have him on one occasion catechised on the subject of the theatre. It was mentioned in conversation (1841) that till of late years the clergy of Sheffield used regularly to attend the theatre. "I have," said Montgomery, "seen them there occasionally." "Then *you* used to go there?" "Many years ago I went in sometimes for an hour. I had a free ticket: it was when Macready performed on the Sheffield stage; but I never thought much of any other actor, except Mrs. Siddons." Holland, one of Montgomery's biographers, was present, and said, "I saw a respectable tradesman yesterday, who told me that he, when young, with other amateurs, played King John on the Sheffield stage for the benefit of the widows of the men slain at the battle of the Nile; that the character whom he personated requiring a clerical habit, he went to Parson ——— and borrowed his gown, which he actually wore on the stage." It would seem that the part was well acted, for, "on returning the gown, the clergyman told the actor that he was glad to learn that his gown had not been disgraced." This would certainly strike anyone at present as so indecorous as to be scarcely credible.

Time had been playing his usual tricks with Montgomery: he was now in his seventieth year.

Full seventy years he now had seen,
But scarce seven years of rest.

There is a thought which Chalmers was fond of dwelling on, that seventy years being assumed as the age of man, the last ten should be, as it were, a Sabbath—of rest from secular cares—of more peculiar devotion to religion. It can seldom be that such rest can be obtained from care; and by man at whatever age religion can scarcely be exercised, except in some definite sphere of action, and, as it would be called, secular occupation. The distinction on which Chalmers' thought rests is one not easily made; and yet we feel that there is in the thought such truth and beauty, that we are sorry Chalmers did not state it with more distinctness, and support it by such illustrations as would remove the difficulty which many will find in giving it full assent. In Montgomery's case, if *rest* be regarded as the leading thought in Chalmers' imagined sabbath, no hour or day of rest was given,—if *holiness*, or consecration to religious purposes, there was no outward exhibition of change, nor could there well have been, though we believe that as life advanced his heart was more and more in the world to which he was approaching: yet he seems to us to have been overworked. The penny-postage has been called a boon,—we think it is,—yet to Montgomery it was a grievance. Everybody consulted him about everything. Religious societies without end—young men anxious to be ordained—well-informed, but deficient, not in the requisite information, but in what was no less requisite—decent clothes. Poor fellow! he wished to answer all these demands, but was physically unable.

The religious societies are to a great extent sustained by what are called voluntary contributions. A painful and humiliating duty is often imposed on the best and most honourable men connected with these societies, who are sent out as sturdy beggars, to get what they can, and as they can, from whoever will give it. Montgomery was himself a man so thoroughly generous, that he, perhaps, felt less acutely than he otherwise would the cruel task; and the society with which he was more particularly connected had been engaged in works of such undeniable utility, as to check any misgivings he might

have in soliciting aid for it. The Moravians wanted money for their missions, and Montgomery reluctantly visited Scotland with Mr Latrobe, for the purpose of assisting them to procure it. It was Montgomery's only visit to Scotland, which he had left full sixty-five years before; and in the desire to do him honour, it would seem as if the purpose for which he came was forgotten. Whenever he appeared he was received with enthusiastic welcomes. He spoke admirably, and the speeches have the advantage of being well reported. He had to meet, or, at all events, did meet, some arguments that, a few years before, had been urged against missions, on the ground that Christianity should not be taught till a certain advance was made in civilization. "Our brethren," said he, "go with the Gospel in their hands, and the power of the Gospel in their hearts. They do not begin with the young or the middle-aged, or with those who are verging towards the close of life. They preach to old and young the simple testimony which converted the first Greenlander, and which, in every place where the brethren have carried the Gospel, has been the means of conversion. They simply, fervently, and faithfully preach Christ crucified, which proves itself to be the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation."

Wherever Montgomery went, there were public breakfasts for him. Wherever men spoke at all, there were those who delighted to claim another Ayrshire poet for Scotland. These was one voice, however, which he had expected to hear, but that voice was unheard. When he returned home after his triumphs, one of the first questions his old friend Miss Gales asked was, "Well, but did you see Bob?" It was thus she irreverently designated the poet Robert Montgomery.—"Yes! I went to his church and heard him preach." "Is that all? Did he neither introduce himself to you, nor attend any of your meetings?"—"He did not." "Well; but did you not hear anything about him? Did not the ladies admire his person and address?"—"Yes, I heard some of them praise the delicacy of his hands; but it seems none of his admirers can get fast hold of them." We can well

imagine Robert not very anxious to meet James, whether he was a party to his publisher's advertisements or not; though it seems strange that, after their intercourse by letter, he should not have felt compelled to call upon him.

Soon after his return, the sudden death of Mr. Bennett occurred; and in the latter volumes of this work, we have necessarily the mention of old friends falling one by one. On Bennett's death Montgomery wrote a few lines of great beauty.

Our poet's studies led him occasionally to the earlier poets. We say his studies rather than his tastes, as we think there is everywhere distinct proof that a higher degree of pleasure was received by him, as by most of us, when he had not to encounter the formal peculiarities of an obsolete dialect. In his compilation, called "The Christian Poet," he had given extracts from Vaughan, a writer whose works are scarcely known except to archaeologists—though the specimens selected by Montgomery give proof of unusual delicacy of perception, and some power of language. Of these we remember in particular the Rainbow:—

Still young and fine! ———
How bright wert thou when Shem's admiring
eye
Thy burning, flaming arch did first descry:
When Terah, Nahor, Haram, Abram, Lot,
The youthful world's gray fathers in one
knot,
Did with intente looks watch every hour,
For thy new light, and trembled at each
shower.

Montgomery describes Vaughan as "running wild in subtle and ingenious fancies, that let down the mind from the highest heaven of invention into the littleness of fairy land." He then quotes a few fanciful lines with such praise as will probably surprise most readers:—

I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
As calm as it was bright.

"There is," says Montgomery, "nothing more perfect in its kind than this. I feel, when I read it, as though I could sit down and think that thought, till Thought stood still

entranced in Beatific Vision. Eternity was never made so visible before in human language: it is opened even to the eye of flesh and blood."

"The Mind," a poem of Charles Swain's, which Montgomery admired, as he well might, led him to speak of the Spencerian stanza. He regarded Campbell, as compared with Thomson and Byron, as not successful. "Among many exquisite stanzas the 'labour in vain' of many others is very apparent." In the year 1842, his principal publication was an essay on the poetry of Milton, delivered first as a lecture at Sheffield, and printed with an edition, by Collins, of *Paradise Lost*. The lecture was indistinctly heard, and the feeling of the audience was that the poet's health was breaking down. He was himself conscious of this, and in a letter written a short time after, he speaks of the decline of "bodily strength and mental energy," and particularly adverts to his "failing memory." This letter was in reply to an urgent invitation to visit Ireland, as one of a deputation seeking aid for the Moravian Missions. He was, however, persuaded to go, and on the 12th of October he crossed the channel—his health seeming to improve. On the 15th he appeared at a breakfast party where about sixty gentlemen met for the purpose of paying respect to him and Mr. Latrobe, the other member of the deputation. Dr. Anster took the chair, and the meeting was addressed by the present bishops of Cork and Meath, by Dr. Urwick, and Mr. Parker of Rathmines. Latrobe stated the objects of the deputation, and mentioned that his own ancestors for the last three generations were Irish—that the family had found a refuge in Dublin after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Montgomery, however, was the hero of the day; he too, was able to tell his audience that he was or ought to have been Irish—his parents were Irish, and in Ireland part of his early childhood was past. From Dublin, the deputation proceeded to Belfast, where Montgomery was, if possible, more enthusiastically received. There Dr. Hanna, the son-in-law and biographer of Chalmers, presided at a public breakfast, and there, as in Dublin, while he dwelt on the subject of the Moravian Missions, he

recounted the circumstances of his own life. One of his audience, Mr. M'Comb, was called upon by the chairman to express the feelings of the assembly at the visit of their guests; and instead of a speech, he read some very pleasing verses suggested by the occasion. From Belfast, Montgomery proceeded to the Moravian settlement at Gracehill, and returned within a day or two to Belfast, to speak at meetings convened for the purposes of his mission there. On the 1st of November he returned to Sheffield in improved health. Mr. Parker, whose guest he was while in the neighbourhood of Dublin, did more than "welcome the coming—speed the parting guest." He remembered the age of his friend, and judiciously sent a person over with him, to take care of him in the voyage from Kingstown to Liverpool.

In December we have a letter from him to Mr. Everitt. Everitt, our readers are aware, has supplied a good deal of the materials of this biography of Montgomery. Biography, it would seem, is pretty much his line. He had sent Montgomery presents of two books, "Lives" of two Wesleyan Ministers—Daniel Isaac, and William Dawson. He could not have given his friend anything he was likely to value more. The society of a few preachers, or of the humblest members of their congregations, Montgomery valued more than any other which could be brought together; and we have him here, busy in discussing the characters of men who, with the world at large, "had no character at all." Isaac, he said, dealt out matter in minute morsels, crumb by crumb, like a child feeding chickens, and watching them scramble for each grain as it fell among them. "I never," he added, "knew a speaker make so little go so great a way." This class of books must have a very considerable sale. Everitt told Montgomery that by the sale of two editions of the life of Dawson, he got between three and four hundred pounds for Dawson's family.

Montgomery was a good practical man of business; he looked directly at the object which was brought at any time before his attention, and this was the secret of his power with all classes—for he was certainly the man most influencing opinion in the

district where he dwelt. Remarkable evidence of this was given in the commencement of the next year to which these annals bring us. A great bank failed in Sheffield; the losses were great, and the fear of loss created much anxiety to secure as far as possible the stability of the other Sheffield banks. At the public meetings for this purpose, Montgomery was the person selected to bring the facts of the case before the public mind. Shrewd men of business were not likely to have selected any other than one whom they knew well to be among the best men, if not the very best man, for their purpose. At the very same time that he was thus engaged, we find him occupied in arranging plans for the education of young persons, and himself carrying out the details by giving instruction to a class.

Southey's death now occurred, and gave rise to some speculation as to the Laureateship. Montgomery thought Milman not unlikely to be chosen, or perhaps Macaulay. Montgomery's friends thought of him. In speaking of what the public ought to expect from the Laureate, Montgomery suggested "a series of grand national odes on national subjects; they should combine with a strong historical interest all the charms of the old ballad poetry."

Speaking of the disruption of the Church of Scotland, Montgomery said, that "it would do good. The seceders were wrong in *law*, but they were right in *principle*; and to him it was very affecting to see some of the best and greatest of his countrymen—men like Chalmers, and Gordon, and Candlish—making such noble personal sacrifices for religious freedom."

In the autumn of 1843, he went for a few weeks to Buxton, and wrote while there some verses—as pleasing at least as his smaller poems generally are. From Buxton he went to Ockbrook, to visit the family of his brother Ignatius. He finds there such changes going on, or contemplated, as, while they form to the individuals concerned the main business and the interest of life, refuse to be the subject of any distinct record. His brother's widow and daughter were meditating a change of residence—contemplating, too, the contingencies of death and matrimony.

The poet's own plans for future life were in some degree affected by those of his relatives. About the middle of September, he returned home, again to mingle in a hundred little matters of local interest, which his good nature did not permit him to decline. The postmaster of Sheffield had just died, and Montgomery sought to have his daughter appointed. There were so few decent situations to which females could be properly appointed, that he thought it desirable not to lessen the number, and his experience led him to think that the charge of a local post-office might be even better given to a woman than to a man. When he published a newspaper, he employed as his agents the managers of the local post-offices—the women always paid him—he never lost a penny by them, while he could not say the same of the men. His protégée on this occasion succeeded.

The name of Dr. Urwick of Dublin occurs in a letter to Dr. Raikes, of Liverpool, and is mentioned in a tone of affectionate respect with which many will cordially sympathise. "Twice," says Montgomery, "I adventured through the sea of Liverpool—for to me the town with its high-ways and bye-ways was as pathless and bewildering as the great deep itself—towards your chapel, and by enquiring at every corner or open door, I reached the spot in safety. On the first occasion you were absent, but your pulpit was well occupied by good Dr. Urwick of Dublin, and an excellent discourse he delivered."

An account of some high words between two clergymen is mentioned. Montgomery said, "I dare say both were to blame—but I know whose opposition I would prefer to have encountered. Mr. ——— is very quiet in his manner, but his words strike you like cannon balls; there is no turning them aside. Mr. ——— on the other hand is quick and voluble, but his words make no more impression than a shower of rain on a goose's back."

An odd incident occurred about this time to Montgomery. A lady and gentleman drove up to Montgomery's house. The gentleman stated that he called to execute a commission from his deceased brother, who had at one time submitted some manuscript poems to Montgomery, by

whom he was dissuaded from publishing them. He often said he owed a debt of obligation to Montgomery, and, when dying, directed that after his interment a handsome silver ink-stand should be purchased and presented to the poet. The ink-stand bore the inscription, from T. E. to J. M.

A visit from the American poet, Bryant, gave pleasure to Montgomery; but Mr. Holland's record of the conversation, at which he was present, while it gives us a favourable impression of Bryant, is too long for extract, and does not well admit of abridgment. The anxiety of the Americans to see all our notabilities is pretty often exemplified in these volumes, and of the strange accounts of our distinguished men published in the American newspapers, we have one amusing specimen. An article appeared in "the Boston Atlas," entitled, "The two Montgomeries, James and Robert," in which the writer describes himself as having been introduced to James at Bristol. James, speaking of Mrs. Hemans, is made to say, that he had from her some of the most delightful letters ever penned, and that she was "a ready-made angel." Miss Jane Porter is described as having been at a party in Bristol, and invited for the purpose of meeting Montgomery.—She is described as "thin, pale, and very old-maidish." Montgomery had never had any letters from Mrs. Hemans—never said she was "a ready-made angel"—never met Miss Jane Porter except once in London, and then thought her not only "a fine, but a lovely woman." The next place in which this writer says he met Montgomery was at Olney—where he showed all Cowper's haunts. Montgomery was never at Olney. Two years pass, and the writer now visits Montgomery, who tells him of his house having been robbed of a silver ink-stand, the gift of the ladies of Sheffield. The thief, when he saw Montgomery's name on the ink-stand, was stung with remorse, and remembering that he had been taught some of Montgomery's verses when a child, returned the property. Of all this there was not a word true; but in addition to all this, he represents Montgomery as taking him to hear a lecture of Ebenezer Elliott's, the

corn-law rhymers, after which they returned to Elliott's, who spoke through the evening on subjects of general literature. Not one word of truth in the entire.

Mr. Wyse, son of the British Minister at Athens, was one of Montgomery's visitors. Hartley Coleridge, whom he met at Wordsworth's, gave him as a letter of introduction the following sonnet which strikes us as of great beauty :—

Poets there are whom I am well content

Only to see in mirror of their verse—

Feeling their very presence might disperse
The glorious vision which their lines present.
But never could my shaping wit invent

An image worthy of a Christian bard,

Such as thou art—but ever would discard
Conceit too earthly and irreverent

To be thy likeness; therefore I regret

That fate or fault, or whatso'er it be,

Hath made thy holy lineaments as yet

A vague imagination unto me.

I more should love and better understand
Thy verse, if I could hold thee by the hand.

We have said that these volumes are too many. Considered as the biography of James Montgomery, they no doubt are; but it must be remembered that they contain a portion of what may properly be called his works—which, unless in this way preserved, would be wholly lost. What estimate of his powers may be formed in future days it would be hazardous to predict. There can be little doubt that upon his own times few writers have been more influential, and no doubt that his talents were at all times conscientiously exerted for good.

Engraved portraits of Montgomery and his friends are given as frontispieces with the volumes—and there are vignettes in the title pages, of the places where he resided.

A GOSSIP ON FORTUNE.

THE superstition of *Fortune* belongs to the romance of our nature, in one of its primeval and simplest forms. As old as the human heart, it is nearly as interesting; and if not the most beautiful exercise of the imagination, is certainly one of the most picturesque. It may be true, or it may be false; but adhering to us in every stage of life and social progress, it is at all events *nature*, and must put in its lot of truth or falsehood with all our other instincts.

When our reveries carry us (as sometimes the more charming of them will) to the first-remembered springs of our intellect, there are few of us who do not recall some vague confidence in an unknown force, bound to supply us with results quite independently of the law of cause and effect; and some of us, the more imaginative, will even recollect with a Walter Scott, how a marble or knotted string, a particular point in the ring, or special place in the class, became converted into a temporary amulet, under the dim influences opened to us by our first glimpse at the Great Unknown.

And, absurd as this seems, where is the man of genius better protect-

ed from the weakness? *Cæsar* appeals to his *Fortune* as a charm against the hurricane. The stern *Marius* uses his masculine reason but to distinguish the portents that are to save him from peril. *Mahomet* is all fate; *Bonaparte* all star and destiny. *Cromwell* confides in September three; *Louis Napoleon* in December two; and that wonderful man, *SYLLA*, who owned a nature of less weakness than any of them, deliberately willed to be known not as "*Magnus*" like *Pompey*, nor the laurelled Dictator like *Cæsar*, nor as King or Emperor like *Cromwell* or *Bonaparte*, but simply as "*FELIX*," the favoured child of *Fortune*.

What then is it—this vague influence, so poetic, so historical, which, believed so naturally, exists so all-pervadingly, and is found equally powerful at the two extremes of human thought? What is the idea, or, rather, what are the ideas we form on what we thus variously express as chance, fatality, fortune, and destiny?

Looking for our answer to the more remarkable illustrations supplied us by history, or our own observations, it would seem that the

only uniform characteristic of the superstition is the acknowledgment of some vague, exterior, irresistible influence everywhere present, and everywhere forcing more or less of the world's experience in courses of its own. Everything else offers but modes or accidents in its development, referring now to the nature of the interposition, now to the means by which it is indicated or secured.

One of the most common notions which thus originate, is that which supposes good or ill fortune to follow some special individuality, radiating to *these for themselves*, to *those for others*, like light as it happens to fall on dark or polished surfaces.

The founder of the Rothschild family was accustomed to attribute much of his wonderful success to his principle of having no man in his service whose career had been marked by a series of ill-luck.

It was a similar belief in the time of Law, that turned the Parisian's hump into a writing-desk for the use of superstitious speculators—many a disappointed hope of fortune on one side helping to construct the reality of fortune on the other.

This personal influence, especially accredited to women, must have been associated by the Romans with Volturna, the mother of Coriolanus, when they erected a Temple in her honour to the Fortune of Woman—a gallant thing enough in the old senators, and which would have been all in their favour, if, in permitting but the newly married to worship there, they had not left our wisdom galled with the doubt whether the brides had the privilege, as *most* or *least* needing the benefits of the institution.

Thus again, the imperial fortunes of the great Corsican have been thought to have come and gone with the rare graces of his first wife—the *second* of the two Creoles raised from a private station to the sovereignty of France at its grandest epochs. As the marriage secured him the Italian campaign, with its brilliant recompences; so Wagram, that won him his divorce, won him also the end of his prosperity. The last of the victories which carried a gain with it, the roar of its ten thousand cannon but struck the hour when the mightiest of modern monarchies was to be-

gin its march of disasters, nor end till its wonderful chieftain had reached the fabulous *dénouement* of a Promethean chain on the bleakest islet of the Atlantic! And when the historians tell us that, after putting away from his throne and bosom the gentle partner of so astounding a fortune, he gave the rest of the day to write out that enthrallment of Spain which was to be his own divorce from greatness, who does not see Fortune peeping over his shoulder, and laughing her best at the fine sport of such an engineer, so hoisted, and by such a petard?

Among the rare celebrities possessing this felicity in their own persons, there occur to us for the moment but Goethe as a literary man, and Augustus Caesar as a public character; the first enjoying a leisure as glorious as it was useful for half a century, the second surviving for a still longer period so unvarying a career of successful greatness during the stormiest era in the world's history, that his personal Fortune became elevated by the Romans into a deity, giving to their oaths the most solemn of their sanctions.

The instances of persons whose influences have been wholly unfortunate to themselves and those surrounding them, are more numerous as more remarkable; Agrippina, for example, to Germanicus; Lady Macbeth to the Shakespearean hero; Margaret to Henry the Sixth; Henrietta Maria to Charles the First, and Marie Antoinette to Louis the Sixteenth; women of personal qualities so like, and the evil genius of husbands so similarly distinguished by character and fortunes, that it would cost nothing to suppose the same brace of souls had been fated to play nearly the same *role* on different scenes under successive transmigrations. According to Napoleon, whose personal experience must often have brought this subject under the study of his penetrating genius, they belong to "a class of persons who always destroy those to whom they are attached, whether from want of tact or of good fortune it does not signify."

Akin to them, but with influences less out of their own personal sphere, were Nicias, Mary Stuart, James the Second and his descendants, and (with Homer, Dante, Socrates, Co-

lumbus, Bernard Palissier, Walter Raleigh: probably a majority of the great minds who have aspired to help the world to better things.

Among the decided instances of this class—the unlucky *par excellence*—and who by their very name appear to short-sighted people to controvert the theory of eternal justice—I may recall a worthy Irishman, living in a comparatively private station, who insists, with Napoleon, that he was born from all eternity for an unusual succession of adversities, he has been so carefully pre-hardened against their influence. Though he has gone through an unprecedented series of little Marengos and Waterloos, in which the victories have been ever on the other side, he has yet a smile of sympathy for others' woe, and a ready jest for his own.

If I may credit to the letter his own statement, his first good fortune was his appointment, after infinite intrigues, to the secretaryship of an hospital. But the war came, and the building got no further than the first floor. Just as he had the reversion of an Irish borough, the vacancy came; but the borough was already in schedule A, by a majority small as his own constituency. Starting practice as a surgeon, he already counted on a small income as chiropodist to a gouty general, but the patient's age and infirmities entitling him to an active command, he left his legs on the battle-field, and with them the corn-crop our friend was to have lived on. A bishop had some curious infirmity, which became the touchstone of professional skill: at the moment he ought to have felt cured *secundum actum*, he died. An admiral owed him a debt that was to clear the next quarter's bills: a day before that fixed for the payment, he was sent on foreign service and never returned. Had he two patients to operate on, either of whom would have made his fortune? One did the morning half London was met to witness his triumph: the other, more provoking still, got well. Did he marry a rich wife? One trustee went into the Gazette, the other for good reasons travelled to foreign parts, and the journal that announced his ruin had been paid by him the day before to advertise his first blessing of twins. Was a fortune left him?—It was spent

about a legal point that had no precedent, and which, therefore, visited all the courts to establish one. Had he made a fortune himself?—The day he was to realize his shares fell, and before he could sell, were worth no more than the advances he had raised on them. And in this way unworthy fate went on pursuing the poor fellow, until, resolved on withdrawing himself wholly from her European support, at last he settled somewhere in Massachusetts as an ice merchant; my last news going no further than to his being "burnt out" under clear circumstances of spontaneous combustion.

But, passing from these elucidations of personal luck, let us say a word on that older form of the superstition which associates fortune with things or acts in themselves indifferent. Such are amulets, Augustus wearing some portion of a sea-calf; Charlemagne, and, after him, Louis Napoleon, some trinket of hidden value; the Turks using minerals in association with Solomon; the sailors, who fear shipwreck in the company of an ecclesiastic, expecting to escape it when armed with a child's caul; and so on, through infinite varieties; as though faith, all potent alone, shed its virtue on things the most inert that fell under its shadow.

But not only have we good or ill fortune, but these are supposed to have some power of prefiguring themselves—things in appearance the most trivial being invested with the faculty of becoming their portents.

The Romans degraded a priest, because at a solemn moment his mitre fell: and unmade a dictator, because a rat squeaked while they were making out his appointment. Cæsar crossed the Rubicon because he saw a fire figure of a man on the opposite bank: his nephew felt assured of winning the battle of Actium, because he met a peasant of the name of Nicolaus mounted on an ass. Wolsey foresaw his own fall in that of his crossier-head: Sejanus foretold his doom from seeing a flight of crows: Dr. Johnson preferred not to go under a ladder: Montaigne not to put on the left stocking first; and hundreds of persons get a day's unhappiness if they see the new moon through glass, meet a couple in odd position rather than *there, or on*

counter any other of the thousand ill-omens traditional fancy has invented against us.

But though prophecies, like nice customs, curtsied to great monarchs, the most direct of them have at times been construed with impunity into the ordinances of a silly destiny, which might be satisfied to the ear without much attention to the hope. Alexander was held to have untied the Gordian knot with a slice of his sword; and Julius Cæsar to have fulfilled the promise that a Scipio should always be conqueror in Africa, by putting a low man of that name in nominal command of the army.

But if auguries were thus the law of the future and the religion of the present, they seem to have stood on wholly different footings when considered as part of a systematic faith, or simply as individual experiences. Cicero, who laughs with his brother augurs at the institution, submits with all heathendom to the authority of isolated manifestations. Even the incredulous Epicurus, who believed the world a fortuitous concurrence of atoms, recommended the neglect of auguries, not because of their vanity, but because the philosopher should be above the precautions they suggest.

Yet, while mastering some of the details of this curious worship, the old question remains, what is Fortune? And what is the possible value of the presages with which we surround her? The facts, it must be admitted, are sufficiently dark, but the explanations of the old authorities leave them darker still.

Horace, who dedicates an ode to her praise, tells us she is preceded by stern Necessity, armed by all its dread appliances, but accompanied by meek-eyed Hope and white-robed Fidelity—a picture rather than an explanation.

Lucan says, fortune is only another name for our own doings; somebody else, that "pluck is luck;" a third, that luck is a word to be talked about, but that it is skill that leads to fortune; a fourth, that every one is his own fortune-maker ("*quisque suæ fortune faber*"); and finally, our grave friend Juvenal assures us that fortune is but hap-hazard; that the true power is prudence, although men persist in elevating the impostor to

heaven, and there worshipping her as a divinity.

Say the best of all these opinions, what are they but a veiled atheism, except for a half truth generalized as usual into a whole falsehood?

It is true enough, no doubt, that we often interpose chance and fortune, because we fail to discern the links between the common series of causes and effects; but conceding all we may for the power of strong volition and persistent energy, we must yet go further, very much further, for a consistent theory of human affairs.

The world is not all ourselves, nor even all we see, and our lives depend for their character on influences which, so far from commanding, we can often not scan. The world raises and the world crushes, alike giving and alike taking away with no nice discernment of our qualities, either moral or physical. As on one side, "the eighteen on whom fell the tower of Siloam were by no means sinners above those dwelling in Jerusalem," so, on the other, "of the many lepers in Israel only one, and he a Syrian, was cured." It may be the most mysterious of our dispensations, but it is not the less a dispensation, that "the race shall not always be to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

But as even in the first scene of a true drama, there exists a sure, if unseen, approximation to justice, though the actual incident be but the triumph of vice; so may we be certain that in the great play of life—life taken as a whole—the tendencies of success are toward virtue. We have all so instinctive a leaning to some such theory, that it seems like the voice of nature proclaiming a truth to us beyond the reach of our reasonings. Charles V., in his older wickedness, reproached fortune with favouring only the young. The latter days of Louis XIV. and Napoleon Bonaparte found her as adverse as more innocent years had found her favourable. We love in lotteries to stake our ventures under the names of children; and, watching small gambling among respectable people, who has not been prone to think that the greater luck was the part of the young, the simple, and the virtuous, rather than of the old, the crafty, or the

dishonest? We may, it is true, divert fortune from the virtuous; but it is only as Satan's aid is fabled to be won to the wicked, at the price of our souls, and then only by a temporary pact.

For the discrepancies of fortune, if they prove anything, prove only that this life is not the whole cycle which the human soul has to travel. In the great totality of existence, all must resolve itself into order—the moral no less than the physical. Without this great cosmical perfection there could be no such thing as a cosmical existence. When we are told, therefore, that the scheme of earthly order and progress has too many conditions to fulfil to allow of a universal measure of justice, or to secure men the convenience of a perfect accord between their fruits and their labours — between their needs and deserts, between their work and their happiness, we say, so much the better: the ruder this shell of truth which often costs us a lifetime to break, of the purer essence will be the kernel which we shall then attain to; the attainment carrying with it, by the very nature of our souls, an enjoyment perfect as it must be infinite.

Let us conclude, then, that in ascribing human events to chance or fortune, men have but avowed their ignorance while covering it under a specious term. Fortune is but an ill manner of naming Providence, showing Paganism at default in her religious knowledge. The merit of

Christianity is that it does, even for children, what philosophy scarcely succeeded in doing at its highest intelligence; it authoritatively excludes the casual, the fitful, the aimless, from the scheme of cosmical existence, and vindicates for all its vast and complex action an ever-watchful cause, all-seeing as to intelligence, all-sufficient as to power. And, hence, while the ancients placed themselves at its mercy, making skill, energy, opportunity, at best but its instruments, believing that it sometimes suggested the means, sometimes secured the end, but always demanded an abnegation of the judgment; the Christian is taught to see in it but the hand of an all-wise Deity, and when, even bending to the power as a superstition, is led to bend to it but as an instrumentality. Timoleon turns his house into a Temple of Chance, in grateful commemoration of his good fortune. Lord Chatham, in a like case, declares that "chance is but another name for an unaccountable nothing, and that the more he became versed in affairs, the more he found the direct agency of God in everything." It would seem that society in a great measure is but coming back by science and revelation, where it was first placed by nature; for, just as, according to Plutarch, the ancients went from God to Fortune in the progress of their deterioration, so do we gradually return from Fortune to God under better lights and a higher instruction.

FOOTMARKS OF FAITH.

BY MORTIMER COLLINGS.

I.

No longer, where the mighty Temple's mystic
Arches and turrets made the city dark,
Rich voices raise an anthem Elohistic—
Glad minstrels dance before the wond'rous Ark.

II.

No longer, where the high Olympian portals
Look widely forth upon the violet sea,
Feast in their golden halls the great Immortals,
And list divine Apollo's songs of glee.

III.

No longer, where the shadows dance and vary
 From chestnut leafage by the sinitous shore.
 Rise in the moonlight plaintive hymns to Mary,
 While rests the boatman on his glistening oar.

IV.

Ancient heroes leave their porphyry palace ;
 Ancient godheads fade from role and rhyme.
 Who seemed divine must quaff from fatal chalice
 The bitter waters of the sea of time.

THE BRIDGE OF THE BUSH.

I.

Worn was he, lorn was he,
 Wand'ring one morn was he—
 Ringing and singing
 Were hazel and thrush ;
 There, too, a maiden,
 Her white feet all laden
 With daisies and dew,
 By the Bridge of the Bush.

II.

Young was she, fair was she,
 Sun-tint of hair was she ;
 Dew-eyes, and blue as
 The bosom of space :
 Wild rose, ah ! never,
 Ye hung o'er that river
 So rich as the soul-shine
 Of Emily's face.

III.

Wan was he—warm was she,
 Dreamless of harm was she ;
 Soothing and smoothing
 His pillow sits she ;
 Kind, too, her father—
 Nine long weeks together—
 Till heart-whole and happy,
 The wand'rer, is he.

IV.

Sne did he—woo did he,
 All guile could do did he ;
 Sadly—yea, madly
 Her soul felt the crush : —
 Dark runs the water,
 They've searched for their daughter,—
 And lone is her grave
 By the Bridge of the Bush !

THE SERENADE OF TROILUS.

BY MORTIMER COLLINS.

This is the very song that Troilus
Sang to his Cressida, what time the gust
Howled through the long still streets of watchful Troy.

O love, sweet love, thou sleepest all the night—
Sleepest, soft pillowed in the purple dusk,
While I am pining for thy silver voice.
Come forth, come forth, my sweet, my Cressida.

Softly the blue sea wraps the island shores,
Softly the colorless air enfolds the world,
Softly around the plane the ivy twines.
Even so, the while gold starlight holds the sky,
I softly would embrace thee, Cressida.

How shall I weary thee with song? Amid
The sheen of dying lamps, thy violet eyes
Do light the odorous twilight, and thy lips
Are pouting unseen. My own, my Cressida,
O listen! the sweet stars glisten, the soft wind moans:
Let the door wind upon its golden hinge.

Love—Love the Warrior—hath been with me,
While, dreaming of the panting of thy breast,
I cleft the Achaia's down. 'Twas Love, not I,
That sheared the crest from many a dancing helm,
'Mid the wild shock of Ares, Cressida!
O listen! Thy ear is kissen by love's low chant.
Let the door wind upon its golden hinge.

A light step passed along the gallery,
A sweet voice questioned at the golden door:
And the two lovers in one long embrace
Mingled, 'Twas full three thousand years ago.

POSITION AND PROSPECTS OF POPULAR EDUCATION IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

THE late parliamentary discussion of Lord John Russell's scheme of National Education has demonstrated the certain fact, that we are as far off as ever from a state system of popular training. The whole grand vision of a Minister of Public Instruction, and a magnificent staff of inspectors, is dissipated to the winds. There appears to be a rooted and inveterate aversion in the British public to a government education. It may be a sign of our ignorance as much as of our independence, that we reject coercion; but we refuse doggedly to be coerced. All the

old difficulties regarding compulsory and secular education are found to be just as insurmountable as ever. It is in vain that we are told that the question of accommodating the religious peculiarities of different sections of Christianity, though formidable, is not unanswerable—we decline to hear of it; that it is conquered both in other empires and to some extent in parts of our own—we refuse to see it. There is but one way in which we can be persuaded to go on, that is, just as we are going on; and, therefore, right or wrong, we must stick to it. Luckily for us, if this is not the

best of all ways, it is one in which we are rapidly advancing towards a better state of things. Whilst we are disputing on the best mode of educating the labouring classes, we do not stand still over our argument; we quote our statistics and nibble at our knotty points as we go along. The number of schools of different kinds increase, the number of scholars rapidly multiply, the per centage of those receiving an education of some kind amongst us, as compared with the people of other countries, continually augments. That at least is satisfactory.

From financial and other tables relating to education, it appears that in the year 1854, £369,602 was expended upon educational grants, making a grand total, since 1839, of £2,002,586.

Last year, £71,287 was appropriated to the building and enlarging of elementary schools; £2,455 to books and maps; £44,878 to augmenting the wages of certificated masters and mistresses; £143,806 to the stipends of pupil teachers; £39,960 to normal schools; and £30,241 to inspectors; £239,977 was expended on Church of England schools; £14,975 on Wesleyan schools; £13,272 on Romanist schools in Great Britain; and £9,802 on workhouse schools.

In Scotland, the Established Church schools received £22,959, and Free Church schools, £20,963.

The number of children for whom new schools were built from 1839 to 1854, amounted to £438,980: the number for whom schools were enlarged and improved, to 19,081; and the number for whom accommodation was created, improved, or extended, to 458,061.

Last year new schools were built for 33,460 children, and the number of children for whom accommodation was created, extended, or improved, was 36,918. The number of certificated teachers actually employed in teaching amounts to 3,432; of these, 2,242 are men, and 1,190 women. The number of assistant teachers is 221, of whom 48 are women; and the number of pupil teachers is 8,524.

The number of persons presented for examination to her Majesty's inspectors, between 1841 and 1852, amounted to 4,407; and of these

2,882 received certificates; 283 of the first class, 1,027 of the second, and 1,572 of the third class. No less than 417 teachers have thrown up their vocation for other more profitable occupations, and 241 have been withdrawn by sickness and death. The number of 9,788 pupil teachers and stipendiary monitors were trained at the public expense to become teachers, but were not received into the normal schools between 1847 and 1855.

That does not betray a very inert state of things as regards education in England; but the facts brought forward by Messrs. Baines and Unwin, and quoted by Sir James Graham in the debate on Lord John Russell's propositions, are still more indicative of the progress of this activity. The day scholars in England, in 1818, were 674,000, or one in seventeen of the population; in 1833 they were 1,276,000, or one in eleven of the population; in 1851 they were 2,144,000, or one in eight of the population. The Sunday scholars in 1818 were 477,000, or one in twenty-four; in 1833, they were 1,548,000, or one in nine; in 1851, they were 2,407,000, or one in seven of the population. Now in Prussia the proportion is one in six; in Holland, one in seven; in Bavaria, one in eight; in France and Belgium, one in ten; in Sweden, one in eleven; so that England is equal, in point of popular education, to all the countries where state education prevails, except one—Prussia.

By the late educational census, it appears that we have in England and Wales 46,042 day schools, educating 2,144,378 children; 23,514 Sunday schools, educating 2,407,642 children; and 1,545 evening schools, with 39,783 scholars. The total of schools is, therefore, 71,101, with 4,591,802 scholars. There are said to be 4,908,696 children between the ages of three and fifteen requiring education. This would leave only 316,894 children that are going without education; but as the real number is admitted to be 968,557, a good many of these children must attend different schools, day, evening, or Sunday.

Let us now look hastily at one or two of these items. In 1818 the total number of children receiving education in day and Sunday schools

w.as 1,151,000; in 1851 they were 1,591,892. In 1840, government was only assisting education by a grant of £200,000; in 1851, it had increased its annual grants to £369,000; and in 1855, to £450,000!

Thus it is clear that we are taking a liberal and just view of the importance of general education; and while, by the advance of £450,000 per annum on the part of government, and by the equally noble contributions of every religious body, we educate yearly four millions and a-half of children, we may surely console ourselves for the loss of a compulsory government system, which it is calculated could not cost us less than £6,324,000 per annum.

But we shall obtain a more lively idea of what has been the educational progress in the British empire during the last half century, if we take a slight retrospective glance towards the year 1800. Darkness, ignorance, and crime are what meet our astonished gaze. In George III.'s days, Wyndham and other statesmen contended in Parliament, that we must encourage not learning amongst the people, but bull-baiting, dog and cock-fighting, to keep up the true bull-dog English spirit! The consequence was, the crimes and bloody laws of that reign, when people were not merely hanged for stealing a sheep, but a woman having an unwearied child, was actually executed for purloining, in a state of starvation, a yard and quarter of calico.

Sunday schools, founded in 1780, by the Rev. John Stock and Robert Raikes in Gloucester, were the first things which broke in on this Cimmerian darkness. Sunday schools had been introduced, indeed, as early as 1763, by the Rev. Theophilus Lindsay, incumbent of Catterick, in Yorkshire. This was imitated at Bedall by Mrs. Cappe, the wife of a clergyman at York; and afterwards, in 1769, by Miss Ball, at High Wycombe; but it was only by the exertions of Raikes that Sunday schools weremade popular, through his paper, *The Gloucester Journal*.

Next came the Infant Schools, which were first suggested in this country, very naturally, by a woman—Mrs. Turner, the wife of the Reverend William Turner, of

Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 1818. Mrs. Turner said to Robert Owen that she had often wished that the children of poor parents could be taken out of their hands and educated in their earlier years, and Mr. Owen immediately tried the experiment at his works at New Lanark. The real originator, however, of infant schools was Oberlin, the celebrated pastor of the Ban de la Roche, who introduced them into that district long before the end of the last century; and as early as 1802, there was one at Detmold, in Germany, founded by the Princess Pauline of Lippe Detmold. Lord Brougham actively promoted them after their introduction to this country; but the man who more than all others extended their existence, and who may be considered the inventor of the infant-school system of teaching, is Mr. Wilderspin. He spent the best portion of his life in perfecting and establishing these schools in various parts of the kingdom, and is now, we believe, living somewhere in the north of England upon a paltry pension allowed him a few years ago.

While these important organs of popular education were springing to life, Mechanics' Institutes were nascent in the mind of Dr. Birkbeck, who in 1800 suggested their plan to the trustees of the Anderson Institution at Glasgow, who treated the idea as utterly visionary. But the Doctor was one of the various instruments which Providence was raising up to give a new era to civilization. He clung to the idea, established a mechanics' class in Glasgow in 1802, and never ceased his exertions till he saw his scheme formally realized by the inauguration of the London Mechanics' Institute in 1823, and by another in Glasgow the same year.

Then came the schools of Bell and Lancaster, originating the National Society and the British and Foreign Society. These schools, demonstrating what vast numbers might be taught a large amount of useful knowledge in a cheap way, alarmed the educated public. Bell and Lancaster were assailed on all sides by cries that education would unfit the people for useful labour, would set them above their betters, and disqualify them for ever as servants, destroying every principle of reverence,

and puffing them up with knowledge. These two educators jogged on, however, regardless of opposition, and with a few mutual growls, till by the late census the National Schools had increased to 3,993, with 493,876 scholars, and the British to 852, but extending their plan to others, including 200,000 scholars. But it was not till Kay Shuttleworth and Mr. Tuffnell established their training school at Battersea, that the most decisive improvements were introduced into popular schools. These two zealous men exerted themselves in various ways, and spent a large sum of money to procure the most approved apparatus, the best methods of teaching, and men of first rate talent as teachers, as well as to discover and introduce all that was most valuable in the systems adopted throughout Europe. This invaluable training school, the parent of so many others, was principally supported by individual effort, and fed a little by Whig promises till that party went out of office, when the church party took it up. It has done the cause of education good service; and its mathematical teacher, Mr. Tate, in particular, has published a great number of very useful elementary works which have acquired an extensive circulation.

While these schools were busily at work, diffusing information through the rising generation, other and more general influences were in active operation on the public mind. The speeches of Lord Brougham, Mr. Roebuck and Mr. Wyse, on education, together with the efforts of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," called forth new educational efforts from all parts of the kingdom. Amongst these was the prominence given to the Pestalozzian mode of teaching, or teaching as much as possible from objects. Mr. Dunning, the principal master of the Home and Colonial School in Gray's-Inn-Road, was for many years a very distinguished teacher of this mode. Dr. Mayo of Cheam, by the publication of his "Lessons on Objects," carried the introduction of this method into many schools, and we have lately beheld a return to the Pestalozzian doctrine by the Dean of Hereford, and by Lord Ashburton, in their recommendation of the teach-

ing of "Common Things," as if it were something new, and Pestalozzi were forgotten.

But amongst the most prominent individuals at the time we were speaking of, who recommended various improved plans and methods of education, were Mr. James Simpson, Advocate of Edinburgh, in his very excellent work, "The Philosophy of Education;" George Combe, in his "Lectures on Popular Education;" Mr. Henry Dunn, Secretary of the British and Foreign School Society in his "Principles of Teaching;" and still later, Mr. Stow of Edinburgh, in his "Training System."

The labours of these and other eminent men were not lost. Independent of the effect on the minds of the juvenile population, the working classes were not slow to perceive the great advantages of an improved system of education. In 1837 they formed themselves into an association in London, called "The Working Man's Association," and issued an address in which they proposed to erect public halls or schools for the people, to be maintained by penny subscriptions. In these halls they were to have during the day, infant, preparatory, and high schools, in which the children were to be educated in physical, mental, moral and political science; and in the evenings, the rooms were to be used for public lectures, discussions, readings, musical entertainments, and dancing. They were to have Normal, or Teachers' Schools, Agricultural and Industrial Schools, Circulating Libraries, and even a Printing-office for the purpose of diffusing information. These halls were to have a commodious playground, a pleasure-garden, baths, a museum, a laboratory, and general work-shop. Teachers were to have agreeable apartments; and there were to be "healthful recreations for the industrial classes after their hours of toil, and to prevent the formation of vicious and intoxicating habits." Political improvements, of course, were not forgotten. It was from the bosom of this association that the peoples' celebrated Charter issued, which gave to the English language the words *chartist* and *chartism*; and their petition for this charter was signed by no fewer than one million two hundred and eighty-three thousand men. In

1840, they still cherished the idea of their grand national halls; and two of their leaders, Messrs. Lovett and Collins, pointed out to them that by every one of the signers of the Charter subscribing only a shilling a quarter, they could raise annually £256,000; and that with this money they might every year accomplish the following objects:—

To erect eighty district halls, or schools, at £3,000 each . . .	£240,000
To establish 710 circulating libraries, at £20 each . . .	14,200
To employ four missionaries, at £200 each . . .	800
To circulate 23,000 tracts, at 15s. per 1,000 . . .	780
For printing, postages, salaries, &c. . .	700
Leaving for incidental expenses . .	120
	<hr/>
	£256,000

Such were the magnificent ideas and dreams of social and intellectual advance which the rapid radiation of knowledge awoke in the minds of the multitude, which began to imbibe its quickening spirit and to feel the stirrings of its power. It is needless to say that the greater portion of this glittering but unsubstantial fabric fell to the ground. It was speedily demolished by the rugged realities of life. The aspiring masses soon found that the growth of intellectual and social improvement was not that of a mushroom shooting forth full-formed under the first shower of spring, but more like the English oak, slow and enduring, suffering many a shock, and twist, and buffet from the elements, ere it arrives at maturity and triumph. Their favourite charter was quickly seized on by bold and unprincipled adventurers, wrested to aims of violence, and stamped in the eye of the public with characters that its originators never contemplated. Of all those superb halls, the so-called National Hall in Holborn is the only one which ever arose. It remains a solitary misnomer, yet still a school and a lecture room, in which the father and framer of the Charter, one of the mildest and best men living, still labours for the children of the poor. William Lovett, always averse to that physical force which O'Connorism imprinted, much to his disgust, on his bantling, the People's

Charter, will be found there, one of the most indefatigable and enlightened of schoolmasters; and he has, moreover, promulgated in an admirable little work, "Social and Political Morality," the most elevated and philanthropic views.

About ten years ago a new element might be said to be introduced into many of our common schools, by the benevolent and indefatigable William Ellis, that of "Social Science," or what may be better expressed, as the "Science of Human Well-being." This gentleman, who for many years previously had taken a great interest in the education of the people, seems to have been forcibly struck with the lamentable want that was seen in new educational systems, in no provision being made for imparting to the *child* that kind of knowledge which would enable him to perceive the foundation on which his future well-being as a *man* would depend. He saw that with all the professed regard for his religious instruction, for making him a clever penman, a skilful arithmetician, and an accomplished scholar, there were no means taken for enabling him to perceive that his future welfare or wretchedness must be mainly dependent on his own exertions, commencing with his boyhood, and continuing through life. That for want of this teaching and training, the boy, otherwise accomplished as he might be, was sent into the world to feel his way as he best could, like a ship at sea without compass or rudder. Like an earnest man, Mr. Ellis was not content with merely writing and theorising, but commenced *practically* to see whether it was possible to impart this description of knowledge to the young. We understand that his first efforts were made at Mr. Holmes' excellent school at Camberwell, and subsequently at the National Hall School to which we have just alluded, and at the Birkbeck schools, of which he may be said to be the founder.

Having thus shown the possibility of making children comprehend the laws on which the wealth, prosperity, and happiness of a country depend, and the knowledge, industry, and skill which they must individually acquire, and the habits they must form in order to secure their own well-being, he soon induced by his

example a number of others to assist him in the good work. He has written, though mostly anonymously, a number of very excellent little works to aid teachers in imparting this kind of knowledge. Amongst them may be named, "Outlines of Social Economy;" "Progressive Lessons in Social Science;" "Introduction to the Study of the Social Sciences;" "Questions and Answers suggested by a consideration of some of the arrangements of Social Life," &c., and the manner in which this practical teacher of the people's children enunciates his doctrines may be judged of by a brief extract from his work, "Education as a Means of preventing Destitution."—"If it be seen that men are dependent for their well-being upon an abundant supply of food, clothing, shelter and fuel, and that these can be only obtained by a general prevalence of industry, skill, knowledge, and economy, and that those who are deficient in these qualities must suffer from want, or procure relief from others who are pre-eminently gifted with them, does it not follow that to work, to apply, to learn, and to save are social duties? And if it be seen that division of labour, interchange, partnerships, buying and selling, credit, and confidence, materially assist man in making his labour productive, does it not follow that honesty, fidelity, punctuality, and order are social duties?" In this Socratic and impressive manner Mr. Ellis teaches the science of social life, and we are glad to learn that he is now regularly engaged by her Majesty to teach this useful knowledge to our young princes!

Another great essential in the education of youth, that of giving them some knowledge of their own wonderful structure, and of the laws on which their health and enjoyment depend, was introduced about six years ago by Mr. Lovett into the National Hall and Birkbeck schools; and the delight taken by the children in physiology has led to its introduction into a number of other schools, as into the People's College at Nottingham, the Heriot Hospital schools at Edinburgh, and into the School of Design, the gentlemen connected with that school having visited the National Hall expressly,

and thence taken up the subject. Lectures on anatomy and physiology have been given to their pupils, and they are now advertising a set of designs by Dr. Marshall, for illustrating lessons on these important subjects.

We have thus traced the progress of education amongst the working multitudes of our cities, because education is of no particular party, but of all parties; for it would give us a very lame and false view of the case if we recognised only what government, the church, dissent, or particular associations have done. The effect to be produced is upon the mass, and it is necessary to take into the inquiry the efforts of the mass and of its friends of all kinds. And, indeed, the results of education on what used to be called the mob, have been amongst the greatest marvels of modern times. Before this ameliorating influence was applied, what a frightful picture did the state of the labouring classes present! On every recurrence of public difficulties, riots, destruction of machinery, demolition of bakers' shops, burning of barns, of ricks, of mills and manufactories; governmental coercions and severities, arbitrary enactments, suppression of the freedom of the press and of speech, firing upon and riding over the insurrectionary crowds, public cruelty, private resentment and social misery, these were the conditions of the British public. But we have now no longer a mob, we have a people. By education, a divine work, to which all classes, parties, and professions have contributed, we have tamed the savage, and raised him into the man. It is only by *strikes* that we now recognize the last, self-inflicting traces of the ancient, uninformed plebs.

As education has advanced, the demand for cheap newspapers and cheap books has advanced with it. Multitudes of cheap volumes from the presses of Chambers, of Sims and MacIntyre, Bohn, Routledge, &c., have supplied the eager and advancing demand for information. Not only books but periodicals have been brought within the reach of the million; and the "Household Words," "Chambers' Journal," the "Leisure Hour," the "Family Herald," the "London Journal," "Cassell's Family Paper," and numbers of others give

a vast amount of daily reading, much of it of an excellent stamp, at the cost of two pence or a penny a week. We have penny and two-penny newspapers of enormous circulation; nay, we have whole troops of penny daily newspapers. Before this reduction of literary cost, there were very few coffee-houses in London; now there are above 2,000 there; 500 of them have libraries attached, and one of these, Potter's Coffee-house in Long Acre, frequented greatly by the working classes, has upwards of 2,000 volumes. In every town you have your mechanics' libraries and people's libraries, and every day the people become more intelligent, more orderly, and indeed often the conservators of order. The year 1848, which saw the people of almost every continental country rising in revolution against their governments, saw ours comparatively calm, steady, and satisfied that they were advancing by a better road to the blessings of enlightened government. It is true, that a great amount of infidelity exists amongst our working classes; but that which was created in an eminent degree by harsh treatment and neglect, is fast disappearing under a more genial state of things, and no indirect influence contributes more to its extinction than the insight which is given into the workings of the Almighty through physiology, geology, and other natural sciences. This effect is again corroborated by history, where they soon perceive the great fact of the failure of every infidel experiment in government, and the success of the revolution in the United States, conducted for the most part by men of sound moral and religious sentiments.

Now, among our educational experiments it cannot be denied that very considerable success has attended the government plan in Ireland, whatever objections may be urged against it. We have before us the Twenty-first Report of the Commissioners of National Education—and what do we find? That in 1853 the Commissioners had 5,028 schools in operation, attended by 556,478 children, and at the close of 1854, the schools had advanced to 5,178, and the children in attendance to 556,551, showing an increase of 155 schools and of 73 in attendance—the attendance being affected by a

decrease of 12,781 in workhouse schools. The Board had at the close of the year 1854 no less than 5,128 teachers, including 285 assistant-teachers. Of these teachers 2,298 had been trained. There are 142 Workhouse schools, containing 41,191 scholars; 10 District Model Schools with 2,904 pupils; and 155 Model Agricultural Schools consisting of 35 Model Agricultural Schools; 47 ordinary Agricultural Schools; 70 Workhouse Agricultural Schools; and 3 School Gardens. The total expenditure of the Commissioners for the year 1854 was £208,649 10s. 6d.

Thus it appears that the spread of that education is already considerable, which has sprung up since the establishment of the Board in 1833, and which is every year increasing. From every part of the country the reports of the inspectors seem, so far as they go, satisfactory. Dr. Patten, the Head Inspector of Schools, in his report, says of the National Schools, "Religious instruction is regularly given on Saturdays, and before or after the hours devoted to the ordinary school business on the other week days, under the direction of their respective clergy, and in accordance with the wishes of their parents." As to the quality of the education given, the President of Queen's College, Cork, makes this statement in the first number of the "*Journal of Industrial Progress*:"—"The progress of industry in Ireland will be found specially facilitated by the admirable training which the young people of the labouring and artizan class are now receiving in the primary National Schools. This education, it must be recollected, is not by any means confined to reading, writing, and arithmetic, but embraces the lesson-books, and otherwise, the elements of natural philosophy and physical science, general notions of political economy, and other subjects of practical interest, together with, in the higher schools, the elements of drawing, of agriculture, and, for females, of embroidery. To this nothing equal exists in Great Britain, and scarcely in Europe; and, moreover, in what are called the Model Schools, originally intended as model primary schools, but which have become really secondary schools

of a very high class—as, for instance, at Clonmel—the instruction given furnishes the sons of the middle class with the best and most practical education that can be had anywhere for a mercantile career, when the parents do not propose putting the boy through a complete University course.”

This praise may be too high, but if we take the evidence of the commissioners and inspectors as sufficing, it is to a great extent borne out. The girls in the Female Industrial Schools are taught not only knitting, sewing, making nets for fishing and domestic use, but embroidery, point-lace and crochet work, at which they earn commonly three, four, and five shillings a-week each. In the Youghal school, £740 3s. 11d. was paid for such work, and in the other schools similar sums in proportion to the number of scholars. But, perhaps more than all, the Agricultural Schools are benefiting Ireland. Wherever they are established, the inspectors give the most cheering accounts of them. The boys work on the farms with delight; their health is improved; a new spirit is awakened in the whole neighbourhood. The farmers watch the system followed; are eager to seize on every improvement, and thus these schools become the nuclei of a fresh progress of agriculture in Ireland. “It is most gratifying to see the spirit of agricultural improvement,” says Mr. Sheridan, the agricultural teacher of the Model Farm at Cahersherkin, County Clare, “which is now beginning to operate in this neighbourhood, where nothing but prejudice against improvement and innovating improvers prevailed a few years ago.” And here again the testimony is the same from all quarters. Manures are carefully conserved and applied; there is a better rotation and variety of crops; instead of the ubiquitous potato, turnips, carrots, parsnips, onions, mangel-wurzel, and other vegetables abound.

We must be understood as not intending to enter here upon the religious phase of the question; we confine ourselves to asserting that the Irish National system possesses great elements, and has been adopted with success both by New South Wales and Upper Canada, where also the Irish school books have been adopted.

The latest class of schools which have sprung up are the Ragged and Reformatory ones. These deal with a large amount of the juvenile population, which is the most neglected, the most exposed to corruption, and which, in consequence, falls into the hands of executive justice at an early age. The Ragged Schools have sought to prevent crime, by seizing on and training morally, religiously, and intellectually, the forlorn crowds of children in our large cities, which before grew up as naturally to the commission of evil, as weeds grow in every neglected spot of our gardens amid the more cultivated plants. They were the staple supply of the courts of justice, the hulks, and the gallows. The Earl of Shaftesbury, with a noble and indefatigable zeal, has devoted himself to the organization of these most invaluable schools, and now there are 3060 schools giving instruction to 18,000 children. The industrial principle is introduced into the Ragged Schools, and tailoring, shoemaking, brushmaking, turnery, blacksmithing, lithographic printing, and various other trades are taught; with household work, straw-bonnet-making, needlework, and the duties of the nursery, to the girls. The society equips and sends out young shoeblacks into the streets of London, where you observe their red, blue, or yellow uniform according to their district, and their pleasant respectable demeanour. There are ninety-five of these boys at work, and in the last year they earned the sum of £1,443 7s.

The Reformatory Schools set themselves to reclaim and restore to society the youthful offenders who have already fallen under the penal discipline of the laws. As a teacher and advocate of Reformatory Schools, Mary Carpenter of Bristol has won a high and deserved reputation, and her works on the subject are calculated to awake a lively interest in this Samaritan movement. The reader will find this branch of our subject discussed more at large in another place.

Very recently Miss Burdett Coutts has introduced prizes into schools, stimulating teachers of schools for the poor to make themselves acquainted with the practical details of domestic life, especially cookery,

bread-making, washing, and every thing requisite to make the poor man's house comfortable, and to economise to the utmost his gains. This is a knowledge most deplorably deficient in the mind of working men in these countries, and the introduction of it into the people's schools in England is a most important step forwards. Miss Coutts has published the results of her first prizes.

Such is the brief outline of our educational position and prospects. Who shall not say that it is a most cheering one? Without the state assuming a high tone, and enforcing a universal and compulsory system, it extends a hand of annually increasing liberality. Only in one instance, we believe, and a most singular and unaccountable one, does it withhold its generous aid, and that is to the Ragged School Society, to which, we are assured by the highest authority, it gives no grant whatever, nor the prospect of any. Is this just or generous towards an association that, besides its arduous labours, expends £25,000 per annum to diminish the costs of our administrative system, at the same time that it creates valuable subjects out of the refuse of our population? But, with this exception, our government, the church, dissenters of all classes, are in full activity, and without sparing expenditure. On all hands Sunday schools, day schools, evening schools, ragged schools, infant schools, industrial and agricultural schools,—peoples' colleges, where men of the highest eminence exert themselves to give an efficient education in design, mensuration, calculation, history, and economical philosophy,—all are busily at work, with the mechanics' institutes, reading rooms, and libraries, in diffusing education and general knowledge. We certainly have no cause to despair or even to despond; on the contrary, we cannot behold all this active and varied machinery in motion, spurred on by the emulative spirit of rival parties and opinions, without feeling that a very few years must place us as a nation, in point of education, behind none in the world.

The question here occurs,—with all this array of schools, with all this extension of the field of our mental discipline, and these vast numbers of youthful individuals which we em-

brace in it, how do we keep pace in the supply of the necessary trained teachers, school apparatus and school books? It was our intention to have said a good deal on each of these subjects; but the topics on this great question are so numerous, that we have already exceeded our limits. In training teachers, great as has been the progress of late years, and more clearly as is daily seen the importance of this department, there is yet ample room for advance. A whole volume might be written on school apparatus; but we can only congratulate teachers on the many excellent diagrams published by Reynolds, in the Strand; by Johnston, Edinburgh; and Darton, on Holborn Hill. At the same time, we would suggest the great want of other diagrams, such as bold diagrams of the hand and power-looms, of the old spinning-wheel, the spinning-jenny, spinning mule, cotton gin, carding engine, in fact, diagrams for illustrating the whole process of carding, drawing, spinning, weaving, and dyeing all our textile fabrics; diagrams also of different machines and processes for smelting, casting, forging, rolling, drawing, punching, planing, and stamping metals of various kinds. These are greatly desired by all schoolmasters of progress.

And, finally, as to school books. The answer here is, legion! We may safely assert that there is no country in the world which can equal us in the number or the excellence of its school books. When we take a moment's mental survey of those works, we are bewildered by their multitude. Every publisher's list abounds with them; and let government or the public go-a-head as fast as possible, they will find no difficulty in selecting, from the abundant material prepared, the most perfect cycle of elementary knowledge. If there *should* appear a link or two wanting in the chain, we have a host of able and spirited authors and publishers ready to fill up the hiatus. We have already spoken of the excellent school books of Mr. Tate. These are chiefly scientific, as are the *Principles of Mechanical Philosophy*, *Elements of Mechanism*, *Principles of Geometry*, *Mensuration*, *Trigonometry*, &c., &c.; *Principles of the*

Differential and Integral Calculus, Algebra made easy, Euclid, Outlines of Experimental Chemistry, &c.; but they also include more elementary treatises. To these the Congregational Board of Education offer you Mr. Tilleard's Training School Singing, Music for the use of Schools; and the publishers, his Church Music, People's Chant Book, &c. The Rev. C. H. Bennby's Teacher's History and Grammar of the English Language ought to be in every school. The Reading Lesson Books, by Mr. Hughes, of which we have spoken in a former number, are excellent books, as might be expected from the successful labours of the author in his own classes in Greenwich Naval School. The Drawing Book by Mr. J. Browne, and the Training School Singing Method by Mr. Unwin, of Homerton College, are of the first class. But Charles Bean's School List of 1856, the lists by Griffin of Glasgow, of Oliver and Boyd, &c., present us with a whole library of elementary works, which need only be referred to, to save us specific enumeration. Charles Knight has published a very useful Course of Instruction for Young Children. The "Lessons on the Phenomena of Industrial Life," edited by the Dean of Hereford, ought not to be forgotten; and we should like to see a cheaper and more school-form edition of Lovett's admirable School Anatomy and Physiology. Black's Etymological Dictionary is a most valuable work for teachers; and Dr. Breiner's Guide to Science, in question and answer, has done good service, though he does give us this query and reply at p. 22.

Q. "What is the *wisest* thing a person can do to avoid injury from lightning?"

A. "He should draw his bedstead into the middle of his room, commit himself to the care of God, and go to bed!"

The idea of the whole world, on the approach of a thunder-storm, hurrying into their bed-rooms, dragging their beds into the middle of the rooms, and going to bed, is sufficiently ludicrous, and more than sufficiently absurd for a school lesson.

But the Messrs. Chambers, with their usual spirit, have not merely given us a set of school-books; they

have given us a whole system. We have before us not merely a list of their "Educational Course," but the books themselves, presenting the aspect of an actual library. They have already published no less than a hundred volumes, including atlases, copy-books, forms of book-keeping, drawing-books, mechanical, architectural, and isometrical; school diagrams and school maps. This splendid Educational Course includes carefully-compiled introductory reading-books, progressional reading-books, grammars English, German, and Latin; elocution, history, geography, every system of calculation, arithmetic, algebra, mathematics; the natural and mechanical sciences; natural philosophy, geology, animal and vegetable philosophy; a manual of music; well-edited editions of the Latin classics, &c., &c. The whole course already costs upwards of £20, and therefore, as a set, is rather calculated for the higher class of schools and wealthy families; but individually the volumes may be pronounced cheap, and each student may select the works he requires. The publication of this invaluable course, which is not yet completed, may be pronounced one of the boldest in educational history.

At the same time, we know no set of school-books which present so plain and practical a course of instruction calculated for people's schools, as those published by the Commissioners of National Education in this country, commonly called "The Irish School-books." These, consisting of thirty-seven volumes, cost altogether only £2 6s. 10½d. They range, for the most part, from threepence to a shilling per volume, and include reading-books, Scripture readings, geography, arithmetic, grammar, an excellent agricultural class book, and all the plain elementary manuals of education. They are at once simple, lucid, and attractive. In fact, their homely canvass bindings give no idea of the richness of their interiors. They are instinct with that spirit which school-books too commonly are lamentably deficient in. The minds of children and young people beginning to instruct themselves require food for the imagination and the affections as well as for the intellect; and here it is given them in selections, both in prose and poetry, from a host of our most

fascinating writers. We no longer wonder, on examining them, that they have been adopted abroad, in America, and our own colonies, and translated into various languages, or that the Commissioners in 1854 sold them to the amount £16,318!

To these Irish School-books, Dr. Sullivan may be said to have made a most valuable addition or accompaniment. His books, seven in number, are distinguished by one great principle—that of simplifying the subject taught, and of bringing out in a few plain and striking rules the great leading ideas of the science in hand. Such are his *Geography Generalised*, his *Spelling-book Superseded*; his *Attempt to simplify English Grammar*; and his *Literary Class Book*. In the introduction to this last book, Dr. Sullivan has rendered an inestimable service to the students of elocution. Most of our school-books on the subject are loaded with artificial rules, which will sufficiently bother a child's brain, and end in making a very formal reader or speaker of him. Dr. Sullivan gives you, in three rules, the whole of the matter. First learn to enunciate clearly, then to pronounce correctly, and then read or speak as NATURE dictates to you. On this subject he quotes Archbishop Whateley's admirable remarks, which result in this: "The practical rule is not only to pay no studied attention to the voice, but studiously to *withdraw* the thoughts from it, and to dwell as intently as possible on the senses, trusting to nature to suggest spontaneously the proper emphasis and tones." If these simple rules were only followed by teachers, what heaps of dry treatises might be spared, what pangs to the learner, and what a much more natural and attractive style we should have in our public speakers!

With Dr. Sullivan's *Dictionary of Derivations* we are, however, at issue. While admitting the service he has rendered by tracing our Latin and Greek derivations, we totally dissent from his theory that those languages are the foundation of our own, or that they furnish us with the majority of our words. We stand confidently on the ground opened by Selden, by Dr. Bosworth, and Mr. Trench, that the foundation and superstructure of our language are Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian. The fittings, orna-

ments, and scientific enlargements are Greek and Latin. How does Dr. Sullivan derive a majority of words from these two latter languages? By ignoring in his *Dictionary of Derivations* such words as man, woman, child, house, dog, cow, pig, bird; in fact, the names of almost every material thing around us. The Bible and Shakespeare will for ever bear testimony to the true origin of our language. Dr. Bosworth, while praising Dr. Sullivan's classic derivations, recommends him now to turn his attention to the Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic part of our language. We trust Dr. Sullivan will adopt the suggestion, and render his dictionary complete. We are sure he feels the importance of teaching only what is true; and nothing can be more delusive than his present theory. A little investigation would prove the correctness of Professor Trench's assertion, that of a hundred parts of the English language, sixty are Saxon, thirty Latin, including the Latin derived through the French; five Greek, and five from other sources. It is the great defect of English education, that while Latin and Greek are made essential, there is an almost total ignorance of the very languages on which our own are based. A dictionary of Anglo-Saxon derivations is absolutely necessary for our schools of all kinds, and we should rejoice to see Dr. Sullivan produce it, in as masterly a style as he had done the classical one. He has got on the right track in the geographical derivations, and has only to go on.

There is another set of educational works in progress which cannot be omitted in this article, though they are not got up for the million, but for schools and universities. These are the *Scientific Manuals* of Messrs. Galbraith and Haughton, of our University, Mr. Galbraith being Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy, and Mr. Haughton, of Geology. They have already issued seven of these admirable class-books, some of which are already in second and third editions. Those published are the manuals of mechanics, optics, hydrostatics, astronomy, arithmetic, plane trigonometry, and the first and second books of Euclid. They have also announced manuals of algebra, heat, electricity, magnetism, phy-

Jones's atrocious treason to Great Britain, but we will ever testify that it was black guilt! Our malison upon it!

Such, then, is our estimate of the man who may be regarded as *the virtual founder of the United States navy* (for from the outset he was indefatigable in equipping its war ships, and suggesting means to render this infant navy efficient and formidable for defence and offence); who was the first sea captain who compelled the British flag to strike to that of the Stars and Stripes; and who indubitably was the only commander in the American navy during the war of Independence, who caused that navy to be respected and feared, and who made its flag honored, and a glory to the States of which it was the symbol.

It is not our intention to sketch the origin and history of the United States navy, for however interesting it may be to our American cousins, it would possess comparatively little attraction to the majority of our readers.

We must, however, briefly refer to some events of general interest, in reference to the naval part of the war of Independence. The first British man-of-war engaged with the vessels of Hopkins and Jones, was the "Glasgow" frigate, which fought them bravely, and finally got away, owing to the incompetency of the American commodore. Subsequently to this, Paul Jones himself had repeated engagements with British men-of-war, and acquitted himself as a brave and skilful commander. He also captured several English privateers and armed vessels. On February 13th, 1778, he induced the admiral of a French fleet at Quiberon bay to return his salute, *the first salute paid to the American flag by any power*; and although a treaty had been concluded about a week previously between the United States and France, this fact was unknown at the time by both the admiral and Paul Jones. In that year the latter made his attack on Whitehaven, &c., and shortly afterwards, in his ship, the "Ranger," he engaged the "Drake," a British sloop-of-war of twenty guns, and in little more than an hour the latter ship was compelled to strike, after sustaining a heavy loss. But by far the most notable

battle fought by Jones, and the one which reflected the highest lustre on the *flag* of the United States during the war of Independence, was the terrible encounter between Jones's ship "Le Bon Homme Richard," and the British ship "Serapis" of forty-four guns, resulting in the capture of the latter. We must admit that Paul Jones's ship was an old worn-out hulk (she sank a few hours after the conflict) and that she was very much inferior in weight of metal and in number of men to her antagonist. Moreover, at least three-fourths of her crew were killed or wounded, and the survivors wished to surrender, but their indomitable captain would not hear of such a thing. The glory of this most bloody and desperate sea fight is entirely due to the marvellous resolution and skill of Paul Jones, and it is impossible to withhold our admiration from his behaviour from first to last. The British captain (Pearson) although vanquished, was rewarded with knighthood, and the lieutenant-governorship of Greenwich hospital, for his gallant defence of the Serapis—but what reward would not Paul Jones have deserved had he won his murderous victory, fighting against a foreign enemy, instead of his own countrymen! Well, be it as it may, the British flag was struck on this occasion to that of the United States, but let it be borne in mind that not only was Paul Jones a Briton born, but his crew were also generally aliens (to the United States) consisting of French, Maltese, Portuguese, &c., and comparatively only a small number were native Americans. A significant fact!

During the war with the United States in 1812, three successive single ship actions were fought between British and American frigates, and in each case the latter proved victorious. The immediate result was that the Americans indulged in unbounded jubilation, and the British were humiliated, astounded, ay, and almost incredulous; for of course the statement went forth that three British frigates were in turn beaten by American "frigates," whereas the truth was, the latter were *line-of-battle ships in disguise*. It will be worth while to give here a brief analysis of the respective sizes and complements of the American and English ships in

great work with sentiments of real wonder. The execution of every portion of it is masterly. It is not possible for any but *vivâ voce* instructions to give the true living pronunciation of any language, but it is quite surprising how far even the attempt to do this on paper has succeeded. The lessons by Dr. Beard of Manchester, in Latin and English, are most admirable, and of all the systems of Geology that we have seen, there is none that can bear any comparison with that of Dr. Jenkin in the *Popular Educator*, in point of fascination for the student. Instead of opening with a dry detail of stones and strata, it describes the first glowing mass of our planet, the formation of its crust in cooling; the process of the formation of mountains, seas, and volcanoes; then, the deposition of the sedimentary strata, the successive appearance of vegetable and animal life; and, finally, the present condition of the earth, with all its myriads of humanity. The whole of this quarto encyclopædia of elementary knowledge, (for such it is), in six volumes, is placed at the command of the young workman, or the solitary peasant, desirous of cultivating his faculties, for seven and twenty shillings; and to make it universally attainable, Mr. Cassell makes successive penny issues of it. We know no work like it; we confidently assert that there never was one like it in importance to the working man. By its aid, any one desirous to acquire the keys of a vast world of knowledge may, in his own room, do so. The artizan, by his evening fire, may become the teacher of his children, and give them an education such as

few of his employers have received; such, as a few years ago, was as impossible to one of his class, as it was to travel at fifty miles an hour, or receive a telegraphic message from his son at Constantinople, in a few minutes. The success has been enormous; it has occupied and filled up a field of education vast and most important to the community. Not only has it stimulated and informed the working class on the subject of their peculiar arts and trades, but several young men, self-educated through the *Popular Educator*, have been allowed to matriculate at the London University.

Besides this extraordinary work, Mr. Cassell has published a little library of others, all bearing on the same object—the cultivation and elevation of the working classes. He has offered premiums on literary execution to those classes, and published two volumes of the productions of working men, which would do honour to men of any class. He has added to his *Popular Educator* an *Historical Educator* and a *Biblical Educator*; a shilling edition of *Euclid*, which has been extensively taken up by the Council of Education; and a number of other works too well known to require mention. He is now engaged on an *Educational Course*, which bids fair to be invaluable. It is a significant fact in popular education, and one full of promise, that we can close our article on the subject with a striking example of one who, having himself had education, though in an imperfect manner, afforded him, has become in his turn a popular teacher of the most effective and extensive kind.

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THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

AN illustrious American author—James Fenimore Cooper—was, once upon a time, tempted to lay aside his well-worn novelist's pen, and grasp that of a historian, the result being the production of a certain book which is said—for we have only read extracts—to smack racily enough of the more familiar and congenial occupation of its great author. In this book, Mr. Cooper (who was a warm patriot, although his own countrymen ungratefully ignored the fact, and repeatedly subjected him to shameful persecution for merely hinting at their faults, if we are rightly informed) promulgates the very startling opinion, *"that it is not improbable the battle for the mastery of the seas will have to be fought over again!!"* Such a sentence as this, written by so eminent a man as Cooper, is enough to make any intelligent subject of Queen Victoria thoughtful and enquiring. The plain meaning of the words lies in a nutshell. Whenever the United States again tackle the Old Country, her navy will grapple with ours, to settle the problematical question whether the Star and Stripes are to flutter o'er the Union Jack; the American eagle to flap its wings and scream with triumph over the prostrate British lion; the nervous arm of young Jonathan to snatch the trident from the feeble grasp of the superannuated old lady who figures on the

reverse of the copper coins of this realm; and Yankee Doodle (or Hail Columbia) to supersede Britannia Rules the Waves! Food for thought, my merry masters! Reflect, perpend, an' ye will or can, what the world-wide result would be were we compelled to put forth all our colossal naval strength to contend for our very birthright—our hitherto undisputed naval supremacy—with our own vigorous offspring on t'other side the Great Herring Pond! By'r lady! the very idea of such a contest makes our beard bristle and our nostrils expand, and we involuntarily ejaculate, Ha! Ha!

No one can appreciate the first-rate merit of Fenimore Cooper as a naval writer better than ourselves; no one has more cordially recognized his stupendous powers; no one has (we are bold to say) done more ample justice to him as being not merely a great author, but incomparably the ablest naval novelist any country has yet produced; and therefore we trust we shall be acquitted of all prejudice when we deliberately express our opinion that his patriotism as an American, and his habits as a writer of fiction, combined to dazzle and mislead his judgment when he penned the extraordinary and portentous sentence we have above quoted.* We shall weigh it in the balance!

In the course of this article we

* Another American speaks more explicitly than Cooper, and leaves us in no sort of doubt as to what he considers the "special mission" of the navy of his country in time of war. "This arm [the navy] can only fill its special mission in war, *that of aggression*, by being enabled to leave the great sea-ports and exposed points of our maritime frontier to a more

shall endeavour to show solid reasons *why there is no likelihood whatever to anticipate a deadly struggle for the mastery of the seas between Great Britain and her transatlantic offspring.* We write this at a time when there is a "chip out" between the two countries. We learn, however, that matters are in course of rational adjustment without any worse result than some temporary irritation and vapouring. We hope this is so. Heaven forbid that a fratricidal war should ever again ensue between Great Britain and the Great Republic—nations of the same lineage and language, foremost champions of liberty and civilization, and closely united by a thousand bands of the strongest mutual interest and sympathy. A war between them would be nearly as criminal and insane as a duel between a father and son, or brothers, and could only result in the most awful mutual injuries; the cause of civilization and progress would receive a deadly blow, and all the despotisms of the world would exult at the spectacle of the two great divisions of the Anglo-Saxon race fighting each other like tigers instead of being linked in amity. Hand in hand, the United States and Great Britain may defy all the despotic powers to assail them, or to impede their glorious career. As nations they are the salt of the earth, the pioneers of progress, and the bulwarks of liberty. Were it possible for them to lose their present *prestige*, what a deluge of tyranny and unutterable misery would flood the earth! 'Tis true that Providence for inscrutable reasons occasionally permits nations, as well as individuals, to be blinded with passion and moral madness, and therefore it is certainly possible that a conflict may eventually ensue between the two countries; and however distressing it is to contemplate even the possibility of such an event, yet it would be both weak and reprehensible to shirk the matter, for danger can neither be postponed nor evaded merely by shutting our eyes and affecting to ignore its existence.

It is, we believe, an unquestionable fact that *the American flag was hoisted for the first time on board ship, by a Briton born.* In 1775, the celebrated Paul Jones with his own hands hoisted the flag of the United States on board the *Alfred*—that vessel being one of the small squadron raised by order of Congress, and fitted out under the direction of Jones, who was appointed commander of one of the vessels, a Captain Hopkins becoming commodore of the squadron. The fact that a home-born British subject—for such Paul Jones was, in spite of having bitterly forsworn allegiance to his native land—first hoisted the American flag on shipboard is remarkable enough in itself; but, taken in connexion with the history of the United States navy down even to the present day, it is exceedingly significant—not to say ominous. We shall speak more explicitly on this point, bye-and-bye.

The memory of Paul Jones is warmly cherished by the Americans, and held by them in the highest honor. Not many years ago, as we are informed by a nautical friend, they dispatched a frigate to France to receive his remains, which were conveyed to America for re-interment—a somewhat ostentatious and unnecessary act, to our thinking; for we are not aware that Jones himself, when dying at Paris, expressed the slightest desire to be buried in the soil of that country he had served so well. But we entirely agree with the Americans in their opinion that Paul was one of the ablest naval commanders who have borne their flag. He was much more. He was beyond compare the most brilliant seaman who ever served the United States; and all their other naval "heroes"—such as Commodores Decatur, Rodgers, Hull, Bainbridge, and Co.—are unworthy of being placed for a moment on the same pedestal with him. *They* made prizes of British frigates so inferior in force to the vessels they commanded, that the "glory" thereby accruing to the Stars and Stripes was of a very questiona-

certain and economical system of protection, in order to carry 'the sword of the State' upon the broad ocean; sweep from it the enemy's commerce; capture or scatter the vessels of war protecting it; cover and convey our own to its destined havens, and be ready to meet hostile fleets: in other words, *to contend for the mastery of the seas where alone it can be obtained—on the sea itself.*"

ble character; but Paul Jones, by his own marvellous skill and indomitable prowess, won victories under the most adverse circumstances—victories which would have reflected the highest honor on any navy in the world. Thus it is that he deservedly fills the foremost place in the annals of the American navy; and as, even to this day, the character of this wonderful man is imperfectly appreciated by many, and probably misunderstood by the majority of the British public, it will not be out of place if we digress a little to briefly record our own impressions of him, derived from a study of all the facts of his career which we have gathered from various sources.

One of the choice literary treasures we possessed in our boyhood was a sixpenny pamphlet or chronicle of the life and blood-thirsty exploits of "Paul Jones, the Scotch Pirate," (for so he was designated on the title page, with a noble disregard of any possible extenuating circumstances), embellished with a large and brilliantly-colored frontispiece, representing the aforesaid "Paul Jones shooting his first lieutenant in the act of striking his [P. J.'s] colors." How we used to gloat over that magnificent and soul-stirring work of art! How we read and re-read, with profound, child-like, unquestioning faith, the veracious biography itself, which depicted Paul Jones as a most atrocious traitor, miscreant, murderer, and monster incarnate! To the very best of our recollection there was hardly a possible (or impossible) crime of which this villainous Scotch pirate, demon, &c., had not been repeatedly guilty!

What especially confirmed our belief in this absurd farrago, was the circumstance that on a visit to the museum at Hull we there beheld with dilated eyes an *oblong* iron shot,* bearing an inscription testifying that it was fired by Paul Jones at Scarborough Castle, in the year 1779. Yes, and did not our own truthful little book minutely relate how Paul Jones captured the "Serapis," and the "Countess of Scarborough" somewhere off Flamborough Head, and also wickedly amused himself by trying the range of his murderous guns off Scarborough? Here, then, was a material guarantee of the unimpeachable accuracy of the biography, in the shape of an oblong iron shot that had perhaps been rammed in the gun by the blood-reeking hands of the miscreant Scotch pirate himself! A thousand per cent. did the chronicle rise in our estimation! Money would not have purchased it—nothing would have shaken our faith in it. Alas! for the bright innocent days of our youth, when we believed in all we read! In sober seriousness let us add that a generation or two ago the British public really regarded Paul Jones as the monster of iniquity he was circumstantially described to be in the above and kindred "biographies," and probably many people even yet entertain a somewhat similar opinion.

A few years subsequently (by which time a good many of the ideals of our boyhood had been annihilated) we read Cooper's grand fiction, the "Pilot," and in the hero, Paul Jones, we could not recognize a single familiar feature of our own Scotch pirate!†

* This is unquestionably a very interesting memento of Paul Jones. About sixteen years have elapsed since we saw it, but we presume it is still preserved in Hull museum.

† At the conclusion of the "Pilot," however, Cooper puts the following noteworthy summary of the character of Paul Jones, in the mouth of Lieutenant Griffiths:—

"His devotion to America proceeded from a desire of distinction, his ruling passion, and perhaps a little also from resentment at some injustice which he claimed to have suffered from his countrymen. He was a man, and not therefore without foibles—among which may have been reckoned the estimation of his own acts; but they were most daring and *deserving of all praise* [! !] neither did he at all merit the obloquy that he received from his enemies. His love of liberty may be more questionable; for if he commenced his deeds in the cause of these Free States, they terminated in the service of a despot! He is now dead—but had he lived in times and under circumstances when his consummate knowledge of his profession, his cool, deliberate, and even desperate courage, could have been exercised in a regular and well-supported navy, and had the habits of his youth better qualified him to have borne, meekly, the honors he acquired in his age [manhood: for he died in the prime of life] he would have left behind him no name in its lists that would have descended to the latest posterity of his adopted countrymen with greater renown."

It will be observed that Cooper here gravely speaks of Paul Jones not as the imaginary

Another fiction, by Allan Cunningham, also has Paul Jones for its hero, and canny Allan is said to have taken wild license with historical facts. Cooper has moreover written a history of the life of Paul Jones; a second biography was produced by Mr. Sherburne, Register of the United States navy; and a third (probably the best of all) was anonymously published at Edinburgh, and is founded on Paul Jones's own private letters, journals, documents, &c., in the possession of his surviving relatives in Scotland. Thus there is in the aggregate sufficient evidence to enable an impartial and unprejudiced writer to arrive at a fair estimate of the character of the man who, for more than half a century, was generally stigmatized as an "atrocious traitor," and "a blood-thirsty pirate" in Great Britain, and eulogized as a "distinguished hero" in America, the country of his adoption, who commenced life as a cabin-boy, and died an American Commodore, and a Russian Rear-Admiral!

What then is our own mature deliberate opinion of Paul Jones? We will give it in a few sentences. He had many admirable qualities, and many grave faults. He was gifted with transcendent abilities as a naval commander (though he perhaps would not have been a first-rate *admiral*), his brilliant courage verged on desperation; his skill as a seaman was admirable; his energy was sleepless; his judgment in all things connected with his profession was of the highest order; and, to crown all, he was a self-taught, self-made man. He was keen in prosecuting his rights in money matters, although by no means avaricious, but to the reverse generous and liberal to a notable degree. In some respects he was a worldly prosaic man, but in others he was romantic, sentimental and chivalrous. He always was prone to excessive personal vanity, and during the latter years of his chequered life he rendered himself pitifully ridiculous by setting up for a fine gentleman and courtier.

It is painful and humiliating to read how insipidly foppish he became at Paris—he, the formidable sea-king, whose name had struck terror along the coasts of the greatest maritime nation in the world; he who in many an awful sea-fight had shown himself the very beau ideal of nautical skill, prowess, and indomitable valour! Of his conduct in devoting his sword to the United States there will be opposite opinions on either side the Atlantic; but the malignant, renegade-like, relentless hatred he continually expressed against his native land, and his partially successful attempts to ravage English ports and burn their shipping admit of no palliation. All the waters of the Mississippi cannot wash out this damning stain from his memory. No words are too strong to express our abhorrence of such facts. A malison from the heart of all true patriots will ever uprise at the idea that Paul Jones deliberately planned, and partially executed, a scheme to destroy the English port (Whitehaven) whence he had sailed as a sea-apprentice in his youth! To us there is something inexpressibly diabolical and revolting in the thought that this man, albeit in many respects noble, heroic, and worthy of admiration, yet was so fiendish in his hatred to his native land, that he actually availed himself of the local knowledge he had acquired in his youth (when honestly and honorably learning his profession of a seaman in the merchant service) to attack the port and fire the shipping at Whitehaven! Again we say, a malison on such devilish acts! We yield to none—not even to his warmest American admirer—in keen appreciation of his stupendous abilities as a seaman, and his unsurpassed daring and valour as a warrior; but all our admiration, and all our sympathy, cannot blind us to the damning fact that Paul Jones was a villain of the worst stamp as regards his inalienable allegiance to his native land. Let that great American author—let Fenimore Cooper gloss over Paul

pilot-hero of his splendid *chef-d'œuvre*, but as the personage he really was. Cooper's opinion, thus expressed (especially bearing in mind that he himself was an American) is worthy of careful consideration. Although decidedly objecting to the bold assertion that Jones's acts were "deserving of all praise," we yet cordially, unreservedly, and emphatically endorse the concluding sentence.

question. On the 19th of August, 1812, the American forty-four gun frigate "Constitution," Captain Hull, captured the British 38 gun frigate "Guerriere," Captain Dacres. The former mounted 28 guns on a broadside, carrying 768 pounds of metal; her crew consisted of 460 men, and 8 boys; her tonnage was 1533, and her scantling was literally equal to a British 74. The *Guerrière* had 24 broadside guns, carrying 517 pounds; her crew numbered 244 men and 19 boys; her tonnage was 1092. Moreover, the vessel was in a miserable condition, almost unseaworthy, and as she could not be kept afloat after the action, her capturers blew her up. Her loss was 15 killed and 63 wounded; the *Constitution* had seven killed and about a dozen wounded. On the 29th December, in the same year, the *Constitution*, (Commodore Bainbridge) also fought and captured the British 38-gun frigate "Java," Captain Lambert, manned by a very poor crew of seamen, landsmen, and a great number of boys and supernumeraries, in all 397. During the protracted contest she lost 22 killed and 102 wounded; the *Constitution* had 10 killed and about 40 wounded. In the interval between the above two actions, viz., on October 25th, the American 44-gun frigate "United States," Commodore Decatur, fought and captured the British 38 gun frigate "Macedonian," Captain Carden. The former

was of the same tonnage as her sister, frigate the *Constitution*, and had a broadside weight of metal of 864 lbs. and a crew of 474 men. The Macedonian's broadside carried only 528 pounds, and her crew consisted of 254 men (eight of whom were foreigners and refused to fight) and 35 boys. Her loss was 36 killed and 68 wounded; that of the *United States* was only 5 killed and 7 wounded.* In the above statistics, we have, after careful comparison with other narratives, adopted the figures given by the great naval historian Mr. James, whose painstaking accuracy was unquestionable. We may add that the Macedonian was nearly new, and she yet (or, at any rate she did a few years ago) sails under the Stars and Stripes. During the terrible famine in Ireland she was dispatched with a cargo of meal, &c., as a present to the starving people from the generous citizens of the *United States*. The crews of both the American frigates above named were remarkably fine picked men,† *many of them being British subjects*—for at that time (as well as at the present) the American navy was only partially manned by natives of the *United States*.

From the time the above celebrated actions were fought down to the present day, the Americans have never ceased to boast how thoroughly and repeatedly they humbled the British flag. Well! if they really delude

* Commodore Decatur, the captain of the *United States*, on account of his success on this and other occasions, won much fame in the estimation of his fellow citizens, who regarded him as the foremost of their naval heroes. He was presented with the freedom of the city of New York, and the next day he is said to have overheard the following conversation between two of his crew:—" 'Jack,' said one, 'what is the meaning of this 'freedom of the city,' which they've been giving to the 'old man?' 'Why, don't you know? It's the right to rollick about the streets as much as he pleases; kick up a row; knock down the men, and kiss the women!' 'Oh, oh!' cried the other, 'that's something worth fighting for.' "

† Mr. James, speaking of the formidable organization of an American 44-gun ship's crew, says:—"Estimating the crew of an American 44-gun frigate at 475 men and boys, we may venture to give the following as its organization: officers and petty officers, 80; able seamen, 180; ordinary seamen, 145; mariners, 65; boys, 5. But in reality, the distinction between the able and ordinary seamen was merely nominal, the fastidiousness of the American government requiring the latter to be nearly equal in qualifications to the former. Nor was it enough to be a practised seaman: the volunteer must also, in age, stature, and bodily vigour, be able to stand the test of the strictest scrutiny. While, therefore, the officers, or the greater part of them, were native Americans, the petty officers consisted, almost wholly, of the first order of British seamen, of whom, also, the bulk of the crew was composed. Owing to the absence of any restraint similar to that imposed by the game laws of England, the American peasant is a sportsman from his infancy. Hence, the marines consisted of native Americans; not only as being the best marksmen, especially with the rifle, but because the British marine corps, to its credit, afforded very few deserters. It may now be understood what is meant when it is stated that an American ship-of-war is manned by a picked crew."

themselves into the belief that they won unfading laurels on the above occasions, they are quite welcome, for we can afford to smile at their ludicrous error. We only know of one American writer, the gifted and *always* manly and outspoken Herman Melville, who has had the moral courage as well as the downright honesty to declare that the "very great disparity" of force between the United States and the Macedonian, "united to the other circumstances of this action, deprives the victory of all claims to glory *beyond those that might be set up by a river horse getting the better of a seal.*" Nobly said, Melville!

But although the British people were sorely amazed and indignant at the time (not then knowing the true state of the case) to learn that three of their frigates weretaken by American vessels nominally of the same class, yet they were very speedily comforted, their minds relieved, and their wounded pride healed, by the result of the deliberate *ship-duel* between the "Shannon" and the "Chesapeake"—for a regular sea-duel it was, Captain Broke of the Shannon having written a chivalrous letter of challenge to Captain Lawrence of the Chesapeake, then lying in Boston harbour; and the latter finally accepted it, and the duel came off at no great distance from the shore. The combatants were tolerably well matched, although the American frigate was superior in size, weight of metal, and number of crew. The Shannon's tonnage was 1066; her guns on a broadside 25; their weight of metal, 538 lbs.; the crew, 300 men and boys (a large proportion of the latter), and 30 supernumeraries, consisting of seamen, boys, and passengers from re-captured vessels. The Chesapeake was 1135 tons; mounted 25 guns on a broadside, discharging 590 lbs. of metal; and had a fine picked crew of 381 men and 5 boys. The particulars of the celebrated action that ensued must be familiar to every reader. Suffice it, that in exactly fifteen minutes from the time the first gun was fired, the American flag was hauled down, and the British hoisted in its stead! Brief as was the fight, the loss on both sides was terribly severe. The victor had 24 killed and 59 wounded; and the

Chesapeake had 47 killed and 99 wounded—14 mortally, including her gallant captain. This was the official account given by the American officers, but the real loss is supposed to have been much heavier. No less than thirty-two British seamen were proved to have formed part of the crew of the Chesapeake, and one or more of them actually leaped overboard when the ship was captured—poor conscience-stricken, desperate traitors!

Let us hasten to state that in this action, and, in fact, nearly every other that occurred during the war in question, the American ships were fought with considerable skill and great bravery. And we may be permitted to add that we have referred to these celebrated frigate-actions only as historical facts.

A capital picture of the organization of a modern American man-of-war is given in a work by Herman Melville, published in 1850 under the quaint title of "White Jacket, or the World in a Man-of-War." The author tells us that he spent more than a year before the mast in a frigate which he calls the "Never-sink," but which, in fact, was the "United States"—the frigate that captured the "Macedonian," as above described. Melville says that "of all men-of-war the American ships are the most excessively neat, and have the greatest reputation for it. And of all men-of-war the general discipline of the American is perhaps the most severe. In the English navy, the men mess liberally on tables, which, between meals, are triced up out of the way. The American sailors mess on the deck, and pick up their broken biscuits, or *midshipmen's nuts*, like fowls in a farm-yard." And Melville tells many doleful stories, not only of the manner in which American men-of-war's-men feed off the mess-cloth (a small square of painted canvas laid on the deck between the guns) but of the downright cruelty of the American service, in sacrificing the comfort and the health of the men to keep the ship preternaturally clean and clear of obstructions, &c. He bears ample testimony to the fact (which we have heard many times from nautical men) that an immense proportion of the crews of American men-of-war are aliens. The commissioned officers are nearly all—or, say

four-fifths—native-born Americans; but of the petty officers of the *Never-sink* one-third were Europeans, and two-thirds of the fifty marines on board were *Irishmen*. Well! what is the very natural result of this unparalleled infusion of foreigners in the United States navy? Why, very naturally, the bulk of the crew of any one ship are utterly indifferent to the honor of the flag under which they serve, and in their hearts would rejoice at its humiliation in action with that of their own country.

This is not mere theory, but the actual fact. Let us give one or two proofs. Some years ago, when there was a rumour of an impending war between the United States and Great Britain (about the Oregon Territory, if we recollect rightly) a large American frigate—all their “frigates” are immense vessels—was up the Mediterranean, and the crew heard of the rumour in question. It created great excitement, and the men discussed it eagerly in their messes. In a few hours a resolution was come to. More than one-half—we think nearly two-thirds—of the crew, went aft to the quarter-deck, and respectfully but firmly informed the captain that in case of a war between the United States and Great Britain, he must not depend upon them, for *they would not lift an arm against their native country*; but, they added, that they would do their duty in a war with any other country. Again, what does our brave-hearted outspoken friend Herman Melville tell us of the *esprit de corps* of the crew of the *Never-sink*? He says that when the frigate lay at Rio de Janeiro, a rumour of a war with England reached them. How was it received? He declares that the crew, “almost to a man, abhorred the idea of going into action,” yet the officers, to the reverse, were animated and delighted. “But why,” asks he, “this contrast between the fore-castle and the quarter-deck, between the man-of-war’s man and his officer? Because, though war would equally jeopardize the lives of both, yet, while it held out to the sailor no hope of promotion, and what is called *glory*, these things fired the breast of the officers.”

Yes; but the above reason why the men hated the idea of fighting would apply equally to the crew of a

British (or any other) man-of-war, and therefore it is evident that we must seek for some other and yet more cogent cause for their conduct. Nor is it far to seek. We find it elsewhere in Melville’s own pages. Hear him! “One of the effects of the free introduction of foreigners into any navy cannot be sufficiently deplored. During the period I lived in the *Never-sink*, I was repeatedly struck with the lack of patriotism in many of my shipmates. True, *they were mostly foreigners*, who unblushingly avowed that, were it not for the difference of pay, they would as lief man the guns of an English ship as those of an American or Frenchman. Nevertheless, it was evident that, as for any high-toned patriotic feeling, there was comparatively very little—hardly any of it—evinced by our sailors as a body.” Why should there be? It was morally impossible, and that Herman Melville must have known.

Melville thinks that in the Republic of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, where any landsman may aspire to the Presidential chair, it would be only right that any American seaman should be permitted to hope that he may in time become a Commodore. “Nevertheless” says he, “in a country like ours, boasting of the political equality of all social conditions, it is a great reproach that such a thing as a common seaman rising to the rank of a commissioned officer in our navy is nowadays almost unheard of.” Thus we find that “the Service” is quite as exclusive and aristocratic in the United States as in Great Britain. And as we have already said, the discipline of the crew is even more severe in the United States navy than in our own, and Melville emphatically declares that our officers are much better liked by their men than those of the United States by the mixed crews whom *they* command. He asserts that the American man-of-war’s-man is as much a slave as the Russian serf. “As a sailor he shares none of our civil immunities; the law of the soil in no respect accompanies the national floating timbers grown thereon, and to which he clings as his home. For him our Revolution was in vain; to him our Declaration of Independence is a lie.” Again, Melville very

significantly tells us that "the general usages of the American navy are founded on the usages that prevailed in monarchical England more than a century ago; nor have they materially altered since . . . *There still lingers in American men-of-war all the stilted etiquette and childish parade of the old-fashioned Court of Madrid.* Indeed, so far as things that meet the eye are concerned, an American Commodore is by far a greater man than the President of twenty millions of free men." We may here remark that a terrible proof of the Spartan discipline of the United States navy, was presented by the well-known example of the brig-of-war, a few years ago, whose captain hung three men (one being a midshipman of a very good family) at the yard-arm, *without trial, and solely on his own judgment and responsibility*, as a warning to the crew, who, he alleged, were disposed to mutiny. What English captain would have dared to do this? Not one! No, not even such a captain as the tyrant Pigott, (whose monstrously brutal and fiendish conduct caused the horrible mutiny of the *Hermione* frigate more than half a century ago) would have dared to act so despotically.

A significant fact may here be appropriately mentioned. The majority of officers in the United States navy are said to be "Southerners"—natives of the slave states,—who also hold the majority of commissions in the regular army. Does not this in some measure account for the extraordinary severity of discipline in both services? Men who are themselves slaveholders, may well be expected to exhibit their arbitrary, cruel, and almost irresponsible notions of authority when they find themselves in command of freemen, either by sea or land. Our attention has been drawn to this subject by a correspondent, and we will quote a portion of his letter, as it well expresses an opinion in which we, and we presume, our readers, too, will heartily concur:—"The slaveholding 'interest' being by far the most powerful in that country, and the proverbial contempt of slaveholding communities for manual labour, trade, and commercial pursuits, will readily account for the preponderance of this element in the United Service of the States. The overbearing spirit which

prevails on the plantation is naturally exhibited in the barrack and on the quarter-deck, since it does not restrain its manifestations in the senate chamber at Washington." It is notorious that the United States army, as regards the officers, is far more exclusive than that of any other nation, and the navy seems pretty much on a par. Have the people of the United States well considered this matter? Many far-seeing people explicitly predict a dissolution of the Union at no distant day—in a word, that the North will be arrayed in hostility against the South. And if at the same time the majority of officers in the army and navy are Southerners, can we doubt to which side, in case of a disruption, these officers would endeavour by all means to carry the armed forces they command? Ere we quit the subject, let us mention a curious and suggestive fact. It is expressly forbidden by the laws of the United States that any *slave* should serve in a national vessel; yet, in the teeth of this proposition, Herman Melville declares that on board the "Never-sink" a black slave (belonging to the purser, and serving him solely as his personal servant) was entered *as a seaman*, and doubtless wages as a seaman were paid to the purser for his slave! This fat, idle, black man, (for he had a merciful master, as it happened) was, Melville positively declares, an object of downright envy to the free white seamen, who were practically worse treated "slaves" on board than poor "Guinea" himself. And several other blacks were aboard the "Never-sink"—slaves, too, we presume.

The navy of the United States has no officer of higher rank than a Commodore; but although this system may answer very well so long as the country merely sends to sea small squadrons of ships, common sense teaches the absolute necessity of creating higher ranks—admirals of several degrees—in case *fleets* are ever equipped and sent forth. The pay of a captain is 4,500 dollars per annum; of a commander, 2,500 dollars; a lieutenant, 1,800 dollars; a passed midshipman, (on active service) 750 dollars; an ordinary midshipman, 400 dollars. We must here explain that in the United States navy, the class called "passed mid-

shipmen" are young men who have been duly examined, and pronounced qualified to become lieutenants, although not having received commissions as such—a class, in fact, similar to the "mates" of the British navy. Of other officers, non-combatants, the surgeon of the squadron, (or senior surgeon) has only 1,500 dollars, and the chaplain but 1,200 dollars. On the other hand, the purser is very highly paid, receiving in a line-of-battle ship 3,500 dollars. His responsibilities, and cares, and labours are certainly great, and his present handsome pay is insignificant compared with the enormous profits he formerly derived from his situation, prior to the substitution of a regular rate of pay in lieu of perquisites, &c.

The United States naval service musters 68 captains, 97 commanders, and a somewhat varying number of lieutenants and midshipmen. According to one account before us, there are 377 lieutenants, and 451 midshipmen of both classes; but the other authority gives only 327 lieutenants, and 399 midshipmen. Herman Melville does not scruple to broadly intimate that many of the lieutenants and other officers are incompetent men, mere "Selvagees and Paper Jacks." "Many commodores", says he, "know that they have seldom taken a line-of-battle ship to sea, without feeling more or less nervous when some of the lieutenants have the deck at night;" [i.e. have charge of the ship.] Elsewhere he is more explicit. "Considering the known facts, that some of these officers are seldom or never sent to sea, owing to the Navy Department being well aware of their insufficiency; that others are detained for pen-and-ink work at observatories, and solvers of logarithms in the Coast Survey; while the really meritorious officers, who are accomplished practical seamen, are known to be sent from ship to ship with but a small interval of a furlough; considering all this, it is not too much to say that no small portion of the million and a-half of money above mentioned, is annually paid to *national pensioners in disguise, who live on the navy without serving it.*" We confess that we transcribe the above opinion of a most intelligent American seaman and au-

thor, with feelings of grim satisfaction. We have heard quite enough of complaints ament the short-comings, deficiencies, glaring favouritism, &c. of our own naval administration, and we do not shrink from saying that we ourselves have bitterly uplifted our voice in exposure of the wooden-headed stupidity of our Boards of Admiralty; but let the faults and failings of our navy be what they may, no man dare to say of the officers what Herman Melville has above said of those of the United States navy. In future, we, in common with other growlers and grumblers, shall submit to the wholesome check of recollecting that a truth-speaking native American has testified that the boasted navy of his country numbers many officers who are so incompetent, that they are not to be trusted with a watch at sea!!!

We are indebted to a useful and sensibly-written little book, entitled "The United States: their Constitution and Power," for the following brief summary of the existing strength of the United States navy:—

"According to the most recent statistical returns, it consists of only seventy-five vessels of war, of which eleven are ships of the line, thirteen frigates, and nineteen sloops of war. However, to make up for this apparent deficiency of strength, there are seven first-class steamers, either built, being equipped, or on the stocks, and fourteen other steamers, three brigs, and one schooner; the rest are store-ships. Of this navy one ship of the line mounts 120 guns, one 80 guns, and nine 84 guns. Of the thirteen frigates, one mounts 56 guns, the rest only 50 guns, whilst of the sloops of war, seven carry 22 guns; eight, 20 guns; and four 16 guns. The entire number of guns mounted by the whole navy is 2,092. . . . 'It is impossible,' says an English authority of great weight in naval affairs, 'not to be struck with the beautiful architecture of these vessels: the 'Pennsylvania,' rated 120 guns on four decks, carrying 140, is not by any means so perfect as some of the line of battle ships. The 'Ohio' is, as far as I am a judge, the perfection of a ship of the line. But in every class you cannot but admire the superiority of the models and workmanship.' . . . Formerly all the ships of the line

were named after the several states; the frigates after the principal rivers; and the sloops of war after towns or cities. Hence we have the 'Pennsylvania,' the 'Ohio,' the 'Alabama,' the 'Virginia,' in the first class; the 'Potomac,' the 'Havanah,' the 'Raritan,' the 'St. Lawrence,' in the second; and the 'Falmouth,' the 'St. Louis,' the 'Jamestown,' and the 'Plymouth,' in the third. This rule, however, does not seem to be preserved at present, for we find amongst the first-class steamers, the 'Franklin,' the 'Merrimac,' the 'Minnesota,' the 'Mississippi,' and other names used indiscriminately. . . . There are seven navy-yards belonging to the United States: namely, the navy yard at Portsmouth, New Hampshire; at Charleston, near Boston; at New York, situated on Long Island, opposite the city; at Philadelphia, on the Delaware river; at Washington, on the eastern branch of the river Potomac, where most of the anchors, cables, blocks, and materials requisite for the use of the navy are made; at Portsmouth, near Norfolk, in Virginia, situated on the south branch of the Elizabeth river; and the navy-yard at Pensacola, in Florida. Without including the last, these dock-yards cover an area of upwards of 220 acres, and cost in construction the sum of 131,714 dollars.*

The same authority tells us that the net amount of the last annual grant voted by Congress for the navy of the United States, was 17,052,189 dollars, or £3,500,000 sterling—an insignificant sum in comparison with the enormous sums annually voted for our own magnificent navy.

It thus appears that, notwithstanding the enormous sea-board of the United States, and their immense foreign commerce, and their pertinacious boast of being one of the leading naval powers of the world, their

navy, like their army, is on a very modest scale. So it has ever been. They never yet sent a *fleet* to sea, and we may be permitted to doubt whether they are able or willing to do so. Their policy has the merit of consistency. They may boast of their ability to whip the Britisher off the ocean, but they are wiser than to attempt to do so on a large scale. Sixty years ago they first adopted a system of "naval progression," which, although not very chivalrous, is abundantly cunning, and has the merit of simplicity. They built huge ships of prodigious strength, and instead of rating them as line-of-battle ships, called them "frigates." The result of this ingenious deception we have already noticed; and it is superfluous to add that Jonathan has steadily persevered in it up to the present time. All the American men-of-war are greatly under-rated—that is, they are in reality very much larger and more powerful than might be reasonably imagined, judging by their ostensible classification. Their "corvettes" are, in fact, frigates of the heaviest class; their "frigates" are line-of-battle ships. Some of their corvettes are most admirable vessels in every respect, and are armed with enormous 84-pounders. Their "Niagara" steam "frigate" is a fair specimen of her class. Her length is 367 feet; breadth of beam, 56 feet; draught of water, 23 feet; horse-power, 2000; and tonnage upwards of 3000! Her armament is of terrific power. According to the newspapers of the day, they are so well satisfied with this Niagara, that they have five sister frigates built on her model, just ready for launching. And if it be true, as reported, that the Niagara can steam at the rate of eleven knots, they have reason to be satisfied with her capabilities.*

There is not one of our screw-frigates,

* One of our newspapers well remarks:—"The Americans have wisely waited for all our improvements, and twelve more of these giant frigates are now to be added to the Niagara and her five sisters, so that the Americans will have the unexampled naval force of eighteen of these flying leviathans, equal in tonnage and superior in weight of metal to our screw line-of-battle-ships. This is something to know, and our attention was lately called to the appearance of an American sloop-of-war at Genoa, a corvette, armed with 84-pounders, or ten-inch guns, which was the admiration of all who saw her. From this it is evident that, in the event of war, the Americans intend to strike the first successful blow on their old tactics. They will oppose a frigate to a frigate, a sloop to a sloop, nominally equal ships, but in reality infinite in disparity of force. It will ring through the world that an American frigate or sloop has blown up, or sent down, or carried into port, an English frigate or sloop"

albeit we have some noble vessels of that class, capable of contending with the Niagara, or her sister frigates, with a fair chance of success. If a war ensued—which Heaven forbid! yet still such a thing, we repeat, is possible—and one of our best screw-frigates encountered the Niagara, have we not too much reason to apprehend that the result would be a tragedy very similar to that of the “United States” and the “Macedonian?” The Americans are wise in their generation. They know that they cannot send forth large fleets, but they *can* equip a comparatively small number of fighting-ships, each so much larger than any ship of its ostensible class in other navies, and each so powerfully manned, so armed, so excellently built, so provided with the latest modern inventions for offence and defence, that it would very probably be able to overcome an enemy’s ship in single combat, precisely under the same circumstances that the “Constitution” captured the “Guerrière!” No expense is spared to effect such a result. The American marines are now armed with the best rifles that can be procured, and the seamen are each provided with a six-barreled revolver. What chance, we ask, would our own tars have in a hand-to-hand combat with men thus armed, whilst *they* have nothing but the old clumsy ship’s pistol for small arms? And if an American “frigate” *did* capture a British “frigate,” no matter how disproportionately superior in force the former might be, the one country would go mad with jubilation, and the other with rage and indignation. Let us recollect that such a thing happened in the last war, not once only, but thrice, within the space of a few months.

We rejoice, however, to be able for once to give our Admiralty credit for some degree of vigour and foresight, inasmuch that orders have been given to forthwith build a new class of immense steam-frigates and corvettes, expressly with a view to have ships capable of meeting the Americans on a tolerably equal footing. A corvette is to be built at Deptford, the

“Ariadne,” of 2,479 tons burthen, and 1000 horse-power. Her armament is to be twenty-six guns of the heaviest calibre. And we learn from the *Times* that there is now building at Pembroke a steam-frigate, the “Diadem,” which is “the first of the new class of enormous frigates building to match the Americans, and though only to carry 32 guns, yet her length and tonnage are equal to a ship-of-the-line. Her length is 240 feet, and her tonnage will be upwards of 2,500 tons. The armament of this ship will be enormous, being 32 68-pounders, or 8-inch shells, with one pivot-gun of 95 cwt. and 10 feet in length. Her engines are to be of 1000 horse-power.” Doubtless this will be a noble and terrible frigate, yet her dimensions, and armament, and horse-power, are considerably less than those of the Niagara and sister-frigates. Still it is a step in the right direction, and as such we hail it; hoping, moreover, that no ideas of false economy, and no argument and objections (well-meaning, it may be, but pernicious) of the Peace party, will cause the withholding of supplies to build and equip a sufficient number of these monster frigates and corvettes, to tackle, if necessary, their American prototypes.

For some months past a considerable amount of discussion as to the possible and probable results, in a naval sense, of a rupture with Great Britain, has appeared in the American newspapers. Some of them write very sensibly on this delicate and momentous topic, but not a few influential journals indulge in bravado and genuine Yankee exaggeration and bluster. Others, again, mingle truth with error, sense with nonsense, fair statements with gross misrepresentations. Not long ago, the *New York Herald*, for example, commented on the British fleet of gun-boats in the following fashion:—

“The mosquito may sting a giant to death; and these little spitfires, with their long 68’s and their fleet keels, if they did not capture a frigate, would, as they say east, almost ‘worry’ her to death. They are like

Forewarned is to be forearmed; we ought to build frigates equal to cope with the Niagara; the expense must be a secondary consideration, as an adequate preparation is in the end the best economy.”

some of our western steamers, and will run wherever it is damp. These vessels number more than the entire U. S. navy, and in case of a war with us, they would devastate our Atlantic coast from Maine to the Gulf. Those who happen to know the exact amount of our naval force may amuse themselves by making a calculation of the number of hours it would be seen above water, if attacked by the 367 effective vessels of the British navy, with their united broadsides of 7,354 guns. But it is encouraging to know that *although we have no navy worth mentioning*, yet the disparity was just as great forty years ago, WHEN WE WHIPPED BRITANNIA IN EVERY FAIR FIGHT ON THE SEAS. [!!!] And we know that in case of a war, right or wrong, the vessels would be found, the officers would be at their posts, the ensign of the Republic would be nailed to the peak, [we have heard of flags being nailed to the mast-head, but never to the peak!] and thousands of stout fellows, trained in the best school of the sailor—the mercantile marine—would spring to the guns when the drum beat to quarters. *In the last war with England the difficulty was not how to raise men for the navy, but how to dispose of the gallant volunteers.* [If so, why so very many British seamen in U. S. ships-of-war at that period? The statement is ridiculously false.] The strength of this country in time of war, both on the land and on the ocean, consists in her ability to turn the implements of peace into the weapons of war—to make the ploughshare into a sword, and improvise a war vessel out of a mail steamer or coasting packet. If we did not lack guns, we never should lack vessels or men, for in the waters of New York, Philadelphia, or Boston, we could raise hundreds of steamers at a month's notice, with plenty of volunteers eager and ready to man them. The British Navy in time of peace costs, in round sums, fifty millions of dollars a year, [considerably more] being two-thirds as much as our entire national expenses under the profligate administration of Pierce and Marcy."

The reader will perceive that the italics, small capitals, notes of admiration, and interpolations within brackets, in the above noteworthy quotation, are our own, and sure are

we that he will admit we have not made use of them without abundant provocation. *Au reste*, we will only remark that when the American writer glibly and confidently talks of improvising "a war vessel out of a mail steamer or coasting packet" he is simply talking rank nonsense, as any naval man would tell him. A mail packet or a coasting vessel *cannot* be suddenly converted into a man-of-war, as experience has proved. They are mere shells, and will not bear an effective armament, and would be shaken to pieces by the recoil of heavy guns—setting aside other reasons why they are not adapted for fighting purposes. It is true they might become effective mosquito craft, in the shape of privateers, and we do not dispute that "hundreds of steamers" might be impressed for such a purpose "at a month's notice" in the chief American seaports; but we must be permitted to seriously doubt whether "plenty of volunteers eager and ready to man them" would be forthcoming, or, if so, what sort of volunteers would they be? Able seamen? Bah!

Apropos of privateers. The United States were foremost in denouncing privateering, almost from the commencement of their assertion of Independence. Treaties with France in 1778, and with Prussia in 1785, and acts of Congress in 1794 and 1818 denounced privateering in good set terms; and all honour to the Congress of the United States for so doing, because privateering, as we ourselves have elsewhere testified at length, is but a single degree better than piracy. Yet—alas! that we should have to write such a humiliating fact!—the declarations of the United States on this subject were mere *theory*, for in *practice* they permitted and encouraged privateering as much or more than any other power. The enormous loss occasioned to British merchants and ship-owners by American privateers is too well known to every intelligent reader of history. The number of privateers and letters-of-marque sent forth, at one time, by the United States during the last war, was about *two hundred and fifty!* Of this number, Baltimore (so famous for its fleet clippers) furnished 58; New York, 55; Salem, 40; Boston, 31; Charleston, 10. It is well known that du-

ring the recent war with Russia, the allies, England, France, &c., virtually gave a death-blow to the iniquitous system of privateering, by sternly refusing letters-of-marque, and denouncing any attempt at privateering under penalty of high treason. Moreover, as we learn by the public journals of the day, these great European powers have made an agreement—most honourable unto them—never more to sanction or permit their subjects to engage in the wicked enterprise of fitting out armed ships, manned by desperate ruffians, to prey on the commerce of an enemy. It is said that the allies made overtures to the United States to join with them in condemnation and renunciation of privateering, but that the latter power obstinately refused to relinquish the right to issue letters-of-marque!

Well, we believe it, and are not one whit surprised. Naval men (at least all within our time) have admitted that, in case of a war with the United States, what we had most to dread was *not* by any means the regular national ships-of-war, but the swarms of privateers which would issue from every port along the immense American sea-board. They were right: such is what we must indeed apprehend, and that our fears would be only too well grounded we are as sure as we can be sure of anything in this life. The United States can, at almost a day's notice, fit out a prodigious number of fleet vessels as privateers; and that these vessels would indubitably capture a proportionate number of our helpless merchantmen is unquestionable. If the United States, in 1812-14, could send forth, as they actually did, two hundred and fifty privateers, how many could they now equip? Whatever the number, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that they would undoubtedly, or at least in all human probability, succeed in inflicting damage and loss on our commerce in just such proportion as their numbers would exceed those sent forth in the former war.

The American press has not been oblivious on this subject. The *New York Journal of Commerce*, a very respectable paper, recently made some pertinent and sensible remarks which we here subjoin:—

"Things have changed since our last two wars with England. During both of those wars she was engaged in war with France and other countries as well as with us. Our commerce was comparatively small, and hers quite large. At the present time our commerce is as large and as extended as hers. [No! it may be as 'extended,' but it is *not* as large.] In future wars, most of her privateers [Britain will nevermore send forth privateers, or legalized *pirates*!] will be steam-boats, because all her steamers are of necessity seagoing vessels, and she has them in all parts of the world; *and every one knows that very few of our steamers are fit to go outside of our harbours; and before we could build suitable steamers, every merchant-vessel we have at sea would be captured.* Suppose, however, that we should fit out privateers, and destroy the whole of England's commerce; she would undoubtedly do the same with ours, and would still have her great preponderance in national armed vessels. What should we gain by that move? It appears to us that we should be just where we started from."

The reader will note the lines we have put in italics in the above. They are suggestive, especially considering that the authority is a most respectable one, and that it is amply borne out by other accounts.

The truth is, the United States are not, and probably never will be, anything more than a second-rate naval power. Great Britain has repeatedly been dependent on her navy for her very existence; and to her wooden walls she owes, and solely through them she maintains her present rank among the greatest nations of the earth. It is not so with the United States. Their navy is an unpopular* service with the natives, who are not

* Not long ago the *Montreal Advertiser*, speaking of the United States navy, asserted that it is "manned feebly with such a set of riff-raff, that while the one half are in iron, guard-boats while in harbour have to watch day and night to prevent the desertion of the others." The service is "so unpopular, that a single steamer has taken months after it was commissioned to obtain a crew."—This statement may be exaggerated, but we have no doubt it has a foundation in truth. We again refer the reader to "White-Jacket."

essentially maritime, like the British, and who, moreover, owing to their republican notions of equality and independence, &c., have, very naturally, a strong dislike to submit to the iron discipline and stern subordination of men-of-war. Hence it is, that from the earliest period the national ships of the United States have been manned only partially with native subjects. No navy in the world ever received so many foreigners as that of the United States. Now, it is a curious fact that the laws enacted by Congress expressly forbid the introduction of foreigners into the United States navy, yet in the teeth of this prohibition every ship enters them in considerable numbers. How is this done? the unsophisticated reader may ask. Very easily. A British seaman has no difficulty whatever in obtaining a rating in an American man-of-war. It is the same in the American merchant service, and if it were worth while, we could explain the *modus operandi* in a few sentences. That, however, is unnecessary here, as the fact is all that we need to mention. The number of British, Danish, Swedish, French, and other foreign seamen (the British of course largely predominating) in both the navy and the merchantmen of the United States, is amazing; and no further proof need be sought of the incontestible fact that as a nation the United States is *not* maritime. Of course our seamen are tempted to enter the American service mainly by the higher rate of pay, yet we are positive that they act under a delusion in imagining that they will better their condition. It is true that the monthly pay is higher in the American navy, but when other circumstances are taken into consideration, the trifling excess of pay is more than counterbalanced, and is therefore little better than a snare to our blue-jackets. The recent regulations of the British navy offer far better encouragement to steady men, in the shape of good service money, pensions, &c.; and the comfort of the seamen in a British man-of-war is incomparably greater than in an American, and the discipline, too, is much less severe and arbitrary. Even setting aside national allegiance and predilection, and regarding the two services in a mere selfish point of

view, we should, for our own part, hugely prefer the union jack to the star-spangled banner, as a flag to serve under. We speak with a feeling of serious conviction, when we warn our blue-jackets that they are miserably deluding themselves in every respect, when they enter the navy of the United States in preference to their own. We advise them to read Herman Melville's "White Jacket," or, better still, to have half an hour's talk with any British seaman who has swung his hammock on the berth-deck of a man-of-war sailing under the Stars and Stripes.

We have written to little purpose unless we have succeeded in conveying to the mind of the reader ample reasons for conviction, why there is really no cause to apprehend that the United States navy will ever rival our own, or contend with it for the "mastery of the seas." The utmost the Americans can do—and we firmly believe they aim at no more—is to endeavour to always keep in commission a small number of admirably built, armed, and manned fighting-ships, so superior to European men-of-war of the same nominal class, that in case of an encounter there would be a strong probability that the American vessels would "whip" (to use the favourite Yankee expression) their antagonists, and thus cheaply, although deceptively, earn renown for their flag.

Setting aside all other considerations, we are convinced that the United States could not maintain great fleets, for the simple reason that a sufficient number of able seamen to man them would not be forthcoming. Suppose a war with Great Britain was to ensue. Well, in that case no British seaman could enter the United States navy, except in the detestable character of a deliberate traitor to his country; and as to the seamen already in the United States navy, they would refuse to fight against their native land, or, if compelled to do so, would desert at the first opportunity. And when the Americans boast of the facility with which they manned their navy during the war of 1812-14, it would be well for them to bear in mind that circumstances have materially altered since then. Our seamen are no longer impelled in desperation to seek

refuge from the press-gang by entering a foreign navy; and they know tolerably well that the navy of their own country is so reformed and ameliorated, that it is, on the whole, decidedly preferable to the merchant service. Hence, they will not, in case of war, be tempted to forget their allegiance to their native land, by entering the service of Uncle Sam.

But, it may be asked, could not the United States themselves furnish a sufficient number of *native* seamen to man large fleets? No, they could not; for their mercantile marine—which in all countries is the nursery of the navy—is mainly manned by aliens.

How, then, is the United States to be defended from a powerful naval foe in time of war? Not by its navy. The coast line of the United States is so immense, that even a navy powerful as that of Great Britain would not be large enough to adequately defend it from invasion, and protect its cities from bombardment. The Americans themselves are quite sensible of this. One writer quoted in the interesting little book on the "United States" to which we have before referred, remarks that "bombardment is the peculiar liability of a marine frontier whose towns are not effectively defended by sea-coast batteries. If, we suppose our coast destitute of such defences, a hostile fleet, or even a single vessel of war, might lay city after city in ashes, or exact the extreme of tribute. The shipping and shipyards of each harbour in turn might be destroyed or seized, until our whole coast and commercial marine should be utterly laid waste. Our sea-borders, wherein so large a portion of our wealth and strength is gathered, might thus be shorn of every element of vital power, by a force in itself insignificant, but

cased in an unassailable floating citadel. We must either drive an enemy from the seas, or by local defences close our harbours against his approach, or else we must patiently endure the annihilation of ports, ships, and commerce. . . . New York is worth defending, and an insurance on our many seaport towns is certainly worth the nation's solicitude. *We cannot effect this object by establishing a supremacy on the sea.* Our naval force is now totally unable to cope in mass with the English or French navies." It results, therefore, that as the navy of the United States obviously cannot protect its numerous sea-board cities and ports, other means of defence must be resorted to, and this has already been done to a very considerable extent by the formation of shore batteries and forts. Already nearly sixty defences of this description—and some of them are very formidable affairs—are built to protect the approaches to ports, &c. The largest battery mounts 464 guns, and others vary from 50 to 300 guns. Our own floating batteries, built with a view to attack the Russian strongholds, have suggested to the Americans that similar mailed monsters would be useful for defence. Accordingly, we learn that an immense floating battery is now constructing for the defence of New York. It is to be 400 feet long, and 30 to 40 feet in breadth, and built solely of wrought iron plates, seven inches in thickness. We do not doubt that defences of this kind would be even superior to shore batteries, as they are moveable, and we commend the foresight and prudence of our American cousins in constructing them; but we fervently trust it may be long before their efficacy is put to a practical test.

G L E N C O R E .

CHAPTER XXVII.

CARRARA.

To all the luxuriant vegetation and cultivated beauty of Massa, glowing in the "golden glories" of its orange groves—steeped in the perfume of its thousand gardens—Carrara offers the very strongest contrast. Built in a little cleft of the Appenines, it is begirt with great mountains—wild, barren, and desolate,—some dark and precipitous, have no traces in their sides but those of the torrents which are formed by the melting snows; others show the white caves, as they are called, of that pure marble which has made the name of the spot famous throughout Europe. High in the mountain sides, escarped amidst rocks, and zig-zagging over many a dangerous gorge and deep abyss, are the rough roads trodden by the weary oxen—trailing along their massive loads, and straining their stout chests to drag the great white blocks of glittering stone. Far down below, crossed and re-crossed by splashing torrents, sprinkled with the spray of a hundred cataracts, stands Carrara itself,—a little marble city of art,—every house a studio, every citizen a sculptor. Hither are sent out all the marvellous conceptions of genius—the models which mighty imaginations have begotten, to be converted into imperishable stone. Here are the grand conceptions gathered for every land and clime, treasures destined to adorn the great galleries of nations, or the splendid palaces of kings.

Some of these studios are of imposing size and vast proportions, and not devoid of a certain architectural pretension—a group, a figure, or a bas relief usually adorning the space over the door; and by its subject giving some indication of the tastes of the proprietor. Thus *Madonnas* and saints are of frequent occurrence; and the majority of the artists display their faith by an image of the saint whose patronage they claim. Others exhibit some ideal conception; and a few denote their nationality by the bust of their

sovereign, or some prince of his house.

One of these buildings, a short distance from the town, and so small as to be little more than a mere crypt, was distinguished by the chaste and simple elegance of its design, and the elaborate ornament with which its owner had decorated the most minute details of the building. He was a young artist, who had arrived in Carrara friendless and unknown, but whose abilities had soon obtained for him consideration and employment. At first, the tasks entrusted to him were the humbler ones of friezes and decorative art; but at length, his skill becoming acknowledged, to his hands were confided the choicest conceptions of Danneker—the most rare creations of Canova. Little or nothing was known of him; his habits were of the strictest seclusion,—he went into no society, he formed no friendships. His solitary life, after a while, ceased to attract any notice; and men saw him pass, and come and go, without question,—almost without greeting; and save when some completed work was about to be packed off to its destination, the name of Sebastian Grippi was rarely heard in Carrara.

His strict retirement had not, however, exempted him from the jealous suspicions of the authorities; on the contrary, the seeming mystery of his life had sharpened their curiosity and aroused their zeal; and more than once was he summoned to the Prefecture to answer some frivolous questions about his passport or his means of subsistence.

It was on one of these errands that he stood one morning in the ante-chamber of the Podesta's court, awaiting his turn to be called and interrogated. The heat of a crowded chamber, the wearisome delay,—perhaps, too, some vexation at the frequency of these irritating calls—had partially excited him; and when he was at length introduced, his manner was confused, his replies vague and almost wandering.

Two strangers, whose formal permissions to reside were then being filled up by a clerk, were accommodated with seats in the room, and listened with no slight interest to a course of enquiry so strange and novel to their ears.

"Grippi!" cried the harsh voice of the President, "come forward," and a youth stood up, dressed in the blue blouse of a common workman, and wearing the coarse shoes of the very humblest labourer; but yet in the calm dignity of his mien, and the mild character of his sad but handsome features, already proclaiming that he came of a class whose instincts denote good blood.

"Grippi, you have a servant, it would seem, whose name is not in your passport; how is this?"

"He is a humble friend who shares my fortunes, sir," said the artist. "They asked no passport from him when we crossed the Tuscan frontier; and he was since here some months, without any demand for one."

"Does he assist you in your work?"

"He does, sir, by advice and counsel; but he is not a sculptor. Poor fellow! he never dreamed that his presence here could have attracted any remark."

"His tongue and accent betray a foreign origin, Grippi?"

"Be it so,—so do mine, perhaps. Are we the less submissive to the laws?"

"The laws can make themselves respected," said the Podesta sternly; "where is this man,—how is he called?"

"He is known as Gulielmo, sir. At this moment he is ill,—he has caught the fever of the Campagna, and is confined to bed."

"We shall send to ascertain that fact," was the reply.

"Then my word is doubted!" said the youth haughtily.

The Podesta started, but more in amazement than anger. There was, indeed, enough to astonish him in the haughty ejaculation of the poorly-clad boy.

"I am given to believe that you are not, as your passport would imply,—a native of Capri, nor a Neapolitan born," said the Podesta.

"If my passport be regular and my conduct blameless, what have you

or any one to do with my birth-place? Is there any charge alleged against me?"

"You are forgetting where you are, boy; but I may take measures to remind you of it," said the Podesta, whispering to a sergeant of the *gend'armes* at his side.

"I hope I have said nothing that could offend you," said the boy, eagerly; "I scarcely know what I have said. My wish is to submit myself in all obedience to the laws—to live quietly and follow my trade. If my presence here give displeasure to the authorities, I will, however sorry, take my departure, though I cannot say whether to —" The last words were uttered falteringly, and in a kind of soliloquy, and only overheard by the two strangers, who now having received their papers, arose to withdraw.

"Will you call at our inn and speak with us: that's my card," said one, as he passed out, and gave a visiting card into the youth's hand.

He took it without a word; indeed he was too deeply engaged in his own thoughts to pay much attention to the request.

"The sergeant will accompany you, my good youth, to your lodgings, and verify what you have stated as to your companion. Tomorrow you will appear here again to answer certain questions we shall put to you as to your subsistence, and the means by which you live."

"Is it a crime to have wherewithal to subsist upon?" asked the boy.

"He whose means of living are disproportionate to his evident station may well be an object of suspicion," said the other, with a sneer.

"And who is to say what is my station, or what becomes it? Will you take upon you to pronounce upon the question?" cried the boy, insolently.

"Mayhap it is what I shall do very soon!" was the calm answer.

"Then let me have done with this. I'll leave the place as soon as my friend be able to bear removal."

"Even that I'll not promise for."

"Why, you'll not detain me here by force!" exclaimed the youth.

A cold, unambiguous smile was the only reply he received to this speech.

"Well, let us see when this re-

straint is to begin," cried the boy, passionately, as he moved towards the door; but no impediment was offered to his departure. On the contrary, the servant, at a signal from the Prefect, threw wide the two sides of the folding doors, and the youth passed out, down the stairs, and into the street.

His mind obscured by passion, his heart bursting with indignation, he threaded his way through many a narrow lane and alley, till he reached a small rustic bridge, crossing over which ascended a narrow flight of steps cut in the solid rock, and gained a little terrace on which stood a small cottage of the humblest kind.

As usual in Italy, during the summer time, the glass sashes of the windows had been removed, and the shutters closed. Opening one of these gently with his hand, he peeped in, and as suddenly a voice cried out, "Are you come back? Oh how my heart was aching to see you here again! Come in quickly, and let me touch your hand."

The next moment the boy was scated by the bed, where lay a man greatly emaciated by sickness, and bearing in his worn features the traces of a severe tertian.

"It's going off now," said he, "but the fit was a long one. This morning it began at eight o'clock; but I'm throwing it off now, and I'll soon be better."

"My poor fellow," said the boy, caressing the cold fingers within his own hands, "it was in these midnight rambles of mine you caught the terrible malady, as it ever has been. Your fidelity is fatal to you. I told you a thousand times that I was born to hard luck, and carried more than enough to swamp all who might try to succour me."

"And don't I say, as the old heathen philosopher did of fortune, 'Nul-lum numen habes, si sit prudentia'?" Is it necessary to say that the speaker was Billy Traynor, and the boy his pupil?

"Prudentia," said the youth, scoffingly, "may mean anything from trickery to downright meanness; since, by such acts as these, men

grow great in life. Prudentia is thrift and self-denial; but it is more, too—it is a compromise between a man's dignity and his worldly success—it is the compact that says, bear *this*, that *that* may happen—and so I'll none of it."

"Tell me how you fared with the Prefect," asked Billy.

"You shall hear, and judge for yourself," said the other, and related, as well as his memory would serve him, the circumstances of his late interview.

"Well! well!" said Billy, "it might be worse."

"I knew you'd say so, poor fellow," said the youth, affectionately; "you accept the rubs of life as cheerfully as I take them with impatience. But, after all, this is matter of temperament, too. You can forgive—I love better to resist."

"Mine is the better philosophy though," said Billy, "since it will last one's lifetime. Forgiveness must dignify old age, when your virtue of resistance be no longer possible."

"I never wish to reach the time when I may be too old for it," said the boy, passionately.

"Hush, don't say that. It's not for you to determine how long you are to live, nor in what frame of mind years are to find you." He paused, and there was a long unbroken silence between them.

"I have been at the post," said the youth at last, "and found that letter which, by the Neapolitan post-mark, must have been dispatched many weeks since."

Billy Traynor took up the letter, whose seal was yet unbroken, and having examined it carefully, returned it to him, saying, "You didn't answer his last, I think?"

"No; and I half hoped he might have felt offended, and given up the correspondence. What have we to do with ambassadors or great ministers, Billy? Ours is not the grand highway in life, but the humble path on the mountain side."

"I'm content if it only lead upwards," said the sick man; and the words were uttered firmly, but with the solemn fervour of prayer.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A NIGHT SCENE.

As young Massy—for so we like best to call him—sat with the letter in his hand, a card fell to the ground between his fingers, and taking it up he read the name, Lord Frobiacher.

"What does this mean, Billy?" asked he; "whom can it belong to? Oh, I remember now. There were some strangers at the Podesta's office, this morning when I was there; and one of them asked me to call at this inn, and speak with them."

"He has seen 'the Alcibiades,'" exclaimed Billy, eagerly. "He has been at the studio?"

"How should he?" rejoined the youth. "I have not been there myself for two days: here is the key!"

"He has heard of it, then—of that I'm certain; since he could not be in the town here an hour, without some one telling him of it."

Massy smiled half sadly, and shook his head.

"Go and see him at all events," said Billy; "and be sure to put on your coat and a hat, for one wouldn't know what ye were at all, in that cap and dirty blouse."

"I'll go as I am, or not at all," said the other, rising. "I am Sebastian Grippi, a young sculptor, at least," added he, bitterly. "I have about the same right to that name that I have to any other." He turned abruptly away, as he spoke and gained the open air. There for a few moments he stood seemingly irresolute, and then wiping away a heavy tear that had fallen on his cheek, he slowly descended the steps towards the bridge.

When he reached the inn, the strangers had just dined, but left word that when he called he should be introduced at once, and Massy followed the waiter into a small garden, where in a species of summer house they were seated at their wine. One of them arose courteously as the youth came forward, and placing a chair for him, and filling out a glass of wine, invited him to join them.

"Give him one of
Barnard," said the other
better than mine;"

cepted, and began smoking without a word.

"That fellow at the police-office gave you no further trouble, I hope," said my lord, in a half-languid tone, and with that amount of difficulty that showed he was no master of Italian.

"No," replied Massy, "for the present, he has done nothing more. I'm not so certain, however, that tomorrow or next day I shall not be ordered away from this."

"On what grounds?"

"Suspicion—heaven knows of what."

"That's infamous, I say. Eh, Barnard?"

"Detestable," muttered the other.

"And where to can you go?"

"I scarcely know as yet, since the police are in communication throughout the whole Peninsula, and they transmit your character from state to state."

"They'd not credit this in England, Barnard?"

"No, not a word of it!" rejoined the other.

"You're a Neapolitan, I think I heard him say."

"So my passport states."

"Ah, he won't say that he is one though," interposed his lordship in English. "Do you mind that, Barnard?"

"Yes, I remarked it," was the reply.

"And how came you here originally?" asked Frobiacher, turning towards the youth.

"I came here to study and to work. There is always enough to be had to do in this place, copying the works of great masters; and at one's spare moments there is time to try something of one's own."

"And have you done anything of that kind?"

"Yes, I have begun. I have attempted two or three."

"We should like to see them, eh, Barnard?"

"Of course, when we've finished our wine. It's not far off, is it?"

few minutes' walk; but not
the place is
with seeing.

There's 'Danneker's Bathing Nymph,' and 'Canova's Dead Cupid,' and 'Rauch's Antigone,' all within reach."

"Mind that, Barnard, we must see all these to-morrow. Could you come about with us, and show us what we ought to see?"

"Who knows if I shall not be on the road to-morrow?" said the youth, smiling faintly.

"Oh, I think not—if there's really nothing against you—if it's only mere suspicion, eh, Barnard?"

"Just so!" said the other, and drank off his wine.

"And are you able to make a good thing of it here—by copying, I mean?" asked his lordship, languidly.

"I can live," said the youth; "and as I labor very little and idle a great deal, that is saying enough perhaps."

"I'm not sure the police are not right about him after all, Barry," said his lordship; "he doesn't seem to care much about his trade," and Massy was unable to repress a smile at the remark.

"You don't understand English, do you?" asked Frobischer, with a degree of eagerness very unusual to him.

"Yes, I am English by birth," was the answer.

"English! and how came you to call yourself a Neapolitan; what was the object of that?"

"I wished to excite less notice and less observation here, and if possible to escape the jealousy with which Englishmen are regarded by the authorities—for this I obtained a passport at Naples."

Barnard eyed him suspiciously as he spoke, and as he sipped his wine continued to regard him with a keen glance.

"And how did you manage to get a Neapolitan passport?"

"Our minister, Sir Horace Upton, managed that for me."

"Oh! you are known to Sir Horace, then?"

"Yes."

A quick interchange of looks between my lord and his friend showed that they were by no means satisfied that the young sculptor was simply a worker in marble, and a fashioner in modelling-clay.

"Have you heard from Sir Horace lately?" asked Lord Frobischer.

"I received this letter to-day, but

I have not read it," and he showed the un-opened letter as he spoke.

"The police may then have some reasonable suspicions about your residence here," said his lordship, slowly.

"My lord," said Massy, rising, "I have had enough of this kind of examination from the Podesta himself this morning, not to care to pass my evening in a repetition of it. Who I am, what I am, and with what object here, are scarcely matters in which you have any interest, and assuredly were not the subjects on which I expected you should address me. I beg now to take my leave"—he moved towards the garden as he spoke, bowing respectfully to each.

"Wait a moment, pray don't go—sit down again—I never meant—of course I couldn't mean so—eh, Barnard?" said his lordship, stammering in great confusion.

"Of course not," broke in Barnard; "his lordship's enquiries were really prompted by a sincere desire to serve you."

"Just so—a sincere desire to serve you."

"In fact, seeing you as I may say, in the toils."

"Exactly so—in the toils."

"He thought very naturally that his influence and his position might, you understand—for these fellows know perfectly what an English peer is—they take a proper estimate of the power of Great Britain."

His lordship nodded assentingly, as though any stronger corroboration might not be exactly graceful on his part; and Barnard went on.

"Now, you perfectly comprehend why—you see at once the whole thing, and I'm sure, instead of feeling any soreness or irritation at my lord's interference, that in point of fact—"

"Just so," broke in his lordship, pressing Massy into a seat at his side, "just so, that's it!"

It requires no ordinary tact for any man to reseat himself at a table from which he has risen in anger or irritation, and Massy had far too little knowledge of life to overcome this difficulty gracefully. He tried indeed to seem at ease—he endeavoured even to be cheerful, but the efforts were all unsuccessful. My lord was no very acute observer at any time; he was besides so constitutionally indolent, that the company

which exacted least was ever the most palatable to him. As for Barnard, he was only too happy whenever least reference was made to his opinion, and so they sat and sipped their wine with wonderfully little converse between them.

"You have a statue, or a group, or something or other—haven't you?" said my lord, after a very long interval.

"I have a half finished model," said the youth, not without a certain irritation at the indifference of his questioner.

"Scarcely light enough to look at it to-night—eh, Barnard?"

"Scarcely!" was the dry answer.

"We can go in the morning though—eh, Barry?"

The other nodded a cool assent.

My lord now filled his glass, drank it off, and refilled with the air of a man nerving himself for a great undertaking—and such was indeed the case. He was about to deliver himself of a sentiment, and the occasion was one to which Barnard could not lend his assistance.

"I have been thinking," said he, "that if that same estate we spoke of, Barry—that Welsh property you know—and that thing in Ireland, should fall in—I'd buy some statues and have a gallery!"

"Devilish costly work you'd find it," muttered Barnard.

"Well, I suppose it is—not more so than a racing stable after all."

"Perhaps not."

"Besides, I look upon that property—if it does ever come to me—as a kind of wind-fall—it was one of those pieces of fortune one couldn't have expected, you know"—then turning towards the youth, as if to apologize for a discussion in which he could take no part—he said, "We were talking of a property, which by the eccentricity of its owner may one day become mine."

"And which doubtless some other had calculated on inheriting," said the youth.

"Well, that may be very true—I never thought about that—eh, Barnard?"

"Why should you?" was the short response.

"Gain and loss, loss and gain," muttered the youth moodily, "are the laws of life."

"I say, Barnard, what a jolly moonlight there is out there in the garden; wouldn't it be a capital time this to see your model, eh?"

"If you are disposed to take the trouble," said the youth rising, and blushing modestly; and the others stood up at the same moment.

Nothing passed between them as they followed the young sculptor through many an intricate by-way and narrow lane; and at last reached the little stream on whose bank stood his studio.

"What have we here!" exclaimed Barnard, as he saw it; "is this a little temple?"

"It is my work-shop," said the boy proudly, and produced the key to open the door.

Scarcely had he crossed the threshold, however, than his foot struck a roll of papers, and stooping down he caught up a large placard headed, "Morto al Tiranno," in large capitals. Holding the sheet up to the moonlight, he saw that it contained a violent and sanguinary appeal to the wildest passions of the Carbonari—one of those savage exhortations to blood-shedding, which were taken from the terrible annals of the French revolution. Some of these bore the picture of a guillotine at top, others were headed with crossed poignards.

"What are all these about?" asked Barnard, as he took up three or four of them in his hand; but the youth, overcome with terror, could make no answer.

"These are all sansculotte literature, I take it," said his lordship—but the youth was stupified and silent.

"Has there been any treachery at work here?" asked Barnard. "Is there a scheme to entrap you?"

The youth nodded a melancholy and slow assent.

"But why should you be obnoxious to these people? Have you any enemies amongst them?"

"I cannot tell," gloomily muttered the youth.

"And this is your statue," said Barnard, as opening a large shutter he suffered a flood of moonlight to fall on the figure.

"Fine!—a work of great merit, Barnard," broke in his lordship, whose apathy was at last overcome by admiration. But the youth stood regard-

less of their comments, his eyes bent upon the ground, nor did he heed them as they moved from side to side, examining the statue in all its details, and in words of high praise speaking their approval.

"I'll buy this," muttered his lordship. "I'll give him an order too for another work—leaving the subject to himself—eh, Barnard?"

"A clever fellow certainly," replied the other.

"Whom does he mean the figure to represent?"

"It is Alcibiades as he meets his death," broke in the youth—"he is summoned to the door as though to welcome a friend, and he falls pierced by a poisoned arrow—there is but legend to warrant the fact. I cared little for the incident—I was full of the man, as he contended with seven chariots in the Olympic games, and proudly rode round the course with his glittering shield of ivory and gold, and his waving locks all perfumed. I thought of him in his gorgeous panoply, and his voluptuousness; lion-hearted, and danger-seeking, pampering the very flesh he offered to the spears of the enemy. I pictured him to my mind, embellishing life with every charm, and daring death in every form. Beautiful as Apollo—graceful as the bounding Mercury—bold as Achilles, the lion's whelp, as Æschylus calls him. This," added he, in a tone of depression, "this is but a sorry version of what my mind had conceived."

"I arrest you, Sebastiano Grippi," said a voice from behind, and suddenly three gend'armes surrounded the youth, who stood still and speechless with terror, while a mean-looking man in shabby black gathered up

the printed proclamations that lay about, and commenced a search for others throughout the studio.

"Ask them will they take our bail for his appearance, Barnard," said my lord, eagerly.

"No use—they'd only laugh at us," was the reply.

"Can we be of any service to you? Is there anything we can do?" asked his lordship of the boy.

"You must not communicate with the prisoner, signore," cried the brigadier, "if you don't wish to share his arrest."

"And this, doubtless," said the man in black, standing and holding up the lantern to view the statue, "this is the figure of liberty we have heard of, pierced by the deadly arrow of tyranny!"

"You hear them!" cried the boy in wild indignation, addressing the Englishmen; "you hear how these wretches draw their infamous allegations, but this shall not serve them as a witness;" and with a spring he seized a large wooden mallet from the floor and dashed the model in pieces.

A cry of horror and rage burst from the by-standers, and as the Englishmen stooped in sorrow over the broken statue, the gend'armes secured the boy's wrists with a stout cord, and led him away.

"Go after them, Barnard; tell them he is an Englishman, and that if he comes to harm they'll hear of it!" cried my lord eagerly, while he muttered in a lower tone, "I think we might knock these fellows over and liberate him at once; eh, Barry?"

"No use if we did," replied the other; "they'd overpower us afterwards. Come along to the inn, we'll see about it in the morning."

CHAPTER XXIX.

A COUNCIL OF STATE.

It was a fine mellow evening of the late autumn, as two men sat in a large and handsomely-furnished chamber, opening upon a vast garden. There was something in the dim, half light, the heavily-perfumed air, rich with the odour of the orange and the lime, and the stillness, that imparted a sense of solemnity to the scene,

where, indeed, few words were interchanged, and each seemed to ponder long after every syllable of the other.

We have no mysteries with our reader, and we hasten to say that one of these personages was the Chevalier Stubber—confidential minister of the Duke of Massa; the other was our old acquaintance, Billy Traynor. If there

was some faint resemblance in the fortunes of these two men, who, springing from the humblest walks of life, had elevated themselves by their talents to a more exalted station in life, there all likeness between them ended. Each represented, in some of the very strongest characteristics, a nationality totally unlike that of the other. The Saxon, blunt, imperious, and decided; the Celt, subtle, quick-witted, and suspicious, distrustful of all save his own skill in a moment of difficulty.

"But you have not told me his real name yet," said the Chevalier, as he slowly smoked his cigar, and spoke with the half listlessness of a careless inquirer.

"I know that, sir," said Billy cautiously. "I don't see any need of it."

"Nor your own, either," remarked the other.

"Nor even that, sir," responded Billy, calmly.

"It comes to this, then, my good friend," rejoined Stubber, "that having got yourself into trouble, and having discovered, by the aid of a countryman, that a little frankness would save you greatly, you prefer to preserve a mystery that I could easily penetrate if I cared for it, to speaking openly and freely, as a man ought with one of his own."

"We have no mysteries, sir. We have family secrets; that don't regard any one but ourselves. My young ward, or pupil, whichever I ought to call him, has, maybe, his own reasons for leading a life of unobtrusive obscurity, and what one may term an unobtrusive existence. It's enough for me to know that, to respect it."

"Come, come; all this is very well if you were at liberty, or if you stood on the soil of your own country; but remember where you are now, and what accusations are hanging over you. I have here beside me very grave charges indeed—constant and cruel—intercourse with leaders of the Carbonari."

"We don't know one of them," broke in Billy.

"Correspondence with others beyond the frontier," continued the Chevalier.

"Nor that either," interrupted Billy.

"The undeniable played found by the police in the very hands of the ac-

cused—insolent conduct to the authorities when arrested—attempted escape: all these duly certified on oath."

"Devil may care for that—oaths are as plenty with these blaguardas as clasp-knives, and for the same purpose, too. Here's what it is, now," said he, crossing his arm on the table, and staring steadfastly at the other: "we came here to study and work, to perfect ourselves in the art of *molel-in'* with good studies around us; and more than all, a quiet, secluded little spot, with nothing to distract our attention, or take us out of a mind for daily labour. That we made a mistake, is clear enough. Take everywhere else in this fine country, there's nothing but tyrants on one side, and assassins on the other; and meek and humble as we lived, we couldn't escape the thievin' blaguardas of spies"—

"Do you know the handwriting of this address?" said the Chevalier, showing a sealed letter, directed to Sebastiano Grippi, Scultore, Carrara.

"Maybe I do—maybe I don't," was the gruff reply. "Won't you let me finish what I was sayin'?"

"This letter was found in the possession of the young prisoner, and is of some consequence," continued the other, totally inattentive to the question.

"I suppose a letter is always of consequence to him it's meant for," was the half sulky reply. "Sure you're not going to break the seal:—sure you don't mean to read it!" exclaimed he, almost springing from his seat as he spoke.

"I don't think I'd ask your permission for anything I think fit to do, my worthy fellow," said the other, sternly; and then passing across the room, he summoned a *gendarme*, who waited at the door, to enter.

"Take this man back to the *Fortizza*," said he calmly; and while Billy Traynor slowly followed the guard, the other seated himself leisurely at the table, lighted his candles, and perused the letter. Whether disappointed by the contents, or puzzled by the meaning, he sat long pondering with the document before him.

It was late in the night when a messenger came to say that his Highness desired to see him; and Stubber arose at once, and hastened to the Duke's chamber.

In a room, studiously plain and simple in all its furniture, and on a low uncurtained bed, lay the Prince half dressed, a variety of books and papers littering the table, and even the floor at his side. Maps, prints, coloured drawings—some representing views of Swiss scenery, others being portraits of opera celebrities—were mingled with illuminated missals and richly embossed rosaries; while police reports, petitions, rose-coloured billets, and bon bons, made up a mass of confusion wonderfully typical of the illustrious individual himself.

Stubber had scarcely crossed the threshold of the room, when he appeared to appreciate the exact frame of his master's mind. It was the very essence of his luck to catch in a moment the ruling impulse, which swayed for a time that strange and vacillating nature, and he had but to glance at him to divine what was passing within.

"So then," broke out the Prince, "here we are actually in the very midst of revolution. Marocchi has been stabbed in the Piazza of Carrara.—Is it a thing to laugh at, sir?"—

"The wound has only been fatal to the breast of his surtout, your Highness; and so adroitly given besides, that it does not correspond with the incision in his waistcoat."

"You distrust every one and every thing, Stubber; and of course you attribute all that is going forward to the police."

"Of course I do, your Highness. They predict events with too much accuracy not to have a hand in their fulfilment. I knew three weeks ago when this outbreak was to occur, who was to be assassinated—since that is the phrase for Marocchi's mock wound,—who was to be arrested, and the exact nature of the demand the Council would make of your royal highness to suppress the troubles."

"And what was that?" asked the Duke, grasping a paper in his hand as he spoke.

"An Austrian division, with a half-battery of field-artillery, a judge-advocate to try the prisoners, and a provost-marshal to shoot them."

"And you'd have me believe that all these disturbances are deliberate plots of a party who desire Austrian influence in the Duchy?" cried the

Duke, eagerly. "There may be really something in what you suspect. Here's a letter I have just received from La Sablonkoff: she's always keen-sighted; and *she* thinks that the Court at Vienna is playing out here the game that they have not courage to attempt in Lombardy. What if this Wahlstein was a secret agent in the scheme—eh, Stubber?"

Stubber started with well-affected astonishment, and appeared as if astounded at the keen acuteness of the Duke's suggestion.

"Eh," cried his Highness, in evident delight. "That never occurred to *you*, Stubber. I'd wager there's not a man in the Duchy could have hit that plot but myself."

Stubber nodded sentimentously, without a word.

"I never liked that fellow," resumed the Duke. "I always had my suspicion about that half reckless, wasteful manner he had. I know that I was alone in this opinion. Eh, Stubber? It never struck *you*?"

"Never! your Highness, never!" replied Stubber, frankly.

"I can't show you the Sablonkoff's letter, Stubber: there are certain private details for my own eye alone; but she speaks of a young sculptor at Carrara, a certain— Let me find his name. Ah! here it is—Sebastian Grippi—a young artist of promise, for whom she bespeaks our protection. Can you make him out, and let us see him?"

Stubber bowed in silence.

"I will give him an order for something. There's a pedestal in the flower garden where the Psyche stood. You remember, I smashed the Psyche, because it reminded me of Camella Monti. He shall design a figure for that place. I'd like a youthful Bacchus. I have a clever sketch of one somewhere, and it shall be tinted, slightly tinted. The Greeks always coloured their statues. Strange enough, too; for, do you remark, Stubber, they never represented the iris of the eye, which the Romans invariably did; and yet, if you observe closely, you'll see that the eyelid implies the direction of the eye more accurately than in the Roman heads. I'm certain you never detected what I'm speaking of—eh, Stubber?"

Stubber candidly confessed that he

had not; and listened patiently while his master descanted critically on the different styles of art, and his own especial tact and skill in discriminating between them.

"You'll look after these police returns then, Stubber," said he at last. "You'll let these people understand that we can suffice for the administration of our own Duchy. We neither want advice from Metternich, nor battalions from Radetzky. The laws here are open to every man; and if we have any claim to the gratitude of our people, it rests on our character for justice."

While he spoke with a degree of earnestness that indicated sincerity, there was something in the expression of his eye,—a half malicious drollery in its twinkles—that made it exceedingly difficult to say whether his words were uttered in honesty of purpose, or in mere mockery and derision. Whether Stubber rightly understood their import is more than we are able to say; but it is very probable that he was, with all his shrewdness, mystified by one whose nature was a puzzle to him self.

"Let Marocchi return to Carara,

Say we have taken the matter into our own hands. Charge the brigadier in command of the gendarmerie there. Tell the canonico Baldetti that we look to *him* and his deacons for true reports of any movement that is plotting in the town. I take no steps with regard to Wahlstein for the present, but let him be closely watched. And then, Stubber, send off an estafette to Pietro Santa for the ortolans, for I think we have earned our breakfast by all this attention to state affairs," and then, with a laugh, whose accents gave not the very faintest clue to its meaning, he lay back on his pillow again.

"And these two prisoners, your Highness, what is to be done with them?"

"Whatever you please, Stubber. Give them the third-class cross of Massa; or, a month's imprisonment, at your own good pleasure. Only no more business—no papers to sign—no schemes to unravel; and so, good night!" And the Chevalier retired at once from a presence which he well knew resented no injury so unmercifully as any invasion of the personal comfort.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE LILL THU LIP AT NARNA.

It was with no small astonishment young May heard that he and his faithful follower were not alone restored to liberty, but that an order of his Highness had assigned them a residence in a portion of the palace, and a promise of future employment.

"This sounds of Turkish rather than of European rule," said the youth. "In prison yesterday—in a palace to-day! My own fortunes are wayward enough, heaven knows, not to require any additional ingredient of uncertainty. What think you, Traveller?"

"No thinkin'!" said Billy gravely, "there's the laws of the field arranged by their instincts to objects that suit their nature, 's a man ought, by his own strength, to get a himself difficulties when in this, avoidin' that, as, and by the eye of people, yehere a tell would lead him, 's I think of what seem the accidents of life, 'soppin' stones to fortune."

"In what way does your theory apply here?" cried the other. "How am I to guess whither this current may carry me?"

"At all events, there's no use wastin' your strength by swimmin' against it," rejoined Billy.

"To be the slave of some despot's whim—the tool of a caprice that may elevate me to-day, and to-morrow sentence me to the galleys. The object I have set before myself in life is to be independent. Is this, then, the road to it?"

"You're tryin' to be what no man ever was, or will be, to the world's end, then," said Billy. "Sure it's the very nature and essence of our life here below, that we are dependant one on the other for kindness, for affection, for material help in time of difficulty, for counsel in time of doubt. The rich man and the poor one have their mutual dependencies; and if it wasn't so, cold-hearted and

selfish as the world is, it would be five hundred times worse."

"You mistake my meaning," said Massy, sternly, "as you often do, to read me a lesson on a text of your own. When I spoke of independence, I meant freedom for the serfdom of another's charity. I would that my luck here, at least, should be of my own procuring."

"I get mine from *you*," said Traynor, calmly, "and never felt myself a slave on that account."

"Forgive me, my dear, kind friend. I could hate myself if I gave you a moment's pain. This temper of mine does not improve by time."

"There's one way to conquer it. Don't be broodin' on what's within. Don't be magnifyin' your evil fortunes to your own heart, till you come to think the world all little and yourself all great. Go out to your daily labour, whatever it be, with a stout spirit to do your best, and a thankful, grateful heart, that you are able to do it. Never let it out of your mind, that if there's many a one your inferior, winnin' his way up to fame and fortune before you, there's just as many better than you toilin' away unseen and unnoticed, wearin' out genius in a garret, and carryin' off a God-like intellect to an obscure grave!"

"You talk to me as though my crying sins were an overweening vanity," said the youth, half angrily.

"Well, it's one of them," said Billy; and the blunt frankness of the avowal threw the boy into a fit of laughing.

"You certainly do not intend to spoil me, Billy," said he, still laughing.

"Why would I do what so many is ready to do for nothing? What does the crowd that praise the work of a young man of genius care where they're leadin' him to? It's like people callin' out to a strong swimmer, 'Go out farther, and farther—out to the open sea, where the waves is rolling big, and the billows is roughest, that's worthy of you, in your strong might and your stout limbs. Leave the still water and the shallows to the weak and the puny. *Your* course is on the mountain wave, over the bottomless ocean.' It's little they think, if he's ever to get back again. 'Tis their boast and their pride that they said, 'Go on;' and when his cold

corpse comes washed to shore, all they have is a word of derision and scorn for one who ventured beyond his powers."

"How you cool down one's ardour; with what pleasure you check every impulse that nerves one's heart for high daring!" said the youth, bitterly. "These eternal warnings—these never-ending forebodings of failure—are sorry stimulants to energy."

"Isn't it better for you to have all your reverses at the hands of a creature as humble as me?" said Billy, while the tears glistened in his eyes. "What good am I, except for this!"

In a moment the boy's arms were around him, while he cried out:—

"There; forgive me once more, and let me try if I cannot amend a temper that any but yourself had grown weary of correcting. I'll work—I'll labour—I'll submit—I'll accept the daily rubs of life, as others take them, and you shall be satisfied with me. We shall go back to all our old pursuits, my dear Billy. I'll join all your ecstasies over *Æschylus*, and believe as much as I can of *Herodotus*, to please you. You shall lead me to all the wonders of the stars, and dazzle me with the brightness of visions that my intellect is lost in; and in revenge I only ask that you should sit with me in the studio, and read to me some of those old songs of *Horace*, that move the heart like old wine. Shall I own to you what it is which sways me thus uncertainly—jarring every cord of my existence, making my life a sea of stormy conflict? Shall I tell you?"

He grasped the other's hand with both his own as he spoke, and while his lips quivered in strong emotion, went on.

"It is this, then. I cannot forget, do all that I will,—I cannot root out of my heart what I once believed myself to be. You know what I mean. Well, there it is still, like the sense of a wrong or foul injustice, as though I had been robbed and cheated of what never was mine! This contrast between the life my earliest hopes had pictured and that which I am destined to, never leaves me. All your teachings—and I have seen how devotedly you have addressed yourself to this lesson—have not eradicated from my nature the proud instincts that guided my childhood. Often

and often have you warmed my blood by thoughts of a triumph to be achieved by me hereafter—how men should recognise me as a genius, and elevate me to honours and rewards; and yet would I barter such success, ten thousand times told, for an hour of that high station that comes by birth alone, independent of all effort—the heirloom of deeds chronicled centuries back, whose actors have been dust for ages. That is real pride,” cried he, enthusiastically, “and has no alloy of the petty vanity that mingles with the sense of a personal triumph.”

Traynor hung his head heavily as the youth spoke, and a gloomy melancholy settled on his features: the sad conviction came home to him of all his counsels being fruitless—all his teachings in vain; and as the boy sat wrapt in a wild dreamy reverie of ancestral greatness, the humble peasant brooded darkly over the troubles such a temperament might evoke.

“It is agreed that”—cried Massy, suddenly, “that we are to accept of this great man’s bounty, live under his roof, and eat his bread. Well, I accede—as well his as another’s. Have you seen the home they destine for us?”

“Yes; it’s a real paradise, and in a garden that would beat Adam’s, now,” exclaimed Traynor; “for there’s marble fountains, and statues, and temples, and grottoes in it; and it’s as big as a parish, and as wild as a wilderness. And better than all, there’s a little pathway leads to a private stair that goes up into the library of the palace—a spot nobody ever enters, and where you may study the whole day long without hearin’ a footstep. All the books is there that ever was written, and manuscripts without end besides; and the minister says I’m to have my own key, and go in and out whenever I please; ‘And if there’s anything wantin’,” says he, ‘just order it on a slip of paper and send it to me, and you’ll have it at once’. When I asked if I ought to spake to the librarian himself, he only laughed, and said, ‘That’s me; but I’m never there. Take my word for it, doctor, you’ll have the place to yourself.’”

He spoke truly: Billy Traynor had it indeed to himself. There, the grey dawn of morning and the last shadows of evening ever found him, seated in

one of those deep, cell-like recesses of the windows; the table, the seats, the very floor littered with volumes, which, revelling in the luxury of wealth, he had accumulated around him. His greedy avidity for knowledge knew no bounds. The miser’s thirst for gold was weak in comparison with that intense craving that seized upon him. Historians, critics, satirists, poets, dramatists, metaphysicians, never came amiss to a mind bent on acquiring. The life he led was like the realization of a glorious dream—the calm repose, the perfect stillness of the spot, the boundless stores that lay about him; the growing sense of power, as day by day his intellect expanded; new vistas opened themselves before him, and new and unproved sources of pleasure sprung up in his nature. The never-ending variety gave a zest, too, to his labors that averted all weariness; and at last he divided his time ingeniously, alternating grave and difficult subjects with lighter topics—making, as he said himself, “Aristophanes digest Plato.”

And what of young Massy all this while? His life was a dream, too, but of another and very different kind. Visions of a glorious future, attended with sad and depressing thoughts; high darings, and hopeless views of what lay before him, came and went, and went and came again. The Duke, who had just taken his departure for some watering-place in Germany, gave him an order for certain statues, the models for which were to be ready by his return—at least, in that sketchy state of which clay is even more susceptible than canvass. The young artist chafed and fretted under the restraint of an assigned task. It was gall to his haughty nature to be told that his genius should accept dictation, and his fancy be fettered by the suggestions of another. If he tried to combat this rebellious spirit, and addressed himself steadily to labour, he found that his imagination grew sluggish and his mind uncreative. The sense of servitude oppressed him; and though he essayed to subdue himself to the condition of an humble artist, the old pride still rankled in his heart, and spirited him to a haughty resistance. His days thus passed over in vain attempts to work,

or still more unprofitable lethargy. He lounged through the deserted garden, or lay half dreamily in the long deep grass, listening to the cicada or watching the emerald-backed lizards as they lay basking in the sun. He drank in all the soft voluptuous influences of a climate which steeped the senses in a luxurious stupor, making the commonest existence a toil, but giving to mere indolence all

the zest of a rich enjoyment. Sometimes he wandered into the library, and noiselessly drew nigh the spot where Billy sat deeply busied in his books. He would gaze silently, half curiously, at the poor fellow, and then steal silently away, pondering on the blessings of that poor peasant's nature, and wondering what in his own organization had denied him the calm happiness of this humble man's life.

THE IRISH IN SPAIN.

IRELAND, says a popular Scottish writer, can boast not only of having transplanted more of her sons to the soil of Spain than either of the sister kingdoms, but of having acquired by the deeds of her exiles a degree of renown to which the others cannot aspire.

True it is, that in every land brave men find a home!

The deeds of the Irish regiments in the Spanish service, during the war of the Succession, like those of the O'Donnells in the war of the Peninsula, and the civil strife of more recent times, would fill volumes. Of the Spanish Lacys we have already given a memoir in our number for March, last year; and of many other brave Irish soldiers of fortune, who won distinction on the soil or in the service of Spain, we can here give but the names alone.

In 1780, Colonel O'Moore commanded the Royal Walloon Guards of Charles III. In 1799, Field Marshal Arthur O'Neil was Governor-General of Yucatan under the same monarch, and commanded the flotilla of thirty-one vessels which made an unsuccessful attack on the British settlements in the Bay of Honduras. In the same year, Don Gonzalo O'Farrel was the Spanish Ambassador at the Court of Berlin, and in 1808 he was Minister of War for Spain. In 1797, O'Higgins was Viceroy of Peru, under Charles IV., one of whose best generals was the famous Alexander Count O'Reilly.

Don Pedro O'Daly was Governor of Rosas, when it was besieged by Gouvion St. Cyr in 1809; and General John O'Donoghue was Chief of

Cuesta's staff, and one of the few able officers about the person of that indolent and obstinate old *hidalgo*, whose incapacity nearly caused the ruin of the Spanish affairs at the commencement of the Peninsula war. He died Viceroy of Mexico in 1816.

O'Higgins was Viceroy of Peru under Ferdinand VI. and the third and fourth Charles of Spain. He signalized himself with great bravery in the wars with the *Arraucanos*, a nation on the coast of Chili, who were ultimately subdued by him and subjected to the Spanish rule. John Campbell, a midshipman who escaped from the wreck of the *Wager*, one of Commodore Anson's squadron which was lost on the large Island of *Tierra del Fuego*, and who arrived, after inconceivable sufferings, at St. Jago de Chili, furnished O'Higgins with various notes and outlines of the coast, with other memoranda concerning the natives, all of which he had ingeniously written on the bark of trees. These observations, which were afterwards printed in England, were of the greatest value to O'Higgins, who was wont to affirm that by the knowledge they gave him of the barbarians under his government, "he owed the foundation of his good fortune to Campbell."

In 1765, he marched against the *Arraucanos* with a battalion of *Chilian* Infantry, and fifteen hundred Horse, named *Maulinians*. He was thrice brought to the ground by having three horses killed under him; but the *Arraucanos* were routed, and the Spanish rule extended over all Peru, of which he died Viceroy in the beginning of the present century, after

fighting the battles of Rancagua and Talchuana, which secured the independence of Chili.

Few names bear a more prominent place in Spanish history than those of Blake, the Captain-General of the Coronilla, and O'Reilly, a soldier of fortune, who saved the life of Charles III. during the revolt at Madrid, and who reformed and disciplined anew the once noble army of Spain.

Alexander Count O'Reilly was born in Ireland about 1735, of Roman Catholic parents, and when young entered the Spanish service as a sub-lieutenant in the Irish regiment with which he served in Italy during the war of the Spanish Succession, and received a wound from which he was a little lame for the rest of his life. In 1751 he went to serve in Austria, and made two campaigns against the Prussians, under the orders of Marshal Count Lacy, his countryman. Then in 1759 he passed into the service of Louis XV., under whose colours was still that celebrated Irish Brigade whose native bravery so mainly contributed to win for France the glory of Fontenoy.

O'Reilly distinguished himself so much that the Marshal de Broglie recommended him to the King of Spain, with great warmth of expression, on his retiring to Madrid. The Marshal's interest won him the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and as such he served in that war which conducted so little to the glory of Portugal, though favoured by the alliance of Britain. Nevertheless, O'Reilly found many opportunities for distinction at the head of the light troops which were confided to him, and soon won the proud reputation of being one of Spain's most gallant officers. He was now named Brigadier of the Armies of the King, with the post of *aide major de l'exercice*. In these capacities he drilled the Spanish Infantry according to the best system of tactics and exercise then practised in the British service.

At the Peace he was appointed Mariscal de Campo, and named Commandant en Seconde of Havannah, which was to be given up to Spain by the treaty of Fontainebleau. On arriving there, he restored and strengthened the fortifications of the colony, and soon after returned to Spain, where the King named him

Inspector-General of Infantry, and desired him to assist in the manœuvres of a great camp, of which he gave him command. He then sent him to New Orleans, where the inhabitants had scarcely become accustomed to the Spanish yoke, and where the rigorous means employed by O'Reilly to subdue them gained him many enemies. The Count returned again to Madrid, and was treated with every mark of favour by Charles III., who knew all his talents, capacity, and courage; and could never forget that it was to the strong hand and stout heart of O'Reilly he owed his life during the fiery sedition at Madrid in 1765, when the people rose in arms. Every honour Charles could bestow upon a foreigner was showered upon O'Reilly, who now gave the Spanish army (which was many years behind every other in Europe in the march of progression and improvement) a new spirit, vigour, and impulse. In this task he was assisted by his brother-in-law, Francisco Xavier Castanos, afterwards Duke of Baylen, Captain-General of Estremadura, Old Castile, and Galicia, whom he took with him to Prussia when he visited that country, in common with all the principal officers of Europe, to witness and examine the manœuvres practised by the troops of the Great Frederick.

In 1774, he obtained command of the expedition against Algiers. The great means of attack were entirely confided to him, and he sailed from the Spanish coast with a squadron of forty sail of the line and three hundred and fifty transports, carrying an army of thirty thousand men; but this immense armament failed to achieve its object, and O'Reilly was compelled to bear away for Spain, humiliated and mortified, and landed his discomfited troops at Barcelona, on the 24th of August in the same year. Though this unfortunate result was much against his reputation as a general, it did not lessen his favour with the King, who placed him at the head of a military school, which was established in Avila, at Puerto de Santa Maria, on the Adaga in Old Castile.

Soon after this, O'Reilly was named Captain-General of Andalusia and Governor of Cadiz; in these important posts he displayed the talents of a skilful soldier and able administrator;

but he fell into complete disgrace on the death of Charles III., in 1788, and lived afterwards in a quiet retreat in Catalonia. Despite his many enemies at court, who rose into power with Charles IV., O'Reilly maintained his high military reputation in the Spanish army, and on the death of General Ricardos in 1794, the Government knew of none so able as he to direct the war against the invasion of the French republican armies. He was accordingly named General of the Army of the Eastern Pyrenees, and was on his way to assume that high command when he was seized by a sudden illness, and died in his sixtieth year.

O'Reilly was fortunate, perhaps, in escaping thus the misery caused to Spain by the mistakes of the Conde de la Union, and the misfortunes consequent to reverse and defeat. His age would not have permitted him to sustain the fatigue of a war so active; and though he was the instructor of Blake and others who were esteemed the best officers of the Spanish army, as a foreigner he had many envious enemies, and all his ability as a soldier, with the sweetness and insinuating flexibility of his manner, was no guarantee to him among such a people as the Spaniards, who are ever cool and averse to strangers.

His pupil, Joachim Blake, afterwards Captain-General of Arragon and four other Spanish provinces, was the son of an eminent Irish merchant who had settled at Yelez, near Malaga, and was descended from an ancient family in the county of Galway. His mother was a daughter of a wealthy Spanish banker named Joyes.

At an early age young Blake manifested an ardent predilection for the profession of arms—a predilection inherent in his race, which had given Ireland many proofs of high valour during two centuries. While yet a boy, he applied himself to the science of mathematics with great success, and was soon appointed Superintendent of Cadets in the military school established by his countryman, Count O'Reilly, at Puerto de Santa Maria. In 1773, Blake commenced his military career as a volunteer in the Regiment of America, for it has long been an established principle in the Spanish armies, that candidates for commissions must learn the art of war in the

ranks; and for some years subsequent to this, he served as lieutenant and adjutant of the battalion, so great was the progress he had made in his profession, and so intimate was his knowledge of regimental economy. At the beginning of the war waged by France against Spain, he was appointed Major of the Volunteers of Castile, without serving the intermediate rank of captain, a favour never before granted to any officer, even to a Spaniard. In this capacity he led his battalion with distinguished bravery during the campaigns of 1793 and 1794, in Rousillon and Catalonia, and was wounded when storming the heights of San Lorenzo de la Muga. He was appointed colonel in 1802, without passing through the grade of lieutenant-colonel, and obtained command of a newly-raised battalion, styled *Los Voluntarios de la Corona*—the Volunteers of the Crown,—and from thenceforward he bore a prominent part in all the warlike and political broils of Spain.

After the peace in 1802, Blake was made brigadier or mariscal de campo, by Charles IV., and on his volunteer regiment being numbered with the Spanish line, he was further confirmed in command of it. This position he occupied until the invasion of Spain by Bonaparte and the imprisonment of the king, after which ensued the great contest known as the Peninsular War, during which, by the unanimous voice of the Galicians, he was summoned to the chief command of their valuable and extensive province.

During the second operations of Marshal Bessieres (Duke of Istria) in Spain, the army of Blake—twenty thousand strong—united with the ten thousand Castilian recruits of old Don Gregorio de la Cuesta, at Benevente in July, 1808, for the purpose of opposing him; but they soon disagreed; for, contrary to the wishes of Blake, whose fiery Irish energy consorted ill with the indolence of Cuesta, that officer left a strong division to protect stores at Benevente, and led only twenty-five thousand infantry, a few hundred horse, and thirty pieces of cannon, towards Palencia in the beautiful Tierra de Campos. *Contrary to his judgment*, a battle was risked (14th July, 1808) at Medina del Rio Seco, against the French under General Lasolles,

There, on that day, so fatal to Spain, notwithstanding all the energy of Blake, General Lasolles, with fifteen thousand men and thirty cannon routed the soldiers of Castile and Galicia, with the loss of seven thousand two hundred of their number, killed, wounded, or taken, and the survivors fled with such absurd precipitation, that the French, in crossing the bed of the Sequillo in pursuit, and finding it dry and stony, exclaimed :— "Diable ! Why, Spanish rivers run away, too !"

The generals of the two Juntas separated in anger ; but Blake had discovered such talents in the lost battle, that he was appointed Governor and Captain-General of the Kingdom of Galicia, and President of the Royal Audience.

He retreated towards the mountains, and Bessieres then entered the city of Leon.

Meanwhile the Junta of that province and of Castile sided with Blake, to whom Marshal Bessieres sent twelve hundred of the prisoners taken at Rio Seco ; and believing it to be a favourable opportunity to tamper with their leaders, he wrote urging them to obey the act of abdication, and acknowledge Joseph Bonaparte, in whose name he offered Blake high rank and honours if he would enter the French service, like Colonel O'Meara of the Irish Brigade, Clarke the Duc de Feltre, General Kilmaine, Marshal MacCarthy, and other Irishmen ; while to Cuesta he very *liberally* offered the Viceroyalty of Mexico ; but both the Spanish cavalier and the Irish soldier of fortune repelled his offers with disdain.

On the 17th September he advanced against the enemy with six columns, each five thousand strong. Descending from La Montana towards the Upper Ebro, he sent one division to menace the French in the Castle of Burgos, and turn the flank of Marshal Bessieres ; he left another at Villarcayo to preserve a communication with Reynosa and cover his retreat. He received supplies from General Broderick, who in his dispatches complained bitterly that Blake treated him with hauteur, and declined to afford any information as to the nature of his intended operations. The French having abandoned Bilbao, it was re-garrisoned by Marshal Ney,

and after various evolutions, it was attacked on the 12th October by Blake, at the head of eighteen thousand men. Merlin, with three thousand French, abandoned the fortress and retreated, fighting every foot of the way until he reached Zornosa, where he was succoured by General Verdier, who checked the fury of Blake's pursuit. The winter was now approaching, and his troops began to be in want. Seldom have soldiers endured greater privations than those suffered by the poor Spaniards of Blake. They were destitute of caps, boots, and stockings, and had been constantly in the open air for months, without tents or proper food, yet not a murmur escaped them, nor a wish was uttered but to conquer for their country.

While the well appointed forces of France were hourly increasing, Blake, fearing neither difficulty nor danger, boldly ascended the valley of El Darongo to assail two divisions of the Fourth corps (Lefebvre, Duke of Dantzigs), which occupied the neighbouring villages. Full of hope, he advanced, and anticipating, if successful, to capture Marshal Ney's corps of sixteen thousand men, fearlessly, with only eighteen thousand Spaniards, and almost without artillery, he hastened to engage twenty-five thousand Frenchmen of all arms !

Favoured by a dense mist, the Spaniards entered the valley, and for a time nothing was heard but the shots of their skirmishers ringing between the mountain peaks, till Vilatte's corps suddenly fell on Blake's vanguard, and hurled it back upon the third division at the bayonet's point. Then, on came the dark columns of Sebastiani and Laval, each looming in succession through the mist, while a fire of round and grape shot from their artillery (to which Blake could not reply) swept through the rocky vale, heaping his ranks against each other, and strewing them on the grass.

Madly and bravely, Blake, with his infantry and guerilla, sought to defend every rock and pass of the valley, but they were driven back in full flight towards Bilbao, and crossing the Salcedon, took up a position at Nana, watched by seven thousand French under Vilatte.

After the battle of Gamonal, Soult

resolved to make an effort to cut off Blake for ever, who, without cavalry, clothing, or food, had reached Espinosa with six divisions and only six pieces of cannon, which he posted in rear of the town at Aguilar del Campo. He had now only twenty-five thousand bayonets, but strongly and skilfully posted. His left wing, composed of Asturians, and his old favourite division occupied the heights above the road to St. Andero; another covered the road to Reynosa, and Romano's soldiers filled a wood two miles in his front.

He was attacked at two o'clock on the 10th November by Marshal Victor, whose soldiers carried the wood at the point of the bayonet, forced his centre, turned his left flank, and he had the mortification to see San Romano and Don Luiz de Riquelmé, his two best brigadiers, fall mortally wounded. His Spaniards were hurled in masses upon each other, and utterly routed. Romano's corps were all taken to a man; the rest fled through Castile, Leon, Galicia, and Asturia, carrying everywhere the tidings of their defeat and the terror of the French name; and poor Blake, jaded, weary, exasperated and disheartened, reached Reynosa on the 12th, with only seven thousand men—his old division—without artillery, without arms, without spirit, and without hope!

Such was the battle of Espinosa. Blake, in this terrible condition, was attacked by the vanguard of Soult, and after losing two thousand men, retired through the vale of Caburniego, and reached Arnedo in the heart of the Asturian Sierras.

Spain was now nearly prostrate at the feet of France!

In 1809, Blake was appointed Captain-General of the *Coronilla*, or Lesser Crown; a title given to the union of Valencia, Arragon, and Catalonia. In the latter he succeeded General Romano. Gathering his forces in April, restless and indefatigable, he advanced to Alcanitz, from whence the French retired to Samper and Ixar. On this, Marshal Suchet advanced against him with the Third corps, and on the 23rd of May they fought the battle of Alcanitz.

Blake was skilfully posted in front of the town, with twelve thousand men. The bridge of Guadalupe was

in his rear; a pool of water covered his left; but his right was without protection; his centre occupied a hill. With only eight thousand foot and seven hundred horse, Suchet attacked him, but without success. Rendered desperate by reverses, the Spaniards stood firm, and fought with their ancient rather than their modern bravery. Suchet was wounded and compelled to retreat; this retreat became a panic, and in great confusion the French reached Samper in the night. This small success was a cause for rejoicing all over Spain. "The victory at Alcanitz," was in every man's mouth, and the Supreme Junta gave Blake an estate, and added the ancient kingdom of Murcia to his command. He now hoped to recover the far-famed Zaragoza, and turning all his thoughts to Arragon, neglected the defence of Catalonia.

After the late victory, his little army was augmented by more than twenty thousand men, and full of new hope and enthusiasm, he marched with these to Ixar and Samper.

Suchet hovered near Zaragoza, but left a column under General Faber at Villa Muel, near the Sierra of Daroca, to watch Blake, who hoped to cut that officer off, marched through Carinena, so famed for its vineyards, and sent General Arisayo with a detachment to Bottorio, with orders to capture a convoy of French provisions on the Huerba. This movement was successful, and lack of food forced Faber to retreat towards Plascencia.

The advanced guards exchanged shots on the 14th of June at Bottorio, and Blake, full of confidence, made a vigorous attempt to surround the French, by pushing a column to Maria on the plains of Zaragoza; on the 15th he formed his troops in order of battle, but slowly and unskilfully, as they were raw soldiers, who had but recently relinquished the vinedresser's knife for the musket and sword. Occupying both banks of the Huerba, towards 2 p.m. he extended his left flank to overlap the French right; but Suchet, who was unexpectedly joined by Faber's brigade and another from Tudela, paralysed the movement by a furious attack of cavalry and voltigeurs. Blake's left fell back at the very moment that he was triumphantly leading on his centre, and he became involved in a desperate sword-

in-hand conflict, in which the leading columns of Suchet were repulsed. He would have achieved more but for a violent storm which arose at that moment, and so darkened the air that the adverse lines could scarcely see each other, and for a time the action ceased. Blake's position was ill-chosen (according to the memoirs of Suchet); he was surrounded by deep ravines, and had only one line of retreat by the bridge of Maria, which crossed the Huerba near his right wing.

Marshal Suchet observed this error, and on the storm lulling selected some cavalry and two regiments of infantry, and forming them, all drenched as they were by rain, in solid column, by a vigorous effort he broke through Blake's brigade of horse, seized the bridge, and cut off his retreat!

Undaunted by this fatal event, Blake, at all times brave and decided, formed his infantry of the left and centre into solid masses, and fought desperately for victory; but was repulsed with great loss, and defeated, leaving one general, twenty-five guns, and many colours on that rough and rocky field, from which he was driven about dusk, when the darkness was so dense that few prisoners were taken. Suchet had Harispe wounded and a thousand men slain.

Favoured by the obscurity of the night, Blake's men fled by the ravines to Botolí, where he made incredible efforts to rally and remodel them next day. Then he received tidings that a French brigade, under Laval, was marching by the Ebro to cut off his retreat. To anticipate this movement, Blake fell back on the night of the 16th, and after skirmishing with Suchet next day at Torrecilla, *opéra* formed line of battle on the 18th, to meet him at Belchite, a small town in Arragon. Blake had on this day only fourteen thousand men, dispirited by recent repulse and the loss of nearly all their artillery. Suchet had twenty-two battalions and seven squadrons, with a fine artillery corps, all flushed by recent success, and making fifteen thousand men; thus the result may be anticipated a defeat.

He had four thousand of his men taken, with the remainder of his artillery, all his baggage and ammunition. He had many difficulties to contend with as leader of an undisciplined

army, and, stung to the soul by this second defeat, he reproached the Spaniards with great bitterness as shameless cowards; and, after demanding an inquiry into his own conduct, "with a strong and sincere emotion of honour," restored to the Junta the estate which had been conferred upon him after the victorious battle of Alcanitz.

Following up the victory of Belchite, Marshal Suchet sent detachments as far as Morella on the Valencian frontier; but no man in arms appeared to meet them, for Blake's dispersion was signal and complete. His march towards Zaragoza, and his attempt to wrest Arragon from the foe, were fatal to the Spanish cause in Catalonia, where St. Cyr, with more than forty thousand men, occupied the country between Figueras and the city of Gerona, which was blockaded by eighteen thousand Frenchmen, who pressed with vigour one of the most memorable sieges suffered by this ancient dual city, which was bravely defended by its intrepid Catalans. Blake was ordered by the central Junta of Seville to succour them, as the garrison were defending half-ruined walls with a valour and obstinacy which filled the city with a thousand scenes of horror and distress. He marched accordingly at the head of a weak and irregular force, which was thoroughly dispirited by the result of the two last battles; and thus he resolved to confine his operations simply to supplying the town with men and provisions, rather than risk his strength by attempting to raise a siege, which, if essayed with success, would save Gerona, and with it all Catalonia.

Collecting two thousand mules laden with flour, he sent them with four thousand foot and five hundred horse, under Henry O'Donnell and García Condé, towards this strong and picturesque little city, which they reached after a furious encounter with the enemy during a dark and stormy night; but the provisions received did not amount to much more than eight days' food for the starving Geronese and their garrison, which was encumbered rather than aided by García Condé's reinforcement. St. Cyr now resolved to seek out Blake and destroy him for ever; but, rendered wary by misfortune, he retired into

the mountains, and thus ended his first attempt to relieve the city of Gerona.

Soon after, still hovering near the French, and threatening them, he advanced to the position of St. Hilario; and on St. Cyr preparing to storm the post called Calvary, Blake from the 20th to the 25th of September, 1809, made movements as if he meant to force the blockade; but being incapable of doing so, his whole object was merely to introduce another convoy; and, watching an opportunity, while drawing the attention of St. Cyr towards the heights of San Sadurn, on which he had posted a column, he sent ten thousand men under Wimphen towards Gerona. O'Donnel led the vanguard. A dreadful conflict took place on Wimphen's attempting to force the French lines. He was defeated; and in the twilight Blake failed to succour him; but Henry O'Donnel, another gallant Irish soldier of fortune, succeeded in hewing a passage into Gerona with a thousand men and two hundred laden mules. Irritated by Blake's second attempt to succour Gerona, St. Cyr marched a column to menace his communication with the citadel of Hostalrie, a depôt of magazines on the Tordera. On this he was forced to retreat, leaving to its fate the noble little city of Gerona, which, as its heroic captain, General Alvarez, said, "if not succoured again by all Catalonia, will soon be but a heap of carcases and ruins."

Again, on the 29th October, we find the unwearied Blake hovering on the heights of Brunola, watching the siege of Gerona, and while he was thus occupied, Hostalrie was stormed by the French, and two thousand Spaniards, with all his magazines, were taken therein. On the 10th November, Gerona capitulated, and Alvarez, its brave and veteran Governor, died of a broken heart at Figueras, when on the march towards France a prisoner of war. Blake now retired to Tarragona, leaving the remains of his army under Henry O'Donnel, who drove Marshal Augereau into Gerona, and received command of the troops at Vich, on Blake being called into Andalusia.

In May, the sea-port of Tarragona was besieged, taken, and sacked by Suchet, in a manner discreditable

alike to his talents as a soldier and his humanity as a man. During the horrors of that affair, which covered the French with infamy, Blake was in Valencia, having sailed for that province on the 16th of May, in search for succour; but Tarragona was lost, and then he assumed command of the Murcian army, which was twenty-two thousand strong, and had remained inactive ever since General O'Mahy's appointment. In June, 1811, the firmness and activity of Wellington formed a strong contrast to the wavering and indolent demeanour of the Spanish generals, until Blake marched to Condado de Niebla, on concerting a movement down the right bank of the Guadiana with the British general, who delivered to him the pontons lately used at Badajoz. He marched on the 18th; crossed the Guadiana on the 22nd, at the ancient town of Mertola, where the stream first becomes navigable; but halted at Castillejos on the 30th, and sent his siege train to Ayamonte by water. Then, instead of moving his whole force directly on the great city of Seville, he sent only a small column of cavalry, under the gallant Conde de Penne Villamur, in that direction; and, unfortunately, consumed two entire days in besieging the Castle of Niebla—a small fortress, which gave the title of Count to the eldest son of the Duke of Medina, and was garrisoned by three hundred Swiss, who had deserted from the Spanish army at the commencement of the war, and whom he was most anxious to capture and punish. The absence of his siege train rendered the attack futile, and Soult, on hearing of it, sent a detachment from Monasterio to relieve the Swiss, who defended themselves with great valour, while General Conraux crossed the mountains by the Aracena road, to cut off all communication between Blake and his artillery at Ayamonte. Thus he was compelled to abandon the siege, and by a precipitate march reach a ponton bridge which was thrown across the stream for him by Colonel Austin at San Lucar de Guadiana, from whence he took shelter in Portugal.

Still indefatigable, he projected an assault upon San Lucar de Barrameda; but the sudden appearance of Soult's advanced guard disconcerted his

troops, who retreated to Ayamonte, and from thence to the Isle of Camelas, where a Spanish frigate and three hundred transports fortunately arrived in time to afford him the means of escape. Early in July, he embarked all his troops, and sailed to Cadiz, as the French had reinforced San Lucar and taken possession of Ayamonte.

Landing at Almeria, Blake formed a junction with Freire, and proposed to invest Granada; but deeming it necessary first to visit Valencia, where the factious Marquis del Palacio was acting most unwisely, he left his army, now twenty-seven thousand strong, under Freire, and before he could return it had utterly dispersed!

After the rout of the Murcians at Baza in Granada, he rallied the fugitives, and in virtue of his authority as Regent assumed the chief direction of the war in Valencia, where his noble efforts were nearly rendered futile by the villainy of Palacio's faction, who opposed him and endeavoured to detach the soldiers and people from his authority, and proposed to inundate the plains that lie round the black marble mountain of Murviedro; but on Suchet invading the province, Blake concentrated his ill-armed and undisciplined but brave horde of peasantry to meet him. Exclusive of five thousand infantry and seven hundred Murcian horsemen, under O'Mahy, at Cuenca, and two thousand men under Bassecour at Riguena, in September, he had twenty thousand foot and two thousand horse; but, as a foreigner by name and race, he was unpopular both in Murcia and Valencia, "and the regency of which he formed a part was tottering," adds General Napier, in the 4th volume of his History. "The Cortes had quashed O'Mahy's command of the Murcian army, and even recalled Blake himself; but the order, which did not reach him until he was engaged with Suchet, was not obeyed. Meanwhile that part of the Murcian army which should have formed a reserve after O'Mahy's division had marched for Cuenca, fell into the greatest disorder; above eight thousand men deserted in a few weeks, and those who remained were exceedingly dispirited."

Suchet's army entered in three columns, passed Castellon de la Plana,

masked Pensicola, invested Oropesa, and skirmished at Almansora, where a few French, by bravely routing a great body of Spaniards, made Blake doubt seriously the firmness of his troops; and thus leaving four thousand men under O'Donnell at Segorbe, he retired beyond the Guadalquivir, leaving Valencia in confusion. Suchet then invested the town of Saguntum, and again turning all his attention to destroy Blake, after much manœuvring they fought their disastrous battle of the 25th October, 1811.

On the level and fertile plain which lies between Murviedro and Valencia, and is intersected by torrents and ravines, fringed by olive trees, Suchet drew out his lines of battle before the ramparts of Saguntum, when Blake was defeated, with the loss of five thousand men; and on the Emperor Napoleon reinforcing Suchet with fifteen thousand men, under General Reille (a Reilly of Irish parentage), the position of Blake and his Andalusians became more than ever desperate.

He had now fought *five pitched battles* as a general, and had under his command twenty-two thousand foot and three thousand horse. In November, Suchet advanced towards the Guadalquivir with a force diminished to eighteen thousand men by garrisons and detachments. Though Blake had destroyed two of the bridges, and manned the houses, and was in hourly expectation of a general rising of the Valencians, the French fearlessly stormed his defences, crossed the river, menaced his front, and harassed his rear, until he was compelled to form an intrenched camp five miles in extent, enclosing the city of Valencia and three of its suburbs. A twelve-feet ditch surrounded this camp, the slope of which was so high as to require ladders.

The battle of Valencia, fought in December, 1811, followed. O'Mahy was defeated, and fled to Alcira, leaving Blake blocked up in the fortified camp with eighteen thousand men in want of provisions, while the French were well and freely supplied by the *Valencians*, who, as Blake reports, "were a bad people." On the 2nd December he made a bold effort to break through Suchet's lines, and sallied out at the head of ten thousand men; but was repulsed, and Suchet

pushed more vigorously than ever the siege of the city, knowing well that it was impossible for Blake to remain long in a camp which included a starving population of fifty thousand souls. The fire of sixty great guns drove Blake into the city, abandoning his camp on the 5th December to the foe, who found in it eighty pieces of cannon. In the evening Suchet summoned Valencia; but Blake declined to yield. Then skirmishes, assaults, and bombardment continued till the 9th, when the citizens were on the point of insuring against Blake, and insisted that he should surrender. He complained bitterly of their cowardice, and required leave to march with his soldiers to Alicant, with their baggage, colours, and only four pieces of cannon.

These terms were refused him.

The Valencians opened their gates, and the brave but unfortunate Blake was compelled to surrender his sword, and march out at the head of twenty-two generals, eight hundred and ninety-three other officers, and eighteen thousand men, as prisoners of war; leaving in the hands of the enemy eighty stand of colours, two thousand horses, three hundred and ninety pieces of cannon, forty thousand stand of arms, one hundred and eighty thousand pounds of powder, and three millions of ball cartridges, with a vast store of other warlike munition.

After the fall of Valencia, he had no opportunity of achieving anything of importance; and in May, 1812, the Regent Charles O'Donnel, Comde de Abispa, bestowed the command of the Valencian forces upon his own brother Joseph, who rallied at Alicant the remains of Blake's army, four thousand of whom escaped from Suchet's guards.

For his last important capture, Suchet was created Duke of Albufera; and poor Blake, as a prisoner of war too important to be exchanged, was ordered into France with his two aids-de-camp.

Our space has allowed us to give but a brief outline of the career, services, and struggles of Blake, whose popularity, by a combination of circumstances over which he had no control, was almost destroyed for ever in the country of his adoption.

He was accompanied to the Spanish frontier by the adjutant-general,

Floreston Pipi, who was then sent to Naples. On entering France he was sent to Paris, and from thence to the strong Chateau de Vincennes, where he remained a close prisoner until the fall of the Imperial Government; but this captivity did not prevent the Cortes from appointing him a Counsellor of State when naming the regency. The triumph of the allies having broken his fetters in 1814, after receiving many marks of favour from the Emperor Alexander, he returned into Spain under the ministry of Ballasteros, and was appointed Director-General of the Corps of Engineers. He occupied this honourable post until the revolution of 1820, when, in exchange, he received a seat in the Council of State. When war was threatened between France and Spain in 1823, he was appointed, on the 7th February, one of the committee of five generals who were ordered to concert measures for defending the kingdom. In the French army which entered Spain in that year, under the Marquis of Lauriston (an officer of *Scottish* parentage), we find two lieutenant-generals of *Irish* descent—Count Bourke and Viscount O'Donoghue; the Duke of Angoulême was General-in-Chief, and to him, the Duke of Berwick and Alba, a Spanish grandee of the Stuart blood, gave his adherence. The restoration caused by the French intervention under the Marshal Lauriston was fatal to Blake; for being suspected by the royalists of constitutional principles, he was only able to avoid prosecution by great care and solicitude: but his career was drawing to a close, as he died at Valladolid in 1827, regretted by all the Spanish army, and eulogised by the people in their songs and stories of "the War of Independence."

The military men who had borne arms under him, says a French writer, recognised and admitted his positive talent, his great knowledge and perspicacity of tactics; but agreed that he failed in two essential points—the prompt *coup d'ail* which decides at once the fortune of a battle, and that art of manner by which it is necessary to excite the enthusiasm of the soldier.

A distinguished branch of the old Celtic sept of O'Donnel has borne a

prominent part in the Spanish annals during the last fifty years; but so early as the days of Philip of Anjou and Charles of Spain, we find an O'Donnel fighting in the ranks of their armies.

Soon after the accession of James VI. to the English throne, he was engaged in the last struggle of the Crown against the houses of O'Donnel and O'Neil. An earldom was bestowed as a peace-offering upon the chief of the first; but his plots against the king soon deprived him of it: his estates were seized, an English colony planted in the land of his tribe, and he fled to the court of Spain, between which and the Irish there had been a close connection during the animosity of Philip II. and Elizabeth. He was welcomed with all the honours of a Castilian grandee, and attained a high rank under King Charles. Eighty years after this we find his descendant, Baldearg O'Donnel, still remembering the days when the chiefs, or petty princes of his race, were solemnly inaugurated as the successors of St. Columba on the Rock of Kilmacrenan. He resigned his commission in the service of Philip V., of whom he begged permission to join the Irish, then in arms against William of Orange. Philip refused, but the O'Donnel fled by a route so circuitous that he visited Turkey, and after enduring many privations, landed at Kinsale in 1690, where seven thousand armed Ulster-men hailed him with joy, as the *Red O'Donnel* of an ancient Celtic prophecy.

From Baldearg O'Donnel is descended General Count O'Donnel, who commanded the army of Maria Theresa on the fall of Count Lacy at the great battle of Toorgau in 1761;* and also General O'Donnel, Vice-Governor of Lombardy, who was attacked by the Milanese during the Austrian revolution of 1848, when his palace was stormed and himself taken prisoner.

Of this ancient Celtic family there are now four general officers of the highest rank in the service of Great Britain, Spain, Austria, and America; but of these the most distinguished is Leopold O'Donnel, Comte de Lucena and Marshal in the service of Donna Isabella II.

The four O'Donnells, Henry, Charles, Joseph, and Alexander, who attained such distinction in Spain during the Peninsular war, were the sons of Irish gentlemen who emigrated to that country during the latter end of the last century; and of their services and honours our limits will allow but a brief outline; while General Sarsfield, Colonel O'Ronan, A.D.C. to the Marquis de Campo Verde, or such partizan soldiers as MacDonel, the unfortunate Guerilla chief who fell in action, Captain Flintler the Christino, or General O'Doyle and his brother, a captain, who were taken prisoners at the last battle of Vittoria, and shot in cold blood by Zumalacaregui, can only be indicated here by name.

CHARLES (afterwards) COUNT O'DONNEL, first became known to history in 1810, when commanding at Albuquerque, from whence, on the 14th March, he made a vigorous attempt to surprise General Fay, but was driven into Casceres. Marching towards the ancient city of Merida on the 2nd April, he drove back General Regnier and made an attempt to surprise Truxillo (the birth-place of Pizarro), which is situated on a mountain. Here he was repulsed, and with difficulty effected a retreat to Albuquerque; but three months after we find him at Truxillo again, co-operating with Don Carlos de Espana, with whom he cut off the French at Rio Monte. In May he had lent two thousand infantry and two hundred cannoneers to Blake, to enable that officer to conduct the siege of Tarragona, receiving in return from Captain Codrington two thousand British muskets to equip a new levy. He allowed four thousand of his best Valencians to embark with Miranda to fight at Tarragona, but not until he received a pledge that the British would bring back all who survived the siege.

Charles served long with Blake, and was in most of the battles we have just recounted; thus, to rehearse his earlier services would be to enumerate those of Blake a second time.

In September, 1811, when the latter was forced to retire beyond the Guadalaviar, he left Charles O'Donnel with four thousand men on the

* See our Number for March, 1855.

side of Segorbe ; and on investing Saguntum in October, he sent him with Villa Campo's division and San Juan's cavalry to Betera. There O'Donnel was attacked by Harispe, though well posted in rear of a canal, and having his centre protected by a chapel and some houses ; but the French advanced with such fury, that the Spaniards were swept away by the first fire.

In the war of 1823, General O'Donnel commanded a corps of royalists, which were destroyed by the troops of Torrijos, the constitutionalist ; and soon after, his wife, the Condesa de O'Donnel, had a narrow escape from a party of the Empecinado, who were sent to Valladolid to take her prisoner, but were repulsed by the troops of the Marshal Duke of Reggio.

Charles O'Donnel was now Captain-General of Old Castile, and as such, in the month of August, he summoned and took from its insurgent garrison, under General Jalon, the citadel of Ciudad Rodrigo. By the convention between them, it appears that the governor of the fortress undertook to obey any orders he might receive direct from the king ; but displayed great distrust of the royalists and their Irish commander. After this, the latter marched into Estremadura, everywhere crushing the constitutionalists and enforcing the supremacy of the King. In August his headquarters were at Salamanca, and in October at Algeiras. This war, in which the absolute power of Ferdinand was fatally enforced by the bayonets of France under Marshal Lauriston, the Duke of Reggio, and others, soon ended ; but though smothered for a time, the restless spirit of the Spaniards soon again broke forth into a flame, and most fatally for the house of O'Donnel, as shall be shown in the sequel.

JOSEPH O'DONNEL, who had been serving with his brothers against the common enemy, was appointed by the regent, the Conde de Abispa, to succeed Blake in command of the Murcians and Valencians in May, 1812. He collected the remains of these two armies, remodelled them with great energy, raised new levies, and during the illness of Marshal Suchet mustered fourteen thousand men in the neighbourhood of Alicante.

These operations, with others in Catalonia, brought on the battle of

Castalla in July, when, with six thousand foot, seven hundred horse, and eight guns, he fought General Harispe on the mountains ; but on the rough pathway and a narrow bridge near Biar, the Spanish infantry were borne down by the weight and fury of the French cuirassiers, and forced to retreat, leaving three thousand slain on the field. O'Donnel, who had made incredible exertions to gain the day, and had fired two pieces of cannon at the bridge with his own hands, attributed his defeat to the disobedience and inability of San Estevan, who commanded his cavalry, and who, by holding that force aloof, took no share in the battle. Pursued by the French cuirassiers, Joseph fled by the Jumella road, and reached the city of Murcia, where he was joined by General Maitland's armament from Sicily, and thus saved from destruction ; but he unwisely required that officer to abstain from all requisitions for forage and rations from the neighbouring country. Maitland assented, and immediately sank under the unnecessary difficulties thus created. In August, when O'Donnel was at Yecla with six thousand men, the Cortes passed a severe censure upon him for his conduct at the battle of Castalla ; so severe, indeed, that his brother, the Conde de Abispa, a proud and haughty soldier, resigned his high command during the campaign which ended in Wellington's retreat from Burgos, and then the weakness of the Spanish government became more than ever apparent.

On the 6th of December, when at Malaga, Joseph wrote a long letter to General Donkin, concerning the *malheur* at Castalla, in which we find his knowledge of English so imperfect that he was obliged, after a dozen of lines, to adopt and end it in French ; and after this unfortunate defeat we hear no more of him.

ALEXANDER O'DONNEL, the third brother, was colonel of a regiment of Spanish infantry, and served with it in the Danish Isles under Romana. Attacked there by overwhelming numbers, they effected their escape in 1808 ; but on being made captives at Espinosa, they entered the French ranks to the number of four thousand five hundred, and served in Napoleon's continental war, until they were all taken prisoners by the Rus-

sians on the retreat from Moscow, when they were brought back to Spain in British ships, under the care of Captain Hill of the Royal Navy. One of the Spanish corps which returned after this strange career of military service was the regiment of Don Alexander O'Donnel, which had been fully equipped by the Emperor Alexander in 1812, and for which the daughter of General Betancourt embroidered a pair of colours. It was styled the *Imperial Alexander Regiment*, and under O'Donnel distinguished itself in the national cause till after the disasters of 1823.

HENRY O'DONNEL, Conde de Abispa, who, like his brother, had been serving with success and distinction in the battles of the Peninsula, was a brave, reckless, and determined soldier, possessed of military talents of a very high order, together with a heedlessness of his own life and of the lives of others. Passing, with honour to himself, through all the subaltern ranks, he was a colonel of Spanish infantry in 1809, when Blake ordered him to command in the attack upon Sanham's posts near Brunola, where, on the 31st August, he had the mortification of seeing the place retaken, after he had carried it at the point of the bayonet.

On the 26th September, as related in the memoir of Blake, he led the advanced guard in the brilliant attempt to relieve Gerona. On the 13th October he broke out of the city, sword in hand, hewed a passage through the French blockade, and, falling on Sanham's quarters *sabre à la main*, forced that general to fly in his shirt, and successfully achieved one of the most daring enterprises of that memorable siege. In 1810, on succeeding Blake in command of the Catalonians—an appointment bestowed by the provincial Junta, who heard of his high reputation—he attacked Marshal Augereau with great fury, and drove him into Gerona. He took up a position at Vich, but on the approach of the French retired to the Col de Sespina, where he led a charge so fierce and decisive, that Sanham's battalions were hurled from the hills in confusion upon the plain. Marching to Mauresa, he summoned the Miguelets from Lerida to his colours. These were a species of banditti who

infested the mountains, and were armed with pistols, daggers, and blunderbusses. With twelve thousand men, Henry O'Donnel took up a position at Maya in February, and harrassed the French before Vich, where he fought and lost a severe battle, and was forced to retreat to the Sierras and from thence to Tarragona, leaving a fourth of his men dead on the field.

O'Donnel, "whose energy, and military talents," says Napier, "were superior to all his predecessors," now sent Caro with six thousand men against the French at Villa Franca, where unfortunately they were all killed or captured; and being wounded, he was compelled for a time to resign the command to General Gasca.

On the 6th April, he harrassed the French, then retreating from Tarragona towards Barcelona; and after retiring from Vich with an army discomfited by only five thousand Frenchmen, with these same discomfited men he baffled Augereau, who led twenty thousand bayonets; forced him to abandon Lower Catalonia, and to retreat in disgrace to Gerona, where Marshal MacDonald, a Scotsman, was sent by Napoleon to succeed him. During the investment of Hostalric by the French, Henry O'Donnel collected many convoys for its relief; he attacked the blockade at several points with the Miguelets, and particularly distinguished himself in a noble and dashing attempt to relieve the brave Julian Estrada on the night of the 12th May, when this strong citadel fell. During the siege of Lerida by Suchet, O'Donnel collected two divisions of four thousand each; with these and six hundred cavalry, he skilfully passed the defile of Mombanch, and fought the contest of Margalef, where his troops were defeated; but he rallied, and led them again upon the columns of the Duc d'Albufera. The struggle was terrible; but he was forced to retreat through the passes, leaving one general, eight colonels, five thousand men, and three guns in the hands of the foe. His force was now one thousand four hundred strong, well supplied by the active Miguelets; and by the bravery of his soldiers and his own unwearying zeal he long prevented

the siege of Tortosa, and found full employment for the enemy during the remainder of the year.

"After the battle of Margalef, Henry O'Donnel reunited his forces, and being of a stern, unyielding disposition, not only repressed the discontents occasioned by that defeat, but forced the reluctant (and lawless) Miguelets to supply his ranks and submit to discipline." Thus, in July he had twenty-two thousand men, when Marshals Mac Donald and Suchet combined to crush him, and when Napoleon's order to invest Tortosa arrived. On this O'Donnel, after making a skilful feint towards Trivisa, suddenly threw himself with ten thousand into the fated city, from whence, upon the noon of the 3rd July, he fell furiously upon the French entrenchments, and made a fearful slaughter of the troops of Laval. After this he retired to Tarragona. Having cut off Mac Donald's communication with the walled city of Ampurias, he now conceived and executed the most skilful and vigorous plan which had yet graced the Spanish arms.

Leaving Campo Verde in the valley of Aro, on the 14th he marched rapidly down from Casa de Silva upon Apasbil, where the French, under Swartz, were entrenched. He attacked them, slew two hundred, and, taking the rest, embarked them for Tarragona, whither he retired soon after, to take a little repose, being troubled by his last wound; yet in January, 1811, we find him again in arms, directing the movements of the army, and harassing Marshals Mac Donald and Suchet, though unable to ride or appear in the field; and on his being created Conde de Abispal, he resigned the command of his Catalonians, three thousand in number, to Campo Verde, being so disabled by wounds that he was quite unable to conduct the siege of Tortosa.

In October, 1812, he was appointed to that situation, which several Irish soldiers of fortune have held—Captain-General of Andalusia,—and on Wellington reaching Cadiz in December of that year, after the retreat from Burgos, on his making a complete reorganization of the Spanish forces, the First Reserve Corps was given to the Conde de Abispal, and

the Second Reserve to Lacy. Thus they both served in the new campaign which ended so gloriously on the field of Vittoria. After this signal victory, the task of reducing the forts near the tremendous pass of Pancorbo, which secured the approach to the Ebro, was given to the Irish Conde and his Andalusians, to whom they fell partly by storm and partly by capitulation.

On the 14th July, 1813, to O'Donnel and his reserve of five thousand was permanently entrusted the important duty of blocking up the French garrison in Pampeluna, now almost the last stronghold of Napoleon in Spain. This task he conducted with great vigour, while Wellington secured the passes of the Pyrenees and pushed the siege of San Sebastian; but on Soult forcing the passes on the 25th July, such an alarm reached Pampeluna, that the Conde de Abispal spiked some of his cannon, blew up his magazines, abandoned the trenches, and but for Picton's victorious stand at Huarte was prepared to retreat. On the fortunate arrival of a small Spanish division under Don Carlos d'Espa, the blockade was resumed and the siege pressed with renewed vigour.

O'Donnel was posted on the right of Marshal Murillo at the great and decisive battle of Pampeluna, so absurdly and obstinately styled by the British *the battle of the Pyrenees*, from which it is nearly thirty miles distant. Soult was completely overthrown, and in August O'Donnel reinforced the seventh division in occupying the important passes of Exhallar and Zugaramurdi. After this, being again troubled by old wounds, he fell ill and resigned his command for a time to Giron. In November he resumed it again, and occupied the beautiful valley of the Bastan, prior to the invasion of France under Wellington.

In February, 1814, he led six thousand men at the passage of the Gaves, and was engaged in all the operations on the Lower Pyrenees with the Spaniards under the Prince of Anglona. He served in that victorious campaign which terminated at the blood-stained hill of Toulouse, where, as General Napier so pithily remarks, "the war terminated, and with it all remembrance of the veteran's services."

In the Constitutional war which ensued in Spain nine years after, and during the invasion of that country by monarchical France in 1823, the O'Donnells bore a prominent part, and adhered to Ferdinand VII. The Conde de Abispal was appointed a field-marshal, with the office of Governor and Political Chief at Madrid, and on the 25th March he issued a proclamation announcing that the amnesty granted by the Cortes to those in arms against the King was about to expire, and concluded by a brief warning to the factions and the constitutionalists to lay down their arms. On the 17th April he published his able orders and propositions to the militia of the capital, together with the following declaration of his political principles:—

Don Henry O'Donnell, Knight Grand Cross, &c., General of the 3rd Corps, &c.

Having learned that some ill-disposed persons have confounded my *private opinion* with those sacred obligations *which my oath and duty impose upon me*, and have given out that I am unwilling to support the Constitution of 1812 even to the last extremity, and until the national representation, lawfully constituted, should have made certain charges clearing; I do declare that *I am resolved to defend it*, according to my oath, notwithstanding reproaches by those means which the Constitution itself proscribes, and that I denounce to all Spaniards who, deviating from the path of duty traced out by law, shall seek to delay the same. Such were my sentiments when, in answer to an address from M. Molle, I wrote a letter which they charge on me with having published, and such also were my sentiments. But my *opinion* as a man of blood shall never prevent me from being true to my oath as a general and a citizen in 1823.

Madrid, 17th May, 1823.

But ere long he found the difficulty of reconciling his private sentiments and conviction with his duty to a King who had become the tool of France. Abispal proved the Talleyrand of Spain, and lost all favour by his conduct, and as if that fine character, having the Grand Cordon of the Order of Charles III. from the hands of Ferdinand VII., he passed over to the Constitutionalists. From that date his power declined, and he was obliged to seek shelter from the fury and desecration of the people at Montpellier in France, where he lived in

retirement and much reduced in circumstances.

His son, Leopold Count O'Donnell, remained in Spain, and had attained the rank of Colonel when the civil war broke out between the Carlists and Christinos, a step in which the children of the four elder O'Donnells were strongly divided, brother against brother, and cousin against cousin.

Thus, on the 2nd May, 1835, when Quesada was attacked by Don Zumalacarreñi (the Chiverhouse of Spanish loyalty), his division would have been annihilated but for the timely succour he received from Colonel Leopold O'Donnell de Abispal, who unfortunately was taken prisoner by the Navarrese while vainly struggling to rally the Royal Guards. All who were captured were barbarously shot by the Carlists, and of all who perished none was more regretted than the young, handsome, and chivalric O'Donnell. Though a colonel in the service, he was merely accompanying Quesada to profit by his escort so far as Pampeluna, where he was about to celebrate his nuptials with a beautiful Spanish girl of high rank, and the heiress of an old and wealthy family. A noble ransom was offered, but Don Tomas was inexorable!

His father, Henry O'Donnell, then in his old age, died of a broken heart at Montpellier on hearing of his son's disastrous fate.

Colonel John O'Donnell (a cousin of Leopold's) commanded the 2nd regiment of Castilian infantry, while his brother Charles led the insurgent cavalry of Don Tomas, and at the head of his own corps, the heavily-armed and ferocious lanciers of Navarre, performed in his twenty-fifth year the most brilliant feats of the Constitutional war. For his romantic victory over Lopez, in fair battle on one of the immense plains of Old Castile, he was made Knight of San Fernando. Soon after, he was mortally wounded in action near Pampeluna, and as he expired in agony, he exclaimed:—"I wish some one would send a bullet through me and end this misery! I have but a short time to live. Already four O'Donnells have perished in this war; and their blood has been shed on the right side as well as on the wrong!"

He referred to Leopold, who was

shot in cold blood at Alsassua ; to his second brother, who lost a leg at Arguijas, and died under the amputation ; to Charles, who lay on a bed of sickness from which he never rose ; and to John, who was wounded in battle at Mendigarra ; and being dragged from bed by a mob at Barcelona, was cruelly murdered in the streets and literally cut *into ounce pieces*. He and Carlos left wives and children in France.

Leopold, the Conde de Lucena, and his brother Colonel Henry O'Donnel, who in the Spanish affairs of the present year have taken a part so prominent, are the sons of Charles O'Donnel, Captain-General of Old Castile. The latter resided for many years at Valladolid, where one of his chief friends was John Cameron, Rector of the Scottish College, and where the Conde, his eldest son, was educated. Passing through all the regimental ranks with honour to himself, and acquiring the reputation of a staunch royalist, a stern and determined soldier, he was a general when, on the 18th of January, 1854, Madrid was the scene of a species of *coup d'etat*. In July, 1843, Espartero had found it necessary to take strong measures against the Christinos, who had bombarded Seville, where he was attacked by General Concha and forced to seek refuge in Britain. Returning in 1854, he seconded the insurrection which effected the overthrow of the anti-constitutional government of which Queen Christina was the head. Generals Leopold O'Donnel and Concha were ordered to retire in exile to the Canary Isles, as leaders of the opposition, having signed a memorial to Queen requiring the instant convocation of the Cortes. They soon returned, however, and then followed the long expected general result, when the whole provinces were declared under martial law, Saragossa was deluged by blood, and the government were forced to prepare a scheme of constitutional reform, to satisfy the demands of the people. On the 19th July General O'Donnel and his former rival, Marshal Baldomero Espartero, who from the humble situation of a carpenter rose to be Regent of Spain, formed a ministry, which had a thousand difficulties to encounter amid the corruption of the court, the hostility of the clergy, and the fiery restlessness

of the Carlists. Thus before July, 1855, Spain was again convulsed, and Catalonia insurged under Cabecilla Marsal, the Carlist chief. Espartero tendered his resignation to the Queen, who sent for the braver and firmer O'Donnel, then a marshal of Spain. He advised her to retain his rival ; but she replied with tears that she must leave Madrid, as her life was in danger ; and the diplomatic exertions of O'Donnel prevailed upon the duke to withdraw his resignation. By the 21st July Galicia was insurged ; but the Carlists were finally suppressed. The Queen, full of gratitude, heaped every favour on O'Donnel, and on her fête day opened the grand ball with him.

On recovering from a serious illness early in the present year (1856), Marshal O'Donnel was appointed Minister of War for Spain ; and almost immediately after risings occurred in several of the provinces. The cry of the insurgents, says the *Nacion*, was *Death to the rich !* Persons of rank were seen distributing money among them, and many were provided with bottles of turpentine and other inflammable liquids to fire the public buildings.

O'Donnel, who inherits with his Irish blood the gift of oratory in no small degree, thus described these riots to the Cortes :—

At Barcelona there have been disturbances ; and what caused them ? Socialism ! Palencia and Burgos have been in arms. Why ? Ask Socialism ! In Saragossa a thousand acts of Vandalism have been witnessed—thousands hurried from thence to Palencia, armed with muskets ; but not to preach the Gospel ! Incendiary manifestos are circulated, and what is their character ? Socialist ! At Valladolid men, women, and children emulated each other in the walk of horror and pillage. All these acts declare that there exists a truth which must be proclaimed ; for subversive ideas—ideas hitherto unknown in Spain—prevail among our masses, and excite them to these deadly conflicts which are contrary to that faith the Apostles preached of old. What we have now at stake is not *this* or *that* political flag, but the sacred ties of family and of property. But we shall chastise these excesses with the strong hand, and the instigators shall be visited with greater severity than those tools whom they urge to battle in the streets against us.

These sentiments brought on an altercation between him and Senor

Orense, which in February led to his challenging the Spaniard, in face of the whole Cortes, to fight a duel; but their meeting was prevented by the authorities. In that month Napoleon III. repeatedly expressed his confidence in the spirit and energy of O'Donnell and the honesty and uprightness of Espartero, with a hope that they would continue united.

O'Donnell, a hardy soldier and staunch adherent of despotic principles, is still disposed to bear matters with as high a hand as in 1854, when he revolted at the head of the Spanish cavalry.

On the 14th July, Espartero again resigned office, and to O'Donnell was assigned the task of forming a new ministry, as Premier and President of the Council; but almost immediately after the populace of Madrid insurged, O'Donnell attacked them at the head of the troops, who fought for a whole night with the insurrectionists, who had resolved to proclaim a republic. Espartero disappeared, and O'Donnell declared the whole kingdom in a state of siege, i.e. martial law. The fighting in Madrid lasted twenty-four hours; General Infante assembled fifty members of Cortes, but the Conde de Lucena instantly dispersed them, as with only one dissentient voice they passed a vote of want of confidence in his ministry; but having eighteen thousand bayonets under his orders, he could not afford to rush for their vote.

General Mac Coshon commanded a column which held the suburbs of the city. The fighting was desperate near the Royal Palace, the Plaza Mayor and the Calle de San Domingo. Pucheta, the fierce bull-fighter, led the armed socialists. O'Donnell had thirty-eight officers and soldiers killed, and

two hundred and twenty-one wounded, out of thirteen battalions with sixty-nine pieces of cannon, who fought the revolted and disaffected of the National Guard, from whom nineteen thousand stand of muskets, with a vast quantity of warlike munition, were taken. More than one thousand dead lay in the streets, and the hospitals were filled with the wounded and dying, before O'Donnell quelled the rebels and announced to the queen that *Madrid was calm*.

Then Saragossa rose in arms for Espartero; the people of Barcelona joined them, but were crushed by General Zapatero, a noted *Vicalvarist*, or adherent of O'Donnell; Armero, Captain-General of Old Castile, overawed the discontented at Valladolid and Rio Seco; at Girona and Junquero the fighting was desperate, but the socialist party were found to succumb to the power of O'Donnell, to enforce whose authority a French army of occupation is now gathering on the Pyrenees, and threatening, as in the days of Ferdinand VII., to enter Spain.

Honors were showered upon his adherents; the whole of the loyal National Guard were decorated at once, and the lace-manufacturers failed to meet the demand for epaulettes. Grand crosses and batons were strewn among the ladies of the *Vicalvarists*; Colonel Henry O'Donnell, the Conde's brother, was gazetted major-general; MacCoshon, his second at the Ministry of War, was appointed lieutenant-general, and the highest favors were bestowed upon his friends and brother soldiers, Concha, Messina, and Ross de Olano. His power seems principally established now at Madrid; but *how long* it may be so, time alone can tell.

THE DARRAGH.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DARRAGH ABANDONED.

The oak waves wide on the sunny lea ;
 The stream leaps bright through its glancing channel ;
 On the breezy hill the stag bounds free :—
 And such *were* thou, Mac Rennell,
 But the oak is cleft, and its leaves are shed ;
 Where the stream once ran, springs the weed and the fenel ;
 The stag lies hurt on his heathery bed :
 And such *art* thou, Mac* Rennell.

From "a Legend of Leitrim."

As there are few sensations which convey more happiness than that of waking up after a dream of vivid pain and finding the certainty of joy around you ; so there is nothing more dreadful than the recovery from unconsciousness to a full sense of the reality of present misery ; and such was my lot as I slowly regained my senses in the Haupt Strasse of Heidelberg, and found myself supported by the arm of Lord Ellersly, who had chanced to pass that way, and had seen me fall. He took me at once to his lodgings, and when I told him of the news I had heard, I had his warmest, yet most delicate sympathy in my sorrow. It was violent at first, but subsided soon to a calm melancholy ; and the one great wish of my heart now was to see the beloved face of my uncle before the grave closed over it for ever. So after settling some little business connected with my lodging, I was enabled to leave Heidelberg in four hours after my receipt of Kildoon's letter. At present I could have performed the journey by rail and Rhine in three or four days, but steam power in its locomotive application had not yet appeared to bless the traveller, and I had to post the whole journey ; which I did, resting not day or night till I found myself on board the Antwerp packet which was to land me at the Tower of London stairs, wind and weather permitting, in twenty-four hours.

On the deck of the boat, when floating down the tide of "the lazy Scheldt," I read and re-read Kildoon's letter, which ran thus :—

My dear cousin Walter,

You are doubtless prepared by my previous letter on the subject [I had not received one] for the melancholy tidings I have now to communicate, namely, the death of our dear uncle ; he was just one fortnight ill, but never spoke after his first attack. C. who came down from Dublin express, said it was a hopeless case from the first, and he expired without a struggle on the morning of the 14th. We will delay the funeral as long as possible to give you time to reach this, but we suppose you are already far forward on your homeward journey, as I wrote to you every second day since the attack took place, and cannot account for your silence, but will forward this at all events on the chance of finding you.

In haste, believe me to remain

Ever your affectionate cousin

G. N. KILDOON.

P.S.—I need not to you, who knew me so well, expatiate on the profundity of my sorrow for our beloved defunct relative—but the Lord's will be done, and we must submit as becometh christians.—G. N. K.

This letter puzzled and distressed me as much as its postscript disgusted and angered me. Not only had I never heard from home of my uncle's illness, but for fourteen days previous to his attack I had not received any letter from the Darragh. I now bitterly accused myself for ever leaving home, blaming the motive which had produced my exile, which was a boy-

ish fancy for one whom I now verily believed to be utterly regardless of me and of my feelings; and that, which continued coldness on her part had begun, grief for my uncle now consummated, and I felt that I no longer loved Miss Cardonald. The lighter sentiment was now engulfed, and had disappeared in the passion of the deeper feeling, as the mists of the evening melt away from sight amidst the darkness of the approaching night. My brain was dry and dizzy—partly because of acute sorrow, for I had not shed one tear since I left Heidelberg; and partly because I had not had one hour's consecutive sleep, or taken off my clothes, since I commenced my journey. After many delays, I reached Dublin at last; and found at my hotel a letter from McClintock, full of honest sorrow, which he said was enhanced by the impossibility of his coming over to Dublin at present, as his daughter's disease required his peculiar care—being then at a crisis. "But," said he "all business matters are so regular and square, that you will not need me." He concluded by saying that he had written to an eminent solicitor in Dublin, and asked him to go down and meet me at the Darragh in case there should be any necessity for professional advice.

That night I took an inside seat in the Galway mail; my companions were my own sad thoughts, and a gentleman who introduced himself to me as M'Clintock's friend. I was glad to see him, but as I was averse to talking, he soon fell asleep, while I continued wakeful all night; and I recollect perfectly contemplating his head and countenance, on which care never seemed to have drawn a line, or ill temper planted a wrinkle, as he slumbered heavily before me on the opposite cushion. The sun had risen all on fire, and the whole landscape, flat and stony, through which the coach was running, was bathed in a flood of pink and crimson light. To me it had a painful effect; my head seemed hotter and my eyes more dry, and these vivid and fiery tints seemed to increase the pulsation at my wrist and the throb of my beating temples.

At A. we left the mail, and my companion having kindly offered to procure a carriage at the hotel, and follow me as soon as possible, I set

out, walking slowly on the road which led to Ballytrasnagh; for I could not yet bear the contact of vulgar sympathy, however kindly meant, and I knew the whole country were cognizant of my uncle's death. So I sauntered on musingly, and after walking about three miles, a carriage and four horses overtook me, in which was Mr. Blakely and our luggage, and we proceeded together in silence. I found I had wronged the man, for several times I caught him looking at me with an expression of sympathy in his benevolent eyes.

One question I dared not ask him, though I felt certain he had been put in a position to answer it by the information he had received at the inn where he had hired the carriage. At length he said, after clearing his throat several times, as if for a great effort, "Mr. Nugent, you ought to know that the funeral of General Nugent took place four days ago; it appears that every delay was made in the hope of your arrival, but it could be deferred no longer, and not hearing from you—[for, true it was, I had never answered Gilbert's letter] they were necessitated to perform the last sad duty without you." I answered nought—but pressed my kind companion's hand, and pulling my hat down upon my brows, I wept long and bitterly in a corner of the carriage. We reached the Darragh at sundown, and I was received by my cousin with a show of much affection. Grief or some other passion had been busy with him, for he was haggard, his face green and vivid, and he looked almost as if he had been stricken with sudden old age. As I alighted, he stood on the broad steps. Just in the very spot and on the same flag where he had so often before received and welcomed me—he, with his princely figure, and radiant smile, and cordial grasp, and glancing eagle eye—now this man, this Kildoon stood, looking I thought so mean and craven. The servants were weeping around in the hall; the corporal ill in his bed, worn out with grief and fatigue; my cousin, who was drest in elaborate mourning, offered me refreshment in the parlour, but I went to my dressing room, where poor Margaret Joyce and my nurse brought me coffee, and my servant got me a bath, and, getting into bed, I slept soon and very soundly.

The next morning Mr. Blakely came to my room early; he had been to Ballytrasnagh, and brought back with him the copy of my uncle's will, acting under M'Clintock's direction. He told me also, that Mr. Kildoon had sent me a request that I would be present at the opening and reading of the general's will, to which I consented, though I saw no reason for such a ceremony.

On descending to the parlour, I was astonished to find a larger assembly convened than I considered legally necessary for the occasion, or personally delicate to myself. My cousin was there, and I thought he resembled an exhumed corpse more than a living creature; Mr. Blakely, looking heavy and benevolent; and a Mr. C. a keen and well practised lawyer, who was Mr. Kildoon's man of business; the Scotch steward and all the upper servants. On the table lay some parchments. I advanced, and sat down in a chair which appeared to be laid for me; my cousin then rose, and in a very husky and nervous voice said, that, as the late general's agent and near kinsman, he would now take upon him to make his testamentary dispositions known to his nephew Mr. Walter Nugent here present, as also to his friends and domestics assembled together. "And in so doing, I believe," continued Gilbert, "I am acting in strict and usual routine. May I request then that the gentleman who is here as a *locum tenens* for Mr. McClintock, be requested to read the will?" I thought all this extremely presuming and officious on the part of Gilbert, but I set it down as some necessary form which must be gone through, and so I held my peace. Mr. Blakely then read my uncle's will, constituting me the sole heir of all his property, with a large land provision for my cousin, very handsome legacies to Mr. Dalwood and McClintock; a life annuity to my nurse, who was weeping at a window; three shillings and sixpence a-day to the corporal for his natural life; and remembrances in money to all the old servants and retainers. This will was signed, sealed, and witnessed by Montfort, by the village doctor, and by Mr. Denis Malony, and bore date the very month after Madeline's death, and it was pronounced by all the legal gentlemen to be perfectly correct in all

its parts and points. I scarce heeded it at the moment. The assignment of much wealth and property—the accession of rank and station devolving on one so young as I—for I had only just fulfilled my twenty-first year—failed to exalt or to excite me. Grief for my dear uncle was 'then the regnant passion in my breast, and oh! how truly could I have said with him of old,

"My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar;"

and deeply musing on my sorrow, I was unheeding the scene around me, when an exclamation of wonder from Mr. Blakely's lips started and aroused me; and I saw that Mr. C. was proceeding to open a second parchment, which he announced as having been found that morning in the late general's bureau, along with the will we had just heard read. This new document, he said, "appears to be another will, and of a much more recent date than the former instrument, which it virtually cancels; for in *this* will the late General revokes all his former testamentary acts, and bequeaths the whole of his property unreservedly "to his dear sister's son, Gilbert Nugent Kildoon, his heirs, &c., &c., with liberty to bear the name and arms of Nugent, &c., &c., and with a life annuity chargeable on the estate of £300 a year to his other nephew Walter Basset Nugent, if agreeable to the said Gilbert; and legacies of twenty pounds to each of the servants, &c., &c.

"Now, gentlemen," continued the lawyer, "I have read this will, which is short, and I think written by the testator himself, Almericus Nugent, Lieutenant-General and Colonel of — Hussars, signed thus in this instrument, and sealed with his proper seal, and I beg leave to say that *this* is the instrument on which the property of General Nugent is disposable, and not the former paper which Mr. Blakely read to us.

At the announcement of this astounding intelligence, an exclamation of combined wonder, anger, and sorrow broke murmuringly from all around—save three individuals who were mute, viz., the lawyer, who was full of himself, his client, and his cause—Kildoon, who stood on the hearth-rug all jaundiced, excited, and livid—

and myself. I never could recall, so as to accurately define, the feelings which then swept through my brain and over my heart like waves from a sea of fire; but I *do* recollect, that above all these contending tides my soul was given strength to sit in a calm but stern atmosphere and position; and I remember that all were silent, as, bending a fixed and searching regard on Gilbert's haggard face. I said, "Cousin, I charge you before God, and by *his* memory, which is wronged and slandered by this document, that you tell me how this thing was brought about, and what part *you* have played in producing such a change in my uncle's mind to me?" And I recollect my cousin staring at me all wild and mute, till suddenly rushing to a side table where lay the large family Bible, he seized it with both his shaking hands, and placing it before me where I sat, he lifted his bloodshot eyes to heaven, and striking the Bible as he spoke, he shouted out, "I swear on this book, and by this book, and by *HIM* who wrote this book, that till this last hour I never set my eyes on this will of my uncle's, nor knew its contents; and this company will pardon the agitation which my cousin's unjust suspicions have alone called up." He then sank into a chair, and covered his face with his hands, overpowered by his emotions.

Mr. C. here handed me the will, and asked me to read it, and to say was it in General Nugent's handwriting. I took it, and perused it slowly, word by word, from beginning to end, and while so doing you might have heard a pin drop in the apartment. There was no sound but the quick deep breathings of Gilbert. I say, I read this paper slowly, line by line, and word by word, from top to bottom; nay—I took it into the light, and at the window again read it, twice over, with eager scrutiny, and a painfully exact examination—and I *did* then plainly see indeed that it was in my uncle's handwriting, and bore his peculiar signature. Nay, that it even had a secret cipher, which I am sure no man knew but him and me; and that it was sealed with an impression of the head of Philip of Macedon, which was deeply and beautifully cut on a cornelian ring he had purchased at Venice, and which, owing to the contraction of a muscle,

had not left his finger for many years. And so the settled conviction that arose to my mind, from all this evidence, was, that my uncle had indeed disinherited me, and that this *was* in truth his settled act and deed; and so, for the first time a dark cloud of something like despair began to rise up in my mind. I suppose my feelings were manifest in my countenance as I returned to the table, as Mr. C. said, "Well, sir, am I not right in supposing you admit this instrument as a proper document, and in your uncle's handwriting." I coldly answered, "I wish Mr. Blakely to peruse it." He took it from my hand, and ran his eye over it, and a slight exclamation of satisfaction broke from his lips, "This Will," he said, "is mere waste paper; it is not really worth a farthing, for it is not witnessed. Here is space for the names of the witnesses, and I perceive the same handwriting which appears in the paper has traced in pencil the initials of some three parties, but positively these individuals have never subscribed with their own hands; and therefore I pronounce on my own legal responsibility, that this Will be set aside for essential informality, and that the former Will, constituting Mr. Walter Nugent sole heir, do stand."

"I cannot deny what you say, Mr. Blakely," said C. taking the Will and putting his eyes down into it; "the Will is, I should pronounce, incomplete rather than informal. As far as it goes, and it goes a long way, it is accurately formal, and contains the complete and perfect animus of the testator; and so the only question now is, whether the deliberate will, intentions, and dispositions of the late General Nugent, as expressed in this paper, which he *meant* to be a formal will, and which he wrote in his own handwriting, signed with his own name and titles, and sealed with a gem seal, ring which I am informed has not left his finger for years—whether this will, bearing date one full month before the attack which caused the testator's death, and which he intended to be the full expression of his wishes and his mind in regard of his property—is to be utterly quashed and ignored through a mere legal flaw—the omission of a form which is virtually gone through in pencilling though not in the fullness of the re-

quired act. Is the honorable General's intention and design, so unequivocally expressed here, to be despised and set at naught, his wishes frustrated, and trodden in the mire, because forsooth of a mere trifle, the want of a scratch of a pen, probably produced by accident, or unavoidable procrastination. Forbid it honor and truth; forbid it, love and respect for the venerated dead! Gentlemen, I wish you joy of your contemptible point of law; you may and can use it successfully against my much injured client and his uncle's express wishes; but you will excuse me if I say that we have equity, true justice, and gentlemanly feeling all on our side."

All this time Gilbert sat with his face buried in his hands; his counsel's last words were well framed and fitly suited to meet and warp a mind like mine, and to sting me into anger, and I proudly said,—“No man should couple my name with a breath of injustice or dishonor; still this is a great question, and not lightly or at once to be arranged. I acknowledge here openly that this paper transferring to my cousin what my uncle has ever told me was to be my property at his death, is in General Nugent's handwriting. Nay, I could swear to it in a court of justice. This too is his peculiar autograph, and his seal. I am willing to concede therefore that this new will appears to have been his deliberate act.—You need not take down my words, sir,” said I, turning I fear rather fiercely to the lawyer—“I am not likely ever to deny them. His deliberate act,” I continued, looking straight and steadily at Gilbert, “but under what wrongful influence I cannot say. But my mind is much tossed by such an unexpected occurrence, which would make me an intruder where I thought I should have been the master, and my true sorrow for my dear uncle has disturbed and agitated me. I desire therefore time for my decision on this matter. Say twenty-four hours; when I will meet you again in this room—the paper remaining in the care of the two legal gentlemen now present.”

I gained my room greatly shaken and sore perplexed. Oh how I then longed for the cool judgment of Montfort, and his combination of keen sense and high honor to advise me. Oh! how I yearned for my lost Ma-

deline's gentle self and sweet sympathy. Oh! how I wished for McClin-tock's shrewdness and knowledge of business. But I was by myself, unaided, inexperienced. I had never acted in any affair of this kind; and this stroke, I felt, would either stun me from its severity and suddenness, or start into life some wild feeling assuming the appearance of chivalrous honor; and, acting under which, I might do something irrevocably prejudicial to my own interests. Yet I felt that I must act, for I evidently saw that Mr. Blakely had no acumen of mind to stand against C. who was a keen and hackneyed lawyer.

Undoubtedly the handwriting, the signature, the seal—a rare gem with a peculiar engraving, were all my uncle's. Had his mind gone before his illness? No. This document was a clear one, and betrayed no signs of imbecility. Had his mind been poisoned by my cousin against me? Surely this must have been the case; yet I dared not positively say so, as I paced my room up and down the whole evening, for I could not bear to go below to see my cousin, or meet these lawyers. The poor old corporal came to me; he was broken down with illness and grief. I made him sit down, and got him a glass of wine. My uncle loved him, and the meeting with him greatly affected me. He had heard all, and seemed thunder-struck. He said the seal ring had never left the general's finger for eight years—that he himself had watched by my uncle during every hour of his illness till he died; that he then had washed the body, and put it in the coffin, and the ring was still there—in fact, buried with him. That his illness had been paralysis, stricken down in a minute with a total loss of speech and motion. But that he had daily received the visits of Mr. Dalwood, and was apparently conscious of what that good man said,—yet sleeping much, but smiling sweetly to the last. He said that after my departure Mr. Kildoon was perpetually with the general; that before Mrs. Cardonald and her daughter had left the country, (so they were gone—) his uncle and he had some high words together, but it was made up; that the general wrote to me continually, and used to wonder at my silence, though he never said a

hard word or complained; but the very morning his illness had come on, he had said to the corporal as he was dressing, "I wish my dear Walter had never left home." All this only perplexed me more and more, and I went to bed still undecided how I should act on the coming morrow, yet on the whole inclined to sacrifice myself rather than incur the possibility of a stain ever resting on my uncle's memory, or my own honor. I fell into a fevered sleep, and had a strange dream. I thought I was walking by the Carrow water, the mountain torrent in our wood, and I saw Miss Cardonald approaching me; her veil was over her face, and she was dressed in a favorite attire, which was white and blue. As I hastened to meet her, she raised the veil, and I saw the features of my cousin Gilbert, all blackened and as if charred by fire. It was a horrible vision, and thoroughly awoke me. I rose and flung up my window, for the morning was just breaking, and its light was pouring in on the sweet Darragh. There was the balmy air from the mountain mingling with the fresh sea breeze. There was the wide round lawn, belted with silent trees, where I had galloped a thousand times. There was the lark springing from the sod, the babble of the torrent from the wood, the distant boom of the Atlantic, and the dear old house, hallowed and beloved for so many associations, standing up in the cold morning, and painting its dark picture on the dewy grass. Ah! were those *shadows*, which seemed to be passing up the avenue before my eyes, all strained, and wild, and aching, and bursting from their sockets from fever and unrest—those figures so grey and indistinct! Montfort! Madeline! my uncle! and *one more*—but behind, and separated from the rest, the false dream and folly of my life—Isabella! Alas! they are gone; they were but the creations of an overwrought brain and burthened bosom. A chill came over me now, and I lay down on my bed again, leaving the window open; and again I slept, and another vision rose up before my excited mind. I thought I saw my sweet Madeline, and she came forward and embraced me, and smiling upon me said, "Walter, act in this matter nobly, and like yourself,

fear not—all will yet be well." She then seemed to melt away amidst a gush of warm white orient light, and the sun shining strongly in my face aroused me once more—and I rose and dressed.

Full of false strength, elation, and excitement, I descended to our appointed meeting in the great parlour. The same party were assembled as before, my cousin seemed to have recovered his looks, and would have accosted me with a show of affectionate familiarity, to which I responded with a chilling frown. I felt certain that he was a deep scheming villain, and desperate knave, and that my uncle had been his victim, as well as myself, for I never had once in all my trouble accused my dear uncle of treachery to me. His noble mind had been poisoned against me, and entrapped by this Kildoon; he had done this thing in a moment of weakness, which, if his life had been spared a little longer, he would have revoked for ever. Still 'twas strange—oh! *how* strange! how unreal! yet my uncle must and would be thoroughly justified if I but knew all. Yes, that high heart and loving breast *could* not have imagined or achieved any designed evil against me. It was some mistake—some cruel mistake; but my dear uncle was not to blame, and of that I felt as assured as that the man now before me was a charlatan and a craven.

"Good morning, Mr. Nugent," exclaimed Mr. C. advancing to meet me: "your cousin, though he feels most keenly the suspicions which you levelled against him so pointedly yesterday, yet, anxious to satisfy you as well as to vindicate his own innocence, has commissioned me to draw up the solemn affidavit which—"

"There is no need, sir," I coldly answered; "my determination is to abide by what appears to have been the wish of my uncle, and I here renounce all claim on this place and property, though quite aware that I could take advantage of the informality of the last will."

"Very noble—very generous—very like a gentleman, indeed," cried the lawyer. "Oh! Mr. Nugent, take care what you are doing," exclaimed Blakely.

"Beg pardon," broke in the lawyer,

"you have no right to interfere in this matter. Are you willing sir, to express this decision on paper?"

"I'll express nothing more than what I have said," I answered, "but I shall leave the Darragh to-day—never to return."

Here a wild cry from the servants, who had all gathered into the room broke upon my ear; they crowded round me, kissing my hands, holding my clothes, and deprecating my departure. Greatly overcome, I could not help responding to their caresses, till, raising my eyes, I thought I saw a look of malignant triumph lighting up the dark features of my cousin. This was too much for me, the wild blood rushed from my heart and tingled through my veins, and for a moment I had fully determined to stride forward, and, seizing the villain, fling him out of the window which the craven had raised, I verily believe, to keep himself from fainting. But, making a strong effort, I mastered this wrong feeling, and coldly bowing to the company round the table, I walked to the door, being much intercepted by my nurse, who clung to me, crying, "Dunna give up your ain, master Walter, oh dunna, dunna leave us;" but putting her back kindly, and the others rather more hastily, I displaced a large red screen, behind which I thought I saw the man Murellos writing, as I strode through the door, and closed it after me.

I went to my room, bolted myself in, and packed up two or three valises, and while so doing I sent for a carriage from Ballytrasnagh. Presently I had a note in Mr. Blakely's handwriting, saying that Mr. Kildoon intreated I would stay as long as I pleased at the Darragh, and begging my acceptance of my first quarter's annuity in advance, £75. Stung to ineffable scorn at this insult, I would have gone down, and flung his money under his feet, but already adversity was beginning to school me from the faults and the follies of my habitual temperament; so I enclosed the draft back to Mr. Blakely, begging that Mr. Kildoon would cease to trouble me with any further communications, and that I would not remain one hour longer in the house after my carriage had arrived.

One more peng, one more moment

of unmanly weakness, and I sternly bid adieu to sorrow, and steeled myself to act, to suffer, and to wait. It was the sight of a double miniature in my dressing case, the gift of my uncle five years before; there was my Madeline, exquisitely limned, and mounted with diamonds of the purest water. On the reverse, and set in a circle of plain gold, was my dear uncle—a perfect likeness—in his hussar uniform and crosses—both looking so beautiful, and so kind on the poor outcast: I kissed them both, and cried over the unconscious faces, but no man saw me do this act of womanly weakness. Then I passed a strong band of black ribbon through the ring at the top of the miniatures, and slung them round my neck, close in to my heart, there to lie as long as one pulse of life or heat or love remained in my being.

How I got down the stairs, how I endured the frantic grief of the old and attached servants, and evaded their parting caresses, I know not. I remember the faces of the faithful Joyces—all colourless with sorrow; and amidst the voices, I remember I heard from the crowd words like these, "and is he going? the last of the good family—the very picture of him that's gone, and *once his pride*!" and I know that this last sentence scorched my heart like fire. I know that my nurse held me and kissed me repeatedly, and cried to go with me. I know that the corporal clasped me in his arms, and that I felt his iron frame sobbing on my heart. I recollect all this happened as I struggled and pushed my way out through the hall to the post carriage which was waiting for me before the door; and I know, too, that undeserved strength was given me in that hour of great weakness, and that amidst noise, and agitation, and anger, and expressed indignation, and the loving words that broke from faithful lips, and the sound of weeping, I was quiet and apparently calm—as, with uncovered head, I passed beneath the threshold and beyond the throng, and springing into the carriage, was whirled at a gallop up the avenue of the Darragh; and, when I heard the great gates clash behind me, the sound smote dismally on my heart, for I felt that I had abandoned all that had been the memory of my youth and the hopes of my manhood.

CHAPTER X.

THE DARRAGH IN THE DISTANCE.

'Twas sad to see my own hopes die,
Like stars along the midnight sea :
But sadder far—dear friend ! had I
No thought—no tear to give to thee.

The Blue Rocks of Breeghy.

I TOOK up the night mail at A —, and so reached Dublin and my hotel for breakfast ; and as I sat in the large coffee room, amidst all the bustle and noise of city life, I felt thoroughly desolate, and how true it is, "magna civitas, magna solitudo". What the exact state of my mind was I could not pretend to describe ; but I recollect that the paramount idea was a wish to get away from observation, to hide from the uplifted hand of amazement, and to escape, if possible, the pointed finger of scorn or pity ; and, above all, to give up my name, which I felt I had no right to. To meet a man now, like O'Skerritt, in a public room, would have been agony to me. As for means, I had enough to carry me through life for six or eight months—forty pounds remained still of my uncle's allowance, and some time back I had sold my horse and saddlery to Lord Ellersly, and his check on Finlay's bank for sixty pounds remained still in my pocket book. In the course of the ensuing week I had a whole packet of letters from the Darragh, redirected by Mr. Blakely ; these were from my uncle's old friends, and all of them condemnatory of my conduct, and blaming my precipitancy. The most leading and influential men in the county wrote to me, for the thing made a great noise for the time ; but though grateful to my friends for their interest in me, I answered none of their letters, which could have been but to feed the fuel of the fire which I desired should die out. At last came a volume from McClintock, written in the anguish of his honest friendly heart, entreating of me still to put the case into the hands of Lefroy or Saurin, or some equally high minded and honorable counsel, with whom my character would be as carefully guarded as my interests would be efficiently preserved. But this was the very thing I wished to avoid doing. I

was jealous for my dear uncle's character, and thought wrong that even the shadow of a taint shall pass across his stainless shield. I could not bear the idea of his memory being dragged into the public gaze, and the harsh and accurate investigation of a crowded law court. He had made some mistake, and his mistake had been my ruin ; but for this I did not think him accountable. I was as certain that he never meant to disinherit me, as that he had actually done so ; and as my own heart was perfectly free from one unkind thought of my dear and noble uncle, I would not that the world should discuss and perhaps carp at his conduct, which I felt would be almost the inevitable result of my bringing so curious a matter into the publicity of a law court, or submitting it to the scrutiny of a forensic adjustment.

These feelings I embodied in a letter to McClintock, and I also spoke to him of going abroad to the colonies, and even hinted something of taking service under a gallant Irish officer, General D. who at that time was raising a regiment to take out with him to Venezuela, to assist in fighting the battle of South American liberty. But indeed I had as yet no fixed purpose ; I saw poverty before me, but by her side was labour, and beyond them both was independence ; and as they who tread the ocean beach find the sand more hard and firm on the very edge of the wave, so the nearer the dark tides of life dashed before me, the more steadfast and determined my step appeared to be. I was solitary, and had made myself so, for friends would have rallied round me had I permitted it ; but my path was plain and straight from its very loneliness, as the waves will flow more clear where rocks are bare and desolate. I was young and very active, healthy, educated, and—thanks to my dear uncle's training, temperate and free from any

reigning vice. I was happily too of a reserved disposition, which, while it gave no offence, precluded me from being made free with, or questioned by the curious or the impertinent. And so, after spending a fortnight shut up almost all day in my Dublin hotel, and taking long walks into the country at night, musing, meditating, planning, and purposing, I went over to Caernarvonshire to see Gayston, who was lodging at the sea side, studying law and cultivating literature. I had dropped the name of Nugent, retaining only my second name of Basset, which had been that of my mother, and my determination was to procure, through Gayston's interest or advice, some place which would, in return for honest labour of the head or the hand, produce me a livelihood.

Just as I was leaving my hotel, an English letter came, forwarded from the Darragh. It was in the handwriting of Mrs. Cardonald, written with her usual extra pale ink, and smelling strongly of musk, which was her favorite perfume. I put it in my pocket book more with a smile than a sigh, though it was wonderful how the scent of that letter brought back a whole world of memory over my mind; and next morning, after my voyage was over, and when I was seated beside the driver of the Bangor coach, I took it out, and calmly breaking the seal, and picking my steps along lines and dashes double and treble, and notes of admiration single, two, and three-fold, and inverted commas, I read as follows.

Rectory of St. Sampson cum the Innocents,
near Glastonbury, Somersetshire.

Dear Mr. Nugent,

I need not tell you *how* afflicted I felt on hearing of the *sad* bereavement of my honored kinsman the General. He *indeed* was a man whom, to use the language of the *sweet* bard of Avon,

Take him for all and all,
You ne'er will look upon his like again.

I confess that the disposition of his property did not so *very* much surprise my daughter and me; we always *highly* valued and relished Mr. Gilbert Kildoon Nugent's conversation, as partaking more of the tone of the *agreeable* world than any we had ever met with in Ireland, and I am *quite*

sure he was *much* esteemed by his excellent, though *alas* departed uncle.

While glad for our friend's success, we truly are sorry for your loss; but, my dear sir, as the *Avonian* swan above quoted remarks,

There is a *tide* in the affairs of men, &c.

[Ah! Mrs. Cardonald, Pactolus is the only tide which *you* would condescend to float on!—my daughter unites with me in best respects, she and I *trust* that all *future* intercourse will *terminate*; as it would be manifestly flying in the face of *Providence* and *highly* immoral to *persist* in an *attachment* where there are *no means*.

I *must* now conclude, as I am writing from my sofa, to which I have been confined by *severe* influenza, and a dreadful *inflammatory* attack of the bronchial *tubes* of the left lung.

I am,

Yours truly,

LUCY CARDONALD.

P.S.—We are at my son's rectory in this beautiful and *deeply* interesting country—where there is *excellent* cider.

To this I sent the following answer:—

Dear Madam,

I thank you for the expression of your sympathy in my great misfortune, the loss of my ever honored and beloved uncle. I quite concur in your opinion touching our future intercourse, and will follow out your wishes faithfully. At the same time allow me to assure you, that I have for some time learned to regard my former sentiments more in the light of a fancy than a feeling, and that what you term my attachment has entirely and irrevocably ceased to exist.

I am,

Very faithfully yours,

W. B. NUGENT.

I was an expected guest at Gayston's cottage, as I had written to him a full account of my performances past, and my plans to come. I had an affectionate welcome from him, and we agreed to go halves in housekeeping expences. He was looking, I thought, very pale and thin. We talked over my affair, and *he*, too, greatly condemned my

hastiness: "you should have taken a month in place of a day to make up your mind; you had no time to discover fraud." "There could be no fraud," I said, "as regards the second will, I could swear to my uncle's handwriting and seal."

"Well, Walter," he rejoined, "if there *has* been foul play, like murder 'it will out.' I can make every allowance for the way you acted-- it was noble but imprudent. You had no one to back or advise you, save Blakely, who is an honest goose; you had that bitter clever fellow, Mr. C. against you, who is as sharp as a needle, and utterly unscrupulous, so he gets his fee and pleases his client; and you had your own pride, pardon me--morbid generosity, forgive me again--reckless self confidence, excuse me a third time--and devotion to your uncle's memory, for which I admire you,—all armed against you by this wily lawyer, and pleading *his* cause in your own bosom against yourself. It was Nugent *contra* Nugent, and 'tis plain enough that C. walked round you. But since you *will* not retrace your steps, we must see what we can do to buckle fortune on your back with the straps of honest endeavour." He sighed as he spoke, and I could not but see that there was some cloud settling over his original brightness; he never ceased working, he rose at five o'clock, and after reading law all day, he would sit up till eleven at night writing an article for the ——— which paid him liberally for his labours; and then again he would alternate his literary diet by a banquet of juridical sawdust gathered from the dry and musty leaves of Coke upon Littleton or Vewey junior. His racy animal spirits had greatly subsided, and there was an air of settled pensiveness about him which interested while it grieved me. I knew he was poor--a second son, and an orphan; but I knew also that all his family greatly loved him, and that his worth and talents were such as to give him every appearance of success at the bar, and therefore I saw no cause for his melancholy. One evening, when he had been working more than even was his wont, he complained of headache, so I made him come out, and we rambled by moonlight for nearly three hours among the glens and hills which lie behind the village of Aber. The scene, and influence of the hour, the

golden harvest moon dispensing light, and the rocks throwing their deep shadow—the kiss of the mountain air—the twinkle of the pale stars—the glitter of the smooth and silver sea—and the murmuring meeting of its wavelets on the grey sands and hard dark rocks—these outward things, seen, and heard, and felt, toned and sweetened his spirits and opened up the springs of his confidence to his friend. "Walter," he said "you have often bantered me on the cause of my lowness of spirits, but you have never asked me the cause—for which I think you much; now I will tell you all, and I know I shall have both your confidence and your sympathy. My uncle, a retired barrister, lives in this country; he is very rich, but my father and he had a paltry lawsuit two years ago, in which the former was victorious, and my uncle has never spoken to one of us since, bearing his defeat in a miserable spirit, and coming to reside here in order to separate the two families who had been ever most united. My uncle has no son; his only boy died four years ago; his second daughter Mary and I have been attached from our youth, and to break off our union now seemed the point to which his vengeance all tended. My father died soon afterwards, and my eldest brother Tom, who is a parson, succeeded to his property. He and I are much attached, and his wife is warmly in our interests. By a providential turn all parties met at Malvern last year. My uncle went for health, we for amusement, and there I saw my Mary frequently, and had speech with her; and becoming desperate for fear of our being again and perhaps for ever separated, I met her one evening at my brother's house, and there, in the presence of his wife and three of her sisters, we were privately married by him. My uncle is declining, he has had two paralytic seizures, but his intellect is as strong as ever, and the old grudge still festers in his mind, and to tell him of our clandestine wedlock would either kill him, or, if he retained life and reason, he would use both to disinherit poor Mary, who is a pretty little coheiress as things now stand, though it was not for that I loved her first," said Clayton, smiling, "inasmuch as her brother was alive when we first plighted our vows. Meanwhile I am now

working hard to support her in case this blow should fall; I can share with her the fruit of patient labour, and this thought sweetens while it alleviates all my toil. Meanwhile I see her occasionally, as she often comes with her kind sisters down to the strand for bathing."

Gayston's story deeply moved me, and I forgot my own griefs in my interest for him. I had a great and useful lesson, too, in regarding his steady labour, his self-denial, and his determination to sow toilfully, that he might reap successfully and garner abundantly. God's blessing be upon all such brain-work, such heart-work, such hand-work—from the hind who delves among the clods of the plain, up to the finer spirit who consumes the midnight oil, or anticipates the sunrise over his closely penned manuscript: God's blessing be upon all such honest toil, and make it remunerative. My spirit, indeed, was deeply and profitably schooled by my friend's case, and his conduct under it. Two days after this, as I returned along the shore after bathing, on rounding an abutting rock, I came full in front of an interesting group of women: they were all young and nice looking, and were sitting or reclining on portions of the cliff which rose rough and bluff behind them; they were in high mirth at the freaks and gambols of a little sister, save one who sat on a more raised rock than the rest, and whose sweet young face contemplation seemed to have claimed for his own. She wore a large dark brown straw hat, lightly thrown on her head, and overshadowing her brown hair braided back over two pearly ears, *à la Grecque*; her brow was white and straight; the purest complexion suffused the cheek; her eyes were blue and full of gentleness; the mouth well shaped; the smile radiant, and disclosing teeth of ivory; the form decidedly *distingué*, slender, and wrapped in a blue shawl; the attitude fixed and pensive, like one in thought or sorrow,

Looking sadly out upon the sea.

In a moment it struck me that this was Mrs. Gayston; and on my describing the young lady to my friend, in pretty much the same language I

have used here, he smiled, and blushed, and said, "Yes, that is indeed my dear Mary!" Ah! happy Gayston, thought I, your clouds will soon pass away, and a noonday will burst upon you, continued and exhilarating, and all the brighter from the darkness of your morning; while I, alas,

With the stern step of vanquished will,
Walking beneath the night of life,*

must toil in loneliness, and if ever I do reap, it will be but the acquisition of undivided gain and unshared joy.

Events came rather thickly on me now, for next morning Gayston laid down the "*Liverpool Mercury*," with which he was seasoning his coffee and toast, and looking fixedly at me, said, "Now, Walter, here is the very thing for you; if you can stoop to wear so common a badge as that of a merchant's clerk, lo! here is an advertisement which I shall read to you:—

WANTED.—By an eminent Hamburg house, a person of certified character to conduct the European correspondence of the firm. He must be competent to write letters in the French, German, and Russian tongues. A liberal salary will be given, and unexceptionable references required. Apply by letter to Messrs. Vondergogge, Stumpett, and Boozey, No. 204, Salthouse Dock, Liverpool.

"Now, dear Walter, this is an eminent house, if riches constitute eminency and Plutus be the fountain of honor. Here is a difficult post to fill, and therefore the salary will be a first-class one. It is a quiet and gentlemanly department, and will keep you much to yourself: you are well fitted for it from your polyglott accomplishments, and, lastly, I feel all but certain that I can obtain it for you, as I know Mr. Boozey well, and am known of him. His father was tithe agent to old Silverties, to whom he was under considerable pecuniary obligations, and Richard, his son, being an excellent clerk, and in no ways

Condemned his father's soul to cross,

took kindly to office work, and in due time became the drudging partner of this Dutch broker's house. Now, Walter, what say you? Shall I write by this post?"

I had nothing to do but to be

* Shelley.

thankful and acquiescent; and so the letter was written and sent; and while waiting for a response to it, I heard from McClintock. He was in great distress about his family and was just preparing to cross the Alps, and winter at Rome with his delicate daughter. He begged of me to write and send him my address; he devoutly hoped to be at home in the spring, when he would make *such* an enquiry at the Darragh, &c., &c. His letter rambled on here for two pages; he then told me that Sir John Montfort was bison-hunting in America, but was about to return home. This gave me joy. And, lastly, that my cousin Kildoon was reported as being on the eve of marriage with Miss Cardonald! And this gave me neither sorrow or surprise. And next day came a most polite note from Mr. Boozey, stating his own and partners' satisfaction at acting on Mr. Gayston's honored recommendation, and appointing Mr. Basset—after a short, but necessary trial of my capability—their corresponding clerk at a salary of two hundred pounds a year.

How warmly and favorably must Gayston have written to have so immediately influenced these men in my behalf! They expressed a wish that I should join them in a month, and as Gayston went off to London next morning to eat law dinners, and sit on a conveyancer's stool, I also left our sea-board cottage, and went over to Llanberis, where I decided on spending the last three weeks of my liberty, lodging near the large hotel, at the house of one Evans, who kept ponies, and was a Snowdon guide. Here I read, sketched, and scolded the ravines of the kingly mountain on every side, accompanied always by my host's dog, Taffy by name, a brown retriever, of intelligence quite ultra-canine, and all but human, and between whom and me a decidedly warm friendship had risen and ripened in a short week. Here for some time my life was most monotonous. On the last day but one of my sojourn, however, an adventure occurred which stirred the fides of my life to their depths, and gave me thought and food for meditation for many a month afterwards.

I had gone up two-thirds of Snowdon by what the guides called "the short cut;" I think the path was

about a mile above where once stood the old church of Llanberis, a singularly primitive relic of hoar antiquity, but now replaced by a more modern structure. The road was steep, but nothing to an experienced mountaineer like me, who had been educated among the precipices of Slieve-na-Quilla. I wandered on, and, sunk in thought, I found I had left the path, and got upon a slope of shingle. However, I pushed upward, and seeing rocks above me, I doubted not but I should soon gain harder ground, and I knew that the top could not be far off. Here, however, I had a narrow escape of my life. I had stepped on a large stone, and when springing from it to gain a second, I felt it giving way under me: I at once threw myself on my face and breast along the ground, and lay quite still—as the mass, slowly at first, but soon more quickly, rolled and thundered down the mountain, and, going over a precipice, I heard its sullen dash and plunge into a dark tarn which I had observed sleeping in a hollow on my left as I ascended. Rising now, I climbed more cautiously, and soon arrived at the rocks which I had seen from below, and which, belting the mountain, overhung the waste of steep shingle I had been traversing: here all advance seemed barred: till at last I discovered a part lower than the rest, over which, by a great exertion of strength, I swung myself upward with my hands, and reached a flat table of rock, over which I had now to lean, and stretch down as far as as ever I could, to assist my friend Taffy, who in all his numerous ascents of Snowdon never had been on this wild path before. I certainly was fully five minutes calling, cheering, and whistling, and encouraging the animal, before he could be induced to make the upward spring which brought him within reach of my hand; and when I *had* succeeded in landing him on the rock beside me, I thought he would have devoured me with his grateful and noisy caracases. From this to the summit was a steep but safe climb along the jagged sides of a ravine, and in about ten minutes more upstraining my friend Taffy and I had reached and leaped over the upright low stones which defend the path from the dangerous precipices which go down so sheer on the east

side of Snowdon, and then we sat down on a rock to recover our breath, and rest, and be thankful.

At that moment I was aware of the presence of a lady and a gentleman, who, standing by the battlemented stones which guard the declivity, had evidently been surveying our ascent. The gentleman at once accosted me with frankness and courtesy. "Sir," he said, "permit me to congratulate you on your cragmanship; we saw from yonder point the whole of your ascent with much interest and some apprehension, for surely you have to be thankful to God for a great escape. The rock which gave way had been loosened by the late rains; had you not thrown yourself flat, you must have gone over the precipice with it. Your dog, too, performed nobly. Pardon me for speaking to you, but these wilds preclude formality. I trust you are not fatigued by your great exertion."

I had started to my feet, as he commenced speaking to me, I uncovered my head at the conclusion of his address. He was a fine handsome man, about fifty years of age, with clear English features, a decidedly *distingué* presence, and rather commanding; as if he was in the habit of being listened to, and obeyed. I thanked him for his courtesy, but told him "I was a native mountaineer, and an old hunter among the hills;" and, saluting him, I walked on. Some yards further, I had to pass his daughter, and in so doing I lifted my hat and bowed low and gravely, and on raising my head again, I met the full glance and smile of the loveliest face it had ever been my lot to look on. She was a young girl of about eighteen years of age; with large liquid eyes of the deepest blue, soft, wistful, and intelligent, fringed with long dark silken lashes; the features small and aristocratic; the complexion clear and delicately tinted; the mouth well cut, expressive and pure; the forehead high, white, and a little proud, yet the smile full of radiancy and innocence, disclosing laughing pearly teeth; the form scarce come to womanhood, but thoroughbred and graceful. The face was so beautiful that I could not help looking again at it, when to my surprise she accosted me, "I trust you are not hurt, sir; we had great

cause to thank God for your preservation." Embarrassed, and yet gratified beyond measure, I could not for a moment answer. There were tones in her voice which reminded me of the music parted which used to flow from my Madeline's lips, sweet as the strings of angels' harps. At length I said, how proud and honored I felt at her displaying such kind interest for a stranger. "Nay," said she, "not a stranger, but a human creature." This she said simply and with perfect ease of manner, and her father coming up I again saluted them reverently, and passed onward, sloping my steps towards the descent to Bedgelert; but so utterly fascinated by the fair vision that I could not help looking back, when I saw them both standing on a little knoll, and apparently watching my retreating steps, and forming a most graceful grouping in combination with the rocky scenery around.

My original intention in coming here was to sketch a point of the landscape which embraced the river of Bedgelert, the church, and Gelert's grave; but now my pencil refused its office, and I sat down in a kind of dream, of which my two new acquaintance formed the front ground, surrounded by a blue and golden atmosphere of aerial imagination, and backed by a number of glittering Chateaux d'Espagne, as substantial as ever were erected by the Fairy Morgiana. Then of a sudden came on my mind the real amidst the unreal,—the lost Darragh, and the Dutchman's desk; and, with a sigh and a smile, the one for my fate, and the other for my folly, I sprang to my feet, and whistling to Taffy, who like myself was dreaming amidst the heather, I pocketed my sketch-book, and turned my face homeward.

But a great change had passed over the landscape during the time I had spent in musing on the mountain side; the morning had been hot and clear, and the noon had rolled away in cloudless splendour; but it was evening now, and on gaining the apex of the mountain, I saw a dense white mist filling the whole gorge of Llanberis Pass, and surging upwards from the heart of the valley. On it came, curling over and hiding the rocks, and gradually enshrouding one by one, each successive feature of

the mountain. Denser and thicklier rose the fog, running amidst the hollows, flowing over shingle and rock and heather in a grey tide, still rising, and uprising, and prevailing, till peak after peak of the mountain brothers which stood around magnificent Snowdon, was buried and concealed in the ocean of damp grey mist which seemed, like a death pall, to enwrap all that had been lately so fair and bright. In a few minutes I felt the fog pass up, and over my own person, and eddy round my head. I had no fear for myself, because I knew the path familiarly, and my canine companion was worth a whole army of guides. But I *did* feel a little anxious when I thought of my new acquaintances, and of the numerous precipices which I knew to abound in Snowdon, and to flank their homeward path. I quickened my step, the dog running, and barking before me—an unearthly sound at the bottom of that sea of cold mist; and a little lower down we came upon them in great distress. They had got off the path among the heather, missing their way, and were standing both together, the lady clinging closely to her father's arm. They had resolved to patiently await the parting of the mist, or the arrival of their servants from the hotel. They had originally ridden up as far as the point of ascent called "the Stable," and there had dismissed their guides, intending to walk home. The dog first discovered them, and his barkings, they told me, were melodious in their ears, for they were chilled by the damp cloak the mist had wrapped around them, as well as by the utter hopelessness of finding their way down from the mountain, and the dread of night coming on. Yet were they calm and trustful, even when I first came upon them, "looming through the mist," as the gentleman said, "like the spectre of Modred or Cadwallo." Truth to say I was utterly charmed to find them, and joyfully proffered my guidance, which they accepted as joyfully; so ordering Taffy into the van, with a "Home, good dog, home," the sagacious brute immediately got on the path, I following the motions and guidance of his tail, the only part of him I could perceive, so dense had the mist become, and my companions following me in file, the lady holding

by her father's hand. In this way we proceeded for more than a mile, not uttering a word, but carefully watching our steps along the steep and narrow yet beaten path, and through the dark and stupefying fog; when suddenly the mist became violently agitated, and began to be rent asunder, disclosing patches of green sod and blue rock, and grey wet shingle; and the wind, which we had heard from some time sobbing in the gullies and clefts of the mountain, now blew strongly up the hill—a sudden gale or gust—scattering and sweeping the whole mist before it, unshrouding the mountain from base to summit, and revealing to our charmed senses Heaven's sweet blue once more, and earth's vivid landscape, and the sun sinking in far and fading glory over the golden waters of the Irish Channel. We all stood still, regarding with fixed eyes this beautiful sight. Some deeper emotion stirred the mind of the fair creature by my side, and as she lifted her eyes to Heaven, a cloud of sweet solemnity passed over her features. Her father again and again thanked me for my timely aid; she spake not, but she looked a whole volume of kindness at me, and I was just beginning to feel a little awkward at the idea of the difficulty of preserving my incognito with so frank a man as this appeared to be, and was commencing to relapse into coldness and reserve, when the gentleman, recovering all his vivacity of manner, said to me, "I suppose you are a traveller like ourselves, and wandering for amusement." "No," I answered, "I am a clerk in a merchant's counting house." This I said quietly, but rather proudly, I fear: a glance passed between the parties. "A disguised prince rather I should have guessed you to be," said the gentleman. "No," I answered, smiling, "I am not even a merchant prince, but a simple retainer on that august body, brandishing my pen as did the Swiss of old their sword, for *mere* hire." "May I ask the name of our preserver?" he rejoined. I felt myself getting very red as I answered, "Basset." "Ha," said he, "then you must be a kinsman of mine; my name is Pendarvis, and I am connected with all the Bassets, and St. Aubyns, and Prideaux in my own country. We Cornish Choughs have old nests there,

we all croak from the one tree and are all the one kindred." I answered a little doggedly, although I was amused at his determination to make me out a gentleman, that "I had not the honor of knowing the parties he spoke of, that my name was simply Basset, and that I had never been in Cornwall in my life." He now desisted, seeing the subject was disagreeable; and all would have gone on well only for a contretemps of Taffy's, who, in jumping up upon me repeatedly, had accidentally detached the miniature I wore from its ribbon. I felt it falling through my waistcoat, and it rolled on the grass to Mr. Pendarvis' feet, who picking it up, begged my permission to look at it, a request, which though confused and almost angry, I could not refuse. My dear Madeline, how he gazed at her, and then handing the picture to the young lady, he said, "Rosamund, here is indeed a face not to be forgotten. Your sister, Sir, I presume!" "She *was* my sister," I replied, with deep emotion. "Oh, what a loss!" said the young lady—they were simple words, but spoken tremblingly, and as I raised my face to hers, I saw she was looking from the picture to me, and that the large tears had gathered in her eyes. "And this noble looking man," said the gentleman, "who appears an officer of high rank by his dress, was he not your father, Mr. Basset?" I know not what came over me, but the recollection of *all* I had sustained and suffered, my bleak fate and blighted youth, and the thoughts of these two dear faces and forms which I had loved too well and worshipped with wild idolatry, and which now were lost to me: all this crowding upon me mademy breast to swell with such strong and unutterable emotion, that I could not answer, but sitting down on a bank, I buried my face in my hands to hide my agitation. On raising my head, I saw the miniature had been laid softly by my side, the dog had his head on my lap wistfully eyeing me, and Mr. Pendarvis and his daughter were standing some thirty yards off, and apparently surveying the prospect—I hastily joined them, and apologizing for a sudden headache, we walked quietly on, and gradually warmed into conversation. We spoke on scenery, Welsh and Swiss; we spoke of the Rhine, and German life

and literature, and English books and scenes, on art and artists and poetry, Shakespeare and Goethe. Both my companions were highly educated, and had taste and reading. Mr. Pendarvis was somewhat imperious as a critic, and the gentle daughter refined and enthusiastic. And so, for the first time for many a day, I forgot myself, forgot I was a salaried clerk—an imposter in name, a pauper in condition, a disinherited exile—as my companions drew me out; the one exciting me by his tact, high breeding, and intelligence; the other kindling me into a most ardent desire to please by her exceeding beauty and gracefulness, as her rich colour would heighten and the glance of her eye deepen at my description of some wild grand scenery I had once seen in the far off Hebrides, on a yachting expedition with poor Montfort. And I was but too happy, when the rocks that coronet the cascade which falls in front of the Llanberis hotel, hove in sight, and I knew my joyous walk was past and o'er like a dream of the night. So, with a sigh that I could not repress, I said, "I have now fulfilled my pleasing task, and you must allow me to wish you good night." The gentleman stretched out his hand, and was about to make a very kind speech, and the young lady looked inexpressibly sweet and wistful from her deep soft eyes—but somehow a vision of the office arose, and my clerk's stool seemed to come and thrust itself threateningly between me and the faces of my new friends; and so, pulling off my hat, I bowed rapidly, and turning round walked hastily with the dog toward his master's dwelling, accusing myself all the time of rudeness and brusquerie, yet recurring again and again to the happiness I had been enjoying, the only sweet cup I had drained since my great misfortune. I could not sleep all night, but tossed to and fro. I was charmed with my new friends, yet I felt unhappy that I had ever met them. Proud and perplexed, I knew not how to decide: I would have given any thing to have remained and seen them again, yet I dreaded and disliked the probable consequences of such happiness. This struggle ended in my determining to forget them and banish them from my mind, and to think only of my coming occupation; and so I rose at five o'clock—

packed my valise, paid my bill, and having ordered mine host to forward all my chattels and moveables to me at Liverpool, I started for Caernarvon on foot, where I caught a public conveyance which ran to meet the Chester mail and on which I and my port-manteau were soon travelling *en route* towards the county of rich cheeses and the city of ancient "Rows."

Changing my mind, I descended from the coach at Holywell, and having paid my orisons to the Tutelary Saint of that brisk small place by bathing in St. Winifred's Well—which was the coldest and most bracing bath I ever had in my life—I crossed the Dee in a lumbering wherry, with three sailors, and three times three old Welshwomen in blue jock coats and steeple hats—a regular live cargo of mother Skiptons, presiding over a boatfull of baskets containing eggs, crab apples, chickens, cauliflowers, young ducks, butter, and green cheeses. Here I narrowly escaped being suffocated in the sands of the Dee, and afterwards was nearly smothered in the mud of the Mersey in my run from Tranmere to the Salt-house Pier in Liverpool. Having arrived here, I spent the remainder of the day in looking for a lodging, which I at last secured at a wholesome suburb called Edgehill, standing amidst green fields, and far away from the smoke and smells of the tar-cum-turpentine, the soap-boiling-cum-tallow candles atmosphere of this dingy mercantile metropolis. My landladies were three old spinster ladies, very kind and very ugly—a kind of Cerberus sisterhood, but without the crossness of the monster. They were glad to have me for two pounds a week board and lodging, and I was equally charmed to have obtained so healthy and clean a retreat at so cheap a rate. They informed me that the drawing room was occupied by an Irish lady of a great family, "highly connected and extraordinary genteel," and that her name was Miss Caroline O'Cann. I never had heard of the family, but was sorry to learn that the lady was my countrywoman, dreading discovery on account of my being incognito.

Next morning at ten o'clock I found myself entering the office of Messrs. Vondergoggell and Co. It formed the second story of a large

warehouse, which stood in the townward side of the Salt-house dock; ugly and grim, amidst the perpetual war and din and shake of carts huge and heavy in *transitu* over the large rough pavement, glaring under the influence of a hot and bemuggifying sun, and enjoying an atmosphere redolent of a most ancient and fish-like smell, which steamed up from the banks of picturesque mud which adorned the bottom of the dock at low water.

The partners had not arrived, but a good natured looking youth advancing to the counter, enquired my name and business, and on hearing it, invited me in, and welcomed me civilly. He then brought me into a little room which resembled a glass-case, and in which there was just space for a four legged stool, a mahogany desk, and a table on which stood a patent roller for copying letters. This was to be my kingdom, the stool my throne, and the desk my *bureau des affaires*. This young man told me that he was my brother clerk, that he kept the underwriting books of the firm, and that his name was Paul Diaz; "which," said he, "they are continually changing to Lyce, not knowing that I am by birth a Portuguese, although a naturalized Englishman." Truly he might have been a Patagonian in place of a Portuguese, or a lineal descendant of Anak or Ajax, if one were to judge by his proportions; for he had height and frame, and shoulders, and thews, and length of limb which would not have disgraced a youthful Hercules. Presently the head partner came bowling into the office, like a tennis ball, banging all the doors after him. He was soon followed by Stumpett, who had large filmy eyes like a boiled cod, spoke little, being slow and mechanical, but a good man of business. Boozy succeeded, and, coming up to me, welcomed me cordially as Mr. Gayston's friend, and presented me to the partners, each of whom bowed awkwardly, and stared hard. A large file of foreign letters was then laid before me to translate; and thus there passed over my field of life a strange and undreamed of metamorphosis—that I, who was born to wealth and station, and all the inaction of affluence, should now be toiling for

my daily bread, as the paid clerk of Messrs. Vondergoggell, Stumpett, and Boozzy !

These thoughts would pass bitterly enough through my brain at times. But better reflections and more submissive feelings would take their place ; and on the first day I sat on my stool I came to a threefold determination, the result of much previous consideration and decision.

First, always to be punctual to engagements and stated hours ; secondly, to make free with no one,

but keep up my reserve of manner ; and thirdly, never to put off to the morrow what I could do to-day. To one who had been educated as I had been under my uncle's rather strict martinet habits, these things were easy to achieve ; and so it came to pass that in three months, I found myself both trusted and respected by my employers, and on the happiest and safest terms with my fellow clerks, as well as with a number of young men who were serving their apprenticeship to the firm.

SINAI AND PALESTINE.*

So powerfully attractive is the charm that invests the Holy Land, that unconsciously we find ourselves catching at points and seeking for scenes, not in any consecutive order, but merely as they possess more or less interest in our minds. Thus, after a perusal of Mr. Stanley's work, we find the striking events of the Sacred History, as connected with their geographical position, rising like landmarks in our memory. The ascent out of Egypt, Mount Sinai, Tor, Horeb, Bethlehem, Jerusalem, Samaria, Tabor, Carmel, Jordan, all and each appear like mountain tops in the landscape, and defy any exact or regular review of this the latest and most accurate description of scenery, occurrences, and a people with which the holiest and most ancient of records has made us all familiar from our childhood. Whether or not our author has added any further information to that which we had already possessed respecting the history and geography of the Israelites, he has been the first adequately to illustrate the relation which they bear each to the other. His has been the task to point out how much or how little the Bible gains by being seen, so to speak, through the eyes of the country, or the country by being seen through the eyes of the Bible—to ex-

hibit the effect of the Holy Land on the course of the Holy History.

In accomplishing this task, Mr. Stanley has succeeded in steering clear of two errors. On the one hand, how many travellers in Palestine have gone thither seeking for "confirmatory evidence of the authenticity of Revelation," forgetting that the truth of the Bible requires no confirmation ; it is firmly established on higher and divine grounds. As Mr. Stanley well observes, we should, however, thankfully receive any *additional* evidence to the faithfulness of the Sacred Writings, and there is certainly a remarkable *general* correspondence between the recorded history and the natural geography ; but they who hope that *every* step in Israel's wanderings can be traced will be grievously disappointed. And not only so, but there will be, however unintentionally, in the recitals of such travellers an obvious exaggeration, and a straining of circumstances to meet their preconceived ideas, which must defeat their own ends, and may afford an excuse to others to fall into the opposite error. Their successors in the route may be those who much doubt the truth of revelation. When instead of finding, as they have been told, the path of Moses, Joshua, and the chosen

* Sinai and Palestine, in connexion with their history. By the Rev. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, M. A., Canon of Canterbury. London: John Murray, 1856.

The proper names of the Old Testament Scriptures, expounded and illustrated. By the Rev. Alfred Jones. London: Samuel Bagster and Sons,

people so clearly traced that "he who runs may read," they in more than one instance are met only by questionable facts and more than questionable traditions,—can we wonder that they should deny *altogether* what they cannot *altogether* discern? But are they justified in so doing? Would they reject any other history on such grounds? Is every fact in our secular history indisputable? Or rather, is there one of which the details at one time or another have not been questioned? How often are we forced to admit uncertainty in the most important of our modern contests, as, for example, that at Gravelines. We know that a battle has been fought; we know which party has gained the victory; but as to further particulars, the conflicting evidence of historians leaves us completely in doubt. But because opinions differ, and truth is difficult to be ascertained, who would dream of rejecting all history? To those, therefore, who deny the divine origin of the Scriptures, we say, admit that the *precise* route of the Israelites is obscure; admit that we cannot now fix on the site of Migdol, of Pihahiroth, or of Elim, still that there is an agreement between the recorded localities and the sacred writings, the reluctant testimony of the infidel has been compelled to acknowledge. And though even only in *one* instance "the aspect of the ground should indicate that some of the great wonders in the history of the chosen people" had been wrought there, does not such a discovery prove the general truth of the narrative? Would it not be deemed sufficient in any other history? and in any other country would not allowance be made for the lapse of time, the consequent changes in its existing features, to say nothing of our own ignorance?

But to return, Mr. Stanley, as we have said, has steered clear of the two errors,—over credulity and bigoted unbelief; and his work is replete with valuable information concerning countries and places which it is no exaggeration to say, are the most interesting that exist. We may visit the scene of the contest at Marathon, of the victory of Arminius, or may track the steps of the retreat of the Ten Thousand, and feel, as we read, a thrill of interest in every fibre of

our frame, but it will be a mere passing emotion. A truth forgotten may to all intents and purposes be unknown, and it is but seldom that the scenes of former times occur to our minds; and when they do, they are compelled shortly to give place to the more urgent interests of daily life. But, as Mr. Stanley says, "the local features of the Holy Land, and the scenes in Israel's history, have naturally become the household imagery of Christendom." The "deliverance from Egypt" has become with us the type of the freedom from a severer thralldom. "The Rock" which followed the freed ones follows us too—of Marah's bitter waters we also taste on our onward journey; and the valley of Achor ("trouble") is made with us "a door of hope." Mount Sinai, the Valley of Rephidim, the passage of the Jordan, Bethlehem, and the Lake of Gennesareth, each has entwined itself with our religion. May we not go a step farther, and say that, great as has been the past, and absorbing as is the present interest of Israel and Israel's land, the future lends them a no less attractive charm? Can we look at Jerusalem, and fail to think not only of the Temple, of the entry of our Lord into the city, and of the Mount of Olives,—not only of the promises which are more stable than the everlasting hills,—but also of the time when the Jews shall have returned to their much-loved land, when their Temple will be once more built, and when "His feet shall once again stand on the Mount of Olives?" It is then with the feelings of intense interest which this "threefold cord" must necessarily produce, that we follow Mr. Stanley's description of the scenes of Israel's captivity, journeyings, and final residence.

Mr. Stanley first ascended the Nile, and penetrated into the Desert of Nubia. Returning to Cairo, he made a pilgrimage to the wilds of Arabia Petraea, traversing the routes of the children of Israel in their wanderings in the wilderness. He ascended the highlands of Syria, scrutinising every place of note connected with the gospel history, and sifting their traditions;—he describes his impressions of the trans-Jordanic country, descends into the plain of Esdraelon, and, pursuing his journey into Galilee, traces the Jordan to its source.

In his introduction to a work necessarily fragmentary, the author gives some extracts from letters written in the land of Egypt, which he justly considers a fitting prelude to Sinai and Palestine, the background of the whole history of the Israelites. Entering on the Rosetta branch of the broad waters of the Nile, its width first strikes the traveller. It is greater than that of the Rhine or the Danube. The vast volume of waters of the mighty river flows uniformly between two lofty banks, which limit the view and shut out the world on either side.

Immediately above the brown and blue waters of the broad, calm, lakelike river, rises a thick black bank of clod or mud, mostly in terraces. Green—unutterably green—mostly at the top of these banks, though sometimes creeping down to the water's edge, lies the land of Egypt. Green—unbroken, save by the mud villages which here and there lie in the midst of the verdure, like the marks of a soiled foot on a rich carpet; or by the dykes and channels which convey the life-giving waters through the thirsty land. This is the Land of Egypt, and this is the memorial of the yearly flood. Up those black terraces, or on those green fields, the water rises and descends; and not only when the flood is actually there, but throughout the whole year, is water continually ascending through innumerable wheels worked by naked figures, as the Israelites of old "in the service of the field," and then flowing on in gentle rills through the various allotments. To the seeds of these green fields, to the fishes of the wide river, is attached another natural phenomenon, which I never saw equalled: the numbers numberless of all manner of birds—vultures, and cormorants, and geese, flying like constellations through the blue heavens; pelicans standing in long array on the water side; woopos and ziczac, and the (so-called) white ibis, the gentle symbol of the god Osiris in his robes of white—walking under one's very feet.

Accustomed as we are to rivers having their origin in minor streams, gradually increasing as in their onward course they receive the accession of other rivers, and becoming thus at every stage larger and larger, we find it difficult to realize the anomalous attribute of the Nile,—its having no tributaries. Ascending hundreds of miles up the river, and reaching the Nubian hills, we might well expect to find a diminution of volume in its vast waters.

But no—the breadth and strength below was all his own; and throughout that long descent he has not a drop of water but what he brought himself, and therefore you have the strange sight of a majestic river flowing like an arm of the sea in the highlands, as calm and as broad amongst these wild Nubian hills as in the plain of Egypt.

The only mode of communication being the river, whose flowing waters it would be impossible to ascend without wind, it would be comparatively unserviceable for the purposes of transit were it not for a singular peculiarity. What an instance of the adaptation of natural provisions to the necessities of mankind does this circumstance evince,—that for nine months of the year the north wind prevails, and especially during the prevalence of floods, when the strength of the current would otherwise forbid the upward navigation of the river.

Indeed in everything that concerns this wonderful river,—in the regularity with which the phenomenon of its periodical overflow takes place; in its rise and fall being greater or less in different parts of the country, according to the quantity of rain that usually falls—the wisdom of Providence is strikingly conspicuous. "A few feet less than the ordinary height," says an accurate writer, "would prevent the spreading of the waters to a sufficient distance; a few feet more would prevent the water from draining off in the proper season for sowing, and spread devastation throughout the country."

We need not here dwell on the well-known circumstance that the Nile is the great benefactor of Egypt, nor that to it is owing the extraordinary productiveness of the soil of this granary of the ancient Romans, a productiveness so great as to call forth the unqualified admiration of more than one traveller.

"Our path," says St. John, in speaking of the Thebais or Upper Egypt, "lay over one of the richest and most highly cultivated plains I ever saw, covered with luxuriant crops of clover, lentils, lupines, onions, sugar-cane, wheat, and about two thousand acres of beans in blossom. On all sides, as far as the eye could reach, arose the date groves, in which the villages stood embosomed; sheep, goats, horses, buffaloes, &c., were

feeding in numerous groups among the rich pasturage, which having been drenched by the dews of the preceding night, every blade and leaf now glittered with sparkling dew drops. Scarcely could paradise itself be more delightful than the land now before us, the whole atmosphere being perfumed faintly but deliciously by the scent of many flowers, while every object which presented itself to the eye was clothed with inimitable freshness and beauty. I could now comprehend why the Romans sent their consumptive patients, and the Turks their men grown prematurely old by excess, to the banks of the Nile; for nowhere on earth could they in winter find a more congenial climate than that of the Thebais."

"No flat region," says Dr. Duff, speaking of Lower Egypt, "can be more beautiful. The waters of the annual inundation had not wholly withdrawn from the land, but half subsided on the channel of the river. Vast level plains spread out on all sides, having their carefully cultivated soil clad in the living green which distinguishes the first fresh blades of vegetation in the month of May in the British climes; and their borders, fringed with rows, and their points of junction garnished with clumps and groves of date trees, palm-yras, sycamores, and other ever-greens. Thus for miles together it presented the aspect of a well dressed garden."

Leaving behind him the valley of the Nile, and the monuments of Egypt, of which he has given highly interesting sketches, our traveller enters upon the broad track of the desert.

There is but one interest attached to the land of Sinai. Through it the children of Israel passed. Its history is comprised in the Exodus. Since that event nothing notable has occurred in this distinguished country. It forms, as it were, but one scene in the history of the world. And yet this one scene is enhanced in our mind's eye by the fact of it thus standing alone. In other countries we are overwhelmed by the variety of events that have occurred within their limits, and each new actor who appears upon the stage effaces in a degree the memory of his predecessor's greatness. For example, what traveller to Rome feels his interest concentrated in any

one point in her history? Recollection after recollection presses through the mind, each succeeding one struggling for the pre-eminence. The independence of her republic fades in the imagination before the glories of her imperial crown; the brilliancy of her empire before the absoluteness of her ecclesiastical sway; her first kingly dignity before all. But not so with Sinai. The Red Sea is connected in our minds solely with Israel's deliverance and Egypt's destruction; on Sinai's heights a scene of stupendous interest once took place, and nothing in after ages has occurred there to draw away our attention from it. Mount Hor is only known to us as Aaron's Grave. In his description of the peninsula of Sinai, our author keeps this, its peculiarity, well in view, and also dwells much on the contrast its desert plains and jagged mountains must have afforded to the Israelites, accustomed as they had been to Egypt's verdant soil.

The peninsula of Mount Sinai is situated between the Gulf of Suez and the Gulf of Akaba; the latter, now wholly deserted, was formerly the great thoroughfare of the fleets of Solomon: the former now constitutes the great highway of Eastern traffic, in connexion with the overland route to India. To the Israelites emerging from Egypt this peninsula exhibited many remarkable features. What greater contrast could be presented to the green valley of the Nile, with its constant hum of busy life, than the utter desolation of the wilderness of Sinai, wrapt in the silence of the tomb—a silence described by travellers as so deep, that at a distance of sixty feet the words of a reader, distinct but not loud, are perfectly audible? Niebuhr was assured by the Arabs, in the exaggerated style of Eastern story, that the human voice could be heard across the gulf of Akaba. Again, in their journeyings in the wilderness, where "there was no water for them to drink," they no longer enjoyed the refreshing waters of the Nile, "waters so delicious," says the Abbé Mascrier, "that one could not wish the heat to be less, or to be delivered from the sensation of thirst." The Turks find it so exquisite, that they excite themselves to drink of it by eating salt; and the daughters of the Ptolemies, when

married to foreign princes, are said to have hired carriers at a vast expense, to bring them bottles of their favourite beverage, which they prized above the greatest luxuries. The conformation, also, of the country presented striking peculiarities. The sandy plain, the rocky peninsula, the jagged mountains of the Tor, the rugged passes, all were in direct contrast to the plains of Egypt. Some of the defiles leading to the cliffs above are described as terminating in an ascent so steep as to be almost a staircase of rock. The mountain land of the peninsula presents an appearance of extraordinary confusion. Sir Frederick Henniker graphically describes the view as if "Arabia Petraea were an ocean of lava, which, whilst its waves were running mountains high, had suddenly stood still." It is impossible to conceive a scene of greater desolation than such mountains, utterly devoid of vegetation, now present to the traveller. Instead of numerous rills and torrents descending from the heights, and forming rivers flowing through the intersecting valleys, these mountains are surrounded by "Wadys."

It is necessary [says Mr. Stanley] to use this Arabic name, because there is no English word which exactly corresponds to the idea expressed by it. A hollow, a valley, a depression,—more or less deep, or wide, or long,—worn or washed by the mountain torrents or winter rains, for a few months or weeks in the year,—such is the general idea of an Arabian "Wady," whether in the Desert or in Syria.

Sometimes, though rarely, these wadys are suddenly converted into rushing torrents; but they usually present the appearance of dried-up river courses, only presenting the image of thirsty desolation the more strikingly, from the constant indications of water which is no longer there. These "rivers of the desert" form its boundaries, and its means of communication; through them the high roads run, and on their sides are erected the stations of the travellers.

But the present desolation of the peninsula is not without its exceptions. Here and there the pilgrim meets with patches of green, the more noticeable from their contrast with the dull crimson, the prevailing color of the desert. The importance of the

straggling vegetation is evinced by the fact that the valleys and mountains frequently derive their names from it. Um-Shomer, the highest peak in the mountains of the Tor, signifies "the mother of fennel," so called from the fennel which Burckhardt long ago described as characteristic of Sinai.

Whoever has observed a recently cut embankment, ere it has had time to be covered with grass, and while it presents a hard, dry, stony surface, must have noticed how here and there a little oozing of water gradually changes the aspect; first there is the spreading dampness, and immediately grass springs up, covering every part over which the water is diffused. These patches of vegetation represent on a small scale the spots of verdure which appear on the sides of the valleys in the Desert; save that there they remain but detached specks of life, perpetual contrasts with the arid scene.

These springs, whose sources are for the most part high up in the mountain clefts, occasionally send down into the wadys rills of water, which however scanty, yet become the nucleus of whatever vegetation the desert produces. Often their course can be traced not by visible water, but a track of moss here, a fringe of rushes there, a solitary palm, a group of acacias, which at once denote that an unseen life is at work. Wherever these springs occur, there, we cannot doubt, must always have been the resort of the wanderers in the desert; and they occur at such frequent intervals, that, after leaving Suez, there is at least one such spot in each successive day's journey.

In all the deep valleys leading down from the mountains to the Gulf of Akaba, the verdure has spread into considerable tracts, presenting in this "union of vegetation with the fantastic scenery of the desolate mountains a combination as beautiful as it is extraordinary."

Wherever, of course, a collection of springs increases this vegetation to any extent, the position becomes one of paramount importance to travellers. In three spots of the desert, and in three only, do these oases occur. The principal one is on Gebel Mousa, over the convent of St. Catherine; where a cluster of four such springs has rendered this a much frequented spot. Here the Bedouin tribes take up their abodes during the heats of summer.

At the palm-grove of El-Wady near Tor and at the Wady-Feiran occur deep depressions, which receive the waters from the hills. These oases of Sinai become the sources of life and vegetation.

The description which our author gives of one peculiarity of the peninsula dissipates the popular delusion which regards "desert" as a "sandy plain." Sand, it appears, is the exception, and not the rule, in the Arabian desert.

In the usual route from Cairo to Suez, and from Suez to Akaba, it occurs only once in any great quantity or depth; namely, in the hills immediately about Huderâh. . . . There, after traversing the whole Peninsula on hard ground of gravel, pebble or rock, the traveller again finds himself in the deep sand drifts, which he has not seen since he left them on the western shores of the Nile, enveloping the temples of Ipsambul and the Serapeum of Memphis.

Accordingly, in the story of the wanderings of the children of Israel, the great sand-drifts, which history relates as impeding the marches in the desert of Africa, are not mentioned.

The exact track of the children of Israel is not, nor do we suppose it can ever be, ascertained with precision. Mr. Stanley examines the fantastic stories of the Arabs, the mercenary inventions of the Grecian monks and the various early traditions, comparing one with the other. But until the country has been systematically explored by travellers possessing, with other qualifications, a perfect knowledge of Arabic, even an approximate route cannot be laid down with certainty. Hitherto no traveller has himself explored more than one or two routes. Each has consequently strained to adapt the track of the Israelites to his own journey. The great caution with which all accounts should be received is evident from the circumstance, that the minutest details are marvellously related by the hermits of Sinai dwelling for centuries in the most interesting convent of St. Catherine; according to the time, convenience, or zeal of the traveller, these blind leaders of the blind can point out the necessary objects of interest in a greater or less circumference.

In order to bring it into the round of the daily sights, the cleft of Korah, Dathan, and

Abiram, is transferred from Kadesh Barnea to the foot of Horeb. The peak of Gebel Mousa, now pointed out by them as the scene of the giving of the Law, fails to meet the most pressing requirements of the narrative. Rephidim has been always shown within an hour's walk instead of a day's march from the mountain. The monks in the last century confessed, or rather boasted, that they had themselves invented the foot-mark of Mahomet's mule, in order to secure the devotion of the Bedouins.

All such traditions are worse than worthless, and should be utterly discarded. Assuredly, little testimony can now be relied on other than the "stones themselves cry out."

Mr. Stanley ascended Mount Serbal and Gebel-Mousa, the rival claimants to the dignity of the Sinai of the Exodus; "the Mount" where the awe-struck Israelites witnessed the giving of the Law.

Mount Serbal, he says, is one of the finest forms I have ever seen. It is a vast mass of peaks, which may be reduced to five, the number adopted by the Bedouins. These five peaks, all of granite, rise so precipitously, so columnlike, from the broken ground which forms the root of the mountain, as at first sight to appear inaccessible. But they are divided by steep ravines, filled with fragments of fallen granite.

The traveller toiled up the central ravine, the steep ascent being broken by shrubs like sage or thyme, which grew to the very summit; and assisted by loose stones arranged by human hands. The summit is a huge block of granite, from which he overlooked the whole Peninsula of Sinai.

The Red Sea, with the Egyptian hills opposite; the grove of Tor, just marked as a dark line on the shore; on the east the vast cluster commonly called Sinai, with the peaks of St. Catherine; and towering above all, the less famous, but most magnificent of all, the Mont Blanc of those parts, the unvisited Um-Shomer. Every feature of the extraordinary conformation lies before you; the wadis coursing and winding in every direction; the long crescent of the Wady Es-Sheykh; the infinite number of mountains like a model; their colors all as clearly displayed as in Russegger's geological map; the dark granite, the brown sandstone, the yellow desert, the dots of vegetation along the Wady Feiran, and the one green spot of the great palm grove of Rephidim. The extreme edge of the peak is flanked on each side by the tremendous precipices of the two

neighbouring peaks; and as we saw them overlooking the circle of Desert—plain, hill and valley—it was impossible not to feel that for the giving of the Law to Israel and the world, the scene was most truly fitted.

Nevertheless, our author considers that the objection urged from the absence of any plain immediately under Mount Serbal for receiving the Law is unanswerable; such a plain he sought for at Gebel-Mousa, the mountain of Moses. Its summit has been regarded as the spot most universally sacred on earth. Upon it are found the ruins of a church, at one time the place of worship of the christian sects, and of a small mosque. To the universal question, Is this "the top of the mount" described in Exodus? Mr. Stanley replies by asking another question, whether there is a plain below it agreeing with the words of the narrative. Laborde and others had described an appropriate place at the foot of this peak, which Mr. Stanley, however, could not find. His party proceeded to the summit of the other end of the range called the Râs Saâfeh (Willow Head), overlooking the Er-Râheh from above. After winding through the various basins and cliffs which make up the range, they reached the rocky point.

The effect on us [he describes], as on every one who has seen and described it, was instantaneous. It was like the seat on the top of Serbal, but with the difference, that here was the deep wide yellow plain, sweeping down to the very base of the cliffs; exactly answering to the plain on which the people "removed and stood afar off."

Mr. Stanley thus sums up his investigation:—

If we are to have a mountain without a wide amphitheatre at its base, let us have Serbal; but if otherwise, I am sure that if the monks of Justinian had fixed the traditional scene on the Râs-Saâfeh, no one would for an instant have doubted that this only could be the spot.

Here we desire to enter a protest against the favorite speculation of modern explorers, that of seeking natural explanations of events revealed to us as miracles. The truth of scripture can gain little confirmation from

the march of science, if the terrible phenomena recorded in the sacred writings are sought to be reconciled with the physical appearances of the present day, or with our finite apprehension of natural causes. We wholly deprecate the miserable trifling which would attempt to reduce to our natural perceptions the miraculous occurrences related for our admonition. We regret to perceive that Mr. Stanley has been led to sanction this error.—Because, forsooth, mysterious noises have from time to time been heard on the summit of Gebel-Mousa, in the neighbourhood of Um-Shômer, and in the mountain of Nahûs, he favors us with the supposition that they may be in some way connected with the terrors described in the Mosaic history. Surely the attempt to account for such a miraculous convulsion by the circumstance that mysterious noises have been heard from time to time in the neighbourhood, is calculated to throw doubt upon the sacred narrative.

How can mysterious noises be connected with the awful scenes described in Exodus? As well might we account for the roaring of the sea from hearing the resonance produced by placing a sea-shell to the ear. The sounds heard on these mountains have been attributed to various natural causes. From an analogous phenomenon recently observed in our own country by Hugh Miller the geologist, that at Gebel-Nahûs is thought to be the accumulated sounds occasioned by the mutual impact of the particles of sand against each other.

Dr. Milman and Dr. Lepsius have likewise sought to rationalise the miracle of the manna, by considering that it is prepared from the Torfa trees which abound in the Wady Feiran. This tree "resembles the weeping birch, but is still more delicate in appearance, and the so-called manna flows in drops from the extremities of its slender pensive boughs. A small quantity is collected and brought to the convent of Sinai, where it is prepared by boiling and put into small tin cases, which are disposed of to pilgrims and other visitors. In this state it resembles melted gum with small rounded grains in it, and has a somewhat similar taste, only

sweeter and rather aromatic." Mr. Johnston, in his admirable work,* describes all the properties of this manna; and refutes the possibility that the produce of these trees could have been the true manna of the Israelites, laying the greatest stress on the very remarkable property mentioned in Exodus xvi. 19, 20. "And Moses said, let no man leave of it till the morning. Notwithstanding they hearkened not unto Moses, but some of them left of it till the morning, and it bred worms and stank, and Moses was wroth with them." This rapid putrefaction, the smell and the breeding of worms, says Mr. Johnston, are properties which belong to no known variety of sweet vegetable exudation. The manna of Scripture therefore is still utterly unknown.

Our author proceeds to give us a vivid description of a singular edifice remaining on Gebel Mousa, of which, however, we can only insert a short summary. In the heart of the desert of Sinai, in the centre of desolation, of silence, of arid dearth arises the stately convent of St. Catherine. This vast edifice was founded by the Byzantine emperor Justinian, as a fortress convent to secure a safe transit through the Desert. Its massive walls still defy the ravages of time. Its towering mosque, its gorgeous church hung with banners, its galleries of chapels, of cells, of guest-chambers, its library of precious manuscripts, the sound of its rude cymbals calling to prayer, and changed by the echoes into music as it rolls through the desert valley, the double standard of the Lamb and Cross floating high upon its topmost tower,—strike the traveller with amazement at the sight of such a structure in such a place. Its inmates are as foreign to the scenery as itself. They are Greek exiles, generally rebels to monastic rule at home. As pastors inhabiting the sole civilized spot, the only place of Christian worship in the whole of Arabia, they present a mournful spectacle; utterly ignorant and miserably poor, they occupy a post affording opportunities of usefulness to the barbarous tribes of Arabs.

It is [says Mr. Stanley] a colony of christian pastors planted amongst heathens, who wait on them for their daily bread, and for their rain from heaven; and hardly a spark of civilization or of christianity, as far as history records, has been imparted to a single tribe or family in that wide wilderness. It is a colony of Greeks, of Europeans, of ecclesiastics, in one of the most interesting and the most sacred regions of the earth; and hardly a fact, from the time of their first foundation to the present time, has been contributed by them to the geography, the geology, or the history of a country which, in all its aspects, has been submitted to their investigation for thirteen centuries.

In several of the Wadys, "Sinaitic inscriptions" are met with in great variety and abundance; they have been attributed generally to the work of the Israelites. Laborde thus describes them:—"We passed through the Wady Mokatteb, which means *written valley*, and beheld rocks covered with inscriptions for the length of an entire league. We afterwards passed mountains, called Jebel-el-Mokatteb, which means *written mountains*; and, as we rode along, perceived during a whole hour hosts of inscriptions in an unknown character, carved in these hard rocks, to a height which was ten or twelve feet from the ground; and although we had men amongst us who understood the Arabic, Hebrew, Greek, Syriac, Coptic, Latin, Armenian, Turkish, English, Illyrian, German, French, and Bohemian languages, there was not one of us who had the slightest knowledge of the characters engraved on these rocks, with great labor, in a country where there is nothing to be had either to eat or drink." The Rev. C. Forster, in a work of great earnestness and research,† has given the grounds and arguments by which he has been solemnly convinced of the Israelitish authorship of these inscriptions. From this conclusion Mr. Stanley dissents, his theory being that the whole of the Sinaitic inscriptions is the work of Christian pilgrims of the fourth and fifth centuries. Alluding to Hazereth and the miracle of the "feathered fowls," in a mere footnote, he would

* The Chemistry of Common Life. By James F. W. Johnston, M.A., F.R.S. &c., Blackwood, Edinburgh.

† The voice of Israel, from the rocks of Sinai, London, Bentley.

thus demolish Mr. Forster's arguments. He says, he is unwilling to withhold this slight illustration of almost the only conclusion in Mr. Forster's work, which received any confirmation from his observations. Mr. Forster, in a reply recently published,* justly remonstrates against so sweeping a condemnation, and we think reasonably complains that on a point which he considers the most solemn and the most important which can be presented to the mind of man, Mr. Stanley should blow away his argument with a breath, as a child blows away the down from the top of the thistle. The strongest observations which Mr. Stanley has made upon the subject refer to the elevation from the ground at which the inscriptions are found. He considers that they appear to be only such as would be the casual work of passing travellers, none that he saw requiring ladders or machinery of any sort.

Most of them could have been written by any one who, having bare legs and feet, as all Arabs have, could take firm hold of the ledges—or by any active man even with shoes. I think there are none that could not have been written by one man climbing on another's shoulders.

To this Mr. Forster asks, how it happens that while employment is thus ingeniously invented for the feet of ideal pilgrims, he has forgotten to make provision for the two-fold call upon their hands, for hands no doubt they must have to hold fast in their grotesque and perilous position, as well as hands to work with. The simplest tools which the rudest workmen, and these must have been rude workmen, could use, would be a punch and a mallet. And, asks Mr. Forster,

With the punch in the left hand, and the mallet in the right, his toes clinging to his comrade's neck and his face against the rock, what becomes of the hold of his adventurous pilgrim? He is in imminent danger of life and limb, and much in the condition of Swift's "Captain of Horse," who

Never takes off his hat,
Because he has never a hand that is idle,
For one holds the sword and the other the
bridle."

Now we, who have ourselves witnessed the wonderful agility of the natives of the east, can see no difficulty in Mr. Stanley's suggestion; but happily Mr. Forster has other and better shafts than those of ridicule and sarcasm, in which we regret to notice his vindication abounds, to launch against any who would subvert his hypothesis. In 1854, and since Mr. Stanley's visit, the late Captain Thomas Henry Butler and the Rev. Pierce Butler, whom it is distinction sufficient to describe as "brothers of the hero of Silistria," proceeded to Sinai for the special object of investigating the Sinaitic inscriptions. We cannot omit any opportunity of alluding with pride to the services of these distinguished Irishmen. Captain Butler entered upon his mission with the zeal of a Christian soldier, and with that high sense of duty which characterized him through life and in death. In Viscount Gough's despatches honorable mention is made of his courage when heading the advance at the carrying of the heights of Amoy, where he seized the first colours from the enemy. The same intrepidity led him on to the front of the battle on the heights of Inkerman, where he fell, sword in hand, covered with glory, in the act of rallying and urging on to victory the discomfited but invincible guards.

Captain Butler unsuccessfully devoted ten days of indefatigable labor in the search for the two inscriptions discovered at Tor in 1779, by the Comte d'Autraignes. At Mr. Forster's special request, the Messrs. Butler directed particular attention to the elevation of the inscriptions in the Wady Mokatteb, and Mr. Forster has confronted their statements with the observations of Mr. Stanley, and certainly the evidence of the brothers sustains Mr. Forster in many particulars. But we consider the testimony of Cosmas Indicopleustes, a merchant of Alexandria, who, at the beginning of the sixth century, first revealed the extraordinary fact of the existence of these monuments to the Christian world, sufficient to establish the great age

* The Israelitish authorship of Sinaitic Inscriptions vindicated against the incorrect observations in the "Sinai and Palestine" of the Rev. A. P. Stanley, London, Bentley.

of the inscriptions; because, as Mr. Forster has repeatedly urged, the fact that monuments presenting then and now the same time-worn appearance have survived the age of Cosmas by nearly fourteen centuries, is conclusive ground for the inference that they may have preceded his time by as long, if not longer, a period. As to their authorship, we have not time to enter upon the various theories which have been propounded. There is a view, however, which does not appear to have been entertained by any writers, but which appears to us to be worthy of consideration. May not these inscriptions have been the work of the "mixed multitude," which accompanied the children of Israel out of Egypt. This solution of the difficulty will happily bear equal testimony to the truth of Scripture (the only point which gives importance to the inquiry) as that they were the work of the Israelites themselves.

Great, however, as is the interest of the traveller in his passage through the peninsula of Sinai, it must sink in comparison with the intensity of the feelings of the pilgrim into the Holy Land. The approach to the Land of Promise is described as being very gradual, there being no point where the desert can be said to terminate.

Yet there is an interest in that solemn and peaceful melting away of one into the other which I cannot describe. It was like the striking passage in Thalaba describing the descent of the mountains, with the successive beginnings of vegetation and warmth.

Most striking any where would have been this protracted approach to land after that wide desert sea—these seeds and plants, and planks, as it were, drifting to meet us. But how doubly striking, when one felt in one's inmost soul, that this was the entrance into the Holy Land.—Everything told us that we were approaching the sacred frontier. . . . That wide plain, with its ruins and walls, was the wilderness of Beersheba. . . . That long line of hills was the beginning of "the hill country of Judea." . . . From these heights, by gradual ascent and descent we went on. The valleys now began, at least in our eyes, almost literally "to laugh and sing." Greener and greener did they grow—the shrubs, too, shot up above that stunted growth. At last, on the summits of further hills, lines of spreading trees appeared against the sky. Then came ploughed fields and oxen. Lastly, a deep and wide recess opened in the hills; towers and minarets appeared through the gap, which gradually un-

folded into the city of "the Friend of God:" far up on the right ran a wide and beautiful upland valley, all partitioned into gardens and fields, green fig trees and cherry trees, and the vineyards—famous through all ages; and far off, grey and beautiful as those of Tivoli, swept down the western slope the olive-groves of Hebron. Most startling of all was the hum of the air—hitherto "that silent air" which I described during our first encampment, but which had grown familiar as [the sounds of London to those who live constantly within their range—the hum at first of isolated human voices and the lowing of cattle, and then a sound, which, to our ears seemed like that of a mighty multitude, but which was only the murmur of the population of the little town which we now entered at its southern end.

And no less strange than the change from the desert's stillness to the scenes of active life is to the traveller in Palestine the sound of the names of the various localities through which he passes. At first there is something grating to the feelings in hearing Carmel and Hebron—places round which we have thrown a halo of veneration—spoken of by the guide or the passer by, as we should speak of Dover or Calais—as mere stages in a journey. But then follows a feeling of satisfaction. We have visible proof that Hebron and the plain of Mamre are realities, and that Jerusalem and Bethany are not synonyms for David and for the miracle wrought by David's greater son—but that our eyes gaze on the very scene which David once saw, and that "up that very ascent, He came when outside the village Martha and Mary met him, and the Jews stood around them weeping." Again to this follows a third feeling. We do indeed see the sacred localities; their names sound in our ears; we know of a truth that they are authentic; but where is He whose presence only gave them life, and embued them with a charm before which Greece, with all her tales of ancient story—Rome, with her scenes of former glory—sink into insignificance. Then it is that we remember that the interest in the places is secondary, not primary—their value is imaginative, not religious. We may not seek the living among the dead; the casket must indeed be valuable, but the jewel that it once contained is shining in majesty above. "He is not here—He is risen." But we are an-

icipating, and should rather first have spoken of the general impressions made by Palestine on the traveller, amongst the chief of which Mr. Stanley places the smallness of the land, for though the frequent allusions in Scripture to this peculiarity in a great measure prepare us for the diminutive extent of the country of Palestine, yet it is difficult to realize that the area of this important country does not exceed eleven thousand square miles, about twice that of Wales. Its breadth from the shores of the Mediterranean to the eastern borders is about ninety miles; while the breadth from the Jordan to the sea seldom exceeds fifty. Its length from Mount Hermon to Kadesh Barnea is under two hundred miles. Its whole breadth can readily be seen from almost every hill in the centre of the country, so diminutive is that land which has directed the destiny of mankind.

Again Mr. Stanley points out that the boundaries of the land are well calculated for the seclusion of the Israelitish people from the rest of the ancient world. The eastern desert formed one barrier, and the vast fissure of the Jordan valley a second, to divide the chosen people from the great Assyrian empire. To the south of Palestine stretched far and wide "the great and terrible wilderness"—a more effectual defence by far than either walls or bulwarks could be, against the incursions of Pharaoh and his hosts. The only accessible sides, then, were the west and north.

But the west was only accessible by sea, and when Israel first settled in Palestine, the Mediterranean was not yet the thoroughfare, it was rather the boundary and the terror of the Eastern nations. It is true that from the north-western coast of Syria the Phœnician cities sent forth their fleets. But they were the exception of the world—the discoverers, the first explorers of the unknown depths,—and in their enterprises Israel never joined. In strong contrast, too, with the coasts of Europe, and especially of Greece, Palestine has no indentations, no winding creeks, no deep havens, such as in ancient, even more than in modern times, were necessary for the invitation and protection of commercial enterprise. One long line, broken only by the Bay of Acre, containing only three bad harbours—Acre, Joppa, and Caraplia, and the last unknown in ancient times—is the inhospitable front that Palestine opposed to the Western world. On the northern

frontier the ranges of Lebanon formed two not insignificant ramparts. But the gate between them was open, and through the long valley of Cælo-Syria the hosts of Syrian and Assyrian conquerors accordingly poured.

These fortifications not only served for defence, but were probably intended to remind the Israelites that it was not the will of Him who had so fenced them in, that they should form friendly relations with other and heathen nations. That they were to be a "separate people," a "chosen generation," was a command reiterated by the ocean's roar, and deepened by the desert's silence; and when they ventured to mingle with the heathen, and learn their works, it was in the face not only of the woe denounced against those "who go down to Egypt for help," but in obstinate rejection of the warning voice of nature, which north, south, east, and west repeated "Hitherto canst thou come—in safety; but not further."

But the seclusion of the Israelites was not to be that of the ascetic; they had a mission to fulfil, and the nearness and vastness of the empires which hung on their northern and southern boundaries must have reminded them that "not for themselves alone" were they thus preserved. Jerusalem was "set in the midst of the nations and countries that were round about her," she was the oasis in the desert—the garden of the Lord; and while the eyes of the ancient world must have been directed to this little country, standing midway, as it did, between the great seats of ancient empire—Babylon and Egypt; on the Jews the responsibility fell, to honor Him who had so preserved them, that all the kingdoms of the earth might know that "He was the Lord, even He only." And so too the "central situation" of Palestine is remarkable, a centrality as we well know, not as to fact, but to importance. It was on the high road from Babylon to Egypt, the prize for which these mighty powers contended, the battle field on which they fought, the high bridge on which they descended and ascended respectively into the deep basins of the Nile and the Euphrates. Now, alas! Palestine is a land of ruins—a vineyard trodden down—the "boar out of the wood has wasted it, and the wild

beast of the field has devoured it." The Jew would not be a teacher of the truth, and so he has become an example of justice; but the country remains, and Palestine is waiting till the time to come, to rise to her ancient importance, to become the scene of new conflicts between the Eastern and Western powers, of new victories, of new glory.

The aspect of Palestine in its present state of ruin, ruin so general that "there is hardly a hill top which is not covered by the vestiges of some fortress or city of former ages," gives one answer to the often mooted question, "can these strong hills, these deserted valleys, be indeed the Land of Promise, the land flowing with milk and honey?" Very differently must the country have looked in its prosperous days, when the fields were cultivated, and the towns and the villages were flourishing.

By contrast also with most other lands, Palestine was a country much to be desired. When the fir and the larch, the oak and myrtle clothed the hills with their varied foliage, and streams (now nearly dry) of cool and limpid water precipitated themselves from the rocks, or trickled down the narrow vales to refresh the parched fields in their way to the sea, very cheering to the eye of the Israelite must have been the Promised Land, compared with the uniform, level surface of Egypt. Egypt, it is true, was supplied with water by the overflowing of the Nile, and was so well saturated with moisture, that the land was verdant and fertile. But how much labour it cost to accomplish this end is attested by the artificial canals constructed by the ancient kings of Egypt. "Maillet was assured that the large canal which filled the cisterns of Alexandria, and is at least fifteen leagues long, was entirely paved, and its sides were lined with brick, which were as in the days of the Romans." Bricks were most probably used in the construction of the more ancient canals, and therefore the Israelites must have learned with peculiar satisfaction that in the land whither they were going there was no need for artificial means of irrigation, no bricks were to be prepared for lining and paving; and so those labours which had made their bondage in Egypt so intolerable

would cease. "The land whither thou goest in to possess it, is not as the land of Egypt, from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs: but the land whither ye go to possess it, is a land of hills and valleys, and drinketh water of the rain of heaven." Then again, the long tracts of Esdraelon, and the sea coast on the plain of Genesareth are, or might be, as rich in gardens as the most favored spot in Egypt. Of the plain of Esdraelon Mr. Stanley says:—

The aspect of the plain itself in spring time is of a fast waving corn-field; olive trees here and there springing from it. Every traveller has remarked on the richness of its soil—the exuberance of its crops. Once more the palm appears waving its stately trunks over the village enclosures. The very weeds are a sign of what, in better hands, the vast plain might become. * * * The plain of Genesareth, enjoying its tropical climate, even now presents a striking contrast to the bare hills thinly dotted here and there with scanty grass which embrace it.

On the variety of scenery to be found in Palestine, Mr. Stanley also touches. The strange contact of desert and cultivated land, the alternation of wild hills and valleys with rich fields and verdant plains, are unparalleled in any other country, and indicate at least one method by which the history and poetry of the nation have attained a universal destiny.

The sacred poetry which was to be the delight and the support of the human mind and the human soul in all regions of the world, embraced within its range the natural features of almost every country. The devotions of our maritime empire find a natural expression in the numerous allusions, which no inland situation could have permitted, to the roar of the Mediterranean Sea, breaking over the rocks of Acre and Tyre. "The floods lift up their waves"—"the great and wide sea" whose blue waters could be seen from the top of almost every mountain, "wherein are things creeping innumerable." "There go" the Phœnician "ships," and there is that Leviathan, the monster of the deep, which both Jewish and Grecian fancy was wont to place in the inland ocean, which was to them all and more than all that the Atlantic is to us. Thither they went down from their mountains, and did their business in ships, in the great waters, and saw the wonders of the deep, and along those shores were the havens, few and far between,

where they would be when "the storm became calm," and the "waves thereof were still." And with these milder, and to us familiar images, were blended the more terrible as well as the more beautiful forms of tropical and eastern life. There was the earthquake and possibly the volcano. "He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth. He toucheth the hills, and they smoke." There was the hurricane with its thick darkness, and the long continuous roar of the oriental thunderstorm. "The Lord thundered out of heaven, and the Highest gave his voice—hailstones and coals of fire." Hermon, with his snowy summit always in sight, furnished the images which else could not have been looked for—snow and vapours—snow like wool—hoar frost like ashes—ice like morsels. From the jungle of the Jordan valley and the wild mountains of Judah came "the lions roaring after their prey." And then, again, the upland hills experienced all the usual alternations of the seasons; the "rain descending on the mown grass"—the "early and the latter rain"—"the mountains watered from His chambers, the earth satisfied with the fruit of His works," though not the same as the ordinary returns of a European climate, are yet far more like it than could be found in Egypt, Arabia, or Assyria.

Hence, the sudden contrasts of the various aspects of life and death, sea and land, verdure and desert, storm and calm, heat and cold, cultivated what has been well called the "variety in unity" so characteristic of the Scriptures, and which adapt their images to the comprehension of every nation.

The most striking physical feature in the configuration of Palestine is its mountainous character. Being, as it were, a country of mountains, it has been termed the "Highlands of Asia." Jerusalem is of nearly the same elevation as Skiddaw, and most of the chief cities of Palestine are several hundred feet above the level of the Mediterranean. Thus, in every sense of the word, the Jews were raised above other nations; and as it was physically impossible for them to leave Canaan for Egypt without "going down" thither, so might they learn that it was equally impossible for them to forsake in heart Him who was their rock, their fortress, their high tower, and their defence, without descending to the grovelling pursuits and empty hopes of the world that "lieth in wickedness."

Leaving the consideration of the physical configuration of Palestine,

our author speaks of its scenery. The want of rain consequent on the loss of vegetation must have greatly altered the face of the country; still, making allowance for the extensive changes that have occurred since the days of David and the Prophets, the country, with the exception of the plain of Esdraelon, is not remarkable for its beauty. Mr. Stanley says,

It lacks the two main elements of beauty, variety of outline, and variety of colour. The tangled and featureless hills of the lowlands of Scotland and North Wales are, perhaps, the nearest likeness accessible to Englishmen, of the general landscape of Palestine, south of the Plain of Esdraelon.

Vegetation, as we have said, is backward. The palm tree, which we have been accustomed to associate in our minds with Judea, is now scarcely known there. The oak is rarely seen, excepting on the table-lands of Gilead; and the "cedars of Lebanon are now only found in one small hollow in its north western slope." Thus do "the works of creation" in Palestine, "groan and travail in pain together until now," and the barren hills and poor forms of vegetable life alike verify the fulfilment of Israel's curse. His blood is on them, on their lands, as well as on their children.

We have not space to follow our author in his minute descriptions of the countries and towns of Palestine, but pass on to his account of Jerusalem, the capital of Judah, of the Jewish monarchy, of Palestine, and, in one sense, of the world.

Jerusalem is one of the few places of which the first impression is not the best. No doubt the first sight,—the first moment when, from the range of hills which divide the valley of Rephaim from the valley of Bethlehem, one sees the white line crowning the horizon, and knows that it is Jerusalem,—is a moment never to be forgotten. But there is nothing in the view itself to excite your feelings. Nor is there even when the Mount of Olives heaves in sight, nor when "the horses' hoofs ring on the stones of the streets of Jerusalem."

But besides the imaginative interest, there are real features which would, even taken singly, be enough to redeem the dullness of prospects. In the first place, there is the view of the Moab mountains; . . . next, there are the ravines of the city. This is its great charm. The Dean of St. Paul's once observed to me, that he thought Luxembourg

must be like Jerusalem in situation; and so to a certain extent it is. I do not mean that the ravines of Jerusalem are so deep and abrupt as those of Luxembourg, but there is the same contrast between the boldness of the level approach, the walls of the city appearing on the edge of the table-land, and then the two great ravines of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat opening between you and the city; and again, the two lesser ravines, rival claimants to the name of Tyropœon, intersecting the city itself. In this respect I never saw a town so situated, for here it is not merely the fortress, but the city, which is thus surrounded and entangled with natural fosses; and this, when seen from the walls, especially from the walls on the northern side, and when combined with the light and shade of evening, gives the whole place a variety of colour and of level fully sufficient to relieve the monotony which else it would share with other eastern cities. And, thirdly, it must be remembered that there is one approach which is really grand, namely, from Jericho and Bethany. It is the approach by which the army of Pompey advanced,—the first European army that ever confronted it,—and it is the approach of the Triumphal Entry of the Gospels. Probably the first impression of every one coming from the north, west, and the south, may be summed up in the simple expression used by one of the modern travellers,—“I am strangely affected, but greatly disappointed.” But no human being could be disappointed who saw Jerusalem from the east. The beauty consists in this, that you then burst at once on the two great ravines which cut the city off from the surrounding table-land, and that then only you have a complete view of the Mosque of Omar From whatever point that graceful dome with its beautiful precinct emerges to view, it at once dignifies the whole city. And when from Olivet, or from the Governor's house, or from the north-east wall, you see the platform on which it stands, it is a scene hardly to be surpassed. A dome graceful as that of St. Peter's, though of course on a far smaller scale, rising from an elaborately finished circular edifice—this edifice raised on a square marble platform, rising on the highest ridge of a green slope, which descends from it north, south, and east to the walls surrounding the whole enclosure—platform and enclosure diversified by lesser domes and fountains, by cypresses, and olives, and planes, and palms—the whole as secluded and quiet as the interior of some college or cathedral garden, only enlivened by the white figures of veiled women stealing like ghosts up and down the green slope, or by the turbaned heads bowed low in the various niches for prayer—this is the Mosque of Omar: the Haram-es-Sherif, “the noble sanctuary,” the second most sacred spot in the Mahometan world,—that is, the next

after Mecca; the second most beautiful mosque,—that is, the next after Cordova.

Such is the aspect of modern Jerusalem. Mr. Stanley takes these features in detail, and in reading his description, we cannot but be struck by the resemblance, in many points, between the *city* and the *land*. As Palestine was to the countries which surrounded it, so was Jerusalem to Palestine. Palestine was a mountain land: Jerusalem a mountain city. True, Hebron was higher by some hundred feet, and from the south, therefore, the approach to the capital is by a slight descent. But on every other side the ascent is perpetual, Jerusalem being situated on the highest table-land in the country. Thus, Jerusalem was as conspicuous to the Jew as Palestine was to the Assyrian, the “sanctuary of the Lord's house stood in the tops of the hills,” and as the Hebrew went up, year by year, to worship in that sanctuary, the constant ascent taught him that if he would abide for ever in the place of which Jerusalem was but a figure, he must walk in an upward path, he must follow hard after God.

Again, its compactness and smallness were fitting characteristics of the capital of that territory, which, as we have seen was for the same reasons remarkable amongst the nations of the then known world.

Jerusalem was built as a city that is at unity with itself, is an expression not inapplicable even to the modern city, as seen from the east. But it was still more appropriate to the original city, if, as seems probable, the valley of Tyropœon formed in earlier times a fosse within a fosse, shutting in Zion and Moriah into one compact mass, not more than half a mile in breadth.

The central situation also of Jerusalem coincides with that of Judea. It was as central as regarded the tribes of Israel, as Judea was with regard to Egypt and Assyria.

Jerusalem was on the ridge—the broadest and most strongly marked ridge of the backbone of the complicated hills which extend through the whole country, from the Desert to the plain of Esdraelon. Every wanderer, every conqueror, every traveller who has trod the central route of Palestine from north to south, must have passed through the table-land of Jerusalem.

Thus is the situation of Jerusalem wound up with her future destinies. "When the Lord shall bring again Zion, all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God, for the things respecting her shall not be done in a corner."

Shall we speak of the resemblance of Palestine and Jerusalem in another respect, and say, that if the one may be called a "land of ruins," of the other it may be no less said, that it is a city of ruins.

Here and there a regular street, or a wide-built European house, emerges from the general crash; but the general appearance is that of a city which has been burnt down in some great conflagration; the very soil on which the city stands is composed of ruins of houses, aqueducts, and pillars, reaching to a depth of thirty or forty feet below the foundations of the present houses.

With what force does the prophecy of the new Jerusalem come home to our minds, when we consider the present desolation of the city, a desolation so great that

Even if the old city were to be *rebuilt* once more, the soil on which its new foundations must be laid would bear witness to the faithfulness of the image of her earlier desolations. 'They have made Jerusalem a heap of stones.' 'Not one stone shall be left upon another that shall not be thrown down.'

Passing over the account of "the heights and passes of Benjamin," of the mountains of Ephraim, and of the Maritime Plain, in all of which Mr. Stanley carries out his plan of connecting the history of the country with its topography, the river of Palestine next engages our attention. It is pre-eminently *the* river, "for it is much larger than all the brooks and streams of the Holy Land united together, and excepting the Nile, it is by far the most considerable river either of the coast of Syria or of Barbary." In a country where hitherto we have found every feature differing materially from that of other places, and pointing significantly to some great truth in that country's history, or onward to some phase in the part she will one day fulfil, we find ourselves unconsciously expecting, where so much is strange, still to find wonders. We therefore expect to find something in the course

of the Jordan to distinguish it from ordinary streams, and should be surprised if the flowing waters, as well as the mountain tops of Palestine, did not by some peculiarity indicate that this is no common country, that we are treading no every-day soil. Nor are we disappointed; the Jordan does differ, and that in many material points, from other large rivers. The Jordan, which runs through the whole country, is the only river of any magnitude which has no outlet into the sea. Rising in the heights of Anti-Libanus, it first passes through the lake of Merom. Emerging from this lake, it descends through a deep valley until it falls into the sea of Tiberias. Instead of being lost in this sea, it again advances with increased force, rushing over twenty-seven rapids through a fall of a thousand feet; a fall second only to that of the Sacramento river in California. Hitherto its course is a straight line, but thenceforward its sinuosities are innumerable. It rushes first to one side and then to the other, as if seeking a mode of escape to the sea; and earns the title of the crookedest river in the world, from the fact that though the direct distance between the Sea of Tiberias and the Dead Sea is only sixty miles, its course is so exceedingly tortuous that the water passage is at least two hundred. The valley of the Jordan is no less than three thousand feet below the mountains of Judea, and thus this river has been almost altogether precluded from rendering any assistance to the inhabitants of the country. No cities arose upon either side of its channel. Its waters could not, like the Nile, overflow and fertilize its banks.

As a separation of Israel from the surrounding country, as a boundary between the two main divisions of the tribes—as an image of water in a dry and thirsty soil—it played an important part; but not as the scene of great events, or the seat of great cities. Its contact with the history of the people is exceptional, not ordinary—confined to rare and remote occasions, the more remarkable from their very rarity.

To one of these few remarkable scenes Mr. Stanley points, viz.: that of the baptism; when John came to preach repentance to the whole nation, it was suitable that he should choose

for the baptism a stream abundant in its waters, and also one which from the peculiarity of its position belonged not to cities but to the wilderness.

On the banks of the rushing stream the multitudes gathered—the priests and scribes from Jerusalem down the passes of Adummim—the publicans from Jericho on the south, and the Lake of Gennesareth on the north; the soldiers on their way from Damascus to Petra, the peasants from Galilee, and ONE from Nazareth, through the opening of the plain of Esdraelon. The tall reeds or canes of the jungles waved, “shaken by the wind;” the pebbles of the bare clay hills around, to which the Baptist pointed as capable of being transformed into the children of Abraham; at their feet rushed the refreshing stream of the never-failing river. There began that sacred rite which has since spread through the vast baptistries of the southern and oriental churches, gradually dwindling to the little fountains of the north and west; the plunges beneath the water diminishing to the few drops which, by a wise exercise of Christian freedom, are now in most churches the sole representatives of the full stream of the descending river.

The history of the Jordan river naturally brings us to that vast inland lake—that Sea of Death, into which its waters flow. The fabulous legends of the Dead Sea, which formerly obtained unlimited credence, have been exploded by the intelligent scrutiny of Mr. Stanley. The popular error that it emitted sulphureous exhalations is attributed to the shining surface of the water, aptly compared to molten lead, combined with the rising thin mist of its own evaporation. That no living thing could inhale the air impregnated with the emanations of the lake and exist, has been disproved by the testimony of all travellers who have witnessed the volitations of birds to and fro upon its surface with perfect impunity. In fact, its intrinsic interest requires no accession of the marvellous. It is the lowest sheet of water in the world, being thirteen hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean. Its form is described as a bowl, so deep, and of such a strange temperature, that it cannot be filled to overflowing. But its chief peculiarity is the exceeding saltiness of its waters, caused principally by its sou-

thern boundary of fossil-salt, and the rapid evaporation of its accessories. It has been supposed to be the saltiest water in the world; but the salt in the waters of the lakes of Central Asia surpasses that of the Dead Sea. The saline particles in the water of Lake Elton (which is situated on the steppes east of the Volga, and supplies a great part of the salt of Russia) are twenty-nine per cent., that of the Dead Sea contains twenty-six and a-quarter per cent. The great salt lake of Utah in America is considered by the Mormons so like the Dead Sea, as to encourage their belief that they have found on its shores a second Land of Promise, and in its river a second Jordan. As the Jordan nears the Sea of Death, its banks become incrustated with salt, and lose the verdure which characterised its previous course. Desolation is stamped upon its features; whatever living animals are carried down by the waters of Jordan are speedily destroyed.

Hence arises the unnatural buoyancy and the intolerable nausea to taste and touch, which raise to the highest pitch the contrast between its clear, bitter waves, and the soft, fresh, turbid stream of its parent river. Strewn along its desolate margin lie the most striking memorials of this last conflict of life and death; trunks and branches of trees, torn down from the thickets of the river jungle by the violence of the Jordan, thrust out into the sea, and thrown up again by its waves, dead and barren as itself. The dead beach—so unlike the shell-covered shores of the two seas between which it lies, the Sea of Tiberias and the Gulf of Akaba, shelves gradually into the calm waters. A deep haze—that which in earlier ages gave the appearance of “the smoke going up for ever and ever”—veils its southern extremity, and almost gives it the dim horizon of a real sea.

The volume before us contains other and very interesting chapters on the “Holy Places,” and the scenes of the Gospel history; but these require to be thoroughly studied to be appreciated, and perhaps we have already said sufficient to give a general idea of the manner in which the proposed plan—that of describing “the country through the eyes of the Bible, and the Bible through the eyes of the country”—has been carried out.

We have incorporated Mr. Jones's Dictionary of the names occurring in the Old Testament with Mr. Stanley's

travels, because, though such a help is not needed, (Mr. Stanley having affixed an explanation of Scripture names to his volume,) yet it is a work calculated to be most useful for reference, where full particulars as to the derivation and meaning of words are required. The want of such a work has long been felt. In acquiring the Hebrew language, it will be invaluable. To the Biblical student, it will interpret and elucidate many parts of Scripture, and prove of paramount importance from its deep historical researches.

In closing our review of Mr. Stanley's work, we desire to express our high opinion of the exactness of detail pervading his descriptions, which renders his recital as agreeable as it is instructive. It enables those who have never travelled in the same track, to picture in their mind's eye scenes so graphically portrayed. Our author is also endowed with a qualification in which he excels all preceding narrators, the admirable power of realising the likeness of places by comparison with similar localities more familiar to general readers. His volume, indeed, maintains a striking contrast with the usual recitals of Eastern travels. Throughout it, we see little of Mr. Stanley; we have before us a picture of the countries of which we seek to be informed. There are no egotistical recitals of petty dangers magnified into narrow personal escapes; there are no self-glorifying interviews with ministers or pachas; no obtrusive mention of literary researches; but its pages testify to

the persevering industry of the traveller, in his fulfilment of a long cherished project—to the evident ability, the sound discrimination, the apt judgment of the author; and to the fervent piety of the Christian. If at times its unavoidably fragmentary style prove tedious, yet we are amply recompensed by its solidity, a quality which we recollect struck us in our perusal in years gone by of his life of Arnold. From the circumstance that a large portion of an article on "Sacred Geography" has been transferred from the pages of the Quarterly Review to the preface of this work, we infer that Mr. Stanley is its author also. At the close of that article it is remarked that the field of sacred geography had not yet been ransacked; hardly any travellers since Burckhardt having left the beaten track in the desert of Sinai—the country east of the Jordan being then only known through a few hasty incursions—the southern frontier of Judea had at that time been investigated by but one single traveller. While the roll of oriental discovery is not even yet closed; while there is still room for the energy of another Burckhardt, for the science of another Niebuhr, for the research of another Robinson, we cannot but think that Mr. Stanley has most ably availed himself of the opportunity of leaving behind him "such an image of the union of energy and vigour, with calmness, justice and reverence, as even the vacant mind of the Syrian peasant and of the Arab chief will long retain as the likeness of an Englishman and a Christian."

CYPRUS.

CHAPTER IV.

NICOSIA, THE CAPITAL OF CYPRUS.

WE entered Nicosia by the only finished gate which it contains, that of Famagosta. It is a well-constructed subterranean passage, with a large vaulted apartment in the midst. The Venetians were the architects, *of course*, and as the Turks found it they have retained it. The other two gates were unfinished when the Venetians left, and continue unfinished to the present

day. We rode leisurely thro', admiring the massive masonry and well-shaped dome of the vaulted centre. When the Moslem first took possession of Nicosia, Christians were not allowed to ride thro'. They were obliged to dismount and walk. Even to the present day, the Cypriot Greek, if unattended by a consular cawass, must fee the soldier on guard, and

fee him well too, to obtain permission to retain his seat.

Dealers in sherbet and coffee, smoking, as usual, invited us to partake of their beverages as we entered the central apartment, which is large, and well lighted from above. We were too anxious however to regain the shelter of a house after our dusty ride, to delay.

Emerging from the gloom of the subterranean passage, we found the variety of beggars we had left without by no means to be compared with that within the city.

Tourists in the west of Ireland have frequently remarked upon the variety of rags which Paddy presses into his service as clothes. But in the wildest regions of Connemara or Tipperary, the eye must be inexperienced indeed which cannot distinguish a coat from a pair of pantaloons, a waistcoat from a shirt, however patched and pieced. In Nicosia, however, the habiliments of the people are looser and more varied in pattern than with us of the west, so that speculation is set on edge over and over again to endeavour to discover what garments they can be, or what intended for, which you see displayed in ragged squalidness on every side. As you peep into the little dens in which the poorer part of the population are crowded together, you see in the court-yard adjoining—for the most miserable and meanest of Nicosian hovels has its own court-yard—a line stretched across, bearing a collection of rags, interesting to the mathematician from their varied shapes, and to the painter from their oddly contrasted colors. Triangular, quadrilateral, semicircular, cylindric, and oblong pieces of cloth, divided into half a dozen or more compartments each, depend from these lines, the edges projecting far below the body of the garment, in attenuated ribbons of the most various dimensions; some ending in saw-like excrescences with trailing threads below, others in a suggestive knot, forcing the conclusion upon the observer's mind, that the different portions of the garment would part company were it not for that knot.

Nor do these rags vary more in shape and color than in size—some, altho' few in number unquestionably—approach the dimensions of a small bed-sheet; others, varying from the

limits of a decent handkerchief to that of a diminutive doll's apron. Some, the major part, came from Manchester or Glasgow originally; some from the silk looms of France and Italy.

They are put out there to dry after having been washed, the reader undoubtedly supposes. You were never more mistaken, I assure you, good reader. They are put out there that they may be freed from the swarms of minute insects which harbour in them to the discomfort of their owners. Washing would be likely to make large portions of such garments part company with the remainder—it would, in fact, be a dangerous experiment which the poor in Nicosia have no wish to make.

As to the color, the brownish line of dirt more or less covers all, but still the bright crimson of one triangular patch contrasts strikingly with the yellowish green of another; the sombre black in this piece of silk with the sepia-tinted white of the calico in that.

Clad in such habiliments, the beggars of Nicosia swarm about the bazaars and gateways, and near the mosques every evening and every morning; the majority of them afflicted with some disease of the eyes, which gives them a peculiarly repulsive aspect. They congregate about the bazaars and gateways and mosques because the Turks are a charitable race, and every rich member of their community provides himself with a few piastres daily to distribute amongst these poor wretches as he goes to morning or evening prayers, or to or from his daily business in the bazaars. When the whining appeal of these mendicants is added to the call of the coffee and sherbet venders, the oaths of the fierce-looking Albanian traders, the shouts of the playful half-naked Greek children, and the shrieking of badly-oiled wheels, it may be easily imagined that the din which salutes the ear in the streets of Nicosia, particularly in the neighbourhood of any of the chief places of public resort, is by no means of the most harmonious or of the most agreeable nature.

But the visitor may easily find lines of streets in which there is no such discord, but abundance of quietness and repose. Let us turn from the Babel to the left here, down this narrow lane, in which an Albanian, armed

like a brigand, and with beard and mustachoes of portentous magnitude, is urging on his tired mule laden with merchandize. Bags, filth, disease, poverty, sloth are the characteristics of the neighbourhood—they are apparent on either side, in every quarter. The Greeks who are endeavouring to free their garments from the swarms of Levantine plagues in that house, ragged as they are, are wealthy when compared with the miserable wretches who are lying half-naked in the midst of want and disease in the other. It is a lamentable picture—we must hasten thro'. The Albanian muliteer, fierce as he may look, and awful as may be the imprecations he utters, will keep to the side to let us pass.

We have emerged from the narrow lane and now tread a wider street, in which the inhabitants are few and far between—they are by no means so hopelessly miserable as those we left behind us on first emerging from the principal thoroughfare. They are the only samples of the middle class one is likely to see in Nicosia—people whose employments compel them to live away from the throng, and who are neither aristocratic in their pretensions, nor steeped in abject poverty. They have stores of various articles of merchandize in the neighbourhood of their dwellings, and are obliged to make use of the adjoining houses as workshops.

Passing beyond these, the thinly peopled portions of the city, we emerge at length upon the untenanted, the deserted region. Whole lines of streets are to be found in this condition in different portions of the suburbs. Wanting doors and windows, the London traveller would be likely to pronounce these regions, at first sight, to be new streets. He has seen such in Bayswater, St. John's wood, Pimlico, and other places where building has lately been carried on, in the great metropolis, to so remarkable an extent and at so rapid a rate. But the lines of houses in Nicosia, without doors and windows, are by no means of this character. They are streets, once busy with life, full of the hum and din of humanity swarming about its daily business. When the Venetians lorded it over the island, these streets were the abodes of flourishing multitudes, of business, com-

merce, trade, enjoyment, life in all its varied phases, and with all its multitudinous joys and sorrows. The people, the commerce, the equipages, the sounds have all gone, and the traveller is inspecting the city of the dead. The walls are there, mute witnesses in attestation of Turkish supineness and mal-administration. All the wood-work has been torn away for firing—the walls, bleak, forbidding, desolate, alone remain, the substantial ghosts of the former city. A more melancholy thing than a walk thro' such a region is not to be easily met with anywhere. The hum of the distant inhabited quarter hardly reaches to these deserted suburbs: all is profound quiet—the silence of desolation and the grave.

Even these deserted streets, however, and untenanted ranges of houses, have their use. Look in at the windows of this mansion, once, doubtless, occupied by a lordly Venetian, and you will see several cattle penned up, cropping a scanty meal of stubble and straw-like hay. When they have been kept here for some length of time, the well-manured ground will bear a plentiful crop of tobacco or mulberry-shoots, with very little labour on the part of the proprietor. There again the mournful head and melancholy-looking ears of a donkey thrust out of the window indicate the character of the present inhabitants. You might fancy the fellow was musing on the instability of human things, so sagacious does he look, as he turns upon us his lack-lustre eyes, and rolls round the long ears "on the pivot of his scull." It was men, it is donkeys. Where princes, and chiefs, and rulers lived, he lives—and not he only, but a whole troop of donkeys like himself. Peep in, and you will see them all doing their utmost to gather a scanty meal from the thistles that once covered the ground where the floor had been. Donkeys are favourites of the Cypriots. Their quiet meditative ways evidently touch a sympathetic chord in the breasts of their human masters. The donkey is a lazy, luxurious fellow, fond of ease and comfort, and averse to all unnecessary exertions, and so is his lord the Cypriot Greek. That there are donkey-races in the neighbourhood, and that the dissipated youths of Nicosia crowd to such in great numbers, are not facts sufficient to

invalidate the truth of my assertion. Ambition to outstrip his fellow-donkey may be roused in the bosom of the most asinine of the long-eared race, particularly if his muscles have been allowed to rest for some time before, and demand exercise; just as a desire to obtain more money than his fellow-man, will make the most indolent of Cypriot Greeks rouse himself occasionally to unwonted exertions--exertions the very thoughts of which make him subsequently shudder.

When the oxen, or the sheep, or the donkeys have occupied the floor of the deserted mansion long enough, they are removed, and the soil is scratched with a primitive plough, a plough to which no agricultural society of Athens, three thousand years ago, would have given any prize. Tobacco, or the mulberry, or pomegranates, or cucumbers, or melons are then planted, and yield luxuriant crops for a few seasons. Other deserted tenements are being similarly prepared in the mean time, and by the time the fertility of these has been exhausted those are fit for planting. Such are the uses to which the long lines of empty houses are put in Nicosia. The stranger, peeping in at the lengthened vista of desertion which stretches away between the bare walls on either side, is often surprised to find the scene picturesque rather than repulsive. The wild fig, or pomegranate, or the melon-vine, will creep up the walls and cover them with the pleasantest of decorations, designs of nature's own invention, designs of bright green leaves and glowing yellow fruit, such as the artist would in vain endeavour to imitate on the walls of a palace, for the heavy dews keep the colours fresh and the leaves ever glistening. The floor again stretched out between these picturesque ramparts is thick with mulberry-shoots awaiting transplantation. The windows alone, which seem to admit more light than can find admittance above, serve to remind the stranger that these were originally intended as abodes for humanity, and that where cattle are penned and luxuriant vegetation thrives, there ought to be smiling homesteads, and the cheerful sounds of domestic labour and enjoyment--the happy laugh of childhood, and the graver enjoyment of age.

"A very strange scene truly, and a melancholy," I remarked to a young Greek who accompanied us thro' this deserted quarter, "probably in all Europe there is nothing like this."

"Are there not such buildings everywhere?" he asked innocently.

To him Nicosia was all the world, and what he saw there he believed to be the ordinary type of things. The contrast presented by such scenes, and those which strike the observer in the finest street of the town, is curious and note-worthy.

In the broad *Market-street*, as it is called, altho' it has long ceased to contain a market, the Serai or Pasha's palace, a right royal structure, is upon our right, whilst a succession of mosques is to be seen upon our left. The Greek archbishop's palace, altho' inferior to the Pasha's in architectural pretensions, is yet a building of imposing dimensions and elaborate architecture. The chief officers of government, the Cadi, the Mufti, the head Moolah, and others, have also residences--their official residences--in this central Market-street. The hummums, or baths, with their domed roofs, rise amongst these palaces and private houses, gloomy-looking but by no means unpicturesque objects. The minarets of the mosques, and the cupolas of the palaces, and the domes of the baths, and the flag-staffs of the consular residences, are all sufficient to give to the Market-street a striking and imposing appearance. Nor is the stranger's interest diminished when he turns from the houses to the inhabitants, from the palaces to the people. Equipages of gaudy colors, and accompanied by gaudy liveries, may be seen coursing down the street, drawn by four, and even six horses--the latter number being a special distinction, however, of his Highness the Pasha. The foot-paths, which are regular and well-paved, are not crowded by any bustling throng; but grave Turks and gay Greeks, ladies in envious rolls of voluminous cloth with bandaged faces, and others displaying all the charms of their faces and necks, may be seen flaunting in the richest silks of Syria and the isles of the Archipelago--almost invariably, too, in the most brilliant colors. Richly caparisoned horses bear their owners to business or amusement, some dressed as they

would be dressed on the Boulevards of Paris, or amid the throngs of Rotten Row; others in Greek or Turkish attire; altogether a motley group of people. For the most part, however, the stranger cannot help suspecting that there is infinitely more show and appearance of splendour than the circumstances of the people warrant. A poor hack of a horse, which in London would be condemned to the carrion-yard, or, if not, superannuated at all events, may be seen decked out in Nicosia with richest caparisons, as if the owner would make up for the inferiority of his steed by the value of his trappings. The gaily-dressed Greek who bestrides *Rozinante* is glittering in the most gaudy colors. In London the fine horse has as little as possible on him in the way of covering, only indeed what is absolutely necessary for the rider's comfort; whilst that rider himself, even though a modern *Creæus*, capable probably of purchasing up the whole island of Cyprus if he chose, makes no display in dress or ornament. The Cypriot Greek is scarcely able to keep the wolf, hunger, from his door; but he must exhibit to everybody, nevertheless, his three yards of gold lace, his two and a-half yards of crimson satin, his velvet saddle-cloth, and his jingling gilt spurs. Pitiful exceedingly is such display, pitiful and contemptible. To do the Turk justice, he is not of this class. He loves to decorate his harem, as the English sportsman often pays more attention to the health and comfort of his dogs and horses than to his own; but the Turk, however much he may pinch himself to make his harem luxurious, does not waste his piastres on gold-lace and gilt ornaments. He even despises the Greek for this foolish display of his.

When to this motley collection of grave Turks and flaunting Greeks, the black hats and frock coats of the exquisites, the rich silks of the ladies, the horses and the conveyances—when to all this is added a train of camels, escorted by Albanians armed to the teeth, winding its melancholy way down the Market-street, the reader has some idea of the contrasts presented by the fashionable quarter of Nicosia.

As to the baths and bazaars, so much has of late years been written

about them that it is not necessary to inflict another description on the reader. Suffice it to say that the Turkish baths and the Turkish bazaars of Nicosia, are just like Turkish baths and Turkish bazaars elsewhere. One amusing scene, however, sometimes witnessed in the latter, must not be omitted. The Jews abound in considerable numbers in the town, and they are almost all engaged in business—in the traffic of the bazaars particularly—so that the great corn-mart, where three-fourths of the commercial dealings of Nicosia are transacted, contains almost as many Jews as Turks. They are seated in the neighbourhood of their various stores of merchandize, apparently listless, but really watchful and eager. Those two or three Turks lounging in the vicinity of that despised Israelite appear to be taking it easily enough, nor does he exhibit much appearance of animation or energy; yet a bargain is being entered into there, or is, at all events, likely to be entered into, involving liabilities equal to half their fortune. They are conversing about the crops, the donkey-race, the last news from Egypt or Syria, and in the intervals of such conversation a bid is made for large quantities of merchandize. The Jew shakes his head, smiles, and talks of the crops again. A bid is made at length which he considers worth noticing. He protests that his lords, the Turks, would have him sacrifice his little all. They know now that they have succeeded, and, finishing their cup of coffee, declare that the Israelite is grasping and not to be satisfied, that he would beggar them, with much to the same effect, rising as they speak, to depart. This the Jew will not allow. Bad as the last offer was, their excellencies must not withdraw their favor from him their slave. He will be fain to be content, and accept the offer, ruinous tho' the bargain be for him. The whole of them are adjourning now to a coffee-house to ratify the transaction. Other similar scenes are apparent all thro' the bazaar—here, there, everywhere, little groups of buyers and sellers, principally Turks and Jews. Business is brisk, and, in spite of coffee and pipes, apparently interminable and innumerable, bargains are being concluded rapidly, when, to the horror and dis-

may of the circumcised, a herd of swine makes its way into the bazaar. To be touched by the unclean animals is defilement, and yet swine abound in Nicosia. Grunting and groping about, the pigs advance; they have strayed from some neighbouring enclosure. The Turks and Jews climb up on the heaps of merchandize, or make rapidly for the opposite doors, or scale the walls where low, anxious to escape defilement; and this too with an undignified precipitancy, ill becoming their flowing beards and grave oriental countenances. They do not content themselves with fleeing, however, as best they can, from the ruthless invasion. As they go, they bestow maledictions, loud and sonorous, upon the whole porcine race, and upon that portion of it particularly which has caused this discomfiture; shouting, too, for the good-for-nothing Greek servants, or the owners of the swine, to come and deliver them from the infiction. This the Greeks soon do by shouts and curses and blows. The pigs are speedily driven off. The angry Turks, and more voluble Jews, return to their previous stations, and all is peace again. Such scenes are by no means uncommon—occurring almost daily, in fact, in some one or other of the numerous bazaars.

A few words as to the history of Nicosia, and we may leave it to rejoice in its empty streets, its lines of deserted houses, its picturesque fortifications, its imposing ramparts, its filth, squalor, destitution, and finery undisturbed.

It was called *Leucoton*, from *Leucon*, the son of the first Ptolemy, who built its walls. The Greeks call it *Escosie*; the western Europeans, *Licosia*; and the Italians, *Nicosia*—the name by which it is most commonly known now-a-days in the Levant.

From the time of Constantine to the year 1567, the circumference of the city was nine miles. The Venetians reduced it to three, and built strong walls around it, furnished with eleven bastions and three gates. A large portion of the town was, on that occasion, ruthlessly destroyed—antiquities, churches, palaces, tombs, swept away without mercy. Even the Church of St. Dominick, in which the Lusignan kings were usually buried, was levelled with the ground; and among other famous monuments de-

stroyed was that of *Hugo IV.*, to whom Boccaccio dedicated one of his works.

The bishops of Nicosia were men of note in the earlier ages of the Christian church. St. Jerome speaks of *Trifilius* as the most eloquent man of his day [the age of Constantine], and one of the most successful in spreading the doctrines of the cross.

At the request of *Alice*, queen of *Hugo I.*, Pope Innocent the Third made Nicosia the seat of an archbishopric in the year 1212. It has ever since continued such, altho' since the Turkish conquest its archbishops have been of the Greek, not of the Latin church. Pope Alexander the Fourth added to the dignity of the archbishop, by constituting him and his successors Pope's Legate, by virtue of their office; allowing them to assume the dress of a Cardinal with the exception of the hat! Cicero wondered how the augurs could look at each other without laughing, when engaged in their divinations—surely it may be allowed to us to wonder how the Pope could gravely issue such a decree, or the archbishop of Nicosia gravely promulgate it. He might wear the Cardinal's dress, with the exception of the hat!

In June, 1570, *Mustapha*, the general of *Selim the Second*, landed in Cyprus with an army of 100,000 men. In September he took Nicosia by assault, after a siege of three months. Fifty thousand of the inhabitants were then taken without the walls; all the old and able-bodied men, twenty thousand in number, were deliberately slaughtered in cold blood, and the remaining thirty thousand, women and children, were distributed among the Turkish host as slaves! What a horrible catastrophe! The very idea of twenty thousand men butchered in cold blood is something beyond the powers of mental conception adequately to picture forth; and yet surely the lot of the remaining thirty thousand was infinitely worse. Fancy the cowering crowd of human beings—the modest maid, the virtuous matron, the innocent child, the delicately-reared and educated, as well as the coarse and vulgar, the vicious and the virtuous, all huddled together with brutal severity, to be distributed amongst the scoffing soldiery, to be absolutely and without appeal given into the hands of men

red with blood, and furious with excited passions. Fancy all this, and then remember that even this is not the worst that can be said of the Turk. Fifty thousand inhabitants were taken without the walls from that one city of Nicosia; the whole island hardly

contains so many now! During two centuries and three quarters the Cypriot Greeks have been dying lingering deaths by want, oppression, or violence—dying, or flying bodily from the island to seek some securer refuge on the adjacent continent.

CHAPTER V.

THE KAISARIS, A FAMILY HISTORY.

THE Turk is not generally an active man in these days; the Albanian is fond of indulgence; the Hindoo is lethargic; the Egyptian is idle; but the Cypriot Greek is less active by far than the Turk, more self-indulgent than the Albanian, more lethargic than the Hindoo, idler than the idlest Egyptian; displaying energy only in the pursuit of pleasure.

It was our good fortune to find in Nicosia a retired Indian officer, who first exhibited to us the Cypriot Greek in his true colors. Captain—Jones let us call him—had been employed latterly in the transport service in Egypt by the Peninsular and Oriental Company, and having accidentally visited Cyprus, became so enamoured of Nicosia, that he took up his quarters in it finally. His income would have been a small one in London, in Nicosia it was princely. He was on excellent terms with the Pasha and his barber, two of the most considerable men in the city; he was, further, an acquaintance of the Greek archbishop. Every member of the Supreme Council courted his acquaintance, and Captain Jones, a man of the world, was proud of his position, and knew how to improve it. I suspected, moreover—altho' this is a secret—that the worthy captain found other and more substantial inducements to live in Nicosia than his admiration for its salubrious climate, its interesting population, and its abundance of the good things loved by an Anglo-Indian *bon vivant*. In truth—for the secret will out—I strongly suspected, and still suspect, that our friend Jones dealt largely in cotton and swine, and was fast preparing for himself an income that would be more suitable to London life than a captain's half pay.

He introduced us to the Kaisaris, a family of Cypriot Greeks, that we might discover for ourselves what

manner of people they were, and whether his statements were exaggerated or not.

The family of the Kaisaris consisted of the aged father, Manuel Kaisari, and his two youngest daughters, Zea and Mary. The mother had been dead some years. The only son was married, and settled in an adjoining street to that in which Manuel lived; and another daughter, older than the two who still lived with their father, was married to a Greek, not unlike Manuel himself in his habits.

Manuel and his two daughters were invited to spend an evening with us at Captain Jones'. They arrived in due course, being deposited by a seedy-looking vehicle, driven by a still seedier-looking servant, and drawn slowly along by an angular horse, most seedy-looking of all. There could not be a greater contrast than that between the fresh-looking girls, with their sparkling, animated eyes, and the worn-out conveyance whence they issued. The horse, the servant, and Manuel were well matched; life seemed waning in all three, hardly a remnant left of energy and vigour. Zea and Mary were fair and youthful; to them life was only just opening, its spring being ushered in with music and dancing, and the cheerful laughter of young hearts.

In western Europe Manuel Kaisari would have been in the prime of life; in Cyprus he was already a decrepid old man. Five-and-forty winters, Captain Jones assured us, had hardly rolled over his head. To see him and the captain together, one would say that he might have been the captain's father, whilst the truth was, the Englishman was the older of the two.

There was an air of tawdry finery about Manuel which threw discredit on his grey hairs and wasted cheeks. His dress had once been brilliant and

striking no doubt; it was still striking, but by no means brilliant. The gold-lace, which fringed the lappets and cuffs of his coat, was faded and jagged at the edges. The cloth was frowsy and seedy-looking, as if it had long been unacquainted with the brush. His ample trousers of embroidered silk had given up their original hue to time, or else that hue was buried beneath a coating of dark dust, which had gradually settled down undisturbed in every nook and crevice. *Decay* was written upon the man himself as well as upon his habiliments; but he would not confess it, nay, would stoutly deny it rather, and assert that there was no decay, but only indifference on his part.

His daughters were interesting girls. Their close-fitting bodices of crimson satin revealed the delicate outlines of forms just bursting into womanhood. Their black eyes and black hair contrasted beautifully with the clear brunette tint of their countenances; clear, I say, for the blood came and went in the cheeks as visibly as in those of the milkiest complexions. Their white teeth and red lips and dimpled chins were things worth looking at, as they laughed and smiled and looked grave by turns with girlish playfulness.

It was an interesting group, that which collected round the hospitable board of our friend Jones that evening, as we sat in his verandah, with the garden before us, and the rising moon just peeping over the cypress trees that bounded our view. It was an interesting group and an interesting scene. Manuel smoked and sipped his coffee, and talked of his "estate" in halting Italian, evidently well pleased with himself and his position. His daughters conversed with our hostess in Greek. They knew no language but their own and Turkish. One of our party knew enough of the latter to carry on, laboriously, a dialogue, and he was soon deeply engaged in desperate efforts to make himself understood. The girls listened, and laughed good-humouredly, and corrected his blunders, and helped him out with his sentences timidly, evidently enjoying the unusual colloquy. They knew the streets of Nicosia and its inhabitants; they knew how many wives the Pasha had, and how many ladies of his harem were likely to attain to the dignity of wifedom if va-

cancies occurred; they knew who were the wealthiest Greeks and Turks in Nicosia, and how many marriageable young men there were still to be disposed of in the higher circles. These were the topics on which they were fluent, and on these only. They knew nothing of that part of the world beyond the ramparts of their native town—absolutely nothing, except that the rich Moollah Abdallah, had once invited them to his country house, a mile and a-half outside the walls, and that they had gone. They had heard of their father's "estate" somewhere out of the town, but they had never been to it; and their eldest sister, who was married, had said they must never go there. Such was the extent of the knowledge of Zea and Mary Kaisari! Whether Cyprus was an island or a part of the main land—whether the Sultan's dominions and London were far asunder or very near to each other, they had not the slightest idea. It would not give them a wealthier husband to know such things, and they, therefore, knew them not. One thing was needful, a husband; and for that they played on the lute and sung, and sighed, almost children as they were, wondering that some wealthy Turk or influential Greek did not some day stop before their home, and offer his hand and fortune to a daughter of the house of Kaisari.

Our hostess gave us much of this information subsequently. From the imperfect gleanings of the young ladies' conversation, and the scattered hints of Manuel, which I was able to collect, however, I had some idea what was actually the state of things, before our hostess' revelations.

The moon was shining beautifully through the trees and shrubs of the garden in front of us. The flowers and leaves were bathed in a flood of silver light that danced and played fantastically about us; every breath of air made them quiver in the moonbeams. It was a sight by no means to be forgotten, that glorious scene.

At a signal from our hostess, a servant brought in a species of guitar or lute common in Cyprus. It was handed to Zea. She put the string round her neck and proceeded to tune it mechanically, still continuing her conversation. There was no excuse about having a bad cold, or being indisposed.

"What shall I sing?" she asked simply of our hostess in Greek. Corrupt as Cypriot Greek is, it was seldom that I could understand a word of it, particularly as the stock of Greek I had accumulated in younger days was by no means "at my fingers' ends." But this simple question, "What shall I sing?" was just as if I had been reading Homer again; it struck like familiar accents on my ears.

A Greek song was chosen, and the fair girl warbled through it prettily enough. It was of love, of course, and as she gradually entered into the spirit of the ditty, she threw up her large dark eyes towards the moon, and seemed to breathe forth a musical invocation to it. Manuel smoked and sipped his *camandria* throughout the song, as a man might who had nothing better to do, and had been interrupted in his conversation. When the song concluded, he returned to the exact point at which his discourse had been broken off: he was talking of the various kinds of Cypriot wine, and was eloquent on the theme.

Mary sang next for us. Her voice was better than her sister's, but wanted cultivation; nor did she enter into the spirit of the composition with all that enthusiasm which distinguished her fair sister's performance.

We were by no means prepared by this first view of the Kaisaris for the information our host gave us respecting them, nor yet for the state of things apparent on calling on them.

"It is Manuel's paradise," said Captain Jones, "to get a good glass of *camandria* and a fragrant pipe. He will enjoy both for hours together when alone, dreaming away his existence; if with others, abusing the Turks, or talking of imaginary evils and equally imaginary prospects of imaginary improvement; if by himself, castle-building probably in airy reverie. He has an unproductive piece of land called his "estate," on which he keeps a house and a harem, visiting it occasionally only, and this he contrives to maintain altho' pinched by poverty at home. The few vegetables on which he and his daughters and his three servants subsist will probably not cost them altogether two shillings a week. His whole revenue may possibly amount to seventy or eighty pounds a year, of which a large proportion goes in gold-lace, gilt jewellery, and tawdry finery

of all kinds. On these seventy or eighty pounds a year he supports his conveyance, his three servants, his country house, and his harem, living partly however on hope. It was a common practice in early times for people to bury money in the earth in Cyprus. Several of such treasures have made their finders wealthy. Manuel is confident that his estate contains some such prize, and is equally confident that he will some day find it. He has been looking for it, and has had others looking for it, for twenty or thirty years without success; but he is still assured that the day will one day come when the long-sought treasure will be found.

"The daughters have been brought up to live on hope like their father, and to dream thro' their existence in the same lethargic apathy, waiting for the splendid matches which they are one day to make—waiting with wonderful patience. And this, too, altho' they see their sister married a little lower in the social scale than themselves, after waiting thro' her childhood and youth like them, waiting as patiently and as fruitlessly.

"The son, who is married, and has an establishment of his own, is great in donkey-races and gambling. He formerly held some subordinate employment in the household of the archbishop, but he gave that up for the race-course and the gaming-table. On these he now continues to subsist; *how*, he and his companions only know. His wife and children have had to solicit food from Manuel before now, and he has given them of his little; at other times, their fine dresses and glittering jewellery have been the admiration of the aristocracy of Nicosia.

"The Kaisaris are by no means extraordinary in their manner of life. They are fair samples of the only middle class of Cypriot Greeks which exists."

We visited Manuel in Lion-street where he lived. A seedy looking servant admitted us into a vestibule or antechamber much the worse for dust and dirt. Thro' this we were led into a verandah, looking out upon a garden, half weeds, half flowers. Manuel was reclining on a couch in this verandah-smoking. It was mid-day, and the interval between the morning and the afternoon meal was inva-

riably thus spent. He rose to receive us, ordering coffee and pipes to be brought as he did so. The air of decay which we had noticed on his vehicle pertained to every thing about him. The creepers which ought to have been confined to the pillars and leaves of the verandah straggled about in a loose uncertain way, seeking support and finding none. The couches on which we reclined were rickety and unstable; the verandah itself dilapidated. The flowers of this moral desert soon made their appearance. Zea and Mary, wild and uncultivated as they were, were still flowers of a beautiful description. They welcomed us with pleasure, the rich blood flowing into their cheeks as they did so in a glowing tide. Their toilette had not been unattended to, altho' Manuel had told us on our arrival that they were no doubt asleep. Zea related to my friend, who was learned in the Turkish tongue, the pleasure she and her sister had derived from a fête given by a rich Turk a few days before. Nor did she omit the flattering compliments which had been paid her by the Turk himself, to her by no means the least pleasant part of the entertainment. There was a simplicity, however, about this innocent vanity, very pleasant to contemplate. True, it was not till we were returning that I became acquainted with her conversation, but I was not the less observant on that account. You could see, by the complacent smile that illumined her face and by the sparkle of her black eye, as she adjusted some portion of her dress, that she was occasionally talking of herself, whilst Mary's more artless blushes were radiant with a genuine modest embarrassment. "Mamdelli had the fête in his garden. He lives in the street of the grand Fountain on the right of the Serni. I don't think there is a finer garden in all Nicosia than Mamdelli's," said Miss Zea as she narrated the circumstance; "there were lamps burning upon the boughs, and suspended from the trellis work, lamps of every color, and all so beautiful;—and melon rinds, too, with lights within, hanging from the trees;—you never saw anything so fine."

"But what was the origin of the fête?" asked our friend innocently.

"It was Mamdelli's younger son's circumcision fête," continued Zea.

"Well, as I was telling you, in the harem we had a grand entertainment—musicians, and Greek girls to dance, and coffee, sherbet, and the most delicious cakes handed about."

"I hope the light of the feast is pleased with the food, said Mamdelli to me, as he passed by whilst I was enjoying a cake."

"It is very sweet and pleasant, I replied."

"Not half so sweet as the lips that touch it; not half so pleasant as the breath which it perfumes, said he."

"He is a dear, delightful old man, Mamdelli. He is so fond of Mary, too, that I should not wonder if he married her some day."

"How can you say so?" asked Mary, blushing.

"And what age may Mamdelli be?" asked my friend.

"What age? How do I know?" was Miss Zea's ponting reply. "Think you I ask the age of gentlemen, or that Mary would either. Shame!"

"I really did not mean to offend; pardon me; we constantly ask such questions in Europe."

"Then the ladies in Europe are not so modest as they ought to be," retorted Zea, proud of her pure thoughts.

"Well, after a while, Mamdelli asked me to sing and Mary to sing; and then he said the *Houris* sang so. They believe in *Houris*, the Turks, you know. He wanted us to dance too, but that was impertinent, so we would not, and he laughed heartily at my refusal."

"Do Greek ladies never dance?" asked the gentleman.

"The ladies in the Turkish harems do not dance. But Turks hire poor Greek girls to dance for them; and, of course it would not do for Greek ladies to dance in a Turkish harem. The Turks would think ill of them were they to do so."

That fête of Mamdelli's would probably serve the poor girls for a month to feast upon. They seemed never to tire in talking of it. Our friend turned the conversation at length, however, to their married sister. They spoke of her with a mixture of regret and indifference, as of one who had thrown herself away, and for whom they were sorry in consequence. Manuel himself spoke of her, too, rarely and apathetically. He would

ask some of his rich friends some day to do something for his son-in-law, poor fellow. It was not his fault that his daughter had married as she did. It was a foolish whim of hers to marry for love; "and no wonder," said he, "for she had waited a long time without success; but Mosuli Meer would have married her at last, I know, if she had a little more patience; and Mosuli Meer was a man rolling in wealth."

Zea and Mary heard their father talking in this way of their sister and the rich Turk. Was it any wonder, then, that they looked forward some day to sharing the harem of Mamdelli with its present inmates?—looked forward to such a fate, too, without murmuring at it, nay, rather with pleasant anticipations as a consummation devoutly to be wished!

We saw this married sister afterwards, and found the same characteristics pervading her home as those apparent in her father's—the same idleness, the same supine succumbing to day-dreaming, lethargic castle-building combined with more poverty and tawdry squalor. It was evident indeed that they were only just above actual want, yet the husband smoked all day, and spoke of what he *expected*, of what great things would one day be done for him by some of Manuel Kaisari's rich friends.

Such is one phase of Greek life in Cyprus. The Kaisaris were but types of a class in which supine indifference to all the highest interests of life, and lethargic dreaming idleness, are the most remarkable characteristics: a total want of energy seems to prostrate them, body and soul. They succumb to evils, partly of their own creation, partly the creation of others, without an effort to free themselves from the baleful effects. The Turk is not an energetic man, but he is not half so indolent, not half so slothful as the Cypriot Greek.

So much for Manuel Kaisari. I have more to state, however, of the fascinating Zea.

It was not until we had left Cyprus some months, that I had a letter on business from Captain Jones. "You remember Zea Kaisari whom you admired so much. Mrs. Jones is writing a long account of her to your friend Mrs. —, who seemed to take an especial interest in the family. Zea's

fate has been peculiar." Mrs. — was one of the ladies who accompanied our party to Cyprus. I soon obtained from her all the news.

"It was only a fortnight ago," wrote Mrs. Jones, "that Manuel Kaisari came abruptly into my husband's presence one morning in evident agitation. I happened to be in the garden at the time, and drew near to hear his tale, certain that it must be a moving incident that could rouse him from his couch at that hour. 'We are utterly lost,' he began, 'utterly lost—the wave of affliction has swept over our house and none can help us but you, captain.' 'In what way?' asked my husband. 'Last night a band of Turkish miscreants,' continued Manuel, 'assaulted my house and bore off the light of my eyes, the joy of my heart, my beloved Zea.' 'When did this happen?' we asked in a breath. 'When?' repeated Manuel, 'when? about midnight, or very early this morning. I was awake by Mary's cries, for they tore Zea from her arms. I rushed to the rescue, but it was too late.'

"And what have you been doing ever since? Did you recognize any of the party?" asked we.

"What have I been doing since?" he continued, "it is only a few hours since. I did not sleep again. I comforted Mary as well as I could. I smoked and drank a cup of coffee to ponder over matters; I dressed; I armed my servants and myself, and here I am. The Pasha will listen to you, captain; he will not hear me."

"But did you recognize any of the party? Where has she been borne to? What can the Pasha do, if some definite information be not forthcoming?" asked my husband.

"Alas! I am utterly undone. There is no hope for me," ejaculated Manuel. "How could I recognize the scoundrels when it was quite dark, and no time left for getting a light? Can the pigeon escape from the vulture? How could Zea resist? Mary was awake by some rude hands tearing her sister from her. Alas! alas! the house of Kaisari is utterly undone." We felt much for the poor man, both I and my husband. But what could we do? In the absence of all definite information, what use to bring the matter before the autho-

rities. We drove over to the Lion-street, however, forthwith.

"It was evident that the party who had carried off Zea must have been well aware of the locality of the girl's bedroom, and the situation of the house. I questioned Mary. She knew nothing of the event—heard nothing—had been sleeping peacefully and soundly, until she felt Zea's arms thrown round her, and Zea's lips pressed to her cheeks. She was half awake. A voice commanded Zea in Turkish to obey—a hand disengaged her arm—and she was gone. It was all the work of a moment. Mary shrieked and hid herself. That was all *she* knew.

"Inquiries were made—search was made in Nicosia and its vicinity without avail, in the first instance; at length it was elicited that on the night in question a party, with a female in the midst, had left the town by the Northern Gate. There was nothing to indicate that the abduction was violent, and my husband began to think that Zea had been a willing agent in the business. I combated this idea as long as I could, but when a letter arrived from Zea herself at

length to her father, telling him that she had gone off with Mamdelli's eldest son, a good-for-nothing youth, whom his father banished to an estate he had near Cerinnes, and who had been expressly prohibited from entering Nicosia by his father, I could no longer doubt that she had been a consenting party; when or where they had previously met no body appears to know. I trust Abdul will make her a good and loving husband. At present Mamdelli declares that he will never be reconciled to the youth. My impression is that Mamdelli would have added Zea to his own harem before long, had she remained; and this circumstance, if my supposition be correct, will not tend to render the reconciliation more immediate. At present, however, Abdul and Zea live contentedly at Cerinnes. I have had one letter from Zea; she says there was a delightful romance about being carried off, that she would not have lost for any thing. Her position is so far favourable for her own prospects that she is Abdul's *first* wife, an important consideration—she to whom he was betrothed in childhood having died almost in infancy."

CHAPTER VI.

THE TEMPLE OF VENUS.

ABOUT fifteen miles to the north-west of Nicosia, situated on the summit of a lofty but gently-sloping hill, the ruins of one of the three temples to the Cypriot Queen are still visible. Of the other two, one was situated at Paphos, whence the title of the Paphian goddess, the other at Cytherea, perhaps the most common classical appellation of Venus. Issuing from the northern gate of the city, we speedily found ourselves amongst Turkish funeral monuments in a graveyard. The sculptured turbans which abound in such cemeteries are sufficiently characteristic to give to the Turkish burial place a distinctive, peculiar character. In the early morning—the sun had not yet risen—there were yet two or three females, completely veiled, weeping at the tombs evidently recently erected. There was something touching and affecting in this unostentatious grief; something that spoke to the heart at

once. It was evidently not intended for show, or for others to contemplate, a sham, a mockery, but a reality, a sad reality. In the dusky morning twilight the mourners might have been mistaken for ghosts, so strangely did their flowing white garments contrast with the dark shadows and sombre masses of masonry around.

Our road at first lay through a pleasantly undulating country gradually becoming more hilly, nay, rather mountainous. For some miles beyond the capital we followed the windings of the bed of the Pedæus or Pedicus, as it is variously called. At this period the stream was dry. Even when fullest, all its waters are consumed in irrigation or to supply the neighbouring aqueducts.

The village of Fanocamaihli, through which we rode just as the light of day was bursting clearly behind us, was similar to those we had passed in our journey from Lar-

nacca to Nicosia. A few miserable cabins, mud and thatch ; a few listless Greeks sauntering about or smoking their first pipe at their doors ; a few pigs grunting forth approbation of their morning's meal ; and a considerable number of poultry, constituted Fanocamaili. In St. Demitri there were, in addition to these, many striking ruins. An old Greek church, of which the walls and marble pillars are still almost entire, was one of the most interesting objects. We rode right through it, tarrying a moment to inspect a pile of masonry creeping up one wall, with kneeling figures and heraldic devices profusely scattered over the urns and ornaments. It was evidently the tomb of a distinguished family. There was no inscription, however, legible ; nor was there anything sufficiently distinctive about the heraldry to intimate to us, unlearned in the lore, anything of the name or station of the dead. A moving sermon on the vanity of such things might well have been preached on this text. We were surprised at seeing the stone figures in what we were told had once been a Greek church ; believing, as we did, that such were zealously excluded. But our guide, a Cypriot Greek, who looked as grave from his steady mule as possible, whilst we questioned him, did not seem at all surprised at it. He could give us no information, except that this was the church of St. Demitri, and that to the best of his belief it was destroyed by Richard of England. As we did not place implicit credence in his assertions, however, we went away with the conviction that it might have been a Latin instead of a Greek church.

At length villages and every trace of cultivation were left behind us, and we entered a wild, untenanted district, ever growing wilder and wilder as we advanced. Untenanted it certainly was by man, but not so by the inferior animals. The abundance of game which we started as we advanced, prove the capabilities of the district for the support of animal life generally, and doubtless human beings did once occupy the district instead of the jackals, hares, and occasionally diminutive deer, which crossed our path abundantly. Anxious not to lose time, and assured by our guide that there was abundance of

game in the vicinity of the temple which we were about visiting, we allowed the startled animals to bound around us unharmed. Even the scared heathcock, partridges, and woodcocks scurried around us in peace and safety. We had enough to do, indeed, to attend to the footing of our own steeds for the present ; for our way led through an exceedingly wild country—so wild, that twelve miles from Nicosia we might have fancied ourselves in an unexplored region of America, so profound was the solitude, so complete our isolation from the works and traces of man. Rich and luxurious vegetation rose around us on all sides, as soon as we had left the plain. Bushes, and trees, and frowsy grass, and richly tinted flowers were about us everywhere. It was only occasionally, from some commanding position, that we could see the turrets and minarets of Nicosia.

The lofty summits of Thrados and Buttavent, two of the highest mountains in the chain of the ancient Olympus, became more distinctly visible as we drew near to the hilly region. Buttavent is crowned by the ruins of a castle and by a Greek monastery, which give to its distant prospect a picturesque aspect harmonizing well with the wild scenery around. At a distance the castle and the monastery appear to be close to each other. Our guide assured us, however, that they were ten miles apart. They must, therefore, occupy two separate summits of the mountain. The castle is interesting in its history as well as in its present picturesque desolation. A noble Cypriot lady, who lived at Baffa, Bertha by name, was badly treated and cruelly wronged by the Templars when they were lords of the island for a year ; having purchased it from Richard of England, for a hundred thousand golden ducats. Bertha surrendered her castle and grounds at Baffa, and, taking with her her servants and all the money she could collect, proceeded to build a stronghold for herself on the very summit of Buttavent ! The castle ultimately became one of the largest and strongest in the island, containing one hundred apartments, having its own wells within its walls, and its own ramparts to guard it. It was the

place in the island which held out against the Venetians, and they destroyed it.

Our guide likewise pointed out to us a small monastery indistinctly visible on the side of the same mountain—the monastery of St. Chrysostom—in which a few Greek monks still live in miserable isolation from their kind. They live austere, eating nothing cooked, having taken vows of poverty, chastity, and absolute obedience to their superiors. The Greeks call these monks *Calaira*, but seem to be ignorant of the sense or origin of the appellation.

We passed on our right an extraordinary natural fissure in the mountains, through which the road winds to Gerimes. This strange pass, called the Bogas, is a long narrow rent between two lofty mountains rising almost perpendicularly, facing each other, the two opposite sides strangely corresponding the one to the other; that is, where there is a protuberance on one side there is a corresponding depression on the other and *vice versa*. Our guide did not ascribe this to Richard of England. The Bogas is more than half a mile in length, and in some places so narrow that two horse-men could not comfortably ride abreast through it.

Thraolos, more to the left than Buttavent, is of a more rugged, inaccessible, forbidding character; grand and stern rather than picturesque or beautiful. The lofty sides of Buttavent and Thraolos bounded our view to the west and north, whilst to the south and east occasional glimpses were still to be caught of the plains we had left.

"It is the temple of Venus," said our guide, as one of our party pointed to some ruins indistinctly visible on the summit of a gently-sloping mountain right before us, and now at no great distance. The announcement was agreeable to all of us, for the sun was gradually becoming powerful, although it was not yet eight o'clock, and our difficult journey had given us all excellent appetites. It was pleasant, therefore, to think that we were drawing near the object of our journey. The horses and mules seemed to feel something of the renewed energy that animated us as we heard the intelligence, and stepped out more briskly in consequence.

After an ascent of a quarter of an hour's duration, we stood upon the rounded summit of a hill of considerable extent. All was grass, and marble columns, and stone slabs in our immediate vicinity; on the other side a few bushes and some thorny brush-wood contended with the ruins; an agreeable background for as interesting a scene as I had witnessed for many a day. Two or three hares started from the ground, skipped blithely over the huge masses of masonry, and were gone in an instant. It was as if they had sprung from the marble around.

With true John Bull instincts, we determined on satisfying the cravings of the inward man before we entered upon our inspection. Nor did the Frenchman who accompanied us or the Cypriot muleteer seem to think this English instinct unnatural or absurd. The ladies of our party had not attempted the journey, deterred by the frightful description given of the neighbourhood by the guide.

We chose out a broad clean slab of polished marble, nearly level, as our table. A thick mass of masonry, overgrown with parasitic plants, served as our screen, and threw its pleasant shade over the spot we had chosen. The hamper was soon deposited in the midst of the slab. That slab may have been the remains of an altar of Venus—who can tell?—sacrifices to the Paphian Queen may have been offered upon it;—"to what base uses may we come at last, Horatio"; an ugly brown hamper stood upon it now, and three hungry north-erns, from districts the ancient Greek regarded as scarcely habitable, lounged in easy negligence around, watching what was drawn from the said hamper.

Our horses were browsing peacefully at no great distance—our horses, and our guide's mule, and the mule that had conveyed our hamper and guns all in peaceful luxury, browsing or refreshing themselves by prolonged rolling on the soft herbage. Although partially scorched by the burning heat of summer, yet the district around us was brilliant and many-colored. The wild citron and the Levantine laurel, the ranunculus and the hyacinth, the marigold and the narcissus, all bloomed around us vividly, the over-ripe flowers shedding their petals thickly around or the

seeds dropping; but all various, distinctive, beautiful. No wonder the horses rejoiced in such flowery beds; no wonder the mules, once down, seemed loth to rise again.

But what was Mara doing—our Cypriot guide—whilst I admire all this, looking occasionally at the hamper as its treasures are revealed? Mara was our servant, our only servant, and acquitted himself well. He had gone to a spring at a little distance to fetch thence some water, for we had been provident enough to bring an earthen pitcher with us. It was but little attendance, however, that we required, for the hamper contained all that was requisite; so sending off Mara again to water the horses and mules, we addressed ourselves to the good things that had been disintombed. Some cold roast chickens and excellent bread, with a few slices of ham, disappeared with marvellous rapidity, washed down by sundry bottles of diluted *camandria*. It was a glorious repast. The frowning summits of Olympus, snow-capped, rose before us in all the majesty of mountain grandeur, their clear, well-defined outline drawn as if with a pencil on the blue sky behind, a blue sky and cloudless. Around all was peace or delicious harmony, for a few birds warbled as they soared above us,—warbled gladly,—amazed, doubtless, at our intrusion. The marble columns, still white and clean—not brown or green, as they would have been in more temperate climes—stood silent witnesses of the events of to-day, as they had been of the events of two thousand five hundred years before. Man changes; nature looks on and smiles at him. Around us, too, on the many-colored sward, were patches of bright sunshine, alternating with dark lines of shadow, amid which the flowers peeped forth in the pleasantest way. Turning to the side opposite the grim mass of Olympus, was an extensive view over the plain of Messarea, with its distant villages and ruins, and the still more distant spires of Nicosia, dimly discernible on the horizon; whilst, to the north, a glimpse of the sea was afforded us by an opening between the mountains.

Truly the votaries of Venus had chosen a delightful situation for the temple and paradise* of their goddess.

Having sufficiently admired the beauties of the scene and smoked a contemplative cigar, as a fitting finale to so pleasant a breakfast, we at length rose to survey the ruins, taking our guns under our arms. By this time—it was nearly twelve o'clock—Mara was fast asleep, and when we woke him to tell him that we should return to dinner at four, he could not for some time be made to comprehend that we really intended strolling about at that hour.

"The sun is very hot, my lords; it is much near mid-day," urged he, in excellent Cypriot Italian.

"It is, Mara—twenty minutes to twelve. At four we return to dinner, remember."

"At four, my lord. Plenty nice place to lie down in that hole—room enough," urged Mara again. The hole was a very curious recess in a portion of a wall, large enough to contain half a dozen persons in comfort; cool, pleasant, and agreeable. It was lined with polished marble, as smooth and clean as if it had recently been erected, for the parasitic plants had not invaded it. What purpose it could possibly have served we were at a loss to conjecture, nor was any probable guess made by any of the party, that I can remember.

It was easy to trace out the exterior form of the temple by its remains. A long parallelogram it had evidently been, with a vestibule in front, surmounted, doubtless, by a decorated portico. It was of the Ionic order of architecture, a circumstance that may lead us to fix its age at a period antecedent to the more florid Corinthian, which would probably have been used by the Cypriots had it been in existence. The pillars had evidently been fluted, and the frieze was enriched by sculptures of gay processions and love scenes. A fragment here and there exposed to view seemed to indicate the character of these sculptures, as well as of the "worship" which must have been paid in a temple so decorated. The entire entablature appeared to me to

* *παράδεισος*, a garden.

be more richly decorated with sculpture than was usual in the Ionic architecture.

We could not discover any inscription, and were completely at a loss to account for the numbers of large flat marble slabs that lay about in every direction, some slanting and oblique, but the greater number more or less horizontal. The greater portion of the ruins seemed to be completely buried; doubtless the accumulating vegetation of ages had produced a mould sufficient to cover large blocks of masonry. Excavation, there can be little doubt, would disinter much that is now hidden, perhaps much that would throw light upon the ancient mythology of Greece. The sides of the hills probably constituted the gardens attached to the temple. All trace of these gardens has completely disappeared; but the capabilities of the place remain, as they doubtless were then great for the production of every picturesque effect. The other two celebrated temples—those of Paphos and Cythera, both upon the coast—were brought into immediate connexion with that which we were examining by means of roads long since destroyed; for the temple at Paphos was without gardens.

We regretted not having the means or time necessary for excavation. So large a portion of the ruins lies buried, that, without excavation, much must remain for ever hidden which would otherwise be brought to light—much doubtless respecting the character and habits of the early Cypriots; much of the history of the temple itself, its rites and ceremonies; much, perhaps, of the early history of the island, too.

Yet, although we were unable to prosecute our researches as we should have wished, was our inspection by no means uninteresting to us. The glorious amphitheatre in the midst of which we stood, with its rugged mountains and its distant glimpse of sea, and its far off plains dotted with ruins, villages, and mulberry plantations, was all so unique and new that it would have more than repaid us for the toil we had undertaken to visit it. Nor must the remains of the temple still visible be regarded as either insignificant or uninteresting. Its columns and its sculptures, its marble slabs, and the remains of the

ponderous walls were all things well worth inspection—in themselves objects of great interest, and still more so in consequence of the associations with which they were connected. It was but by comparison that disappointment was to be felt. That which was plain and patent to us was so little, compared with what a little research might have yielded—at least we felt convinced that it was so—that we could not help regretting our inability to search the stores of sculptures, monuments, and inscriptions which we saw mentally beneath our feet.

Strolling over the hill side with our guns under our arms, we had a pleasant saunter of about two hours in the neighbourhood. The wild fowl were abundant, and we shot a sufficient number to form a very excellent addition to our repast; nor was Mara's skill in culinary operations by any means despicable.

We had our dinner in the strange recess formerly pointed out to us. We reclined on the slab, quite in classic style, as we addressed ourselves to it. It was a joyous light-hearted meal—such a one as is occasionally taken once in many years. The very rays of the sun, as they stole round, obliging us to erect an artificial shade with saddles and horse-cloths, were an agreeable element in the repast, for our little nook looked all the cosier and more retired in consequence.

Our classic position, reclining, not seated, led us into several burlesques of classic usages. A libation of glorious *cananidia* was poured out to the "genius loci," greatly to the discomfort of the agitated Mara, who would far rather have had the libation poured down his throat. We drank to the setting sun, to the Paphian Queen, to the regeneration of Cyprus, to the year's vintage. All in fact was hilarity and playful enjoyment.

We rode back to Nicosia as the red rays of the setting sun were gilding the summits of Olympus, Thracos, and Buttavent; behind us, and on our left, as we entered the city by the Northern Gate, the last glimpse of twilight was dying away into the pure obscurity of a moonless starlit night. The very imperfect illumination of the city served just to reveal to us the width and direction of the street, nothing more.

A NEW TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

THE recent motion of Mr. Heywood, member for North Lancashire, for an address to the Crown on the expediency of ordering a new translation, or, at least, a new revision of the Holy Scriptures, for public use, is but the expression of a wish which has long been felt by many of those whose studies have made them competent judges of the merits and defects of our venerable Authorized Version, now nearly two hundred and fifty years old;—older, indeed, than that, if we bear in mind how very large a portion of it* is taken from the earlier translations of Tyndale, Coverdale, and Parker. The honourable member stated his case temperately and ably, and supported it with arguments which, though not new, have long been felt to possess considerable weight. He adverted to the fact, that, though our present translation was the work of men of the highest reputation both for learning and integrity, the lapse of nearly two centuries and a half of great and rapid improvement in every branch of knowledge and science had afforded opportunities for detecting many blemishes even in a version of the Bible of such general excellence as ours. He adverted to the advancement which had been made in Sacred Literature, and particularly in the critical study of the original text of both Testaments; and he cited examples, which it would have been easy to multiply, of misinterpretation, that seriously affected the sense of the inspired record. A singular instance referred to by him was the text of the well known Sermon of the Rev. Mr. Caird, recently preached in Scotland before her Majesty, and published by

Royal Command:—"Not slothful in business," Rom. xii. 11.; the original, he said, implies, "Not backward in zeal." And thus the whole superstructure, so ingeniously erected by the able preacher upon an unstable basis, is shaken. He cited also the common version of Acts xxiv., 14, which, he said, ought to be, "all things that are according to the law, and written in the prophets." He amused the house, too, by relating a dispute between two critics respecting the well-known text, 1 John, v. 7, "But are you not aware," said one of them, "that this verse is commonly regarded as an interpolation?" "Yes," replied the other, "I know it: but I was not aware that you knew it." Mr. Heywood noticed the usual objection, grounded on the loss which a new Translation put forth by authority would entail upon those who had on hand a large stock of Bibles of the present version; and especially the serious damage it would occasion to the Bible Society. But this objection he met by a reference to the well attested fact, that even the present Translation did not come into general use until nearly sixty years after it was first published; a period in which it would be easy for the Society to dispose of all their stock without any injury to their funds.

The motion was resisted by Sir George Grey, (Secretary for the Home Department,) on this ground, that public opinion had not yet distinctly declared itself upon the subject; and that a new version, under present circumstances, would tend to unsettle and perplex the minds of devout Christians, who would not be readily reconciled to a new one,† and who

* "Truly, good Christian reader, we never thought, from the beginning, that we should need to make a new Translation, nor yet to make a bad one a good, but to make a good one better; or out of many good ones, one principal good one, not justly to be excepted against; that hath been our endeavour, that our mark."—*Preface to our present Version*. Indeed, such was the adherence of our Translators to the language of the former versions, that the work is not in their own style. It is not the language of their own Preface—it is not the language of Bacon, or of Raleigh,—it is not, in fact, the language of the reign of James I. The style they found in their prototypes, the diction and phraseology they adopted from their predecessors in translation.

† A feeling somewhat akin to this, though in a far lower sense, was lately evinced in France, on the publication there of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Such was the consequent demand

were well satisfied with, and strongly attached to, a translation which had so long held its ground amongst us, and which, it was admitted, expressed with fidelity and perspicuity the general sense of the original Hebrew and Greek. He added, that those whose qualifications and inclination led them to the critical study of the Scriptures should be encouraged to pursue those investigations, and to prepare materials for an improved version, which could then be provided when the general feeling of the community, unmistakably expressed, should require one. The motion was withdrawn.

Now, we shall hear more of this. The petitions, numerous in themselves, and numerous signed, which preceded the motion, and which followed it even up to the last days of the session, plainly attest that the question is viewed with deep and growing interest. And no wonder. It is one which comes home to the very heart of no less than fifty millions of the most enterprising, the most civilized, and the most advanced in Christian knowledge, of the whole human race. The Bible of James I., — our present authorized version, is cherished as their most precious heritage by our countrymen and kindred, in every spot of the globe where our language is spoken and our name respected. It is the only bond that connects together, as with a sort of celestial alchemy, the otherwise widely sundered, and in many cases mutually repellant portions of the vast, indomitable, and rapidly extending Anglo-Saxon family, Churchman and Dissenter, Briton and American United States' man. The British protestant's dwelling at home, or inhabiting the colonies, in Canada or Australia, in Bengal or Jamaica, — the protestants of the United States, — all slake their spiritual thirst at this one Fountain; all draw instruction, admonition and comfort from this one book; they alone, of all the families of the earth, possess in this volume the Divine Record in its integrity; they alone diffuse it: whatever be their diversities of clime, man-

ners, or civil institutions, they feel that, through the uniting virtue of this Book, they are ONE: at any hour, at any minute, of the diurnal revolution of this sphere, the eyes of some one of this vast community are resting on the *same* Book of Life, and that from the beginning of the year to its close; those highly favoured individuals of both sexes, from youth to old age — the young heart and the hoary head — are hourly drawn to the same heavenly centre of attraction, and, however far apart, there alone they all alike find their best and their happiest moments. Now here we take our stand. What advantages arising from a new version of the Scriptures could countervail the evil that would ensue from severing such a sacred bond as this? What a blow would this be to a union cemented during a period of two hundred and fifty years by that hallowed tie that springs from the daily use of a common source of holy joy! What a triumph to our foes! What a shout of exultation would ring through the halls of the Vatican, if it were announced there that our long combined forces were now dispersed, and that our united phalanx, compact and invincible, was thrown at last into hopeless disarray! For is it not a fact, patent to all the world, that Rome views with undissembled dismay the close and formidable coalition which the use of a common Bible has kept up for ages between the various denominations of which the Reformed Anglo-Saxon community consists?

Now let us review very succinctly the circumstances under which our present translation commenced, was carried forward, and perfected, and has been upheld to the present hour, notwithstanding various efforts to supplant it.

It was on the 24th of October, 1603, at Wilton, while occupied there in his favourite amusement of the chase, and in his preparations for the arraignment of Sir Walter Raleigh, that James I. issued a proclamation, "Touching a meeting for the hearing, and for the determining, things pretended to be amiss in the church."

for Bibles even among the lowest of the population, that the booksellers were unable to meet it; and purchasers constantly plied them with the searching inquiry, "Is this the *real* Bible; Uncle Tom's Bible?"

This meeting, known ever since as "The Conference at Hampton Court," was held in the drawing-room there on Saturday, Monday, and Wednesday, the 14th, 16th, and 18th January, 1604. On the second day of the conference, Dr. John Rainolds,† President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and Greek Professor, then in his fifty-fifth year, and distinguished no less by unblemished integrity than by eminent learning, moved his Majesty,

"That a new translation be made of the whole Bible as consonant as can be to the original Hebrew and Greek; and this to be set out and printed without any marginal notes, and only to be used in all churches of England in time of divine service; because those which were allowed in the reign of King Henry VIII. and Edward VI. were corrupt and not answerable to the truth of the original. For example, First, Gal. iv. 28, the Greek word is not well translated, as it now is, *bordereth*, neither expressing the force of the word, nor the Apostle's sense, nor the situation of the place. Secondly, Ps. cv. 28, "They were not obedient;" the original being, "They were not disobedient." Thirdly, Ps. cvi. 30, "Then stood up Phinehas and prayed;" the Hebrew hath it, "*executed judgment*."

To which motion there was at present no gainsaying: the objections being trivial and old, and already in print: only my Lord of London (Bancroft) well added,—That "if every man's humour should be followed, there would be no end of translating."

Whereupon his Highness wished that some special pains should be taken in that behalf for one uniform translation (professing that he could never yet see a Bible well translated into English; but the worst of all his Majesty thought the Geneva to be;) and this to be done by the best learned in both Universities; after them to be reviewed by the Bishops and chief learned of the church; from them to be presented to the Privy Council; and lastly to be ratified by his Royal authority; and so this whole church [of England] be bound unto it, and none other.

Whereupon, forty-seven of the most distinguished scholars of the two Universities were appointed to translate the Old and New Testaments, and seven bishops to control them, and supervise the work. It has been remarked that two very eminent

Hebrew scholars of the time were not employed on this great undertaking,—Hugh Broughton, a man of overbearing temper; and William Bedell, afterwards Bishop of Kilmore.

The following is a list of the translators, with their several tasks, and the places where they respectively performed them.

OLD TESTAMENT.

WESTMINSTER. *Genesis to II. Kings inclusive.*

LANCELOT ANDREWES, Dean of Westminster, a man of such eminent learning, that Lord Clarendon said, "it required a great deal of learning to understand how learned Andrewes was." JOHN OVERALL, Dean of St. Paul's: ADRIAN A SARAVIA, Canon of Westminster: RICHARD CLARKE, Fellow of Christ Coll. Camb.: JOHN LAIFIELD, Fellow of Trin. Coll. Camb.: ROBERT TIGHE, or TEIGH, Archdeacon of Middlesex: FRANCIS BURLEIGH, Vicar of Bishop Stortford: GEOFFREY KING, Fellow of King's Coll. Camb.: RICHARD THOMPSON, of Clare Hall, Camb., an eminent philologist: WILLIAM BEDWELL, the best Arabic scholar of his time, the tutor of Erpenius and Pocock, and called by Lightfoot, "the industrious and thrice learned."

CAMBRIDGE. *I Chronicles to Ecclesiastes inclusive.*

EDWARD LIVLIE, Regius Professor of Hebrew at Cambridge, an eminent linguist, held in high esteem by Usher and Pocock. His death in May, 1605, is supposed to have retarded the work in hand: JOHN RICHARDSON, Fellow of Emmanuel College: LAWRENCE CHADERTON, first Master of Emman. Coll. He died at the advanced age of 103: FRANCIS DILLINGHAM, Fellow of Christ Coll.: THOMAS HARRISON, Vice Chancellor of Trin. Coll.: ROGER ANDREWES, brother of Lancelot, and Fellow of Pembroke Hall: ROBERT SPALDING, Fellow of St. John's Coll.; he succeeded Livlie as Regius Professor of Hebrew: ANDREW BYNG, Fellow of St. Peter's Coll.

† Rainolds appeared on the part of the Puritans, together with Dr. Thomas Sparke, of Oxford, and Mr. Chadderton and Mr. Newstubb, of Cambridge.

OXFORD. *Isaiah to Malachi inclusive.*

JOHN HARDING, Regius Professor of Hebrew: JOHN RAINOLDS, President of Corpus Christi Coll.; he it was, it will be remembered, who moved the king for this new Translation. "The memory and reading of that man," said Bishop Hall, "were near to a miracle; and all Europe at the time could not have produced three men superior to Rainolds, Jewell, and Ussher, all of this same college." He died the 21st May, 1607. Even during his illness his coadjutors met at his lodgings once a week, to compare and perfect their notes: THOMAS HOLLAND, Fellow of Balliol Coll., and afterwards Regius Professor of Divinity. "Another Apollos," says Antony à Wood, "and mighty in the Scriptures." RICHARD KILBY, Rector of Lincoln Coll., and afterwards Professor of Hebrew in the University of Oxford: MILES SMITH, Canon of Hereford, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester; he wrote the admirable Preface to our present Translation: RICHARD BRET, Fellow of Lincoln Coll., an eminent Classical and Oriental scholar: RICHARD FAIRCLOUGH, of New Coll., Oxford.

NEW TESTAMENT.

OXFORD. *Matthew to the Acts of the Apostles inclusive, and the Revelation.*

THOMAS RAVIS, Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, afterwards Bishop of London: GEORGE ABBOT, Dean of Winchester, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury: JOHN AGLIONBY, Principal of St. Edmund's Hall; "accomplished in learning, and an exact linguist." GILES TOMSON, Dean of Windsor: SIR HENRY SAVILE, Greek tutor to Queen Elizabeth, and Provost of Eton; the well-known editor of Chrysostom: JOHN PERYN, Greek Professor, and afterwards Canon of Christ Church: LEONARD HUTTEN, Vicar of Flower, in Northamptonshire, an eminent Greek scholar: JOHN HARMAR, Greek Professor; his translation of Beza's sermons proves that he was an excellent writer of English.

WESTMINSTER. *Romans to Jude inclusive.*

WILLIAM BARLOW, Bishop of Rochester in 1605, of Lincoln in 1608: RALPH HUTCHENSON, President of St. John's Coll., Oxford: JOHN SPENCER, Fellow of Corpus Christi, Oxford; he preceded Dr. Rainolds as President of that college: ROGER FENTON, Fellow of Pembroke Hall, Camb.: MICHAEL RABBETT, Rector of St. Vedast, Foster Lane, London: THOMAS SANDERSON, Archdeacon of Rochester: WILLIAM DAKINS, Greek lecturer at Cambridge; he was chosen for his skill in the original languages, but died soon after the work had commenced.

Of the fourteen Instructions,* or Rules, which the king issued for the guidance of the translators, the following are the most material: I. The ordinary Bible read in the church, commonly called the Bishops' Bible, (Parker's) to be followed, and as little altered as the original will permit. IV. When any word hath divers significations, that to be kept which hath been most commonly used by the most ancient Fathers, being agreeable to the propriety of the place, and the analogy of faith. VI. No marginal notes at all to be added, but only for the explanation of the Hebrew or Greek words, which cannot without some circumlocution so briefly and fitly be expressed in the text. VII. Such quotations of places to be marginally set down, as shall serve for the fit reference of one Scripture to another. VIII. Every particular man of each company to take the same chapter, or chapters; and, having translated or amended them severally by himself where he thinketh good, all to meet together, confer what they have done, and agree for their part what shall stand. IX. As one company hath dispatched any one book in this manner, they shall send it to the rest, to be considered of seriously and judiciously: for his Majesty is careful on this point. XIV. These translations to be used, when they agree better with the text than the Bishops' Bible, viz., Tyn-dale's, Matthewes', Coverdale's, Whit-

* In the account delivered in at the Synod of Dort on the 20th November, 1618, it is stated that only seven rules were ultimately prescribed. Of these rules the first, second, and fourth coincide with the first, sixth, and seventh of the list given above.

churche's, (this was Cranmer's, or the Great Bible), the Geneva.

"Besides the said directions before mentioned," says Fuller, "three or four of the most eminent and grave divines in either of the Universities, not employed in translating, to be assigned by the Vice-Chancellor, upon conference with the rest of the heads, to be overseers of the translators, as well Hebrew as Greek, for the better observation of the fourth rule above specified."

The first version, by the fore-mentioned translators, occupied about four years; the second examination by twelve of their number, or two selected out of each company, who met at Stationers' Hall, took up about nine months more: the time occupied in passing the sheets through the press is believed to have occupied two years, when the Bible of 1611 was finished and published.

"And now," Fuller triumphantly exclaims, "after long expectation and great desire came forth the translation of the Bible (most beautifully printed) by a select and competent number of divines appointed for that purpose; not being too many, lest one should trouble another; and yet ~~many~~, lest many things might haply escape them: who, neither coveting praise for expedition, nor fearing reproach for slackness (seeing in a business of moment none deserve blame for convenient slowness) had expended almost three years* in the work, not only examining the channels by the fountain, translations with the original, which was absolutely necessary, but also comparing channels with channels, which was abundantly useful in the Spanish, Italian, French, and Dutch (German) languages. These, with Jacob, rolled away the stone from the well of life; so that now Rachel's weak women may freely come both to drink themselves, and water the flock of their families at the same. Leave we then those worthy men now all gathered to their fathers, and gone to God; however they were requited on earth, well rewarded in heaven for their worthy work; of whom, as also of that gracious king that employed them, we may say, 'Wheresoever the Bible

shall be preached, or read, in the whole world, there shall also this that they have done be told in memorial of them.'"

What would honest old Fuller have said, could he have foreseen that the translation of the Scriptures of which he here speaks in such glowing terms, would remain unaltered for more than two hundred years,—that the number of its copies would be counted not, as in his time, by thousands, but by decades of millions,—that a single copy would be sold for the sum of sixpence—and that Oxford would be able to print at her noble press a Bible complete in little more than one minute of time!

No circumstance regarding the authorized version strikes us as more extraordinary than the length of time which has elapsed since it was made. In the short period of eighty years which had elapsed between the commencement of the English Reformation and the publication of that version, at least five distinct translations of the Holy Scriptures had appeared—to omit several less important editions—Tyndale's (1526), Coverdale's (1535), Cranmer's, or the Great Bible (1539), the Geneva (1557), and Parker's, or the Bishops' Bible (1568, a second and better edition, 1572), each succeeding one being, perhaps, an improvement upon that which immediately preceded it. Now it would be unreasonable to suppose that, if the authorized version is so superior to all that went before it, during the brief space of eighty years, the current of improvement is to be arrested just at this point, and that no blemishes remain for future students to detect and remove. Yet such is its acknowledged excellence, that up to the present hour no effort has been made with the slightest chance of success to supersede it, or to dislodge it from that place which it holds in the affections of those who use it, numbering now, as we have said, fifty millions of people.

"But there are errors in it." Admit that. May not steps be taken to provide the pious and humble minded reader of the Word of God with all the light that the diligent study of it in the original language has been

* From first to last they spent nearly five years upon it.

able to accumulate since our English Bible appeared, without causing that shock to the religious feelings of the people which would be occasioned by a new translation, or a revision, of the whole? Have not our venerable translators themselves left us a precedent for the improvement of their version, which only requires to be carried out more fully in order to imbed in the work all the emendations of the text which more than two centuries of critical research has been able to collect—we mean the MARGINAL READINGS? We say, Extend those Marginal Readings, so as to embrace all the absolutely necessary corrections of our Bible, that the industry of Biblical Criticism has amassed since the date of its publication. "But there is not room." We are persuaded that there is. But if it be found that there is not room, make room. Let the references to what are called *parallel passages* in the margin be all over-hauled, and let such as are merely verbal, or such as are not to passages that are indeed parallel, be expunged; and ample room will be made for all the needful corrections that are asked for at this advanced stage of Biblical criticism. The great bulk of the references to parallel texts that now encumber the margins of our larger Bibles, was added by Dr. Blayney in his edition of 1769; they were collected by him with indiscriminating industry from the Annotations of the Assembly of Divines, and from the Commentary of Diodati;—this is demonstrable. But although both those works are of inestimable value, the Scripture parallelism which they exhibit requires a careful weeding, before it can be adopted *en masse*, and placed unchallenged in the margin of our Bibles. Let us not be misunderstood. We do not make small account of Scripture parallelisms; on the contrary, we hold them in so high estimation, that we consider the only sure and safe means of elucidating what is obscure in the sacred volume, and the only effectual mode of giving emphasis to what requires more than common inculcation in it are,—well selected parallels. "Though metal upon metal," says Fuller, "and colour upon colour, be false heraldry, I am sure that 'line upon line, precept upon

precept,' is good divinity." And that reader of the Scriptures is but imperfectly furnished with an apparatus for the fruitful study of them, who has not, or who uses not, a Bible furnished with a judiciously chosen collection of references to parallels duly consulted by him as he proceeds. But we are sorry to say that we cannot characterize the mass of our Scripture references as being either select or appropriate; and we are sure that the elimination of the surplusage that now overlays the pages of our larger Bibles would afford room for all the emendations of our version that sound Biblical science would now put forward. But there is a previous question.

Before we talk of a new translation of the Hebrew and Greek text of the Scriptures, it would be only consistent with common sense to ask, Have we got it? Do we now, after all the labour that has been spent upon the collation of ancient MSS., possess a text more perfect than that from which our translators made their version? Far from it. As for the Hebrew, if we except the labours of Kennicott and De Rossi, we can scarcely report any progress worthy of notice in the settling of that text. And as for the Greek, we can only say—with shame and sorrow—that instead of steering steadily towards a perfect text of the New Testament, we are daily drifting farther and farther from it. Even at this time, after the discovery and examination of more than a thousand MSS. which were unknown to our translators, who, it must be owned, were but slenderly supplied with materials of this sort, we are bold to say that some of the earliest editions of the Greek Testament—for example, Robert Stephens's third edition, of 1550, which differs from that of the Elzevirs, commonly called the *Textus Receptus*, (published in 1624) in about one hundred and thirty places, and for the most part differs from it for the better—are the best editions extant. Griesbach's edition (whose theory of families, thanks to Dr. Laurence, Archbishop of Cashel's triumphant exposure of it, is now deservedly exploded), is worse than any of its predecessors: Scholz's edition, notwithstanding the number of MSS. collated by him, is below

Griesbach's in merit as in time; and the redoubtable Lachmann's* vain and novel fancy respecting the inadmissibility of any MSS. posterior in date to the close of the fourth century, renders the edition he has based upon the narrow foundation to which his rule restricted him,—seven MSS. of the Gospels, out of 745 known to preceding critics—of little worth; while Tischendorf's desperate effort to retrieve the credit of Griesbach's theory reduces his edition to the same low rank with his master's. This finishes the continental list. In England, Alford, a close follower of Lachmann, has just completed an edition of the Greek Testament, which, so far as the text is concerned, we regard as inferior to any of those we have already mentioned; while Bloomfield, who rates him soundly for poaching on his manor, has recently brought out an edition—his ninth!—which we unhesitatingly place at the bottom of our list.

What think our readers now? Are we, in the middle of the nineteenth century, in a position to carry out Mr. Heywood's notion, if the House of Commons had been persuaded to affirm it? Why even Mrs. Glasse, with all her ingenuity, does not guarantee the proper cooking of your hare till you have caught it. Again we ask, Have you got your Hebrew and Greek text, which you are so eager to translate? If not, how preposterous is it to talk about a correct version of that which is, we will not say non-existent, but undiscovered! For our own part, we would gladly see some of the money that is profusely squandered upon things that are worthless—upon Correggios that Correggio never painted, upon Titians that Titian never saw, upon buildings that shame their architects, and are monuments of the folly of those who

employed them—we say that of the sums thus lavishly squandered we would gladly see even a tithe devoted to the purchase of ancient MSS. of the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures, where they are saleable; or to the collation of them by well qualified students, in cases where their owners decline to part with them. In this way the path might be cleared to a close approximation to the originals. For that the Church has in her own hands the means of settling the text of the Sacred Records we are fully persuaded. That sacred deposit has been committed to her keeping; and if the present condition of it shews that she has been heedless of her trust, it is high time for her to bestir herself, to repair the consequences of past neglect, and to exhibit to the world, free from defect and stain, those oracles of God which are at once her glory and her defence. True, the grand and effectual preservative of his Word is the watchful eye of Divine Providence; under its omnipotent guardianship not one jot or tittle of it shall ever perish. But God works by means—he works by human instrumentality; and the Church discovers an inexcusable forgetfulness of this when she sits still, and folds her hands, as if the conservation of the original records of her faith in their integrity were no business of hers. It is her business; and we maintain that the present state of the text is her opprobrium. When she shall have done her duty in this case, it will then be time enough to think of an improved version. Meanwhile let us be very thankful for the version we have got, and say with reference to it, as the ancient Church said of her faith and institutions, when required to alter them, “Let us remain as we are.” It would be well, too, if we were to cultivate more care-

* Lachmann has evinced, in his treatment of those who reject his theory, a bitterness and arrogance which we are happy to say are now become in critical controversy as rare as they are disgraceful. In truth he speaks well of no one. Scholz only escapes the outpouring of his gull, because he does not condescend to name him. Vater he terms “*homo levissimus*.” Tischendorf's New Testament is “*totum peccatum*.” Fritzsche is complimented with a vituperative epithet borrowed from *Æschylus*. But the most amusing case of all is our old friend Dr. Barrett's, the well remembered Vice-Provost of our University, who had the hardihood to edit the fac simile of the Dublin palimpsest of St. Matthew's Gospel (Z of Scholz). After duly thanking the engraver for his workman-like skill, Lachmann politely adds, “*Johannem Barrettum, qui Dublini edidit anno 1801, non laudo, hominem hujus artis, ultra quam credi potest, imperitum.*”

fully the structure, and estimate more justly the opulence and vast resources, of that language into which the original records are to be transfused. It was remarked, in one of his wise fits, by the hero of Cervantes' matchless work, that "the best translation of an ancient author is but like the wrong side of a piece of fine tapestry." The remark is as just as it is beautiful; though we are not prepared to say that the great Spanish genius was the first that made it. We think we have met with it in one of the writers of the later Tudor times,—we believe in Roger Ascham. We cite the observation, however, to shew that a just re-production in a modern dress of the contents of the original Scriptures is not so easy a task as is commonly supposed. Indeed the only persuasion that the examination of the attempts that have been made to give us an *improved* translation has produced in our minds is, that however desirable a new version may be, we have not got the hands to execute it.

As to the effect of that collation of ancient MSS. which we so earnestly recommend, upon the stability of the Christian faith, (which at one time was supposed to be threatened by the vast number of various and discordant lections that the industry of inquirers was constantly bringing to light) we have no fears whatever. Not only have those investigations given us assurance that nothing has *yet* been discovered which should shake our confidence in the purity and integrity of the Bible, but they go farther,—they give us security for the future, and have placed the sacred documents out of the reach of doubt or question for all time to come. We willingly avail ourselves of the assurance conveyed in the following observations, penned by one whose learning and accomplishments render him a competent witness in a case of this sort :

We may well enquire what has been the result of this laborious and acute research, of this toilsome collation of MSS. of every age, and the many theories for classifying critical documents,—in fine, of all the years which able and learned men have dedicated to the zealous task of amending and perfecting the

sacred book? Why truly, if we exclude the great and important conclusions which we have at present in view, the result is so trifling, that we should say there had been much unthrifty squandering of time and talent thereupon. Not indeed that there has been lack of abundant difference of readings; on the contrary, the number is overpowering. Mill's first effort produced 30,000; and the number may be said daily to increase. But in all this mass, although every attainable source has been exhausted; although the fathers of every age have been gleaned for their readings; although the versions of every nation, Arabic, Syrian, Coptic, Armenian, Ethiopian, have been ransacked for their readings; although MSS. of every age, from the sixteenth upwards to the third, and of every country, have been again and again visited to rifle them of their treasures; although, having exhausted the stores of the West, critics have travelled, like naturalists, into distant lands, to discover new specimens,—have visited like Scholz, or Sebastiani, the recesses of Mount Athos, or the unexplored libraries of the Egyptian and Syrian deserts, —yet has nothing been discovered,—no, not one single various reading, which can throw doubt upon any passage before considered certain or decisive in favour of any important doctrine. These various readings, almost without an exception, leave untouched the essential parts of any sentence, and only interfere with points of secondary importance, the insertion or omission of an article, or conjunction, or the forms rather than the substance of words.

Our obligations to the Bible, even if we trace them back to so early a version as Wyckliffe's, are unspeakable. When that heroic spirit—"the apostle of England," "the morning star of the Reformation"—raised the trumpet of truth to his lips, he sounded the first note of that march of FREEDOM, in which Britons, without a single receding step, have steadily advanced from that hour to this. Whatever might have been the fate and fortune of the Sword of the Spirit in other lands, here from that time downwards it has found an asylum and a home; here it was then first drawn, never to be returned to the scabbard; here it was then first wielded with effect, because wielded by an arm of conscious weakness. Never has that weapon of celestial temper shewn, in later times, a blade more bright, or an edge more keen, than it exhibits in our English Bible.* No wonder,

* No translation was ever executed with more spirit than the standard version of England. It was done when the native language, so far as prose is concerned, was in the moment of profection, ready to run into any mould that should be given to it.—DOUGLAS.

then, if against it, above all others, the impotent thunders of the Vatican have been not less repeatedly than frantically launched. We point to 30,000,000 of copies issued in England by a single Society, as a fact by which the world may gauge the depth of our estimation of the value of the Scriptures, and measure the opulence of our spiritual resources. We point to that Society as to an armoury from which our sons and daughters have, sheathed in panoply, provided themselves with weapons for the conflict of life. We point to it as to a proof of our mindfulness of our obligations to others, as well as of those which we owe to ourselves. Cheered ourselves by the tones of inspiration, we have, as was right, taken measures to make others sharers of our joy, so that the pagan nations may join with that Pentecostal audience, and say, "we do hear them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God." We do not, we durst not, claim any merit for acquitting ourselves of this obligation: woe unto us if we neglect it! For what other purpose shall we say that a small island in the Northern Ocean has been blessed with so large a measure of civil liberty, secured to her by her well poised constitution, while she girdles the globe with her commerce, touches with her sceptre the eastern and western extremities of the earth, and spreads her navy, invincible and triumphant, as far as waters roll or winds can waft it; gifted with a language that bears the impress of her people, fit for eloquence and poetry, fit for philosophy and ethics, fit for genius to employ as the vehicle of its loftiest

inspirations, and above all fit—yes, the fittest of all the spoken languages of the earth,—to convey to mortal man an adequate expression of the message sent down from Heaven? Besides all these advantages, which indicate the high destiny of this favoured kingdom, look at her numerous and wide-spread dependencies, especially her colonies in India,—provinces acquired not merely by right of conquest, but by necessity of state; not merely by the vigour of her arm, but by the fiat of the Almighty; not from thirst of territorial aggrandizement, but in spite of the repugnance of her parliaments, the remonstrances of her statesmen, and the reclamations of her people, in obedience to a law from on high, which COMPELS her to "become the first of the nations." "Not for your sakes do I this, O house of Israel, but for mine holy name's sake;" not that we may feed our national pride by gathering into one crown of dazzling effulgence the gems of many a subjugated diadem, but that we may be the humble instrument in the hand of the Supreme Disposer of all things for the maintenance and diffusion of His holy Scriptures. Wherever those Scriptures go, we may trace their course by a track of light. In their train are civilization, political and religious freedom, literature, science, art, and all that ministers to the necessity, convenience, and embellishment of life: and although we would not speak disparagingly of the noble versions that preceded our present translation, we justly claim for it a superiority over them all, and believe that it will be long ere it is supplanted in the affections of the people.

SEA-SIDE OCCUPATION.—MARINE AQUARIA.*

WHAT a human migration takes place in the month of September! As railroad and steam-boat scatter these sheets over the length and breadth of the land, into what remote holes and corners of the earth do those same

railroads and steam-boats carry our readers! A treasury clerk or two remain in town to guard the interests of the British empire. A few sad visaged lawyers look after the fate of those impatient folk who will insist on

* The Aquarium: an unveiling of the wonders of the deep sea.—Handbook to the Aquarium.—Tenby: a sea-side holiday.—A Naturalist's Rambles on the Devonshire Coast.—Marine Zoology, Part I. By Philip Henry Gosse, A.L.S. &c. John Van Voorst.

Rustic Apartments for Homes of Taste. By Shirley Hibberd. Groombridge and Sons.

getting married at the most inconvenient seasons. Every clergyman has the duty of three or four parishes to attend to besides his own. In every shop and counting-house, some one unhappy clerk must keep sentinel up and down the deserted counters. But the mass of mankind, where are they?—We think a large reward might safely be offered to discover the mountain, river, lake, or village in Europe where, on any day within the next six weeks, an Englishman, Irishman, or Scotchman, or all three together, could not be found; not to speak of the great cities which, deserted by their own population, are instantly filled with the inhabitants of these Isles. And what a Babel of tongues prevails!—Not meaning anything discourteous to our fair readers, we venture to assert that, as a general rule, every man and woman speaks his or her own language more accurately than the language of any other country. Now, will any one tell us what language is spoken by our countrymen when once out of England? Certainly not any language taught in our schools or Universities. —The plan most generally adopted, so far as our observation has extended, appears to be this. In the course of a few days we insensibly acquire something of the tone or pitch of the voice of the natives, and then, an English word made as unlike what it really is as possible, and spoken in this tone or pitch, is considered by our traveller to convey the requisite meaning to the foreigner. It is marvellous how well they do comprehend what we mean to say. Long practice, and we suppose a certain universality of our medley tongue, facilitate the operation. Nevertheless, the expense, the language, the trouble, and a thousand *etceteras*, combine to keep by far the larger portion of our readers within the four seas. Of these, the moors and the lochs absorb a multitude, composed of the more vigorous and sportsmanlike; and glorious is their enjoyment. Of the rest, every stream and valley has its artist, not including the regiment of photographers that now marches through the land, armed with mysterious bottles and dark chambers supported on

gigantic wooden spiders. But it is on the sea-shore that the British population, old and young, is for the most part to be found. North, south, east, and west, a fringe of human barnacles lines the coast. Beauties lie hid beneath “uglies,” and individuals no longer beautiful,—we give them the benefit of the “no longer”—tantalize us from under “mushrooms,” (now made perfectly irritating by the long string over the frontleaf.) Old gentlemen wander along in “wide awakes,” thus named because so comfortable to go to sleep in, and young gentlemen in garments too nondescript to admit of description smoke and doze on every rock. A naturalist might not inaccurately commence a definition of man at this season of the year, as “an animal found on the sea-shore between high and low water marks.”

The modes of occupation and amusement at the sea-side are numerous; and not the least attractive is that to which we invite the attention of the reader. Bathing, boating, fishing, walking, riding, reading, are all enjoyments in which the hours and days fly rapidly past; but, if to these we add the pleasures of Natural History, no length of holiday will suffice to exhaust the interest of the sea-shore. The day has gone by when those who followed such pursuits were looked upon as “harmless lunatics.” “To those few well informed persons who still, from old prejudice, accuse us of,

Dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up,

we may say that till the well of creation be emptied, there is no danger of our returning from our labours without abundant food for thought; and if we do not always make the best use of it, the blame must rest with ourselves.”

Formerly to gather empty shells on the shore, or, if tenanted, to boil them and extract the inmate, and neatly to name and arrange his treasures in drawers lined with wool, or to dry and mount on paper the lovely “ocean flowers,” was the limit of the naturalist’s means of observation. Now he can watch the strange animals living

in their native element, and observe the sea-weed garden growing in its wild luxuriance, while, with the aid of a microscope, a world of wonders lies opened before him.

Our readers have, many of them, no doubt, seen and admired the Aquarium in the Zoological Gardens in London or Dublin; sea-weeds in them expanding their feathery fronds, and strangely shaped masses of living flesh pushing forth their bright colored tentacles, pretty shellfish creeping along their glassy sides, and many-hued fishes gliding through the clear water. The man or woman with a mind above billiards or *crochet*, cigars or novels, (not that we despise these invaluable aids to forgetfulness) who will bring with him or her to the sea-side the means of observing these wonders of the deep, will be provided with a fund of interest, amusement, and instruction never to be exhausted. We purpose to set such a one on the right road, and to point out where and how he will find the objects of his pursuit.

As we wish to place our readers in a position to "set to work," we will first suggest what microscopic aid they will require, although without any such assistance there is spread out an ample field for observation. What book will tell me all about it? is the first question of the beginner. There are many good books on this subject, but if the reader has Dr. Carpenter's work, "The Microscope," he will need none other. The cost is about 12s., and the quantity of information it contains amazing. From it we extract the description of a simple microscope to be recommended.

The general purposes of a simple microscope are satisfactorily answered by the instrument which has recently gained the premium awarded by the Council of the Society of Arts, and which is capable of being effectively used in the examination of most of the objects for which such an instrument is suited. It consists of a tubular stem about five inches high, the lower end of which screws firmly into the lid of the box wherein the instrument is packed when not in use. To the upper end of this stem, the stage is firmly fixed; while the lower end carries a concave mirror. Within the tubular stem is a round pillar, having a rack cut into it, against which a pinion works that is turned by a milled head; and the upper part of this pillar carries a horizontal arm which bears the lenses; so that by turning the milled

head, the arm may be raised or lowered, and the requisite focal adjustment obtained. Three magnifiers are supplied with this instrument; and by using them either separately or in combination (the lens of shortest focus being placed at the bottom, whenever two, or all three, are used together) a considerable range of powers, from about five to forty diameters, is obtained. The stage is perforated with a hole at each corner; into any one of which may be fitted a condensing lens for opaque objects in a pair of stage forceps. An aquatic box for the examination of objects in water is also supplied. Furthermore, "the price of the instrument, with all these appurtenances, packed in a neat mahogany box, is only *half a guinea*, and the maker, Mr. G. Field of Birmingham, is bound by his agreement with the Society of Arts to keep it always in stock."

For more minute investigations the student must provide himself with a compound microscope, of which several forms will be found described by Dr. Carpenter, and in purchasing which we would recommend the reader to trust himself to the character of a first-rate optician in selecting a suitable instrument.

Whether armed with these extra eyes or without, the next requisite is a proper vessel in which to place the living animals and weeds we may find. Any glass vessel will do, but the plate-glass Aquarium manufactured by Messrs. Sanders and Woolcot, of Doughty-street, London, are by far the most elegant and satisfactory contrivances for the purpose. They are of various shapes and sizes and prices, from £1 11s. 6d. upwards. Being, from the nature of the material, heavy to move, we would recommend one of small size to begin with.

And now, arrived at the sea shore, we imagine the enthusiastic reader all impatience to fill the tank and set to work, observing and noting the manners and customs of its inhabitants. But stay,—not so fast; be cautious,—a little care and trouble in this respect at first will save sad disappointment and great difficulties in the end. Remember what you are attempting. Those free, untamed creatures, to which every wave brings fresh nourishment, and which roam from rock to rock, from pool to pool, as each successive source of life is exhausted, are about to be confined in a narrow box some foot and a-half square, the few gallons of water it

contains to constitute their sole supply for months to come. Take care then that the tank contains no impurity to corrupt the water. Let it be well washed and exposed to the air: be careful not to overstock it, and let the amount of vegetable growth be amply sufficient. In this last condition lies the discovery to which we are indebted for our water-gardens of Zoology.

Researches into the chemistry of animal and vegetable bodies, and especially of the effects they severally produce by respiration on the medium surrounding them, have resulted in the conclusion that animals and vegetables supply each other with the gases most essential to existence; what the one exhales as effete and noxious, the other absorbs for the highest uses of vitality. Animals take oxygen from the medium in which they live, and in return exhale carbonic acid. Vegetables also absorb oxygen gas and give out carbon, but they also absorb the latter in greater quantity than they exhale it, and during their season of greatest activity throw off more oxygen than they take up at other times.

Lavoisier was the first who upon philosophical grounds established the fact of this balance of influences. De Saussure, in 1780, proved that plants had a tendency to improve the atmosphere, by robbing it of the gases most baneful to animal life; and Priestley, by means of well-devised experiments, ascertained that when atmospheric air had become vitiated by combustion and animal respiration, plants had the power of restoring it to a normal condition, so as to be again capable of supporting flame and the breathing of animals. Inglehouse and Ellis contributed to this enquiry, and modern chemistry establishes the fact, that though vegetables absorb oxygen, they do, by the decomposition of carbonic acid into its elements—oxygen and carbon—yield a large quantity of the first element to the atmosphere, while retaining the second for the construction of their tissues. In the philosophical examination of this subject, the report of Professor Daubeny to the British Association in 1833 is, perhaps, the most conclusive and elaborate of any of the contributions of modern chemists. He regarded light as operating upon the green parts of plants in such a way as to enable them to assimilate carbon and evolve oxygen; and concluded that if a very small portion of a tree or shrub generates a considerable quantity of oxygen, there were no reasons to doubt that the influence of the vegetable might serve as a complete compensation for that of the animal kingdom.*

Upon this principle of the mutual support of the animal and vegetable worlds depends, then, the successful establishment of the Aquarium. What the exact proportion of each requisite to sustain the other may be remains to be discovered. If we place the animals in water without living vegetable growth, they will quickly perish; if we place too great a number of animals in the water with living plants, the animals will likewise die. The vegetable portion is not apparently so easily affected, as the Aquarium may be stocked with plants long before any animals are placed in it. However, the purest sea-water will be found to contain numberless minute animals, which no doubt are not without their effect on the plants associated with them.

The history of the various successful attempts that have been made to construct Marine Aquaria is very interesting. The first in the field was the late lamented Dr. Johnston, a name dear to all students of Marine Zoology, and who has left in his works on Sponges and Zoophytes imperishable monuments of his patient industry and distinguished talents. Writing in 1842, he says,

It is now eight weeks since I placed in a small glass jar, containing about six ounces of pure sea water, a tuft of the living *Corallina officinalis* to which were attached two or three minute *confervee*, and the very young frond of a green *ulva*; while numerous *rissois*, several little mussels and annelides and a star-fish were crawling amid the branches. The jar was placed on a table, and was seldom disturbed, though occasionally looked at; and at the end of four weeks the water was found to be still pure, the mullusca and other animals all alive and active, the *confervee* had grown perceptibly, and the coralline itself had thrown out some new shoots, and several additional articulations. Eight weeks have now elapsed since the experiment was begun,—the water has remained unchanged, yet the coralline is growing, and apparently has lost none of its vitality; but the animals have sensibly decreased in numbers, though many of them continue to be active, and show no dislike to their situation.

A lady was the next of whose experiments we have a record. We quote from Mr. Hibberd.

* Rustic Adornment.

In the autumn of 1846, Mrs. Thynne made the experiment of bringing some living madrepores from Torquay to London, for the purpose of study and the entertainment of friends. A stone jar was filled with sea water; the madrepores were fixed on a large sponge by means of a needle and thread. They arrived in London safely, and were placed in two glass bowls, and the water changed every other day. But the six gallons of water brought by Mrs. Thynne was now exhausted, and must be used again. She here devised means to freshen it for second use.

"I thought of having it aerated by pouring it backwards and forwards before an open window, for half or three quarters of an hour between each time of using it. This was, doubtless, a fatiguing operation; but I had a little handmaid, who besides being anxious to oblige me thought it rather an amusement."

Thus the madrepores were supplied with air by means of the agitation of the water into which they were to be placed, and at the expiration of three months a fresh supply of sea-water was obtained, and all went on well. This success led Mrs. Thynne to further experiments. She says, "In the spring of 1847, I wished to try whether I could adjust the balance between animal and vegetable life, and sent for shells and small pieces of rock, to which living sea-weed was attached. On these shells, &c., were sure to be many zoophytes and other animals, so that I obtained a very various and curious collection of marine creatures. I had a quantity of microscopic corallines, which multiplied very fast; *serpula* that rapidly elongated their stony cases; some *neris*, and a great many beautiful little things for which I could find no name. On one piece of rock was the first germ of a living sponge. I watched the shooting forth of its spicula with the greatest interest. It was very fine, and grew to the size of a hazelnut, coming to maturity in about six weeks. In the course of the next winter, from want of motion in the water, it had become so covered with dust that I did not know whether it were alive or dead; but in the following June a bright spot appeared on one side, and it threw forth a spicula which attached itself to the rock, and in about six weeks a full-grown young sponge stood beside its parent. I placed the sponge in a darkened room, and found the spicula grew most on whichever side was turned to the light. From this time I regularly placed sea weed in my glass bowls; but as I was afraid that I might not keep the exact balance required, I still had the water refreshed by aeration. I do not know from which, or whether it was from both causes, that my little flock continued to thrive so much, but I seldom had a death."

In 1850, Mr. Warrington commu-

nicated to the Chemical Society the result of his experiments in establishing Fresh-water Aquaria, and in 1852 both Mr. Warrington and Mr. Gosse commenced experimenting with sea water. The latter gentleman has given the results of his experiments and observations in the delightful series of works from which we intend to make some extracts. There is still ample room for observation. What has been done is nothing as compared with the boundless field for study thus thrown open. The number of varieties of sea weed that have been successfully cultivated is very small. What are the conditions requisite for the support of those that have hitherto been unsuccessfully attempted remains to be discovered. Is it shade, depth of water, or anything peculiar in the water itself? Again, some animals live as contentedly as in their native seas, others, from the same localities, languish and die. What is it these want in our tank that the others possess? The observer who will discover and note the conditions necessary to the life of one of these delicate creatures, will confer no slight benefit on science.

One fact has been ascertained of which the reader should be apprised before filling the tank. Attention should be given as to the situation in which it is to be placed. The Aquarium must be freely exposed to the action of light. At some time of the day the sun should shine fully upon the growing sea weeds. If it be placed in a situation where it will have a few hours of the morning sun, this will be sufficient; and indeed it is the better plan to be shaded from the full mid-day sunshine, as otherwise the water may become too warm for the fishes and the animals to endure without injury. But a tank placed in a position where the sun's rays cannot reach it, will be found a very unsuccessful affair. The effect of the sun's rays is seen at once in the accumulation of tiny bubbles of gas on every spray of sea-weed. This gas is pure oxygen, and not only is its production a sign of healthy growth in the plant, but it renders no small service in preserving the purity of the water.

We may now allow the zealous student to fill the tank. At the bottom are to be placed the stones to which the sea-weeds are attached. These

must either be broken off from the rocks with a chisel and hammer, or gathered on the shore. A little diligence in search will find many loose pieces of stone and pebbles on which the sea-weeds are growing. It is well not to place too great a depth of pebbles at the bottom. As many as will cover it ornamentally will be sufficient. Some of the animals will die, and it is sometimes difficult to get them from under the stones if too crowded. Should it be intended to place any of the burrowing bivalves or worms in the tank, a portion of it may be covered with a few inches of sand. The sand selected for this purpose should be the clean shelly sand generally found at high water mark. Some of the fishes, shrimps, and other creatures are so fond of rooting on the miniature sandy beach, or hiding themselves in it, that we would in fact advise a part of the tank to be so allotted. And now let the clear water be carefully poured in, not so hastily as to stir up all the sediment and fine particles of sand from the bottom, which will settle on the sea-weeds and give the whole an untidy, dirty appearance, but steadily and quietly, letting it fall first on some stone from which it can flow off without making any disturbance. As to the rock-work of the Aquarium, it is very much a matter of taste and skill to fit it up so as to be ornamental in itself, and afford the greatest variety of situations for the abode of its future inmates. A few large pieces reaching to the surface of the water are most useful, as it is the habit of many of the animals to crawl out and lie exposed to the air, and by the aid of cement the pieces of stone may be secured in any form that taste and ingenuity can suggest.

We will let Mr. Gosse tell us how he proceeds to gather sea-weeds, promising that in our opinion the reader will do well, until his Aquarium has been fully established in healthy operation, to confine himself to the green sea-weeds. These are not only the easiest to procure, being universally distributed, but are the most likely to succeed; in fact, there is little risk of failure; and uninteresting as they look lying withering on the shore, nothing can be more lovely than their delicate fronds expanded in the water.

Suppose the time to be the first or second

day after full or new moon, when the tide recedes to its greatest extent, laying bare large tracts of surface that are ordinarily covered by the sea. This is the most suitable time for procuring sea-weeds, for these must be taken in a growing state; and hence the specimens which are washed on shore, and which serve very well for laying out on paper, are utterly useless for our purpose.

With a large collecting basket, a couple of wide-mouthed stone jars, a similar one of glass, two or three smaller phials, a couple of strong hammers, and the same number of what are technically termed "cold chisels" tipped with steel, I proceed with an attendant to some one of the ledges of black rock that project like long slender tongues into the sea. An unpractised foot would find the walking precarious and dangerous, for the rocks are rough and sharp, and the dense matting of black bladder-weed with which they are covered, conceals many abrupt and deep clefts beneath its slimy drapery. These fissures, however, are valuable to us. We lift up the hanging mass of olive weed (*Fucus*) from the edge, and find the sides of the clefts often fringed with the most delicate and lovely forms of sea-weed; such, for example, as the winged *Delessaria* (*D. alata*) which grows in thin much cut leaves of the richest crimson hue, and the feathery *Ptilota* (*P. plumosa*) of a duller red. Beneath the shadow of the coarser weeds delights also to grow the *Chondrus*, in the form of little leafy bushes, each leaf widening to a flattened top. When viewed growing in its native element this plant is particularly beautiful; for its numerous leaves glow with refulgent reflections of azure, resembling the colour of tempered steel. This weed when dried is used for making jellies, and constitutes the carriage-moss of the shops.

Low lying pools are often incrustated with a coat of stony or shelly substance of a dull purple hue, having an appearance closely like that of some lichens; the crust investing the surface of the rock, and adhering firmly to it, in irregular patches which continually increase from the circumference in concentric zones. This is the young state of the *Corallina officinalis*, which by and by shoots up into little bushes of many jointed twigs diverging on every hand or hanging in tufts over the edges of the rockpools. Young collectors are eager, I perceive, to seize such specimens as are purely white; but this condition is that of death; in life and health the shoots are of the same pale purple hue as the lichenous crust. The plant in both states (for plant it undoubtedly is, though principally composed of lime, and of stone-like hardness), is suitable for a tank; as it survives and flourishes long; and your pieces of rock-work you may select from such places as are covered with the purple crust.

The most valuable plant of all for our purpose is the sea lettuce (*Ulva latissima*). Every one is familiar with its broad leaves of

the most brilliant green, as thin as paper, all puckered and folded at the edge, and generally torn and fretted into holes. It is abundant in the hollows of the rocks between tide marks, extending and thriving even almost to the level of high water, and bearing with impunity the burning rays of the summer's sun, provided it be actually covered with a stratum of water, even though this be quite tepid. It therefore is more tolerant than usual of the limited space and profuse light of an Aquarium, where it will grow prosperously for years, giving out abundantly its bundles of oxygen gas all day long. It is readily found, but owing to the excessive slenderness of its attachment to the rock, and its great fragility, it is not one of the easiest to be obtained in an available state.

These are a few of the sorts of sea plants which are met with in the situations I have described. In order to transfer them to an Aquarium, a portion of the rock on which they are growing must be removed. These plants have no proper roots, and therefore cannot be dug up and replanted like an orchid or a violet, but adhere by a minute disk to the surface of the rock, and if forcibly detached, die. I therefore bring the hammer and chisel into requisition, and split off a considerable fragment of the solid stone, which then with the plant adhering to it is placed in the Aquarium. This is often a difficult, always a delicate, operation; the rock is frequently so hard as to resist the action of the chisel, or breaks at the wrong place; sometimes, on the other hand, it is so soft and friable as to crumble away under the implement, leaving only the isolated plant deprived of its attachment; and sometimes on the first blow the sea-weed flies off with the vibration of the shock. Often we have to work under water, when the force of the blows is weakened and almost rendered powerless by the density of the medium, and when it is next to impossible to see with sufficient clearness to direct the assault.

As the plants are detached they are placed one by one in security. The finer and more delicate ones, as the *Delessaria* for instance, are immediately dropped into a jar of water; for only a few minutes exposure of their lovely fronds to the air would turn them to that dull orange colour, already mentioned as a sign of incipient decay. The hardier sorts are laid in the basket—a layer of damp refuse weed being first put in to receive them—and covered lightly with damp weed. The degree of moisture thus secured is sufficient to preserve many species from injury for hours. Thus they are brought home.

It is wise to allow the sea-weeds undisturbed possession of the Aquarium for some days, until the water has deposited all the sediment it contains, and the portions of sea-weed

that will inevitably die have been removed.

The animals that may be introduced are as various as the opportunities of the collector and his diligence in searching may allow. Experience has, however, taught some lessons which it will be well to remember. We cannot imitate the ebb and flow of the tide, at least not without considerable difficulty and trouble; therefore such creatures as are naturally exposed to the air for some hours every day, will not live long when wholly immersed in water. The common yellow little winkle (*Littorina littoralis*) is one of these, and though very pretty and very useful, it will after a few days fall to the bottom and die. The large dark brown or black periwinkle (*L. littorea*) is equally useful, and, dull and uninteresting as is its dingy shell, the expanded animal, when crawling round the sides of the tank, is by no means so unornamental an object. Its body, regularly striped with black and white, we hold to be as elegant as the creature itself is useful. What use, do you ask, can these animals be in the tank? Watch them for a while, and you will discover. They are vegetable feeders. In the course of a week or two, you will find the sides of the Aquarium become quite dull, so as to conceal its contents in consequence of the growth of minute *confervæ* all over the glass. If this growth is not removed, farewell to all further observation of the inmates. Now these sober looking periwinkles browse greedily on the delicate pasture here provided for them, and a sufficient number of them will keep the sides of the Aquarium perfectly clean and transparent. There are other shell-fish equally useful and equally hardy in confinement, particularly the species of the *Trochus* tribe, whose shells, either dull grey, worn at the tops, or gracefully striped and terminating in sharp pointed spires, are common enough all round the coast. These are our vegetable scavengers; but we will do well to provide likewise scavengers from among the carnivorous animals. Death will overtake many of our little prisoners, and their dead bodies, if not speedily removed, will corrupt and poison the whole tank. A watchful eye must

discover and remove all such dangerous tenants; and we have, besides, skilful workmen who will render great and speedy assistance in this matter. The crab tribe are here called into requisition. On every shore will be found multitudes of tiny green or brown colored crabs. These are not the young of the well-known occupant of the fishmonger's stall, but are of different species, never acquiring a much larger size than a very few inches in circumference. Now these active little creatures are carnivorous, devouring everything living or dead that comes in their way. They will occasionally destroy some of the smaller animals of the collection, but the mischief they do in this way is more than compensated by the eagerness with which they consume everything that dies within their reach. Many a little shellfish, or worm, or zoophyte will retire into some obscure corner to end its days, and may remain undiscovered for a long time after death; but these little crabs will be found to have consumed every part of it not too hard for their claws, thus preventing any evil result from decomposition. By all means, then, place a few of them in the tank. They are, besides their utility, most amusing creatures in their gait, and the odd manner in which they use their little claws as hands to search for and convey to the mouth whatever food may lie in their way; while, in their economy and development, a great deal remains to be discovered by the attentive observer.

In the beautiful works of Mr. Gosse will be found coloured figures and descriptions of many of the animals that may be procured for the Aquarium; and every locality will be found to possess some peculiarity of its own. The little book by this author, entitled "*Marine Zoology*," will be found an invaluable manual of the various strange forms of life that people our seas. By its assistance the student can rarely fail to recognise the genus of any creature he may find; at least of the classes comprised in the first part of the work, which is, we regret, the only part yet published. For the complete examination of many of these, the aid of the microscope is required.

It is a pity that Mr. Gosse's books are so costly, (except the last-men-

tioned, which is only seven shillings and sixpence) for we know of no writer who can more happily blend entertaining description with scientific instruction. Our readers we are sure will thank us for the following extracts from his last published work, "*Tenby*." The author is speaking of a wide rocky cove on the north side of St. Catherine's, "a beautiful place for zoophyte-hunting."

Here, then, we are just emerging from the yawning mouth of the lofty cave behind us, but scarcely yet under the span of the clear blue sky. The black rocks overhang their bases, and their sides are crowded with the orange-coloured *amorocia*, the pale olive and white *actinæ*, and the shrivelled drab *cows-paps*. From thousands of little holes in the stone project small crimson knobs, which the fishermen felicitously call "red noses." You touch one and instantly it retreats into its hole, snorting at you a little squirt of clear water as it retires; a sort of Parthian warfare—firing as it flies.

But what manner of creature is it at all? Let us take a more careful look at him. Here is one with his crimson nose lolling out a good way: it is a white fleshy proboscis, with only the very tip rosy, where we discern two round orifices: and looking closer, we see that the proboscis is composed of two parallel fleshy tubes soldered together, as it were, and that they open at the common extremity, side by side. We nip it with our fingers, hoping to drag out the troglodyte to open day. Vain hope! he has slipped through our grasp, and has vanished into his fortress like his fellows. We must batter down his castle; there is nothing else for it.

Whack! whack! rap! rap! bang! bang! goes the hammer with its ringing strokes on the well beaten head of the steel chisel. How tough and hard this limestone is! Ha! here is a fine fragment! and see it is pierced through and through with smooth rounded tunnels, just wide enough to admit your little finger. And here lie, all exposed and helpless, the objects of our curiosity. Poor creatures! Like the cat in the fable, they have but one shift, one resource: ordinarily that is quite sufficient for their defence: for the strong stone walls which gird them in, when retired, are an impregnable fortress to every thing, almost, except man, who fights with hammers and steel chisels,—weapons which, were a jury of red-noses to decide, would, doubtless, be condemned as very unfair and mischievous.

Well, here they are! little, stumpy, thick-set, bivalve shell-fish, with shells of a dirty whitish hue, or what is known in homely tongue as "whity brown," rough of surface, and uncouth of form. They are the *saxicava rugosa*.

You say they are ugly, and are about to

throw them away. Stay a moment; I won't say a word for their beauty. A red nose is not generally admired; and as that is certainly their handsomest feature, much cannot be said on this score.

But this home-spun gentleman has done what you would find a somewhat hard job. He has dug his own burrow. With no other implements than his own flimsy brittle shell, and his soft fleshy body, he has pierced those cylindrical galleries through this uncommonly hard and solid limestone. "How?" say you. "Who knows?" say I. "The carbonate of lime is dissolved by an acid secreted by the animal," say some. "There is no such acid," replies another, "and if there were, it could not act as a solvent upon substances so diverse as are perforated by these borers. No: it is by the incessant rotation of the animal, whereby the rough shell is made to rasp or file away the stone." But others maintain that the rasping organ is not the shell, but the soft fleshy mouth or foot, which is said to be studded with grains of flint for the purpose. Others, again, assert that the ciliary currents of water constantly driven against the solid stone are the only, or, at best, the primary agents employed in this apparently more than Herculean labour! After these conflicting opinions, all that we can feel sure of is, that the work is done somehow.

The extraordinary creatures described above are not, however, the best suited for the purpose of an Aquarium. The sea anemones, on the other hand, of which some rare species are noted as occurring at Tenby, are among the most valuable treasures we can find, flourishing in the tank for a very long period.

Among the most interesting and ornamental tenants of the Aquarium are the various small fishes that are to be found in the rock pools and among the sea-weeds around the shore. The reader has no idea of the beauty of many of these little creatures, till seen swimming in the Aquarium, and they are, besides, hardy and patient of confinement.

Mr. Yarrell's work on British fishes will be found a most agreeable companion on this subject. The little sand gobies, the blennies, the rocklings, the eels, &c., &c., may be met with of many species in almost every sea-side locality; and a diligent search will discover, we have no doubt, many rare tenants of our waters, which, however despised by the fishmonger and abandoned to the pursuits of little boys with crooked pins, are of never-failing interest to the scientific fisherman and aquarium-keeper.

In the examination of the sea-weeds, no better assistance can be had than the *Manual of Marine Algae*, by Professor Harvey, of our own University. It is beyond comparison the best book on the subject. Here the aid of the microscope will be called into requisition. It is impossible to determine the species of a large number of these minutely-constructed vegetables without additional powers of vision.

The same is to be said of many of the smaller zoophytes, which may for some time be preserved in the tank, and whose delicate graceful forms are well worthy of every effort to recognise and observe them. As for the marvellous forms of existence, whether animal or vegetable, comprised in the families of Diatomaceæ and Desmidiæ (the latter however, for the most part, to be found in fresh water), and so admirably illustrated in the monographs of Professor Smith and Mr. Ralfs, we are wholly dependent on the microscope for our means of observation.

We must not omit to warn the student of the mishaps he will, we are pretty certain, meet with, that he may not be discouraged thereby. For a few days all will go well; the sea-weeds will put on their rows of airy pearls, limpets and periwinkles will feed vigorously, and fishes will fight and enjoy themselves, to the great satisfaction of the owner. But alas! misfortunes will happen! Our miniature sea will grow dim and cloudy, and some fine day we will find that unless something be done to restore the transparency of the water, our labour is all lost. What is to be done? Now, if the sea is at hand, and water easily to be procured, we say unhesitatingly, throw away the impure water and replace it with a fresh supply. The chances are much diminished of the same accident occurring a second time; but if fresh sea-water is not to be found, then carefully draw off the water from the tank, and slowly filter it back through a funnel with a sponge placed in the mouth of the tube. Mr. Gosse tells us—

The process of bringing every drop of the water into contact with the atmosphere is an effectual remedy for destroying the tendency to putrefaction; as the animal fluids and solids held in suspension enter into combination with the oxygen of the air, and form the pure innocuous gas called ozone. The result will be that the milkiness will rapidly

disappear; the water will assume a transparent clearness which will in all probability be permanent; the plants will thrive and the animals will be lively. This result will be rendered still more secure by filtering the water through pounded charcoal, and by allowing some pieces of the same substance to float in the tank.

It is of great benefit, further, to provide for the continual aeration of the water in the manner suggested by Mr. Gosse, namely, to suspend a drip-glass a few feet over the Aquarium, and to fill the glass every morning with a portion of the water from the tank.

Our details of marineaquaria would be incomplete without some notice of the successful manufacture of sea-water from its chemical constituents, thus extending the facility with which these delightful aids to the naturalist may be maintained in places remote from the sea. We give Mr. Gosse's own account of his experiment.

The inconveniences, delay, and expense attendant upon the procuring of sea-water, from the coast or from the ocean, I had long ago felt to be a great difficulty in the way of a general adoption of the Marine Aquarium. Even in London it is an awkward and precarious matter; how much more in inland towns and country places, where it must always prove not only a hindrance, but to the many an insuperable objection. The thought had occurred to me, that as the constituents of sea-water are known, it might be practicable to manufacture it; since all that seemed necessary was to bring together the salts in proper proportion, and add pure water till the solution was of the proper specific gravity.

I took Schweitzer's analysis; but as I found that there was some slight difference between his and Laurent's, I concluded that a very minute accuracy was not indispensable. Schweitzer gives the following analysis of 1000 grains of sea-water taken off Brighton:—

Water	964·744
Chloride of sodium	27·059
— magnesium ..	3·666
— potassium	0·765
Bromide of magnesium—	0·029
Sulphate of magnesia ..	2·295
Sulphate of lime	1·407
Carbonate of lime	0·033
	999·998

The Bromide of magnesium and the carbonate of lime I thought I might neglect,

from the minuteness of their quantities; as also because the former was not found at all by M. Laurent in the water of the Mediterranean; and the latter might be found in sufficient abundance in the fragments of shell, coral, and calcareous algae thrown in to make the bottom of the Aquarium. The sulphate of lime (plaster of Paris) also I ventured to eliminate, on account of its extreme insolubility, and because M. Laurent finds it in excessively minute quantity. The component salts were then reduced to four, which I used in the following quantities:—

Common table salt.....	3½ oz.
Epsom salt.....	¼ oz.
Chloride of magnesium..	200 gr. }
— of potassium ..	40 gr. } Troy

To these salts, thrown into a jar, a little less than four quarts of water (New River) were added, so that the solution was of that density that a specific gravity bubble, 1026 would just sink in it.

The water thus manufactured has continued for upwards of seventeen months without interruption to support animal and vegetable life. It is as transparent as the day it was put in, rivaling the water of the clearest rock pool, from which it can in no respect be distinguished, either in its sensible qualities or in its fitness for plants and animals. Since then I have made other and larger quantities with the same success, so that I can confidently recommend the formula for general adoption. The salts are sold in packets with all needful directions, by Mr. Bolton, of 146, Holborn Bars, Holborn. The cost is only a few pence.

We have now, we trust, made the construction of the Aquarium sufficiently intelligible to enable all who have the taste and opportunity to add this to the enjoyments of the sea-side; and even when returned to their several winter inland homes, to bring with them and preserve the living memorials of their holiday. Natural history has this advantage over many other pursuits, that it can be studied with success in the intervals of the urgent business of life. The veriest slave to blue books and red tape may, in the short seasons of rest allowed him, do good service to science, and derive no small measure of relaxation himself, from such pursuits as those to which we have directed the reader's attention; and, in fact, not a few of our most eminent naturalists have been, and are, men distinguished for their close attention to the more lucrative occupations of the world.

OLD CHURCH BELLS.

BY JONATHAN FREEE SLINGSBY

I.

Ring out merrily,
 Loudly, cheerily,
 Blithe old bells from the steeple tower.
 Hopefully, fearfully,
 Joyfully, tearfully,
 Moveth the bride from her maiden bower.
 Cloud there is none in the fair summer sky ;
 Sunshine flings benison down from on high ;
 Children sing loud, as the train moves along,
 " Happy the bride that the sun shineth on."

II.

Knell out drearily,
 Measured and wearily,
 Sad old bells from the steeple grey.
 Priests chanting lowly ;
 Solemnly, slowly
 Passeth the corse from the portal to-day.
 Drops from the leaden clouds heavily fall
 Drippingly over the plume and the pall ;
 Murmur old folk, as the train moves along,
 " Happy the dead that the rain raineth on."

III.

Toll at the hour of prime,
 Matin, and vesper chime,
 Loved old bells from the steeple high--
 Rolling, like holy waves,
 Over the lowly graves,
 Floating up, prayer-fraught, into the sky.
 Solemn the lesson your lightest notes teach ;
 Stern is the preaching your iron tongues preach ;
 Ringing in life from the bud to the bloom,
 Ringing the dead to their rest in the tomb.

IV.

Peal out evermore—
 Peal as ye pealed of yore,
 Brave old bells, on each Sabbath day,
 In sunshine and gladness,
 Through clouds and through sadness,
 Bridal and burial have passed away.
 Tell us life's pleasures with death are still rife ;
 Tell us that Death ever leadeth to Life ;
 Life is our labor, and Death is our rest,
 If happy the Living, the Dead are the blest.

THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

THE condition of a country must be indeed precarious when, torn by faction, pauperized by mal-administration, degraded by the unsettling presence of foreign armies, its cities under martial-law, its high-roads given up to brigandage, it has become an object of shame and terror in the midst of surrounding nations. Such is the actual state of Italy, the fairest spot in all the continent of Europe, the most prolific in all the associations of past times, the richest in all that can promise for the future.

To trace any of these results to their causes would be not alone to enter upon one of the most intricate inquiries of contemporary history, but also to engage in a scarcely less difficult examination—that of the traits of a people, whose natures, endowed almost above every other, have been degraded by misrule, debased by superstitions, and whose very morality has been sacrificed as the easy means of accomplishing their slavery. Our limits will not admit of such investigation, and we can but glance at the working of the existing evils, and call attention to a state of things which is alike a reproach to our century, as it is a standing menace to the peace of Europe.

The greatest step which our age has effected in political knowledge, is the recognition of the fact, that the material prosperity of a state, and its social well-being, are the real tests of its being well and wisely governed. When life and property are secured, when the toil of industry is protected, where the exigencies of the government impinge little on personal freedom, where the burden of taxation is no more than what the just requirements of the state demand,—whether the rule be that of absolute monarchy or constitutionalism—whether the ruler be called Pope or President—there is little to complain of. There may be questions of internal administration, tariffs to reform, wider freedom of the press to be desired, more tolerance in matters of religion to be exercised: but these are all matters which are

within the safe limits of discussion; they involve no vital necessities, and so far from damaging the stability of a state, they are as often the healthy excesses of liberal and enlightened patriotism.

It was a saying of the great modern Macchiavelli—Prince Talleyrand—that “there were very few governments too bad to live under,” the observation being directed to the contrast between the regulated march of any disciplined administration, and the capricious cruelty of mob rule. Assuredly, there is much truth in the remark. The stated and invariable dictates of a written code, severe though they be, are light in comparison with the inflictions of a rule varying with eventualities, at one moment exulting in success, at the next vindictive and persecuting under failure. To combine the evils of each—to preserve the unswerving tyranny of a despotism, and to superadd all the iniquities which are the suggestions of men’s worst passions—would seem to have been the great receipt of Italian government; and from Lombardy to Naples, we see a people tortured by every species of misrule which the stupidity or malevolence of man has ever devised.

A dominant church, not alone set above the law in every personal responsibility, but placed beneath and within the law as an element of intrigue and espionage—a moral detective force, penetrating into every family, seated at every hearth, influencing every resolve, and swaying every motive—such is the chief instrument of all Italian legislation. From the choice of a minister to the selection of the humblest official in the state, the pleasure of the church is to be taken. If a great measure of policy is to be supported, or a passport denied to a maid-servant, the same high authority is to be consulted. All responsible rule is a mere farce in the presence of a power screened from every observation, ever working in secret,—its agents disseminated through every corner of the

land, mingling with every class, and all amenable to a discipline which can secure zeal and ensure activity.

Next in power to this agency is the secret police system,* an agency which probably has gone farther to corrupt and debase the people than any combination of causes in existence.

The fact that in every rank and condition of life, from the highest to the lowest, the paid emissaries of the police are to be found, illustrates the breadth of a detective system which penetrates into every family. By the working of this abominable agency, the most vindictive cruelties are accomplished; denunciations, as they are called, are the constant resource of private personal enmities; and men have been accused of political offences, arrested and imprisoned, for no other real reason than some accidental slight to a man in power—some casual show of dislike to the society of a government official.

The most important functions of the secret police, however, are less exercised in discovering schemes than in suggesting and promoting them, and a distinct department of this body are devoted to this praiseworthy duty. The hardest, most daring patriot in a dinner party of young men at Sorrento—the most energetic denouncer of kingly tyranny—the readiest to offer himself to lead a band of daring followers to the attack—is very commonly the retained agent of the police, who only enacts the wild orgies of excited youth to draw up his report for the minister. In the same way, the workman whose fluent speech has obtained him an influence over his fellows, and whose description of political oppressors has actually goaded them on to open revolt, is nothing more than the "mouchard" of the prefecture, who has provided the minister with every detail of the projected movement, and in whose pocket are dates and names of every circumstance that can criminate his companions. While such infamous practices go far to degrade and debase those who profess them, engendering habits of the basest treachery, hypocrisy, distrust, and falsehood on every side, they in-

flict another evil scarcely less pernicious on those by whom they are countenanced, which is, that they impress the governing powers of these states with the most intense contempt for the characters of those beneath their rule. The knowledge that there is not a society in the land, however polished and exalted—not a class of men, however elevated in station or independent in fortune—into which the minister cannot penetrate by corruption, does much to degrade in his estimation those over whom he presides, and readily leads to the persuasion, that amidst elements so debased and demoralized, a system based on demoralization can alone prevail.

It has been often reproached against the Italian governments, that they have little studied the habits of the people, and taken short account of those strange and peculiar characteristics which guide their natures. In one respect the reproach is palpably unmerited. For every purpose of cruelty and repression—for every object of corruption and enslavement—they have deeply and intently investigated the temperament of the nation. Every instinct of the southern blood has been calmly, keenly calculated. Their religious zeal, their superstition, their credulity, their craft, their love of indolence, have all been weighed and estimated; and from the impulses that sway them and the passions which move them, artful plans of administrative rule have been devised with an ingenuity that one may well regret has not been dignified by nobler ends.

Setting fidelity to the state at the head of all human virtue, making attachment to the government the real test of a man's excellence, and throwing a gloss of indulgence over all private and personal delinquency is a favourite system with Italian rulers. The most abandoned and profligate are often found in the rank of the ministers; men, whose lives are in open defiance to the moral opinion of all around them, are the advisers of the Sovereign and the companions of the Prince. Such men "give no hostages to honour." They

* La haute police est aujourd'hui liée à la politique, et en quelque sorte domine même cette dernière.—M. METERNICH.

represent to the nation at large nothing beyond the benefit of low cunning, the success of unscrupulous, shameless craft. It were absurd to suppose that any sense of respect, much less of affection, existed on the part of the people towards governors so constituted, thoroughly knowing the whole lives of those who rule them, conversant with their vices, and even their crimes. The people have long learned to despise as well as detest them. The acts and opinions of such men come, therefore, tinged with the dark dye of their private lives. Not a step in legislation—not a measure of finance—that does not suggest, and naturally too, the basest motives; and if by any casualty an enactment that savors of better government should issue from their hands, every suspicion is at once enlisted to depreciate and distrust it, and every calumnious device invented to find a secret treachery in its tendency.

Let any one imagine such elements as these in operation amongst a people singularly fertile in every ingenuity of distrust, who accept nothing in good faith, and are ever ready to invest with suspicion acts the most palpably favourable to them and theirs; he may form some idea of the frame of mind which pervades the Peninsula. A word of esteem or respect for one in power is never heard. Pope or prince, arch-duke or cardinal, it is all alike. The very terrors of religion are weak to repress the bitter animosity they feel towards those above them, and whom they only recognize in the galley or the guillotine, in the secret denunciation of the spy, and in the dark dungeon of perpetual imprisonment.

But it needs not the warm, impassioned temperament of this impulsive race to be thus carried away. The actual evils are terribly palpable. The country is beggared by taxation. In the Roman states alone the assessment is made for fourteen months in lieu of a year! In Tuscany, the least oppressed and best administered state after Piedmont, landed property is so encumbered by taxation, that its receipts are never above one-and-a-half per cent.

Such is the corruption in the administration of the law, that no man relies on the justice of his cause; but

on the influence of powerful friends, and the interference of men in government employ. The judges, ill-paid, of low station and mean acquirements, are not selected from the upper ranks of their profession, but are those who, avowedly unequal to contend for the higher rewards of the bar, are well content to accept of a small and certain income in exchange for the subserviency required of them.

The system of appeal from one court to another invariably places the result of any suit at the discretion of a rich man, who has only to draw on his purse to prolong a cause for years of duration, and exhaust the patience and the resources of his opponent.

It is, however, as the agent of the government itself that the law exhibits its most oppressive and tyrannical aspect. The power to arrest and imprison any one on mere suspicion, sometimes on information anonymously communicated, and to prolong his incarceration at will, is the most terrible of all the abuses of arbitrary rule.

This system prevails from the Alps to the sea. The prisons are filled with persons who have never been made acquainted with the charges alleged against them, and who are actually in a great number of instances detained in expectation of what may turn up against them. They have been heard to express certain opinions, to be seen in certain companionship, to frequent certain cafés; the style of their hat, the cut of their beard, has implied a certain leaning to sentiments disapproved of by the state. They are therefore remarked men. Should such a one solicit a passport to visit a foreign country for health, pleasure, or business, the demand is at once rejected. Should he ask permission for his son to study in some university of France or Germany, the same denial meets him. These and other evidences not less palpable acquaint him that he is looked on with scant favour by the state, and from that moment his life becomes one of terror and anxiety, well aware that an accident, over which he has no control, may at any moment place him in a position of great peril. His whole existence becomes a feverish, uneasy dream. He scrutinizes with painful care the characters of all his former friends,

studiously avoiding intimacy with those likely to attract distrust themselves; he as rigidly abstains from frequenting any society which might give countenance to any suspicion. He changes the habits of his former life to something he fancies in conformity with the will of the state, and reduces himself to a condition of daily, hourly hypocrisy, an object of pity or scorn, as men's natures dispose them to regard him. This is the position of the timid man, awaiting the day that shall send him to the dark dungeons of Forlì, or the sea-washed cells of Procida. No longer able to exert himself, to pursue habits of industry or plans of pleasure, he has no thought for anything save the web of intrigue he sees around him. Terrified at everything—the chance meeting with a friend, the casual sight of a suspicious journal in a reading-room, the accidental applause of a passage in a play may, at any moment, be the crowning act which shall sentence him to a prison. This is no exaggerated sketch. Naples and Rome abound with men who pass such lives as this. You meet them at every turn; sad, sorrow-struck, and anxious, they walk the streets in solitary wretchedness, seeming actually to shrink from the very sympathy which might perhaps endanger them. Lombardy and the Duchies have their share of these sad victims. That terrible engine, the secret police, one of the heaviest charges in the state budget, must needs show evidence of its activity. When, therefore, real offenders are scarce, suspicions and denunciations are rife; and thus is it, that in periods of comparative tranquillity, the arrests and condemnations are almost always more numerous. Is it any wonder, then, if every city of Europe is filled with voluntary exiles from Italy, men who, at the sacrifice of country, fortune, friends, and station, have fled from a tyranny that makes life a torture, and gives to daily existence the prolonged terrors of a criminal awaiting sentence? Who can be surprised at this? Who can even wonder at the bursts of passionate indignation which occasionally break forth from those thus outraged and insulted? It is very far from our sentiments to applaud or even think moderately well of those violent effusions which Mazzini and his followers address to their suffering

countrymen; but assuredly it is no marvel to us that men, so conversant with the system they condemn, should appeal to force against force, and even oppose the poignard of the assassin to the axe of the headsman. The governors of Italy have themselves demoralized the people. There is not a weapon in the armoury of rebellion that has not been forged by the state. The vindictive cruelty, the falsehood, the base treachery of the rulers are reflected in the masses; and what one has done by armed battalions at noon day, the other has accomplished by murderous bands at midnight.

Is it not, after all, a matter of wonder that a high-hearted impassioned people should have borne so much and so long, rather than rush upon any fate by a burst of indignant frenzy? The conduct of the populace of Rome and Florence during the Revolution of '49 is the best guarantee of the spirit of the nation. It was a time of the wildest anarchy and confusion. Armed men paraded the streets in all the licence of their new power; and yet, within sight of the greatest art-treasures of the world—objects with whose valúe kings and emperors have nothing to compete—not a picture, not a statue, not a vase was stolen. The Vatican and the Pitti stood with open doors, as in the days of peace and tranquillity. Men came and went—hungry, famished, half-savage men in blouses and sabots. They trod galleries where kings have lingered in delight, and gazed on walls rich in all the glorious triumphs of high art—the malachite tables strewn with priceless objects; the carved cups of Cellini on shelves around them—and yet nothing was touched—nothing was taken. A friend of our own, when alluding to this striking fact, told us how powerfully the example exerted its influence upon himself. It chanced that in some search of the archives of the Vatican, he was himself led on to explore some of the curious contents of one of the cabinets; and, in so doing, chanced upon the record of the process against Galileo; the most extraordinary, perhaps the most interesting, document of the nature in existence. He was a man of literary taste as well as an ardent politician, and gazed upon

this newly discovered treasure with greedy eyes. He had determined to carry it off, and was in the very act of placing it in his pocket, when he suddenly bethought him of the splendid integrity which had so characterized the whole conduct of the nation. He remembered how nobly the poorest and the neediest had restrained himself in presence of riches, the smallest fragment of which had been to him overwhelming wealth; and, ashamed of his own cupidity, he replaced the manuscripts within the drawer, and departed.

Nothing has done more injury to the cause of Italy, in the estimation of foreign countries, than the publications of the Mazzini party. Their passionate appeals to force—their wild and indiscriminate denunciations of those in power—their frantic cries for blood—recalling, as they do, the terrible doctrines of the first French Revolution—have made many moderate men pause ere they contributed to any change by which principles such as these should come into activity. It would be well, however, that it were known that this party, originally small, is hourly diminishing in numbers. Whatever the democratic tendency may be in the Italian nature—and we have our doubts that its characteristics would lead to the same results as in other parts of Europe—there is one feature of the Mazzini policy which would utterly stamp it with failure. The first great object is declared to be a united Italy. Now of all the Utopian fancies which have ever amused men's minds, nothing was ever more hopelessly absurd than this. Italy, geographically speaking, extends from the Alps to the Mediterranean; but within that space what rival nationalities are compressed—what differences of blood—language—traditions—habits and interests! Has the Lombard anything in common with the Neapolitan? What resemblance does the cold, sententious Piedmontese bear to the passionate and vehement Roman?

Is it not the case that not alone the principalities of the Peninsula regard each other with dislike and suspicion, but that to the clash of present-day rivalries is added all the hate of ancient feuds, while the

very cities of the same state preserve the memory of historic hatreds; and Florence and Pisa and Genoa and Turin cherish the antipathies that once made them deadly enemies? The mediæval republics fostered these proud sentiments. Cities were nations, like Rome of old. Genoa, Florence and Venice dictated their opinions and carried their influence far beyond their own boundaries. From these proud pretensions grew up rivalries as haughty as ever swayed the greatest states of Europe.

Ask any one acquainted with Italy in what part of the Peninsula he has heard sentiments of esteem or respect for any state beyond its own. The traditional dislikes of centuries are cherished as proudly as men elsewhere preserve the memory of great achievements, for they do indeed recall the triumphs of ancient struggles.

The very difficulty of that same union, on the smallest possible scale, was the prime cause of failure in the campaign of '48. The dread lest, on the annexation of Lombardy to Piedmont, the city of Milan might become the capital of the Sardinian kingdom, first threw discord among the ranks of the patriotic party.

The Genoese, still mindful of the republican spirit which once made their glory and their greatness, shrunk back from a contest whose success could only strengthen and extend the monarchy—an institution to which all their sympathies were opposed. The inhabitants of Turin felt little ardour in a cause which, if won, condemned their splendid capital to the condition of a provincial city. To these interested sentiments were added others, the offspring of old feuds and grudges; so that amidst the joy over every victory there arose the murmuring menace of the discord that was yet to come. Great and manifold as are the evils of all small states, the dangers of annexation are perhaps even greater. The transition periods, ere they become thoroughly incorporated with the larger country, are at least times of great hardship and suffering. Let any one who has visited Massa since its incorporation with Modena, or Lucca since it has become part of Tuscany,

bear witness to the misery and decay so marked in these beautiful cities.

Had the plan of Gioberti been adopted—had the policy of a customs-league, like the “Zoll Verein,” been tried for the states of the Peninsula, it is possible that out of the multifarious and conflicting interests which now divide the different countries, a union might have grown up which should one day or other become the type of a Political Identity, and in this way a “Unita Italia” been accomplished. This, however, would have necessarily been a work of time and difficulty. Great sacrifices would have been required even to try the experiment—large interests jeopardied by the very attempt. Austria, of course, would have given every opposition in her power to a measure that not only menaced all the interests of her commerce but her very existence in Italy. Very doubtful is it also how far France would have contributed to a state of things which should place a strong and powerful—because united—nation on her southern frontier. England alone was deeply interested in a scheme by which, elevating Italy into the rank of a great commercial nation, the ties of interest should more closely ally her to ourselves; but England gave no aid or encouragement to Gioberti’s proposals; although, as we are ourselves aware, he made many repeated attempts to obtain the support and countenance of our statesmen.

Leaving, however, the question of a United Italy as one of those difficulties to whose solution time and a happy conjuncture of events can alone contribute, let us turn to what more immediately regards ourselves—namely, our policy with regard to that Peninsula. But a few years back, and the name of England possessed a power and an influence there superior to the rest of Europe. It was not alone that our meteor flag floated in every harbour and was seen from every headland, that the greatness and power of our nation were recalled by the sight of fleets which swept the waters of the Mediterranean in proud succession; but that English love of liberty and justice had deeply impressed those who had so long endured slavery and corruption. Genoa and Venice, mindful of their ancient

glories, gazed with envious admiration at those who had eclipsed even their own greatness. The cities whose proudest annals date from days of self-government, looked with proud affection at a land—the only great state of Europe—whose people retained this haughty privilege.

For any great amelioration in the condition of Italy every eye was turned to England. The Despotie States of Europe could of course offer nothing by which a hope could be entertained. France—whatever her ruler—however governed—had been traditionally fatal to Italy. Her policy towards that land had ever been one of enslavement and tyranny. The rule of the first Napoleon, the occupation of Ancona, the intervention at Rome in our own day, have had but one uniform object—to obtain that degree of influence over the Papal government, which should bind the Pope to a close alliance with the ruler—whoever he might be—of France. For years back the great aim of each successive government in France has been to recall the lost power and influence of the church. The great Emperor was the first to see what an element of conservatism lay in Catholicity—how the unchanging doctrines of the Faith inspired the desire of permanent institutions, and how in the despotism of a religion men forgot the despotism of mere rule. He wisely judged that to the principles of the Revolution nothing could be opposed but the dogmas of the Faith, and to the socialist and the democrat the only antagonist was the priest. Whatever, therefore, may have been the tendencies of French policy towards the Italian States, with regard to the Pope they have had but one: to strengthen his power—to consolidate his influence. The present ruler of France has not disguised this policy—he proclaimed it at the commencement of the war with Russia; when, as the price of the Austrian adhesion to the alliance, he pledged that the flags of the two empires should wave together on the Alps and in the Crimea! The instructions given to every resident minister of France in Italy avow the same line of action. They are uniformly in the same one spirit—the maintenance of the present government, with such affectations of amic-

loration as only insult the hopes of every well-wisher to the land. Nor can he indeed have any other, since, as M. Montalembert has remarked, how could he correct those reforms in Italy against which his own rule in France sets the denial—how recommend the liberties he has himself suppressed? To maintain the Papacy in undiminished sway, to extend rather than limit the influence of the head of the church, must essentially be the imperial policy. In the same spirit must it be his object to secure the Austrian hold in Lombardy. Whatever clouds arise beyond the Alps will assuredly drift northwards. The same cry of liberty that follows retiring despotism on the Adige might be heard on the Rhone or the Seine. We may talk and flatter ourselves as we will about the French alliance; we may feed our imagination with exaggerated visions of its benefits to ourselves and the world at large; we may exult in the triumph of right reason over the prejudices of centuries, and be proud that our age has seen us wiser than our fathers; but let us meanwhile remember that this alliance arose upon an emergency which has passed away. A common peril inspired a common friendship. The aggressive power of Russia equally menaced French greatness and English wealth. It was a cause into which all rivalries might well be merged—and well and wisely was it deemed the occasion to do so. Let us, however, bethink us that this great struggle over, and its end accomplished, our policy can, as regards the rest of Europe, scarcely ever be identical. With regard to Spain, we never had—we never are likely to have—the same views and objects. The very struggles and throes of Spanish policy for years have been little else than the reflections of French and English intrigue, the groundswell before the terrible storm that must one day break forth.

With respect to Italy we are not less divided; there is not a state of the peninsula in which our interests do not clash. Whatever may be the changing fortunes of our alliances, one thing is pretty clear, the Mediterranean must ever be the great object of our solicitude; and our wisest diplomacy must be directed to maintain, strengthen, and extend our in-

fluence along its shores. So long as we are the owners of India—so long as our maritime supremacy requires the possession of Gibraltar, Malta, and the Ionian islands—this sea must not become a French lake. The French occupation of Algiers, the rising importance and increasing wealth of Marseilles, the old ambition pervading every government in France, permeating every policy to obtain influence—if not more—in Egypt, will always direct the eyes of her statesmen towards the Levant, and establish between us a rivalry which every succeeding year only renders more precarious and difficult to deal with.

We, each of us, are therefore materially interested in the condition and prospects of Italy, but we are interested through motives essentially separate and dissimilar; in the same way that we seek to obtain an influence over the peninsula by very opposite roads—France by a policy essentially Catholic, by sustaining the power and the greatness of the church, by extending her sway over men's minds, and recalling, in the domination of the Holy Father, the traditions of a time when kings and kaisers were his vassals.

Our policy, when not actually assailing and disparaging Catholicism, has been, so far as possible, to ignore it. We have preached liberal constitutions to the people—independence and self-government—partly because in the growth and development of freedom we saw that the greatest peril must menace institutions which we believe to be the sworn enemies to all liberty, partly because in the exercise of free rights we anticipated the development of national wealth and national industry—objects which, to our commercial interests, were vitally important. We saw also that every step in such pursuits was an advance to a closer alliance with England—a country whose closest friendships have ever been based on the foundations of commercial intercourse.

We need, in illustration of our position, mention but one fact, that M. Mazzini commenced his propaganda in England in favour of Italian liberty, by announcing himself as a member of the Bible Society. It was not merely that he desired to engage the "religious world," as it is

called, in the cause of Italy. It was with the still deeper policy of showing that the question at issue was essentially interesting to England in her capacity as a Protestant nation, who must naturally desire to see liberties spring up under institutions akin to her own, and with principles of freedom based on the same strong foundations.

We have been led away to this brief digression, by the question which M. Montalembert asks so triumphantly,—“How we can dare to expect that France will ever ally herself to our Italian policy?” But this is precisely the very point we desire to come to, that we may answer as categorically—We never had, we never can have any such expectation. The spread of English influence in Italy would be the deepest wound to French ambition in the Mediterranean. That influence never can obtain, save in the declining fortunes and condition of Romanism, in the growth of free government, in the increased wealth and extended commerce of the people. The distinguished author of the pamphlet alluded to may well inquire how we can possibly imagine that our policy can be ever identical. We do not intend to enter with him upon the vexed question of the right of intervention. The practice at least of Europe has sanctioned, if not established, that right. The emergencies which have called forth the armed support of petty sovereigns by their more powerful neighbours, have assuredly involved a reciprocal claim on the part of the people, that the same strong hand should be exerted to ward off injustice and tyranny from them. It never could be imagined that intervention had no other destiny than to crush and trample down, and that it was not equally its province to foster, cherish, and protect.

The right of intervention is as broad as the map of Europe. Spain, Portugal, Parma, Tuscany, Modena, Naples, Belgium—all illustrate the practice, and Greece exists alone by its very exercise at this moment. It may, indeed, and must be a grave and great emergency which evokes this right. The question is to inquire what are the circumstances which warrant and demand this special in-

terference with the independence of another state. Of these there are two which appear pre-eminently urgent. One is such a condition of the country to be occupied as menaces the peace and well being of surrounding nations—such an amount of disorder as cannot safely be regarded by other states. The other is the maintenance in any country of a form of government which can only be sustained by the presence of foreign armies, and so opposed to the will and the feelings of the nation, as only to be endured by the influence of superior force. The first of these two eventualities scarcely requires a word of explanation or defence. The latter being peculiarly the case of Italy at this moment may call for more of our attention, for it is essential to understand that intervention may require intervention.

The right of any government to seek aid and assistance from another with which it is in alliance is indisputable. Austria, in her peril, called on Russia to crush the rising spirit of Hungary. Every state of Italy has in turn been so occupied. Sovereigns, in their moments of peril, have sought the protection of foreign armies against their own people, and however dangerous the practice, there can be no question of its legality. There does, however, arise another and not less important question, how far are such occupations to be used as a means of curbing or destroying liberty? Can they be so indefinitely prolonged as to threaten annihilation to the very nationality of a people? The Austrian garrisons of the Duchies have gone far towards this last. Nothing will so soon crush the spirit and efface the traits of a people, as the uniform march of a military despotism. The very routine of its measured movements has the enslaving influence that attaches to military discipline. Witness the population of all cities long subjected to a state of siege, and where the court-martial has replaced the ordinary tribunals of justice.

That sovereigns will attempt and accomplish infractions on the liberties of their subjects when aided by extraneous force, which they dared not adventure on unless so supported, is a fact that requires no amplification. The Neapolitan government during

the Austrian occupation of 1821, the Tuscan and Roman rule in our own day, are strong illustrations in point. Now this very same state of things has existed before at Rome, and was then as now the object of re-proof and remonstrance.

Twenty-five years ago, a congress was held at Rome, to arrange, if possible, an amicable settlement of the differences between the Pope and his subjects, and thereby remove causes of future danger to Europe. The following dispatch, addressed by Sir Hamilton Seymour, then resident British Minister at Florence, to Count St. Aulaire, Ambassador of France, might, for the subject it treats of, the allusions contained in it, and the state of things reprobated, have been written yesterday; such is the terrible sameness in the evil working of that government—such the uniform persistence in a course fatal to the welfare and the happiness of its people.

“The undersigned has the honour to inform your Excellency that he has received orders from his Court to quit Rome, and to return to his post at Florence.

“The undersigned is at the same time instructed to state shortly to your Excellency the motives which prompted the British government to order him to Rome, and the reasons why he is now instructed to leave it.

“The British government has no direct interest in the affairs of the Roman State, and did not volunteer an interference in them. It was originally invited by the governments of Austria and France to take part in the negotiation at Rome, and it yielded to the invitation of those Powers, from a belief that its good offices, united to theirs, might be useful in bringing about an amicable settlement of the difference between the Pope and his subjects, and might thereby remove causes of future danger to the peace of Europe.

“The Ministers of Prussia and Russia at Rome, having subsequently taken part in the negotiation, the representatives of the five Powers were not long at a loss, either to discover the main defects of the Roman administration, or to point out appropriate remedies; and in May, 1831, they presented to the Papal government a Memorandum containing sug-

gestions of improvements, which they all unanimously concurred in declaring indispensable for the permanent tranquillity of the Roman State, and which appear to the British government to be founded in justice and reason.

“More than fourteen months have now elapsed since the Memorandum was given in, and not one of the recommendations which it contains has been fully adopted and carried into execution by the Papal government. For even the Edicts which have been either prepared or published, and which profess to carry some of those recommendations into effect, differ essentially from the measures recommended in the Memorandum.

“The consequence of this state of things has been that which it was natural to expect. The Papal government, having taken no effectual steps to remedy the defects which had created the discontent, that discontent has been increased by the disappointment of hopes which the negotiations at Rome were calculated to excite; and thus, after the five Powers have been for more than a year occupied in endeavours to restore tranquillity in the Roman State, the prospect of voluntary obedience by the population to the authority of the sovereign seems not to be nearer than it was when the negotiations first commenced.

“The Court of Rome appears to rely upon the temporary presence of foreign troops, and upon the expected service of an auxiliary Swiss force, for the maintenance of order in its territories.

“But foreign occupation cannot be indefinitely prolonged; and it is not likely that any Swiss force of such an amount as could be maintained by the financial means of the Roman government, could be capable of suppressing the discontent of a whole population; and even if tranquillity could be restored by such means, it could not be considered to be permanently re-established, nor would such a condition of things be the kind of pacification which the British government intended to be a party in endeavouring to bring about.

“Under these circumstances, the undersigned is instructed to declare that the British government no longer entertains any hopes of being able

to effect any good in the matter; and that, as no advantage is to be expected from the further stay of the undersigned at Rome, he is ordered to return to his post at Florence.

"The undersigned is at the same time instructed to express the deep regret of his Court, that all its endeavours during the last year and a-half to co-operate in re-establishing tranquillity in Italy have proved abortive. The British government foresees that if the present system is persevered in, fresh disturbances must be expected to take place in the Papal State, of a character progressively more and more serious, and that out of those disturbances may spring complications dangerous to the peace of Europe."

The date of this document is September 7, 1832; and we would again ask, what is there in it which might not with equal force and propriety be addressed to our Foreign Office to-morrow?

If Lord Palmerston then expressed himself with somewhat unbecoming severity on the maladministration of the Roman government, averring as he did in his place in parliament, that the "rule of Mazzini was preferable to that of the Pope," he was so far warranted that the abuses which still demand redress have been for years in existence, have been over and over again brought under the notice of the Pontifical cabinet, have been made matter of friendly remonstrance by France and even by Austria, and have been denounced by a solemn congress as incompatible with the peace and prosperity of the land.

M. Montalembert, however, tells us that these charges are only the exaggeration of ill-informed tourists or the calumnious impertinences of practised libellers. Of himself he says he "knows nothing of such;" and to Lord Palmerston's assertion, that they "who govern in the Pope's name have committed gross acts of cruelty and oppression," he boldly asks, "Ou? quand? par qui ont ils été commis? Has the distinguished viscount ever mixed in Italian society? Has he ever heard the innumerable narratives every family can relate of priestly interference, domination, and insolence? Has he listened to tales

of corruption and infamy which no writer dare commit to press? Has he been told of justice warped, of arbitrary severities exercised towards those deemed lax in the observance of religious duties? Have not the very highest functionaries of the state exhibited lives that would bring reproach upon any society? Is the story of the Delegata of Bologna, who attempted the seduction of a young girl of that city so late as three years ago, and, failing, imprisoned her family and killed her by a broken heart, unknown to the illustrious pamphleteer? Or has he never heard that the actor in that infamous tragedy, Signor Bedini, is now a cardinal?

It is with deep reluctance we are driven to reply thus, to a challenge so ostentatiously thrown down. We are ready to declare that if the question be repeated, we will quote not one but fifty instances of cruelty and tyranny in the administration of the Papal government, and with circumstances of name, and date, and every detail that can insure accuracy.

M. Montalembert artfully persists in asserting that our Italian policy can have no other aim or object than the subversion of the Catholic church. If this charge, however, be true, what becomes of our alliance with Sardinia? Where are the ties which bind us to that state? Where the warm good wishes that every sincere Englishman extends towards the rising liberties of that noble land? If we bounded our desires for Italy solely to the downfall of the Roman Catholic church—if we ignored the miseries of the people, their sufferings and their slavery—could we ask for anything more likely to attain that object than a system of government based on the darkest barbarism of the days of the Inquisition? Could we, with all our fleets and armies, inflict so heavy a blow on the church as its own cruelties, based on its own corruptions, are daily, hourly doing? Is it not the present terror in every devout Catholic, whose mind is elevated by study and whose intelligence has been enlightened by reason, that the actual government of Rome may destroy the church? This fear has found expression in the writings of some of the most distinguished men of Italy. We have but to quote the name of

Massimo D'Azeglio as one who maintains and avows this sentiment.

The artifice of ascribing this policy to England is evident enough. To make Protestantism and Mazzinism convertible terms has long been an Austrian master-stroke. In one of the letters of instructions sent by Prince Metternich to M. Mentz, the Austrian political agent and adjunct to the governor of Lombardy, there is a very remarkable passage, in which English policy and the views of the revolutionary party are assumed to be identical. Lord Palmerston, with what little justice the liberals will acknowledge, has long been regarded as the great ally of all who would subvert thrones and overturn despotisms. It may well be doubted whether a man as keen as Metternich, and as conversant with all the prejudices and leanings of English society of the first rank, ever confounded the noble viscount with the men of movement and disorder. It however served his purpose to assume the fact, and to organize his policy on the assumption. Tried by his acts, there is not perhaps a single statesman in England who would come out more triumphantly under such a charge. If arraigned, however, by what he has said, the result would be very different. Never has any man in high and responsible station uttered more loose and imprudent sentiments; and, stranger still, never has any man's character stood so high by the very absence of the reserve which is regarded as the essential attribute of a statesman. Were Lord Palmerston to be judged gravely by his parliamentary services or his ordinary departmental abilities, no one would think of ascribing to him the first place. It is as the daring exponent of some far-looming policy—the courageous champion of some suffering and insulted nationality—that we ever deem him great; and he is in the singular position of owing the greatest part of the consideration he has obtained to nothing higher or nobler than his indiscretion.

Neither our space nor our inclination will admit of our dwelling on this theme, or halting to consider how far careless sentiments, uttered rather for the sake of epigram than truth, have compromised the English abroad, and led foreigners to dislike or distrust us. Enough that

we know such to be fact, and that the random phrases spoken in reply to an address, the casual expressions in an after-dinner speech, have been gravely accepted as the declarations of a deliberate policy.

In no part of Europe have these chance expressions done so much mischief as in Italy. While they have strongly contributed to make the rulers of that country averse to our counsels and deaf to remonstrances, they have equally served to mislead and deceive those for whose special encouragement they seemed to have been spoken. To assure an excitable and impassioned people that the highest sympathy is felt for their sufferings—that the wrongs they are enduring are the shame of the century; that their princes are depraved and odious tyrants; and that the chance despotism of a mob is wiser and better rule than the sway of a Pope and his Cardinals—these are, to say the least, dangerous experiments, and, when not followed by any thing more energetic than mere words, are more likely to irritate and offend than to cheer and encourage. After severe censures upon the governments of the Peninsula, haughty and even insolent denunciations of their policy, sneering allusions to the capacity and fitness of those who act as their ministers, the people of Italy naturally looked for something more than mere pity and commiseration, and are ill satisfied by being told that "our envoys at the different courts receive instructions to press by all friendly means the necessity and the urgency of wise reforms in the administration." To press the necessity upon whom? Upon the very men and the very governments we are daily, hourly holding up to public reprobation for incompetence, ignorance, and even worse. Is it thus we hope to obtain anything from the rulers, or any confidence on the part of the people?

We cannot—although Lord John Russell does not seem to think so—we cannot go to war for Italy. The case of the Peninsula presents no aspect which should drive us to that last resort. Are we, then, to leave her to her fate? Is a continuance of evils, as cruel as they are gratuitous (for there are not, as in Spain, the rival pretensions of two houses)

to add its embittering influence to the struggle of parties? Are we utterly to desert the cause of those who, of all continental people, repose the deepest trust in our national good faith and our national prowess? And are we to abdicate the high position which years have acquired for us on the whole littoral of the Peninsula? This would by no means appear necessary, but yet it is not an easy task to say in what manner we should most efficiently serve those we are desirous to aid. Any really efficient alliance with France for this purpose we hold to be impossible, and for the reasons we have already stated. Differences of policy might possibly merge into some common plan of action, save that the present Emperor is actually bound to his peculiar line by the necessities of his own position. The successful working of a constitutional government throughout Italy might, with all its adverse contrasts towards France, be borne: the peril is, how to change the existing order of things and not to go too far; how to enter upon the road of revolution and stop at the first stage—mere reform!

Piedmont, it may be said, has done this. True; but Piedmont is not Italy. The Sardinian States are really and truly totally unlike anything in the Italian character. Less impetuous, less excitable than the inhabitants of the Peninsula, the Piedmontese, in his habits of patient toil and steady industry, has a strong resemblance to the northern European. He is cold, sententious, and calculating; not easy of persuasion, or apt to act on speedy influence. His tastes dispose him to discuss and canvass whatever is proposed to him, in a cautious, careful spirit. The working of constitutionalism found an apt people in this state. They were proud of their privileges, and quickly sought to estimate and comprehend them. The principles of self-government were adapted to those who themselves exercised the virtues of self-control. It is not very difficult to estimate how widely different would be the working of such a system in the more impetuous blood of the southern race. Piedmont possesses, besides, one element which would seem essentially advantageous to the free play of constitutional go-

vernment, viz., a mixed population, differing in blood, race, and traditions. However paradoxical it may seem, there is strength in this same discord. The Genoese, the Savoyards, and the Piedmontese have each their separate and individual traits, which, by intermixture and reaction, result in the broader features of a national character, just as the English, Scotch, and Irish are found to blend and amalgamate in our own parliament.

It is plain enough, even from these few remarks, to see that the example of Piedmont can scarcely guide us in our hopes for the rest of Italy; not that for a moment we would be understood as despairing of constitutionalism in the other states, or disparaging the admirable efforts they made towards it in the year '48.

Will the Emperor of France contribute to a renewal of that experiment? Will he, who has given the mockery of a representation at home, counsel the adoption of a real one abroad? Will he, who has trammelled free discussion with every species of restriction, advocate a free press? Will he, whose whole policy is based upon the influence of the priest, enter upon a course of action which may, indeed must, limit the power of the church?

If France be unlikely to adopt this policy, is it probable that Austria will—every tradition of whose rule is in direct opposition to it? Will she advise institutions, which shall cost her the great kingdom of Lombardy, and lose to her the fairest province of her crown? Can she favor the growth of institutions she has denied to her own people, and confer upon Milan what she denies to Vienna?

The aim of every well administered state is two-fold—the protection of those beneath its rule, and the maintenance of a strong government. The princes of Italy have never understood any but the latter condition. Always, or nearly always, in a state of contention with their subjects, their whole ingenuity has been employed in devising means of repression, or inventing plans which should disconcert their adversaries. The whole machinery of government has become thus converted into a complicated system of secret police, with all its odious train of denunciations,

arrest, and imprisonment. We are far from assuming that the dangers which menaced them were not real and tangible. The system of secret societies is the greatest peril of a land, but by whom has this system been fostered and engendered?—whose the fault that men are so driven to desperation, that all the terrors of the galleys or the guillotine are weak in comparison with the daily sufferings of a life of tyranny? The smuggler has no existence where the liberty of free trade prevails; and in the same way the agent of secret societies and the conspirator find no calling in countries where the laws are well administered, and the stream of justice flows pure and undefiled. The fault of Italian rule has been to create an organized antagonism to the state—to divide the country into two unequal divisions—the paid servants of the crown, and the remainder of the population. To the Austrians is mainly due the merit of introducing this mode of governing; though—in justice to them be it said—they rather shrink from than seek occasions of severity, and if left to themselves would rather reduce the national spirit to a tone of indifference and effeminacy, than stimulate it to acts of outrage for the sake of subsequent repression. In the correspondence between M. Mentz and Prince Metternich, in the year 1833, there is a very singular and interesting memorial addressed to the prince on “the public spirit of Lombardy, and the mode of improving it.” This document, we believe, fell into the hands of the Marquis of Gualterio, during the occupation of Milan by the Piedmontese army, and has been published by him, with a number of other very remarkable state papers, as an appendix to his history of the late Italian revolutions. The “Memoir” is cleverly, and, making allowance for the quarter whence it issues, fairly drawn up in many respects. Its statements of the secret societies, their means and their objects, the grievances they propose to redress and the plans by which they would remedy them, are fair and reasonable. It is when summing up his view of the national character of the Lombard, and passing in review his traits of weakness and his prejudices, that the Macchia-

velian spirit displays itself, and we see how much more eager is he to profit by accidental flaws and defects, than to correct the blemishes and develop the natural good gifts of those beneath his rule.

After a short description of the general characteristics of the Italian nature, he sums up those of the Lombard thus:—

“1—An exaggerated degree of self-esteem (*amour propre*). 2—Great vivacity, physical and intellectual. 3—Excessive imagination. 4—More of persistence and determination than in the southern Italian. 5—A strong devotion to material interests. 6—Considerable astuteness, counterbalanced by a sense of probity not found usually in the rest of Italy.”

Taking these traits in the order in which they stand, he proceeds to show how they may be dealt with to render their possessors, not greater, or wiser, or richer, but simply better and more amenable subjects to Austrian rule. Their self-love, for instance, would develop itself in glorious memories of past national greatness, in recalling times of ancient splendour and supremacy, and this sentiment he tells us, “*n’aurait en lui-même rien de dangereux s’il prenait toujours une tendance conforme aux intérêts de l’état*,” which it will be, he adds, his chief aim to give it. He then goes on to show that prize essays on various subjects connected with history would insensibly draw men towards the state which conferred the rewards, and thus, while appearing to minister to national vanity, the real object would be what he calls “*un but favorable à l’état*.”

When treating of the impassioned and impulsive temperament of the nation, and the necessity thus imparted for action, he says that theatres and places of public amusement occupy the first rank, and that the national vivacity may there find a safer vent than in the ebullitions of political strife; adding this reflection, “*Le cirque était du temps des Romains le secret d’état pour les rendre soumis au gouvernement, et les Italiens modernes ne sont pas moins exigeants, ni moins maniables à cet objet*.” Here is the old policy of classic times, the “*panem et circenses*,” avowed with a candor at least worthy

of all praise. Mentz, perceiving that their nature is unchanged, that their ancient spirit still survives, as acutely reasons that the corruptions so successfully employed by the Cæsars would still have their efficacy. As the lawyers say, "a like case—like rule." These are but the sons of those who sold their liberties for mere subsistence and an hour of pleasure. Why not profit by the heritage thus bequeathed them? Recal to their imagination the ancient glories of their race; but take care it is but the vices of their sires they are led to imitate!

It is difficult to believe that men of station and character would ever have descended to such counsels; but the document exists, and its truth and authenticity are beyond a question. We should stop here in our quotation, were it not that the same page contains an admission so strange and singular, we cannot resist the temptation to record it. After dilating with some vain glory on the munificence with which the Austrian government has always treated theatrical institutions, and the great opera 'La Scala' of Milan, in particular, he goes on to recommend even an increased subsidy to this establishment, in order that more splendor should be given to the representations; and then says, "*Pour des raisons prémentionnées il satisfera également la genie nationale par tout apparat public, spécialement PAR LES POMPES ECCLESIASTIQUES, si l'on doit juger par le grand concours du peuple qui afflue de tous les côtés pour la procession de la Fête Dieu.*" This from a Catholic, a devout follower of the church, a high and confidential servant of the Holy Roman and Apostolic Empire! Only imagine for a moment what they are that he places in the same category; the mimic grandeur of the stage and the most sacred solemnity of the church; the crash of the orchestra, the sacred song of the priests; the march in the Prophète beside the procession of the Fête Dieu! We have already transgressed the limits by which we purposed to bind ourselves in this paper, and have not adverted to what we feel to be the only policy open to us with respect to Italy.

That policy in our estimation can-

not be in strict alliance with any of the great European powers, and yet does not necessarily involve us in serious difficulty with them. It is essentially a policy of time and patience, waiting on events rather than urging or precipitating them. Dangerous as the state of Italy is to the peace of Europe, it presents no case for armed intervention on our part. Our first and most obvious duty is to obtain, if we can, the withdrawal of French and Austrian troops. We are well aware that such a measure, if done rashly and precipitately, would involve a revolution; but the same consequence has been staring us in the face for the last five years, and no measures have yet been taken to provide against such an emergency. The policy by which the Pope should meet the difficulty of his position is yet to be adopted; and if the French and Austrian occupation continue, there is no reason why the actual state of things may not, ten or twenty years hence, be the same as it now is, unless, indeed, the crash of revolution should intervene to decide the question.

The withdrawal of the armies of occupation is essential on every ground of policy and good sense. It is not only that by their presence they impart an unfair and preponderating influence to the powers they represent, over the Pontifical government, rendering it indifferent to remonstrances and representations from other quarters; but that they exalt the action of the government to a height of irresponsibility to the demands and wishes of the people. Whatever is possible to do by force is now the rule of his administration. And, lastly, the presence of foreign troops is an outrage on the feelings and sympathies of the people, which nothing but the gravest emergencies should ever warrant or permit. The most benevolent acts of a government thus supported would be, and very naturally, regarded with distrust; while its severities would as certainly be deemed the tyrannical exercise of a power artificially sustained. The enormous cost of these occupations is a terrible addition to a budget already yearly increasing in its demands, and augmenting its deficits.

The next and most important step is the enunciation of our policy—what we desire and hope for Italy—so clearly, so plainly and unmistakably, that no misconception can prevail on the subject. Of the unhappy mission of Lord Minto more than enough has been said. Gross exaggerations, indeed, are current as regards what he said and what he did; but even within these, there was much to blame in the plan and scope of his mission. Much gratuitous offence was offered to the sovereigns of Italy—not one single benefit has accrued to the people.

There was an arrogance in the notion of committing to an English gentleman the task of offering unsolicited counsel to the independent sovereigns of a country. It may be answered that his mission only extended to such cases as where his counsel was desired; but the fact was that no such case existed. Not a king or archduke of Italy craved these wise recommendations, and his lordship was left to the uncourteous office of suggesting reforms from the balconies of hotels, and the terraces of public edifices. That he never uttered the inflammatory trash so often ascribed to him we are fully persuaded; but that his real position was mistaken, his object misapprehended, and his words misrepresented we are as fully convinced.

Once more we say, then, let us have a real intelligible policy as regards Italy. Let the instructions which

are sent to Sir James Hudson at Turin correspond with the tone of those addressed to Lord Normanby at Florence, and Sir W. Temple at Naples. Let it be well understood what it is we wish for, and what it is we have no intention to enforce. A faithful administration of the laws now in existence—there is no need to add one to the statute—would do incalculable good to that suffering country. Let us, if such be, as we trust it is, our policy—let us declare frankly that we have no covert or secret objects in our recommendations; and that in asking the Court of Rome to exercise clemency towards political offenders, and to govern the state without the aid of foreign bayonets, we are not covertly seeking to sow Protestantism in the Holy City. Let us proclaim that, without any sympathy for Mazzini and his followers, the perpetuation of the present evils might lead to a state of things in which even their intervention might be endured; and, lastly, let us endeavour by an honest and invariable line of conduct, to show the Princes and the People of Italy that we do not deal with their interests for mere purposes of party, nor treat one of the greatest causes which ever interested humanity in a spirit of intrigue and place-hunting.

This is not asking too much of those who rule us; and we can vouch that, to obtain it, would sustain the courage and warm the hearts of the truest patriots of Italy.

L.

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THE FORTUNES OF GLENCORE.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AT MASSA.

BILLY TRAYNOR sat, deeply sunk in study, in the old recess of the palace library. A passage in the *Antigone* had puzzled him, and the table was littered with critics and commentators, while manuscript notes, scrawled in the most rude hand, lay on every side. He did not perceive, in his intense pre-occupation, that Massy had entered and taken the place directly in front of him. There the youth sat gazing steadfastly at the patient and studious features before him. It was only when Traynor, mastering the difficulty that had so long opposed him, broke out into an enthusiastic declamation of the text, that Massy, unable to control the impulse, laughed aloud.

"How long are you there? I never noticed you comin' in," said Billy, half-shamed by his detected ardor.

"But a short time—I was wondering at—aye, Billy—and was envying, too, the concentrated power in which you address yourself to your task. It is the real secret of all success, and somehow it is a frame of mind I cannot achieve."

"How is the boy Bacchus goin' on?" asked Billy, eagerly.

"I broke him up yesterday, and it is like a weight off my heart that his curly bullet-head and sensual lips are not waiting for me as I enter the studio."

"And the Cleopatra?" asked Traynor, still more anxiously.

"Smashed—destroyed. Shall I own to you, Billy, I see at last myself what you have so often hinted to me—I have no genius for the work."

"I never said—I never thought so," cried the other; "I only insisted that nothing was to be done without labor—hard, unflinching labor—that easy successes were poor triumphs, and bore no results."

"There—there—I'll bear that sermon no more. I'd not barter the freedom of my own unfettered thoughts, as they come and go, in hours of listless idleness, for all the success you ever promised me. There are men toil elevates—me it wearies to depression, and brings no compensation in the shape of increased power. Mine is an unrewarding clay—that's the whole of it. Cultivation only develops the rank weeds which are deep-sown in the soil. I'd like to travel—to visit some new land—some scene where all association with the past should be broken. What say you?"

"I'm ready, and at your orders," said Traynor, closing his book.

"East or west, then, which shall it be? If sometime my heart yearns for the glorious scenes of Palestine, full of memories that alone satisfy the soul's longings—there are days when I pant for the solitude of the vast savannahs of the new world. I feel as if to know oneself thoroughly one's nature should be tested by the perils and exigencies of a life hourly making some demand on courage and ingenuity. The hunter's life does

this. What say you—shall we try it?"

"I'm ready," was the calm reply.

"We have means for such an enterprise—have we not? You told me, some short time past, that nearly the whole of our last year's allowance was untouched."

"Yes, it's all there to the good," said Billy; "a good round sum too."

"Let us get rid of all needless equipment, then," cried Massy, "and only retain what beseeems a prairie life. Sell everything, or give it away at once."

"Leave all that to me—I'll manage everything—only say when you make up your mind."

"But it is made up. I have resolved on the step. Few can decide so readily—for I leave neither home nor country behind."

"Don't say that," burst in Billy; "here's myself, the poorest crayture that walks the earth, that never knew where he was born or who nursed him, yet even to me there's the tie of a native land—there's the soil that reared warriors and poets and orators, that I heard of when a child, and gloried in as a man; and better than that, there's the green meadows and the leafy valleys where kind-hearted men and women live and labor, spakin' our own tongue and feelin' our own feelins, and that, if we saw to-morrow, we'd know were our own—heart and hand our own. The smell of the yellow furze, under a griddle of oaten bread, would be sweeter to me than all the gales of Araby the blest, for it would remind me of the hearth I had my share of, and the roof that covered me, when I was alone in the world."

The boy buried his face in his hands and made no answer. At last raising up his head, he said,

"Let us try this life; let us see if action be not better than mere thought. The efforts of intellect seem to inspire a thirst there is no slaking. Sleep brings no rest after them. I long for the sense of some strong peril which, over, gives the proud feeling of a goal reached—a feat accomplished."

"I'll go wherever you like—I'll be whatever you want me," said Billy, affectionately.

"Let us lose no time, then. I would not that my present ardor

should cool ere we have begun our plan. What day is this? The seventh. Well, on the eighteenth there is a ship sails from Genoa for Porta Rica. It was the announcement set my heart a-thinking of the project. I dreamed of it two entire nights. I fancied myself walking the deck on a star-lit night, and framing all my projects for the future. The first thing I saw the next morning was the same large placard, 'The Colombo will sail for Porta Rica, on Friday the eighteenth.'"

"An unlucky day," muttered Billy, interrupting.

"I have fallen upon few that were otherwise," said Massy, gloomily; "besides," he added after a pause, "I have no faith in omens, or any care for superstitions. Come, let us set about our preparations. Do *you* bethink you how to rid ourselves of all useless incumbrances here. Be it my care to jot down the list of all we shall need for the voyage and the life to follow it. Let us see which displays most zeal for the new enterprise."

Billy Traynor addressed himself with a will to the duty allotted him. He rummaged through drawers and desks, destroyed papers and letters, laid aside all the articles which he judged suitable for preservation, and then hastened off to the studio to arrange for the disposal of the few "studies"—for they were scarcely more—which remained of Massy's labors.

A nearly finished Faun, the head of a Niobe, the arm and hand of a Jove launching a thunderbolt, the torso of a dead sailor after shipwreck, lay amid fragments of shattered figures, grotesque images, some caricatures of his own works, and crude models of anatomy. The walls were scrawled with charcoal drawings of groups—one day to be fashioned in sculpture—with verses from Dante, or lines from Tasso, inscribed beneath; proud resolves to a life of labor figured beside stanzas in praise of indolence and dreamy abandonment. There were passages of Scripture, too, glorious bursts of the poetic rapture of the Psalms—intermingled with quaint remarks on life from Jean Paul or Herder. All that a discordant, incoherent nature consisted of was there in some shape or

other depicted; and as Billy ran his eye over this curious journal—for such it was—he grieved over the spirit which had dictated it.

The whole object of all his teaching had been to give a purpose to this uncertain and wavering nature, and yet everything showed him now that he had failed. The blight which had destroyed the boy's early fortunes still worked its evil influences, poisoning every healthful effort, and dashing, with a sense of shame, every successful step towards fame and honor.

"Maybe he's right after all," muttered Billy to himself. "The new world is the only place for those who have not the roots of an ancient stock to hold them in the old. Men can be there whatever is in them, and they can be judged without the prejudices of a class."

Having summed up as it were his own doubts in this remark, he proceeded with his task. While he was thus occupied, Massy entered and threw himself into a chair.

"There, you may give it up, Traynor. Fate is ever against us, do and decide on what we will. Your confounded omen of a Friday was right this time."

"What do you mean? Have you altered your mind?"

"I expected you to say so," said the other, bitterly. "I knew that I should meet with this mockery of my resolution, but it is uncalled for. It is not I that have changed!"

"What is it then has happened—do they refuse your passport?"

"Not that either; I never got so far as to ask for it. The misfortune is in this wise: on going to the bank to learn the sum that lay to my credit and draw for it, I was met by the reply, that I had nothing there—not a shilling. Before I could demand how this could be the case, the whole truth suddenly flashed across my memory, and I recalled to mind how one night, as I lay awake, the thought occurred to me, that it was base and dishonourable in me, now that I was come to manhood, to accept of the means of life from one who felt shame in my connexion with him. Why, thought I, is there to be the bond of dependance where there is no tie of affection to soften its severity? And so I arose from my bed,

and wrote to Sir Horace, saying, that by the same post I should remit to his banker at Naples whatever remained of my last year's allowance, and declined in future to accept of any further assistance. This I did the same day, and never told you of it—partly, lest you should try to oppose me in my resolve, partly," and here his voice faltered, "to spare myself the pain of revealing my motives. And now that I have buoyed my heart up with this project, I find myself without means to attempt it. Not that I regret my act or would recall it," cried he, proudly, "but that the sudden disappointment is hard to bear. I was feeding my hopes with such projects for the future when this stunning news met me, and the thought that I am now chained here by necessity has become a torture."

"What answer did Sir Horace give to your letter?" asked Billy.

"I forget; I believe he never replied to it, or if he did, I have no memory of what he said. Stay—there was a letter of his taken from me when I was arrested at Carrara. The seal was unbroken at the time."

"I remember the letter was given to the minister, who has it still in his keeping."

"What care I," cried Massy, angrily, "in whose hands it may be?"

"The minister is not here now," said Billy, half-speaking to himself; "he is travelling with the duke, but when he comes back—"

"When he comes back!" burst in Massy, impatiently; "with what calm philosophy you look forward to a remote future. I tell you that this scheme is now a part and parcel of my very existence. I can turn to no other project or journey no other road in life, till at least I shall have tried it!"

"Well, it is going to work in a more humble fashion," said Billy, calmly. "Leave me to dispose of all these odds and ends here!"

"This trash!" cried the youth fiercely. "Who would accept it as a gift?"

"Don't disparage it; there are signs of genius even in these things; but above all, don't meddle with me, but just leave me free to follow my own way. There now, go back and employ yourself preparing for the road—trust the rest to me."

Massy obeyed without speaking. It was not, indeed, that he ventured to believe in Traynor's resources, but he was indisposed to further discussion, and longed to be in solitude once more.

It was late at night when they met again. Charles Massy was seated at a window of his room, looking out into the starry blue of a cloudless sky, when Traynor sat down beside him. "Well," said he, gently, "it's all done and finished. I have sold off everything, and if you will only repair the hand of the Faun, which I broke in removing, there's nothing more wanting."

"That much can be done by any one," said Massy, haughtily. "I hope never to set eyes on the trumpery things again."

"But I have promised you would do it," said Traynor, eagerly.

"And how—by what right could you pledge yourself for my labor? Nay," cried he, suddenly changing the tone in which he spoke, "knowing my wilful nature, how could you answer for what I might or might not do?"

"I knew," said Billy, slowly, "that you had a great project in your head, and that to enable you to attempt it, you would scorn to throw all the toil upon another."

"I never said I was ashamed of labor," said the youth, reddening with shame.

"If you had, I would despair of you altogether," rejoined the other.

"Well, what is it that I have to do?" said Massy, bluntly.

"It is to remodel the arm; for I don't think you can mend it; but you'll see it yourself."

"Where is the figure?—In the studio?"

"No; it is in a small pavilion of a villa just outside the gates. It was while I was conveying it there it met this misfortune. There's the name of the villa on that card. You'll find the garden gate open, and by taking the path through the olive wood you'll be there in a few minutes; for I must go over to-morrow to Carrara with the Niobe; the Academy has bought it for a model."

A slight start of surprise and a faint flush bespoke the proud astonishment with which he heard of this triumph; but he never spoke a word.

"If you had any pride in your works, you'll be delighted to see where the Faun is to be placed. It is in a garden, handsomer even than this here, with terraces rising one over the other, and looking out on the blue sea, from the golden strand of Via Reggio down to the headlands above Spezia. The great olive wood in the vast plain lies at your feet, and the white cliffs of Serravezza behind you."

"What care I for all this," said Massy, gloomily. "Benvenuto could afford to be in love with his own works—I cannot!"

Traynor saw at once the mood of mind he was in, and stole noiselessly away to his room.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE PAVILION IN THE GARDEN.

CHARLES MASSY, dressed in the blouse of his daily labour, and with the tools of his craft in his hand, set out early in search of the garden indicated by Billy Traynor. A sense of hope that it was for the last time he was to exercise his art, that a new and more stirring existence was now about to open before him, made his step lighter and his spirits higher as he went. "Once amid the deep woods, and on the wide plains of the New World, and I shall dream no more of what judgment men may pass upon my efforts. There, if I suffice to myself, I have no other ordeal to meet.

Perils may try me, but not the whims and tastes of other men."

Thus fancying an existence of unbounded freedom and unfettered action, he speedily traversed the olive wood, and almost ere he knew it found himself within the garden. The gorgeous profusion of beautiful flowers, the graceful grouping of shrubs, the richly-perfumed air, loaded with a thousand odours, first awoke him from his day-dream, and he stood amazed in the midst of a scene surpassing all that he had ever conceived of loveliness. From the terrace, where under a vine trellis he

was standing, he could perceive others above him rising on the mountain side, while some beneath descended towards the sea, which, blue as a turquoise, lay basking and glittering below. A stray white sail or so was to be seen, but there was barely wind to shake the olive leaves, and rouse the odours of the orange and the oleander. It was yet too early for the hum of insect life, and the tricklings of the tiny fountains that sprinkled the flower-beds were the only sounds in the stillness. It was in colour, outline, effect, and shadow a scene such as only Italy can present, and Massy drank in all its influences with an eager delight.

"Were I a rich man," said he, "I would buy this paradise. What in all the splendour of man's invention can compare with the gorgeous glory of this flowery carpet? What frescoed ceiling could vie with these wide-leaved palms, interlaced with these twining acacias, with glimpses of the blue sky breaking through? And for a mirror, there lies nature's own—the great blue ocean! What a life were it, to linger days and hours here, amid such objects of beauty, having one's thoughts ever upwards, and making in imagination a world of which these should be the types. The faintest fancies that could float across the mind in such an existence would be pleasures more real, more tangible, than ever were felt in the tamer life of the actual world."

Loitering along, he at length came upon the little temple which served as a studio, on entering which he found his own statue enshrined in the place of honour. Whether it was the frame of mind in which he chanced to be, or that place and light had some share in the result, for the first time the figure struck him as good, and he stood long gazing at his own work with the calm eye of a critic. At length detecting, as he deemed, some defects in design, he drew nigh, and began to correct them. There are moments in which the mind attains the highest and clearest perception—seasons in which, whatever the nature of the mental operation, the faculties address themselves readily to the task, and labor becomes less a toil than an actual pleasure. This was such. Massy worked on for hours; his conceptions

grew rapidly under his hand into bold realities, and he saw that he was succeeding. It was not alone that he had imparted a more graceful and lighter beauty to his statue, but he felt within himself the promptings of a spirit that grew with each new suggestion of its own. Efforts that before had seemed above him he now essayed boldly; difficulties that once had appeared insurmountable he now encountered with courageous daring. Thus striving, he lost all sense of fatigue. Hunger and exhaustion were alike unremembered, and it was already late in the afternoon, as, overcome by continued toil, he threw himself heavily down, and sank off into a deep sleep.

It was nigh sunset as he awoke. The distant bell of a monastery was ringing the hour of evening prayer, the solemn chime of the "Venti quattro," as he leaned on his arm and gazed in astonishment around him. The whole seemed like a dream. On every side were objects new and strange to his eyes. Casts and models he had never seen before; busts and statues and studies, all unknown to him. At last his eyes rested on the Faun, and he remembered at once where he was. The languor of excessive fatigue still oppressed him, however, and he was about to lie back again in sleep, when, bending gently over him, a young girl, with a low, soft accent, asked if he felt ill, or only tired.

Massy gazed, without speaking, at features regular as the most classic model, and whose paleness almost gave them the calm beauty of the marble. His steady stare slightly coloured her cheek, and made her voice falter a little as she repeated her question.

"I scarcely know," said he, sighing heavily. "I feel as though this were a dream, and I am afraid to awaken from it."

"Let me give you some wine," said she, bending down to hand him the glass: "you have over fatigued yourself. The Faun is by your hand—is it not?"

He nodded a slow assent.

"Whence did you derive that knowledge of ancient art?" said she, eagerly; "your figure has the light elasticity of the classic models, and yet nothing strained or exaggerated

in attitude. Have you studied at Rome?"

"I could do better now," said the youth, as, rising on his elbow, he strained his eyes to examine her. "I could achieve a real success."

A deep flush covered her face at these words, so palpably alluding to herself, and she tried to repeat her question.

"No," said he, "I cannot say I have ever studied: all that I have done is full of faults; but I feel the spring of better things within me. Tell me, is this *your* home?"

"Yes," said she, smiling faintly. "I live in the villa here with my aunt. She has purchased your statue and wishes you to repair it, and then to engage in some other work for her. Let me assist you to rise, you seem very weak."

"I *am* weak, and weary, too," said he, staggering to a seat. "I have over-worked myself, perhaps—I scarcely know. Do not take away your hand."

"And you are, then, the Sebastian Greppi, of whom Carrara is so proud?"

"They call me Sebastian Greppi; but I never heard that my name was spoken of with any honour."

"You are unjust to your own fame. We have often heard of you. See, here are two models taken from your works. They have been my studies for many a day. I have often wished to see you, and ask if my attempt were rightly begun. Then here is a hand."

"Let me model yours," said the youth, gazing steadfastly at the beautifully-shaped one which rested on the chair beside him.

"Come with me to the villa, and I will present you to my aunt; she will be pleased to know you. There, lean on my arm, for I see you are very weak."

"Why are you so kind—so good to me?" said he, faintly, while a tear rose slowly to his eye. "I am so unused to such!"

He arose, tottering, and taking her arm, walked slowly along at her side. As they went, she spoke kindly and encouragingly to him, praised what she had seen of his works, and said how frequently she had wished to know him, and enjoy the benefit of his counsels in art. "For I, too," said she, laughing, "would be a sculptor."

The youth stopped to gaze at her with a rapture he could not control.

That one of such a station, surrounded by all the appliances of a luxurious existence, could devote herself to the toil and labour of art, implied an amount of devotion and energy that at once elevated her in his esteem. She blushed deeply at his continued stare, and turned at last away.

"Oh, do not feel offended with me," cried he, passionately. "If you but knew how your words have relighted within me the dying-out embers of an almost exhausted ambition—if you but knew how my heart has gained courage and hope—how light and brightness have shone in upon me after hours and days of gloom! It was but yesterday I had resolved to abandon this career for ever. I was bent on a new life, in a new world beyond the seas. These few things, that a faithful companion of mine had charged himself to dispose of, were to supply the means of the journey; and now I think of it no more. I shall remain here to work hard, and study, and try to achieve what may one day be called good. You will sometimes deign to see what I am doing, to tell me if my efforts are on the road to success, to give me hope when I am weak-hearted and courage when I am faint. I know and feel," said he, proudly, "that I am not devoid of what accomplishes success, for I can toil, and toil, and throw my whole soul into my work; but for this I need, at least, one who shall watch me with an eye of interest, glorying when I win, sorrowing when I am defeated. Where are we? What palace is this?" cried he, as they crossed a spacious hall, paved with porphyry and Sienna marble.

"This is my home," said the girl, "and this is its mistress."

Just as she spoke, she presented the youth to a lady, who, reclined on a sofa beside a window, gazed out towards the sea. She turned suddenly, and fixed her eyes on the stranger. With a wild start, she sprang up, and staring eagerly at him, cried, "Who is this? Where does he come from?"

The young girl told his name and what he was; but the words did not fall on listening ears, and the lady sat like one spell-bound, with eyes rivetted on the youth's face.

"Am I like any one you have known, Signora," asked he, as he read the effect his presence had produced

in her. "Do I recall some other features?"

"You do," said she, reddening painfully.

"And the memory is not of pleasure?" added the youth.

"Far, far, from it—it is the saddest and cruelest of all my life," muttered she, half to herself.

"What part of Italy are you from?—your accent is southern."

"It is the accent of Naples, signora," said he, evading her question.

"And your mother, was she Neapolitan?"

"I know little of my birth, signora. It is a theme I would not be questioned on."

"And you are a sculptor?"

"The artist of the Faun, dearest aunt," broke in the girl, who watched with intense anxiety the changing expressions of the youth's features."

"Your voice even more than your features brings up the past," said the lady, as a deadly pallor spread over her own face, and her lips trembled as she spoke. "Will you not tell me something of your history?"

"When you have told me the reason for which you ask it, perhaps I may," said the youth, half sternly.

"There—there," cried she, wildly, "in every tone, in every gesture, I trace this resemblance. Come nearer to me—let me see your hands."

"They are seamed and hardened with toil, lady," said the youth, as he showed them.

"And yet they look as if there was a time when they did not know labor," said she, eagerly.

An impatient gesture, as if he would not endure a continuance of this questioning, stopped her, and she said, in a faint tone,

"I ask your pardon for all this. My excuse and my apology are, that your features have recalled a time of sorrow more vividly than any words could do. Your voice, too, strengthens the illusion. It may be a mere passing impression; I hope and pray it is such. Come, Ida; come with me. Do not leave this, sir, till we speak with you again." So saying, she took her niece's arm and left the room.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

It was with a proud consciousness of having well fulfilled his mission that Billy Traynor once more bent his steps towards Massa. Besides providing himself with books of travel and maps of the regions they were about to visit, he had ransacked Genoa for weapons, and accoutrements, and horse gear. Well knowing the youth's taste for the costly and the splendid, he had suffered himself to be seduced into the purchase of a gorgeously embroidered saddle-mounting, and a rich bridle, in Mexican taste: a pair of splendid mounted pistols chased in gold, and studded with large turquoises, with a Damascus sabre, the hilt of which was a miracle of fine workmanship, were also amongst his acquisitions; and poor Billy fed his imagination with the thought of all the delight these objects were certain to produce. In this way he never wearied admiring them, and a dozen times a-day would he unpack them, just to gratify his

mind by picturing the enjoyment they were to afford.

"How well you are lookin', my dear boy," cried he, as he burst into the youth's room, and threw his arms around him; "'tis like ten years off my life to see you so fresh and so hearty. Is it the prospect of the glorious time before us that has given this new spring to your existence?"

"More likely it is the pleasure I feel in seeing you back again," said Massy, and his cheek grew crimson as he spoke.

"'Tis too good you are to me—too good," said Billy, and his eyes ran over in tears, while he turned away his head to hide his emotion; "but sure it is part of yourself I do be growing every day I live. At first I couldn't bear the thought of going away to live in exile, in a wilderness, as one may say; but now that I see your heart set upon it, and that your vigour and strength comes back just by the mere anticipation of it

I'm downright delighted with the plan."

"Indeed!" said the youth, dreamily.

"To be sure I am," resumed Billy, "and I do be thinking there's a kind of poethry in carrying away into the solitary pine-forest minds stored with classic lore, to be able to read one's Horace beside the gushin' stream that flows on nameless and unknown, and con over that ould fable book, Herodotus, amidst adventures stranger than ever he told himself."

"It might be a happy life," said the other, slowly, almost moodily.

"Aye, and it will be," said Billy, confidently. "Think of yourself, mounted on that saddle on a wild prairie horse, galloping free as the wind itself over the wide savannahs, with a drove of rushing buffaloes in career before you, and so eager in pursuit that you won't stop to bring down the scarlet-winged bustard that swings on the branch above you. There they go, plungin' and snortin', the mad devils, with a force that would sweep a fortress before them; and here are we after them, makin' the dark woods echo again with our wild yells. That's what will warm up our blood, till we'll not be afraid to meet an army of dragoons themselves. Them pistols once belonged to Cariatoké, a chief from Scio; and that blade—a real Damascus—was worn by an Aga of the Janisaries. Isn't it a picture?"

The youth poised the sword in his hand, and laid it down without a word; while Billy continued to stare at him with an expression of intensest amazement.

"Is it that you don't care for it all now, that your mind is changed, and that you don't wish for the life we were talkin' over these three weeks? Say so at once, my own darlin', and here I am, ready and willin' never to think more of it. Only tell me what's passin' in your heart—I ask no more."

"I scarcely know it myself," said the youth. "I feel as though in a dream, and know not what is real and what fiction."

"How have you passed your time?—What were you doin' while I was away?"

"Dreaming, I believe," said the other, with a sigh. "Some embers

of my old ambition warmed up into a flame once more, and I fancied that there was that in me that by toil and labor might yet win upwards; and that, if so, this mere life of action would but bring repining and regret, and that I should feel as one who chose the meaner casket of fate, when both were within my reach."

"So you were at work again in the studio?"

"I have been finishing the arm of the Faun in that pavilion outside the town." A flush of crimson covered his face as he spoke, which Billy as quickly noticed, but misinterpreted.

"Aye, and they praised you, I'd be bound. They said it was the work of one whose genius would place him with the great ones of art, and that he who could do this while scarcely more than a boy, might in riper years be the great name of his century. Did they not tell you so?"

"No; not that, not that," said the other, slowly.

"Then they bade you go on, and strive and labour hard to develope into life the seeds of that glorious gift that was in you?"

"Nor that," sighed the youth, heavily, while a faint spot of crimson burned on one cheek, and a feverish lustre lit up his eye.

"They didn't dispraise what you done! did they?" broke in Billy. "They could not if they wanted to do it; but sure there's nobody would have the cruel heart to blight the ripenin' bud of genius—to throw gloom over a spirit that has to struggle against its own misgivin's?"

"You wrong them, my dear friend; their words were all kindness and affection. They gave me hope and encouragement too. They fancy that I have in me what will one day grow into fame itself; and even you, Billy, in your most sanguine hopes, have never dreamed of greater success for me than they have predicted in the calm of a moonlit saunter."

"May the saints in heaven reward them for it!" said Billy; and in his clasped hands and uplifted eyes was all the fervor of a prayer. "They have my best blessin' for their goodness," muttered he to himself.

"And so I am again a sculptor!" said Massy, rising and walking the room. "Upon this career my whole heart and soul are henceforth to be

concentrated; my fame, my happiness are to be those of the artist. From this day and this hour let every thought of what—not what I once was, but what I had hoped to be, be banished from my heart. I am Sebastian Greppi. Never let another name escape your lips to me. I will not, even for a second, turn from the path in which my own exertions are to win the goal. Let the far away land of my infancy, its traditions, its associations, be but dreams for evermore. Forwards! forwards!" cried he, passionately, "not a glance, not a look, towards the past."

Billy stared with admiration at the youth, over whose features a glow of enthusiasm was now diffused, and in broken, unconnected words, spoke encouragement and good cheer.

"I know well," said the youth, "how this same stubborn pride must be rooted out—how these false, deceitful visions of a stand and a station that I am never to attain, must give place to nobler and higher aspirations; and you, my dearest friend, must aid me in all this—unceasingly, unwearily, reminding me that to myself alone must I look for anything; and that if I would have a country, a name, or a home, it is by the toil of this head and these hands they are to be won. My plan is this," said he, eagerly seizing the other's arm, and speaking with immense rapidity:—"A life not alone of labor, but of the simplest: not a luxury, not an indulgence; our daily meals the humblest, our dress the commonest, nothing that to provide shall demand a moment's forethought or care; no wants that shall turn our thoughts from this great object, no care for the requirements that others need. Thus mastering small ambitions and petty desires, we shall concentrate all our faculties in our art; and even the humblest may thus outstrip those whose higher gifts reject such discipline."

"You'll not live longer under the Duke's patronage then?" said Traynor.

"Not au hour. I return to that garden no more. There's a cottage on the mountain road to Serravezza will suit us well: it stands alone, and on an eminence, with a view over the plain and the sea beyond. You can see it from the door. There, to the

left of the olive wood, lower down than the old ruin. We'll live there, Billy, and we'll make of that mean spot a hallowed one, where young enthusiasts in art will come, years hence, when we have passed away, to see the humble home Sebastian lived in—to sit upon the grassy seat where he once sat, when dreaming of the mighty triumphs that have made him glorious." A wild burst of mocking laughter rung from the boy's lips as he said this; but its accents were less in derision of the boast, than a species of hysterical extasy at the vision he had conjured up.

"And why wouldn't it be so?" exclaimed Billy, ardently—"Why wouldn't you be great and illustrious?"

The moment of excitement was now over, and the youth stood pale, silent, and almost sickly in appearance: great drops of perspiration, too, stood on his forehead, and his quivering lips were bloodless.

"These visions are like meteor streaks," said he, falteringly; "they leave the sky blacker than they found it! But come along, let us to work, and we'll soon forget mere speculation."

Of the life they now led each day exactly resembled the other. Rising early, the youth was in his studio at dawn; the faithful Billy, seated near, read for him while he worked. Watching, with a tact that only affection ever bestows, each changeful mood of the youth's mind, Traynor varied the topics with the varying humours of the other, and thus little of actual conversation took place between them, though their minds journeyed along together. To eke out subsistence even humble as theirs, the young sculptor was obliged to make small busts and even figures for sale, and these Billy disposed of at Lucca and Pisa, making short excursions to these cities as need required.

The toil of the day over, they wandered out towards the sea-shore, taking the path which led through the olive road by the garden of the villa. At times the youth would steal away a moment from his companion, and enter the little park, with every avenue of which he was familiar; and although Billy noticed his absence, he strictly abstained

from the slightest allusion to it. Even at last, as he delayed longer and longer to return, Traynor maintained the same reserve, and thus there grew up gradually a secret between them—a mystery that neither ventured to approach. With a delicacy that seemed an instinct in his humble nature, Billy would now and then feign occupation or fatigue to excuse himself from the evening stroll, and thus leave the youth free to wander as he wished; till at length it became a settled habit between them to separate at nightfall, to meet only on the morrow. These nights were spent in walking the garden around the villa, sitting stealthily amid the trees to watch the room where she was sitting, to catch a momentary glimpse of her figure as it passed the window, to hear perchance a few faint accents of her voice. Hours long would he watch in the silent night, his whole soul steeped in a delicious dream where in her image moved, and came and went, with every passing fancy. In the calm moonlight he would try to trace her footsteps in the gravel walk that led to the studio, and linger near them, whisper to her words of love.

One night, as he loitered thus, he thought he was perceived, for as he suddenly emerged from a dark alley into a broad space where the moonlight fell strongly, he saw a figure in a terrace above him, but without being able to recognize to whom it belonged. Trembling and fearfully he retired within the shade, and crept noiselessly away, shocked at the very thought of discovery. The next day he found a small bouquet of fresh flowers on the rustic seat beneath the window. At first he scarcely dared to touch it; but with a sudden flash of hope that it had been destined for him, he pressed the flowers to his

lips, and hid them in his bosom. Each night now the same present attracted him to the same place, and thus at once within his heart was lighted a flame of hope that illuminated all his being, making his whole life a glorious episode, and filling all the long hours of the day with thoughts of her who thus could think of him.

Life has its triumphant moments, its dreams of entrancing, extatic delight, when success has crowned a hard-fought struggle, or when the meed of other men's praise comes showered on us. The triumphs of heroism, of intellect, of noble endurance—the trials of temptation met and conquered—the glorious victory over self-interest—are all great and ennobling sensations; but what are they all compared with the first consciousness of being loved, of being to another the ideal we have made of her! To this nothing the world can give is equal. From the moment we have felt it, life changes around us. Its crosses are but barriers opposed to our strong will, that to assail and storm is a duty. Then comes a heroism in meeting the every day troubles of existence, as though we were soldiers in a good and holy cause. No longer unseen or unmarked in the great ocean of life, we feel there is an eye ever turned towards us, a heart ever throbbing with our own that our triumphs are its triumphs, our sorrows its sorrows. Apart from all the intercourse with the world, with its changeable good and evil, we feel that we have a treasure that dangers cannot approach; we know that in our heart of hearts a blessed mystery is locked up—a well of pure thoughts that can calm down the most fevered hour of life's anxieties. Such the youth felt, and, feeling it, was happy.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A MISTAKE—LETTER.

“British Legation, Naples,
Nov. 18

“My dear Fair court,

“Not quite the fault that your letter has lain six weeks unanswered; but having given up penwork myself for the last eight months, and Craw-

ley, my private sec. being ill, the delay was unavoidable. The present communication you owe to the fortunate arrival here of Captain Mellish, who has kindly volunteered to be my amanuensis. I am indeed sorely grieved at this delay. I shall be deeply

if it occasion you any thing beyond inconvenience. How a private secretary should permit himself the luxury of an attack of influenza I cannot conceive. We shall hear of one's hair-dresser having the impertinence to catch cold, to-morrow or next day!

"If I dont mistake, it was you yourself recommended Crawley to me, and I am only half grateful for the service. He is a man of small prejudices; fancies that he ought to have a regular hour for dinner; thinks that he should have acquaintances; and will persist in imagining himself an existent something, appertaining to the legation,—while in reality he is only a shadowy excrescence of my own indolent habits, the recipient of the trashy superfluities one commits to paper, and calls despatches. Latterly, in my increasing laziness, I have used him for more intimate correspondence; and, as Doctor Allimore has now denied me all manual exertion whatever, I am actually wholly dependent on such aid. I'm sure I long for the discovery of some other mode of transmitting one's brain-efforts than by the slow process of manuscript—some photographic process, that by a series of bright pictures might display *en tableau* what one is now reduced to accomplish by narrative. As it ever did, and ever will happen too, they have deluged me with work when I crave rest. Every session of parliament must have its blue book; and by the devil's luck they have decided that Italy is to furnish the present one.

"You have always been a soldier, and whenever your inspecting general came his round, your whole care has been to make the troop horses look as fat, the men's whiskers as trim, their overalls as clean, and their curb-chains as bright, as possible. You never imagined or dreamed of a contingency when it would be desirable that the animals should be all sorebacked, the whole regiment under stoppages, and the trumpeter in a quinsey. Had you been a diplomatist instead of a dragoon, this view of things might perhaps have presented itself, and the chief object of your desire been to show that the system under which you functionated worked as ill as need be; that the court to which you were accredited abhorred you; its ministers snubbed, its small officials slighted

you; that all your communications were ill received, your counsels ill taken; that what you reprobated was adopted, what you advised rejected; in fact, that the only result of your presence was the maintenance of a perpetual ill will and bad feeling; and that without the aid of a line of battle ship, or at least a frigate, your position was no longer tenable. From the moment, my dear H—that you can establish this fact, you start into life as an able and active minister, imbued with thoroughly British principles—an active assertor of what is due to his country's rights and dignity, not truckling to court favour, or tamely submitting to royal impertinences—not like the noble lord at this place, or the more subservient viscount at that—but, in plain words, an admirable public servant, whose reward, whatever courts and cabinets may do, will always be willingly accorded by a grateful nation.

"I am afraid this sketch of a special envoy's career will scarcely tempt you to exchange for a mission abroad! And you are quite right, my dear friend. It is a very unrewarding profession. I often wish myself that I had taken something in the colonies, or gone into the church, or some other career which had given me time and opportunity to look after my health; of which, by the way, I have but an indifferent account to render you. These people here can't hit it off at all, Harcourt; they keep muddling away about indigestion, deranged functions, and the rest of it. The mischief is in the blood; I mean in the undue distribution of the blood. So Treysenac, the man of Bagneres, proved to me. There is a flux and reflux in us as in the tides, and when, from deficient energy, or lax muscular power, that ceases, we are all driven by artificial means to remedy the defect. Treysenac's theory is position. By a number of ingeniously contrived positions he accomplishes an artificial congestion of any part he pleases; and in his establishment at Bagneres you may see some fifty people strung up by the arms and legs, by the waists or the ancles, in the most marvellous manner, and with truly fabulous success. I myself passed three mornings suspended by the middle, like the sheep in the decoration of the Golden

Fleece, and was amazed at the strange sensations I experienced before I was cut down.

"You know the obstinacy with which the medical people reject every discovery in the art, and only sanction its employment when the world has decreed in its favor. You will, therefore, not be surprised to hear that Larrey and Cooper, to whom I wrote about Treysenac's theory, sent me very unsatisfactory, indeed very unseemly, replies. I have resolved, however, not to let the thing drop, and am determined to originate a suspensorium in England, when I can chance upon a man of intelligence and scientific knowledge to conduct it. Like mesmerism, the system has its antipathies, and thus yesterday Crawley fainted twice after a few minutes' suspension by the arms. But he is a bigot about anything he hears for the first time, and I was not sorry at his punishment.

"I wish you would talk over this matter with any clever medical man in your neighbourhood, and let me hear the result.

"And so you are surprised, you say, how little influence English representations exercise over the determinations of foreign cabinets. I go further, and confess no astonishment at all at the no-influence! My dear dragon, have you not, some hundred and fifty times in this life, endured a small martyrdom in seeing a very indifferent rider torment almost to madness the animal he bestrode, just by sheer ignorance and awkwardness—now worrying the flank with incautious heel, now irritating the soft side of the mouth with incessant jerkings—always counteracting the good impulses, ever prompting the bad ones of his beast? And have you not, while heartily wishing yourself in the saddle, felt the utter inutility of administering any counsels to the rider? You saw, and rightly saw, that even if he attempted to follow your suggestions, he would do so awkwardly and inaptly, acting at wrong moments and without that continuity of purpose which must ever accompany an act of address; and that for his safety and even for the welfare of the animal, it were as well they should jog on together as they had done, trusting that after a time they might establish a sort of com-

promise enduring if not beneficial to both.

"Such, my dear friend, in brief, is the state of many of those foreign governments to whom we are so profuse of our wise counsels. It were doubtless much better if they ruled well; but let us see if the road to this knotty consummation be by the adoption of methods totally new to them, estranged from all their instincts and habits, and full of perils, which their very fears will exaggerate. Constitutional governments, like underdone roast beef, suit our natures and our latitude; but they would seem lamentable experiments when tried south of the Alps. Liberty with us means the right to break heads at a county election, and to print impertinences in newspapers. With the Spaniard or the Italian it would be to carry a poignard more openly, and use it more frequently than at present.

"At all events, if it be any satisfaction to you, you may be assured that the rulers in all these cases are not much better off than those they rule over. They lead lives of incessant terror, distrust, and anxiety. Their existence is poisoned by ceaseless fears of treachery—they know not where. They change ministers as travellers change the direction of their journey, to disconcert the supposed plans of their enemies; and they vacillate between cruelty and mercy, really not knowing in which lies their safety. Don't fancy that they have any innate pleasure in harsh measures. The likelihood is, they hate them as much as you do yourself; but they know no other system; and, to come back to my cavalry illustration, the only time they tried a snaffle, they were run away with.

I trust these prosings will be a warning to you how you touch upon politics again in a letter to me; but I really did not wish to be a bore, and now here I am, ready to answer, so far as in me lies, all your interrogatories; first premising that I am not at liberty to enter upon the question of Glencore himself, and for the simple reason, that he has made me his confidant. And now as to the boy, I could make nothing of him, Harcourt; and for this reason,—he had not what sailors call "steerage way" in him. He went wherever you

bade him, but without an impulse. I tried to make him care for his career—for the gay world—for the butterfly life of young diplomacy—for certain dissipations—excellent things occasionally to develop nascent faculties. I endeavoured to interest him by literary society and savans, but unsuccessfully. For art indeed he showed some disposition, and modelled prettily; but it never rose above ‘amateurship.’ Now enthusiasm, although a very excellent ingredient, will no more make an artist, than a brisk kitchen-fire will provide a dinner where all the materials are wanting.

“I began to despair of him, Harcourt, when I saw that there were no features about him. He could do everything reasonably well; because there was no hope of his doing anything with real excellence. He wandered away from me to Carrara, with his quaint companion the doctor; and after some months wrote me rather a sturly letter, rejecting all monied advances, past and future, and saying something very haughty, and of course very stupid, about the “glorious sense of independence.” I replied, but he never answered me, and here might have ended all my knowledge of his history, had not a letter, of which I send you an extract, resumed the narrative. The

writer is the Princess Sablonkoff, a lady of whose attractions and fascinations you have often heard me speak. When you have read and thought over the enclosed, let me have your opinion. I do not, I cannot believe in the rumour you allude to. Glencore is not the man to marry at his time of life, and in his circumstances. Send me, however, all the particulars you are in possession of. I hope they don’t mean to send you to India, because you seem to dislike it. For my own part, I suspect I should enjoy that country immensely. Heat is the first element of daily comfort, and all the appliances to moderate it are *ex officio* luxuries; besides that in India there is a splendid and enlarged selfishness in the mode of life, very different from the petty egotisms of our rude Northland.

“If you do go, pray take Naples in the way. The route by Alexandria and Suez, they all tell me, is the best and most expeditious.

“Mellish desires me to add his remembrances, hoping you have not forgotten him. He served in the ‘Fifth’ with you in Canada; that is, if you be the same George Harcourt who played Tony Lumpkin so execrably at Montreal. I have told him it is probable, and am yours ever,

H. U.

BACON.*

It would be difficult to say to what class a book like this belongs, unless to those volumes of *Ana* in which great thinkers have sometimes bound together their loose thoughts. We have here, collected under one cover, the “wise saws” of Lord Bacon and the “modern instances” of the Archbishop of Dublin.

The table of contents of “Bacon’s Essays” is, as our readers well know, a miscellaneous one; and the Archbishop’s additions are taken from sources quite as various. Together, the Essays and the Annotations remind us of the work of Smalgruenius,

who wrote a work entitled, “*De Omnibus Rebus*,” and afterwards added a supplementary treatise, “*De quibusdam aliis*.”

The first edition of “Bacon’s Essays” was printed in 1597; it then contained only ten Essays. The volume was reprinted several times during the author’s life time, and received continual additions. In 1612, Bacon published an enlarged edition, which he dedicated to Prince Henry. He seems then to have adopted the word “Essays” as a new name for this style of composition. He calls them in his dedication, “Certain brief

* Bacon’s Essays, with Annotations by Richard Whately, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. London: John W. Parker. 1856.

notes set down rather significantly than curiously, which I have called *Essays*—the word is late but the thing is ancient." In the title-page of the first edition, they are quaintly described as places (*loci*) of persuasion and dissuasion.

To these *Essays* or *Places* the Archbishop of Dublin has contributed another collection of thoughts and common-places. It is thus a treatise on human nature, to which two wise observers, separated by an interval of two centuries, have contributed their several stock of experience. The critics will, no doubt, object that this is not so much an edition of Bacon as a compilation of Baconiana and Whateleiana bound up together; and it will be further asked, is such an act of literary partnership justifiable, for which consent has been obtained only on one side? The Chancellor, who can only act the *sleeping* partner in such a concern, must not be held accountable for the opinions of the Archbishop.

Limited liability must be the rule in this concern, in which the dead and the living are entered for an equal amount of shares. This much must be premised in fairness to the great Chancellor, who cannot appear either to consent or dissent to the act of the Archbishop. But admitting this, the combination is a useful one for the general reader. There is sufficient congeniality of mind between the essayist and his annotator to smooth down the differences of age and expression. The wise saw and the modern instance are so thoroughly one at bottom, but so unlike each other on the surface, that we feel on reading the two all the force of the argument from undesigned coincidence.

On some points, particularly cases of Christian experience, the annotator is, as might be expected, in advance of the essayist. Although the king's conscience-keeper, the Chancellor is not always a safe guide to a weak conscience. His empirical principles often appear where they ought not. It is the glory of physics but the weakness of ethics to be tried by experience. In Bacon's moral maxims we are sometimes unpleasantly reminded that he was the father of the Experimental Method. Honesty is the best policy, it is true,

but it will not do to be honest from policy. In morals, high principles produce high practice—if you lower the one, the other necessarily falls with it. Bacon is not professedly, as many of his degenerate disciples, an experimentalist in morals. But the standard is not always as high as could be wished. We need an occasional "caution for the time," such as the Archbishop judiciously supplies.

There is an Irish proverb quoted by the Archbishop, "He is a good hurler that's on the ditch." To judge of worldly wisdom by its own rules, we must look down on it from a height. The "wisdom which is from above" can alone truly pronounce on the wisdom of this world. Bacon in this respect was only the hurler in the field. He had not stood on the ditch, at least when he wrote the *Essays*. Perhaps, when, old and sick at heart, he flung the writ of summons to the upper house with an air of contempt on the table, exclaiming, "I have done with such vanities," he may have learned that sagacity is not wisdom. But such an appendix to his *Essays* we must note as deficient. The annotations in part supply this want.

It is strange that the man who sailed round the coasts of intellectual knowledge, explored every bay (to follow out his own metaphor) and sounded every creek, who noted all its deficiencies, and almost filled them up himself, should have shown as striking a specimen of moral littleness as of mental greatness. His own age and posterity have both fallen into strange confusion through this anomaly. The one rejected what was great, and the other has long revered what was little and mean. His intellect was misunderstood by the men of his own age. Queen Elizabeth said of him, "Bacon hath a great wit and much learning; but in law sheweth to the utmost of his knowledge, and is not deep." King James affectedly compared his *Novum Organum* to the peace of God, "for it *passeth all understanding*." Posterity, to which Bacon appealed, has reversed this judgment as to his parts as a writer; but posterity should remember that Bacon made no appeal against the judgment of his own age on his conduct as a man. They forgave, and we may forget that

he was fined, imprisoned, degraded ; but to apologise for these things is simply absurd.

If his faults were only *vitia temporis*, the common features of his age, his genius too by the same rule should belong to the age and not to the man. It is well that biographers have given up at last this line of defence. Let the reader compare the two verdicts—the one of a modern editor of Bacon, who has with the rest confounded the ideas of great and good ; the other of Dr. Whately—and judge for himself which is nearest the truth :—

It is true, says the hero-worshipper, that the condition of the times offers some excuse for him ; and his legal treatises, the settlement of the law of real property ; his attempts at law reform, and many of his judicial and political acts, show a nature naturally obeying the impulse of reason and conscience ; while the unimpeachable blamelessness of his private life, and the calm earnestness of his moral lessons, prove that he only needed a *purer atmosphere and more civilized times to act with all the dignity of the sage*, and speak with the unadulterated eloquence of an Augustan classic.

The verdict of the Archbishop of Dublin is sounded in a more Christian key, and runs as follows :—

I wish I could feel justified in concluding without saying anything of Bacon's own character ;—without holding him up as himself a lamentable example of practice at variance with good sentiments, and sound judgment, and right precepts. He thought well, and he spoke well ; but he had *accustomed* himself to act very far from well. And justice requires that he should be held up as a warning beacon to teach all men an important lesson ; to afford them a sad proof that no intellectual power,—no extent of learning,—not even the most pure and exalted moral sentiments confined to theory, will supply the want of a diligent and watchful conformity in practice to Christian principle. All the attempts that have been made to vindicate or palliate Bacon's moral conduct tend only to lower, and to lower very much, the standard of virtue. He appears but too plainly to have been worldly, ambitious, covetous, base, selfish, and unscrupulous. And it is remarkable that the Mammon which he served proved but a faithless master in the end. He reached the highest pinnacle, indeed, to which his ambition had aimed ; but he died impoverished, degraded, despised, and broken-hearted. His example, therefore, is far from being at all seductive.

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But let no one, theretupon, undervalue or neglect the lessons of wisdom which his writings may supply, and which we may, through divine grace, turn to better account than he did himself. It would be absurd to infer, that because Bacon was a great philosopher, and far from a good man, therefore you will be the better man for keeping clear of his philosophy. His intellectual superiority was no more the cause of his moral failures than Solomon's wisdom was of his. You may be as faulty a character as either of them was, without possessing a particle of their wisdom, and without seeking to gain instruction from it. The intellectual light which they enjoyed did not, indeed, keep them in the right path ; but you will not be the more likely to walk in it, if you quench any light that is afforded you.

How many on the other hand have been misled by the sounding couplet of Pope—

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.

Here we have an instance in the opposite extreme of the confusion between moral and mental greatness which men so often fall into. As some of Bacon's admirers excuse his baseness by his genius—so others with Pope accuse his genius as if the cause of his baseness. Bacon is indeed at once our example and our warning. As a light at sea may either hide a sunken rock, and so is to be avoided—or stand at the mouth of a harbour, and so should be made for, so the same character may at one time or another serve a two-fold use. The wise pilot knows both when to avoid and when to sail towards a light. Bacon's genius neither covers his faults nor do his faults extinguish his genius—it is well to know when to be warned and when invited. It is not often that the two lessons are taught in the life of one man ; but to learn the lesson at all, we must distinguish things that differ.

As we anticipate that the Essays and the Annotations will live by themselves, and that time that dissolves all things will dissolve at last this partnership of Bacon and Whately, we prefer to review them separately.

We will first select some extracts from the Annotations, and then remark more at large on Bacon.

In Essay XIX, on Seditions and

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Troubles, Bacon remarks, "there useth to be more trepidation in court upon the first breaking out of troubles than were fit." To which the Archbishop adds the following comment :—

To expect to tranquillize and benefit a country by gratifying its agitators, would be like the practice of the superstitious of old with their sympathetic powders and ointments, who, instead of applying medicaments to the wound, contented themselves with *salving* the sword which had inflicted it. Since the days of Dane-Gelt downwards, nay, since the world was created, nothing but evil has resulted from concessions made to intimidation.

In the Essay on Travel we have some amusing instances added by way of annotation on one-eyed travellers :—

Often it happens that a man seeks and obtains much intercourse with the people of the country in which he travels, he falls in with only *one particular set* whom he takes for representatives of the whole nation.

In the days when travelling by post-chaise was common, there were usually *lines* of inns on all the principal roads; a series of good and a series of inferior ones, each in connexion all the way along; so that if you once got into the worse line, you could not easily get out of it to the journey's end. The 'White Hart' of one town would drive you—almost literally—to the 'White Lion' of the next, and so on all the way; so that of two travellers by post from London to Exeter or York, the one would have nothing but bad horses, bad beds, bad dinners, and the other very good. This is analogous to what befalls a traveller in any new country with respect to the impressions he receives; if he falls into the hands of a party, they *con-sign* him, as it were, to those allied with them, and pass him on from one to the other, all in the same connexion, each showing him and telling him just what suits the party, and concealing from him everything else. This is no where more the case than in Ireland; from a tour in which two travellers will sometimes return, each faithfully reporting what he has seen and heard, and having been told perhaps nothing *more* than the truth on any point, but only *one* side of the truth, and the impressions received will be perhaps quite opposite. The Irish jaunting-car, in which the passengers sit back to back, is a type of what befalls many tourists in Ireland. Each sees a great deal, and reports faithfully what he has seen, one on one side of the road, and the other on the other. One will have seen all that is *green*, and the other all that is *orange*.

In Essay XXI. on Delays, to Bacon's words, "the ripeness or unripeness of the occasion must ever be well weighed," the following wise sentence is appended :—

It is a common phrase with the indiscriminating advocates of delay, that 'the world is not yet *ripe* for such and such a measure.' But they usually forget to enquire 'is it *ripening*? when and how is it likely to *become* ripe? or are men's minds to ripen like winter pears, merely by laying them by, and letting them alone?'

"Time," as Bishop Copleston has remarked, (Remains, p. 123) "is no agent." When we speak of such and such changes being brought about *by* time, we mean *in* time—by the gradual and imperceptible operation of some gentle agency. We should observe, therefore, whether there is any such agency at work, and in what direction—whether to render a certain change more difficult or easier. If you are surrounded by the waters, and want to escape, you should observe whether the tide is *flowing* or *ebbing*; in the one case, you should at once attempt the ford; in the other, you have to wait patiently; and if the water be still, and neither rising nor falling, then you should consider that though there is no danger of drowning, you must remain insulated for ever unless you cross the ford, and that if this is to be done at all, it may be as well done at once. The case of slavery in the United States is one of a rising tide. The rapid multiplication of slaves, which has already rendered their emancipation a difficult and hazardous step, makes it more so every year, and increases the danger of a servile war, such as that of St. Domingo.

The serfdom of the Russians is, perhaps, rather a case of still water; there seems no great reason to expect that the state of things will grow either worse or better spontaneously. In each of these cases, the slaves and the serfs are not ripe for freedom. No *enslaved people ever are*. And to wait, before you bestow liberty or political rights, till the recipients are fit to employ them aright, is to resolve not to go into the water till you can swim. You *must* make up your mind to encounter many considerable evils at first, and for some time, while men are learning to use the advantages conferred on them. It is the part of wisdom, however, to lessen these evils as far as can be done by careful *preparation*, and by bringing forward the several portions of any measure in the best *order*. A striking instance of the wisdom of this rule was exhibited in the measures adopted in reference to the Irish Roman Catholics; the first thing done was to bestow political power on the lowest, most ignorant, and most priest-ridden of the people, by giving them the elective franchise, at the same time marking this a source of continual irrita-

tion and continual agitation, because they were still restricted from electing members of their own persuasion. Roman Catholics were still precluded from sitting in parliament, because forsooth no one of that church could be safely trusted with political power! So said thousands and hundreds of thousands for nearly forty years, during which Roman Catholics had been exercising political power (as freeholders) in the most dangerous way possible. The next step was to admit Roman Catholics to seats which ought to have preceded—as almost every one now admits—the conferring of the elective franchise; because the Roman Catholics who would thus have been admitted to a share of political power would have been few, and would have belonged to the educated classes. And last of all came that which should have been first of all—the providing of some such schooling for the mass of the people as might render them at least one degree less unfit for political power. And was the long interval between the beginning and the end of this series of measures occupied in providing against the dangers to be apprehended as resulting? Quite the reverse. Instead of holding out so as to gain better terms, we held out for the worse. The ministry of 1806 provided certain conditions as safeguards, which that of 1829 would not venture to insist on. The one ministry would have capitulated on terms—the other surrendered nearly at discretion. The one proposed to confer something of a free-will boon, the other yielded avowedly to intimidation.

When Bacon speaks of time as an 'innovator,' he might have remarked, by the way—what of course he well knew—that though this is an allowable and convenient form of expression, it is not literally correct. In the words of the late Bishop Copleston (in the volume of his 'Remains,' which I edited), 'one of the commonest errors is to regard time as an *agent*. But in reality time *does* nothing, and is nothing. We use it as a compendious expression for all those causes which act slowly and imperceptibly. But, unless some positive cause is in action, no change takes place in the lapse of one thousand years; as, for instance, in a drop of water enclosed in a cavity of silex. The most intelligent writers are not free from this illusion. For instance, Simond, in his Switzerland, speaking of a mountain-scene, says—'The quarry from which the materials of the bridge came is just above your head, and the miners are still at work: air, water, frost, weight, and time.' Thus, too, those politicians who object to any positive enactments affecting the Constitution, and who talk of the gentle operation of time, and of our Constitution itself being the work of time, forget that it is human agency all along which is the efficient cause. Time *does* nothing.' Thus for Bishop Copleston.

But we are so much influenced by our own use of language, that, though no one can doubt, when the question is put before him, that effects are produced not *by* time, but *in* time, we are accustomed to represent Time as armed with a scythe, and mowing down all before him.

There is no more striking instance of the silent and imperceptible changes brought about by what is called 'time,' than that of a language becoming dead. To point out the precise period at which Greek or Latin ceased to be a living language, would be as impossible as to say when a man becomes *old*. And much confusion of thought and many important practical results arise from not attending to this. For example, many persons have never reflected on the circumstance that one of the earliest translations of the Scriptures into a vernacular tongue was made by the Church of Rome. The Latin *Vulgate* was so called from its being in the vulgar, *i.e.*, the popular language then spoken in Italy and the neighbouring countries; and that version was evidently made on purpose that the Scriptures might be intelligibly read by, or read to, the mass of the people. But gradually and imperceptibly Latin was superseded by the languages derived from it—Italian, Spanish, and French—while the Scriptures were still left in Latin; and when it was proposed to translate them into modern tongues, this was regarded as a perilous innovation, though it is plain that the real innovation was that which had taken place imperceptibly, since the very object proposed by the *vulgate* version was, that the Scriptures might *not* be left in an unknown tongue. Yet you will meet with many among the fiercest declaimers against the Church of Rome, who earnestly deprecate any the slightest changes in our authorized version, and cannot endure even the gradual substitution of other words for such as have become quite obsolete, for fear of unsettling men's minds. It never occurs to them that it was this very dread that kept the Scriptures in the Latin tongue, when that gradually became a dead language.

But, universally, the removal at once of the accumulated effects gradually produced in a very long time, is apt to strike the vulgar as a novelty, when, in truth, it is only a *restoration* of things to their original state.

For example, suppose a clock to lose only one minute and a few seconds in the week, and to be left uncorrected for a year; it will then have lost a whole hour; and any one who then sets it right, will appear to the ignorant to have suddenly robbed them of that amount of time.

This case is precisely analogous to that of the change of Style. There was, in what is called the Julian Calendar (that fixed by Julius Cæsar) a minute error, which made every fourth year a trifle too long; in the course of centuries the error amounted to

eleven days, and when, about a century ago, we rectified this (as had been done in Roman Catholic countries a century earlier), this mode of reckoning was called 'the new style.' The Russians, who still use what is called 'the old style,' are now not eleven, but twelve days wrong; that is, they are one day further from the original position of the days of the month, as fixed in the time of Julius Cæsar: and this they call *adhering* to the Julian Calendar.

So, also, to reject the religious practices and doctrines that have crept in by little and little since the days of the apostles, and thus to restore Christianity to what it was under *them*, appears to the unthinking to be forsaking the old religion and bringing in a new.

A new name has lately been invented by which to designate the political standing of a party rising out of the ruins of the old Conservative party, broken up by Sir Robert Peel. They are called Progressive Conservatives. Unhappily all or nearly all political moves have been made on a plan of unprepared starts from a state of rigid immobility. On two occasions in his political life Sir Robert Peel was too stiff a Conservative, and too sudden a Reformer. The old motto *festina lente* has been understood as if delay and despatch were successive not identical movements—as if we were to delay too long and then despatch too soon, instead of seasoning our despatch with delay. It is perhaps worth remarking that this sluggishness and precipitancy are only opposite phases of the same disposition. Matter is the same inert thing, whether still or in motion. The same *vis inertia* must be overcome to retard as to impel it. It will no more stop of itself than start of itself. It is a mark in the same way of a mechanical order of mind—acted on, that is, by forces only from without—that it passes under a given amount of pressure from the inertia of Conservatism to the like inertia of Radicalism.

In our remarks on Bacon we will judge of him less from his Essays than from his other works. It is pleasant to turn from anything which reminds us of the man, to those writings which only remind us of the philosopher—it is like appealing from Philip drunk to Philip sober. Bacon in disgrace loved to compare himself to three great men of antiquity—Demosthenes, Cicero, and Seneca—all of whom, after occupying high

stations in their respective countries, had fallen into delinquency, and been banished into retirement where they consoled themselves with letters and philosophy. He might have adopted the language in which Cicero addresses philosophy, "*Ad te confugimus; a te opem petimus; tibi nos ut antea magnâ ex parte sic nunc penitus totosque tradimus.*" And philosophy rewarded him, as neither chancery or the sale of monopolies could. The disgraced chancellor was promoted to be the high priest of nature.

It is said that the king, one day observing his coach attended by a number of people on horseback, said, "Well, do what we will, this man scorns to go out like snuff." The light indeed of intellect (Bacon's own *lumen siccum*) burned more brightly the less it was fed by the impure oil of earthly honour. When one day he was dictating to his chaplain an account of some experiments in philosophy, he was told of the failure of some application at court for some important favour. "Be it so," he calmly said. "Well, sir, if that business will not succeed, let us go on with this which is in our power."

The philosophy of Bacon is a subject on which so much has been written, that we may almost say of it in despair, what is good is not new, and what is new cannot be good. We will divide what we have to say on this subject under three heads:—
1. Bacon's Antecedents. 2. His Method. 3. Its Application.

1. With regard to Bacon's antecedents, we may adopt the motto employed by the author of "Reformers before the Reformation," "*Fixere fortes ante Agamemnona.*" As, to understand Luther, we must study the life and opinions of Tauler or Wessel, so to understand the reformer of philosophy, we must go back to those schoolmen who first raised the protest against Aristotle.

With Pope Gregory the First, the destroyer of ancient learning, the middle ages may be said to begin. With Pope Nicholas the Fifth, the great restorer of ancient learning, they may be said to end. Hallam has elegantly compared these eminent men to Michael Angelo's figures of Night and Morning, which seem to stand at the two gates of the middle

ages, emblems and heralds of the mind's long sleep and of its awakening.

By the ninth century it may be said that the night of ignorance which followed upon the decline of the Roman Empire was far spent, and the dawn of a new day was at hand. That dawn dates from Charlemagne. He established schools throughout his empire attached to cathedrals and convents, and engaged ecclesiastics to the task of education. Out of this grew slowly and imperceptibly the scholastic system which by the twelfth century had established itself throughout Europe. Bacon has well described it as the philosophy which taught in the persons of master and scholar, not of inventor and improver. Bacon's illustrious namesake, Roger Bacon, one of the *prodromi* or forerunners (to use a Baconian phrase) of the philosophy of discovery, was persecuted as a magician by his brother monks. Invention existed, it is true—but existed only by sufferance. The interpretation of nature was not attempted, and therefore the true empire of man had not begun.

But a revolution was at hand. East and West, light had broken in at once upon Europe. In the East the capture of Constantinople—in the West the discovery of America had opened new channels for activity and enterprise. The invention of printing and the manufacture of paper brought their timely aid to the emancipation of learning. The seals which had been set upon the libraries of Europe were now broken, and the oldest and most odious monopoly of all, the monopoly of letters, taken away for ever. This reformation in letters soon connected itself, and inevitably so, with a reformation in religion. Scholasticism had its origin in the times of Charlemagne with the cathedral and conventual system. True to its old traditions, the school stood by the church; it had risen with it, and with it it fell. The schools supplied the church with its angelical, its irrefragable, its seraphic, its ponderous doctors. The legionaries were not more attached to the fortunes of ancient Rome, than the schoolmen to those of the church of Rome in the middle ages. Thus the early Reformers wisely selected the schools as their point of attack. Erasmus ridiculed

the doctors, and Luther demolished their doctrines; but it is easy to see that Luther would have fared as Wessel or Huss, and either recanted or burned, had not scholasticism declined a century before he made his grand assault. The discovery of America and the decline of Roman ascendancy were also connected together. So long as civilization was a thing of the Mediterranean and the countries bordering on it, Rome, situated in the centre of that circle, must retain its supremacy. The *urbis et orbis* were conterminous, and the extensions of Christianity northward and eastward during the middle ages could do little to disturb this centre. But it was different when the pillars of Hercules were passed. The capital of a Mediterranean civilization could not continue the capital when civilization became an oceanic idea. In vain the Pope asserted his old rights, and parcelled out the Indies to Portugal, and America to Spain. With ocean discovery the spell of supremacy was broken. "Westward the course of empire takes its way," and the proud boast of the conterminous extent of the *urbis et orbis* was shattered for ever. Bacon lived in this transition age. It is not without significance that the frontispiece of the *Instauratio Magna* depicts a vessel in full sail passing beyond the pillars of Hercules, with this inscription, "*Multi pertransibunt et augebitur scientia.*" "Many shall go to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." The talented author of "Westward Ho!" has well depicted the stirring spirit of Englishmen in the days of Elizabeth, when Drake and Raleigh first broke upon the Spanish Main, and the Heards and the Leghs and the good burghers of Bideford had a venture in some privateer, fitted out partly to discover the new *Eldorado*, partly to wreak vengeance on the hated Spaniard. Bacon had seen and heard these things. In the revolt from mediævalism in every stage he followed with no unwilling steps; and, therefore, in the frontispiece of his *Instauratio Magna* he set his ship's head sailing beyond the pillars of Hercules. He had caught in its widest sense the spirit of oceanic discovery, and it is doubtful if any West of England fisherman ever dreamed of mountains of gold or palaces with

roofs of plated silver in the Spanish plantations, with half the gusto with which Bacon mused over the results of his new method of invention. Raleigh did not promise the greedy courtiers of King James half so magnificently. Why should he not transmute glass into stone, bones into earth, leaves into wood; invest tin with all the properties of gold, and charcoal with the qualities of the diamond? To avert summer droughts or autumnal rains were but trifles. He would hurl the thunderbolt and command the storm; create heat and manufacture metals; pour golden fruits on the earth and arrest the plague. We were to have spring fruits and autumnal blossoms, December roses and June icicles.

What were Raleigh's promises to these? and yet he paid with his head for the hopes he had disappointed. Bacon, a wilder and far more dazzling adventurer, sailed westward to a new Atlantis, and explored its coasts, and although he only brought back in words a good report, yet his words were taken for proofs by his own age, because they fell in with its adventurous spirit. Had his namesake of Oxford, two centuries earlier, held a word of promise half so encouraging to the lips of the men of his day, they would have dashed it from them and consigned him from Bocardio to the stake. The Instauration was the work of an age—not of a man only. Columbus and Luther, Guttenberg and the revivers of Greek letters, were the *prodromi* or forerunners of the great Reformer. If, in his youthful dreams, he conceived of his work as the "*Maximus partus temporis*"—"the greatest birth of time"—it must be remembered that such births only occur after long gestation in the womb of time. They do not spring armed from the brain, as Pallas from the head of Jupiter. Bacon understood his age and its wants. The thought of Pope inscribed on Newton's monument—

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night,
God said, Let Newton be, and all was light,

is as false to truth as to taste. God allows no such theatric starts in the order of the discoveries of his works. As in his own creation the evening and the morning was the first day,

the second growing out of the first, and so on through a week of works and days, so in the progress of mind. We reverence Bacon most by putting him in his place. Rising beyond his age it is true, but because climbing on the shoulders of the foremost men of that and a preceding age.

2. From the antecedents of Bacon we now proceed to the Method itself. It is well known that he called this method a *Novum Organum* in opposition to the old Organon or method of proof of Aristotle. The question thus between Bacon and Aristotle resolves itself to this:—Does the reason act in the discovery of truth according to any definite method? and if so, what is it? The latter of these is distinct from the former. We may either deny that the mind pursues any method of its own; we may reduce all knowledge to intuition and memory, and limit the use of reason to the reception and registration of sensations from without; or, admitting that there are active powers of reason, deny that they can be so reduced to rule as to form an organum or machine (the exact sense of the word) for the invention of truth. The former supposition amounts to a denial of reason itself—the latter to a denial of any rationale of reason. Both of these opinions have been held in modern times—the latter of the two much more commonly. Indeed it has been as often objected to the Organum of Bacon that it does not teach us to observe, as it was formerly objected to the Organum of Aristotle that it did not teach men to argue. The absurd objection of Ramus to the old syllogistic logic has been repeated as absurdly against the new logic of induction. In neither case, was the use of an Organum understood. The one Organum does not create in us the power of argument, but it tells us how that power acts; the rules of argument have no more to say to the use of argument than a knowledge of muscles has to their exercise. So with the Organum of Bacon. To record the method by which others have observed nature, will give us neither the perseverance or penetration to do so—these qualities we must have and use for ourselves.

Grammar for instance is an Organum

of language ; but so far from speech following the rules of grammar, these rules are drawn up from observing the usages of language. We are apt to be misled here by a false analogy. Because we learn a new language by the aid of grammar, we may think that the language itself has been constructed according to rule, because our knowledge of it is so. Most of us have learned some foreign language by the rules of grammar, but this is not the case with our own language. Here we can easily see that grammar follows language, and not language grammar. A well educated Englishman judges of the rules laid down in an English grammar by his own knowledge of the language. He has access to the same authorities from which the grammarian has collected his rules, and can appeal to the same tribunal—the “*ars et norma loquendi*”—if he has reason to think that the grammarian has arbitrarily drawn up rules of his own. Grammar is thus an Organum of speech, and rules of reasoning are drawn up on the same principle as rules of language. Now, as reasoning is not acquired but intuitive, every man who can reason at all is competent to judge of the validity of rules of reason. Reason is here our vernacular, and logic is amenable to the laws of thought in the same way that grammar is to the common usage of speech.

Aristotle and Bacon have both drawn up an Organum or grammar of reasoning ; and the world is still divided as to the merits of each.

By ascertaining what is common to both, we shall best determine in what respects the two methods differ. Were our knowledge unlimited, it would be intuitive. There can be nothing analogous to the reasoning process in an infinite mind. Underneath all the variety which distracts us, He sees unity and harmony throughout. It is in this sense, no doubt, that knowledge shall vanish away, a knowledge which is but a counterpart of ignorance. Gambold, a Moravian poet, has written thus :—

I am apt to think the man
That could surround the sum of things, and spy
The heart of God and secret of his empire,
Would speak but love. With him the bright
result
Would change the hue of intermediate scenes,
And make one thing of all theology.

But knowledge is not thus intuitively attained by us, now at least. Intuition carries us to the threshold of knowledge, but no further ; by intuition we perceive whatever lies on the surface of things, or on the surface of our own nature, but these compose but a little part of our knowledge. Phenomena soon appear which contradict each other, and baffle our senses ; things which at first sight seemed so simple now appear as complex—unity has been broken up into an endless and discordant variety. It is here that human knowledge or discovery properly begins. The first—and, perhaps, in one form or another, the only—act of the mind in the discovery of truth, is comparison. By this we are first made acquainted that variety exists ; and by successive acts of comparison, such as abstraction or the comparison of instances to be rejected, and, judgment, or the comparison of instances which agree, we come to the discovery of truth or unity underneath variety. We have thus a common term under which all reasoning is contained. The rationale of reason is, that it is the act of the mind eliminating truth by comparison.

Now this comparison is two-fold, and hence arise two distinct methods of reasoning. It is either simple or compound. First ; simple comparison is when two objects are brought together to discover their agreement or disagreement. If the objects are phenomenal, abstraction is required, in order to reject all that is extraneous to the subject matter of the judgment to be arrived at. If the objects are only notional, no such abstraction is necessary. The difference between the pure and mixed sciences, and the much greater development the former are capable of, is partly owing to this, that the mind is not embarrassed with this *rejectio instantium non comparantium*. The science of numbers, for instance, is a pure act of cognition. As it is concerned not with the properties of numbers in themselves—a vague and mystical abuse of reason—but their fixed ratio to each other, it is the most unerring act of reason. The pleasure felt in mathematical studies, no doubt, arises from this sense of certainty in our knowledge. The reason is flattered to find that its

judgments cannot be disputed. The science which has exhibited the highest form of human knowledge has, therefore, been distinctively called mathematics—the science which can be learned.

Second:—complex comparison is between a judgment and an object, whether purely notional or phenomenal. In this case comparison is so much the more difficult as the things to be compared differ, not in degree only as in the former case, but in kind as well. Thus complex comparison is between a law—as for instance a law of nature—and some fact supposed to be contained under it. If the fact or phenomenon evidently springs out of the law—the inference is one only in name; there has been no real *act* of comparison; the judgment has been altogether passive, and the conclusion, when stated, only an identical proposition. The celebrated dictum of Aristotle, *de omni et nullo*, is only the old axiom that the part is contained underneath the whole, and is worthless for the discovery of truth, and useless in its statement. If man is an animal, John is an animal. No inference is made in the minor that is not contained in the major. To save the induction of the old logic from the contempt into which it had deservedly fallen, the Archbishop of Dublin has adduced some ingenious instances of inference under the form of the syllogism. Thus—He has swallowed a cup of laurel-water—therefore he has taken poison. The inference is one which no one can draw who is ignorant that laurel-water is poisonous. Of course no one can say that a man is poisoned from drinking laurel-water, unless he knows that laurel-water is poisonous—but is this an *inference*? Is any *new* thing inferred in the conclusion which is not contained in the minor? The syllogism, if it is to be regarded as such, may be thus represented:—

Whoever drinks laurel-water will die of it.
A. B. has drunk laurel-water. Therefore, &c.

It is not a case of comparison, which we have seen all reasoning consists of; the judgment of the *fact*, if any, is an intuitive one. If, as is often inferred, it is true, that laurel-water is poisonous, but this is

no part of the syllogism *as such*. But this inference, discovered by experiment, and to which the rules of logic cannot apply, is confounded with the inference or judgment from the action of poison on *all* men to the action of poison on an individual man, which, as far as we can see, is only an identical truth—the famous dictum, *de omni et nullo*, a little diversified; what is predicated of the whole in the major predicated of an individual in the conclusion.

But complex comparison, or that between a law and its particular instances, does not always tend to identical truth. There are cases where the instance is at variance with the law, and the act of judgment consists in fresh comparison between the law and the disturbing instance; leading us to a conclusion in which we account for the irregularity without disturbing our belief in the universality of the law. Such instances of deductive reasoning will increase, as the number of general laws ascertained increase also. The discovery of a new planet, at one and the same time, by two astronomers arguing on the same deductive principles, is an instance in proof. On the one hand, the universality of the Newtonian law could not be given up; on the other hand, the existence of a disturbing cause was a fact of experience as unimpeachable. It was by an act of complex comparison—comparing, that is, a principle and a fact *not contained under it*, which led to a new truth and the brilliant discovery of a new planet. This case is one of real inference, as the one cited by the Archbishop of Dublin is one only of apparent. In this case, from the contradiction between the law and the disturbing phenomenon, the mind is forced to a judgment: it must either abandon the law or account for the variety. It cannot do the one, and is forced therefore to do the other. It is thus driven to the invention of new truth. This discovery, moreover, is not only a new fact—it is a corroboration of the old. In the example of the laurel-water, the only truth contained in the syllogism is the principle with which we set out, that laurel-water is poisonous—it is self-evident that whoever drinks it will die—the principle is *not* strengthened by its confirmation in a

particular instance. But when an opposing instance is reconciled with a general principle, the truth of the principle is corroborated not by the comparison merely of an instance, but by the comparison of an opposing instance. By how far our belief in the truth of the principle was shaken, to the same extent is it now confirmed. The variety, like a petty insurrection subdued, only establishes the law it threatened at first to overturn. Now we hold that the inductive and deductive methods, or the Organum of Bacon and Aristotle respectively, are grounded, the one on an act of simple comparison, the other on an act of complex.

It is easily seen that the rules of the old logic are quite inapplicable to induction. By induction we collect particular instances, and frame out of these a general law. But there can be no inference in the conclusion which is not contained in the premises. From the induction that this, and this, and this planet revolve in an ellipse, I infer either that *all* (a case of perfect induction) or *some* (partial induction) planets revolve in an ellipse. But the inference or conclusion is evidently part of the comparison. In comparing the planets together with reference to their common property of revolving in an ellipse, there is but a single act of the mind, the comparison itself. The conclusion is not a judgment formed on that comparison; it adds nothing to the discovery of truth; it is only stating explicitly as a conclusion what is implied implicitly in the premises. No doubt, as Archbishop Whately contends, you can express an induction syllogistically; but what is gained by this artificial arrangement? The inductive method, as laid down by Bacon, and assisted by the cautions he and others have given, investigates facts. It admits them into the premises. "The syllogism," as Archbishop Whately says, "deduces an inference *from* these facts." What is the nature of that inference? It is that it states concisely what the premises have stated diffusely. This can scarcely be called an act of reasoning, but of grammar. Logic deserves indeed the reproach of being a *res puerilis*, if this be one of its methods. It would be wiser to abandon a territory it cannot usefully occupy. There

is a wise caution quoted by the Archbishop, that, as in mechanics, so in methods of proof, "nothing is stronger than its *weakest* part." So, if the syllogism be tested by its uses in inductive reasoning, and fails, it is in danger of being altogether discarded. Objectors have not failed to draw attention to this point. There is only one conceivable use for the syllogistic arrangement of inductive truth, which is to show distinctly how the conclusion inevitably flows out of the premises. To quote the Archbishop's words, "the rules of logic have nothing to do with the truth or falsity of the premises, except of course when they are the conclusions of former arguments; but merely teach us to decide, not whether the premises are *fairly laid down*, but whether the conclusion follows fairly from the premises."

For these negative uses, to guard against deceiving either ourselves or others, we may use the syllogism with inductive reasoning; for all other purposes we would reject it as useless.

It is evident from the foregoing remarks that Bacon was justified in calling his method a *Novum Organum*. In the day when he wrote, the syllogism was the only method of argument; nor was it even then on the decline. If Aristotle had received some rude shocks from the early reformers, he had more than recovered the ground he had lost when the Reformation began to settle down into the stage of systematic theology. Melancthon, who had followed Luther in inveighing against Aristotle as the arch-schoolman and corrupter of Christianity, soon discovered that for the purposes of a deductive science, such as systematic theology, the help of the syllogism was indispensable. The age, which was characteristically theological, soon learned to syllogise by mood and figure, as their fathers before them had done; and the reign of the *Old Organon* began again after a brief interregnum. The Reformers soon began to shew almost as intolerant a spirit as their enemies, and minds might have settled down into the old dogmatic mould again. At this juncture Bacon wrote. His innovations were radical, and he resolved to go to the root of the matter. So long as men argued from principles,

and not to principles—so long as hypothesis was put out of its place, and, instead of the scaffolding of truth, retained as part of the edifice—men building, in fact, into the posts and cross-beams of the categories, as houses in Germany are sometimes built with brick fillings—up to a wooden frame—while this method flourished, Bacon foresaw that the interpretation of nature and the true reign of man could never begin. His resolve was taken to demolish if he could the old categories, which, like standing timbers, tempted men to build lazily and insecurely. He laid his foundation deep in the axiom, “man, as the minister and interpreter of nature, does and understands as much as his observations or the order of nature, either with regard to things or the mind, permit him, and neither knows nor is capable of more.” Aphorisms XIII. and XIV. contain the abandonment of the old Organum, and the adoption of the new; they are therefore worthy of being quoted :—

XIII. The Syllogism is not applied to the principles of the sciences, and is of no avail in the intermediate axioms, as being very unequal to the subtlety of nature. *It forces assent therefore, and not things.*

XIV. The Syllogism consists of propositions; propositions of words; words are the signs of notions. If, therefore, the notions (which form the basis of the whole) be confused and carelessly abstracted from things, there is no solidity in the superstructure. *Our only hope then is in genuine induction.*

Thus far with Bacon's method. Although observation is as old as human nature, and experiment coeval with the first dawn of discovery, the two had never been boldly combined into a method. As an Organum, it was new. “Even the effects,” he says in Aphorism VIII., “already discovered, are due to chance and experiment rather than to the sciences.” Augurs and auspices may have existed before, to dissect nature and examine the entrails of things. Bacon was the pious Numa who first incorporated them in a college, and put himself at their head.

We have seen thus far the validity of the inductive method—that it corresponds to that act of simple comparison which is the first step of the mind in the attainment of knowledge. Complex comparison, or the comparison of fixed principles with variable

facts, is a distinct act from that of simple comparison, which is only the comparison of two facts together, or two notions together, and the discovery of a common ratio between them. To this distinct act of the mind a distinct method or organum is necessary. Such is the deductive method. A principle or law is here compared with a particular instance, and a fresh conclusion comes to. If the instance be contained under the principle, as the *dictum de omni et nullo*, no discovery is made—the syllogism is useless; but if there is a genuine comparison between an *opposing fact* and a *fixed principle*, the discovery of fresh truth follows as well as the confirmation of old.

On this account the old logic is still to be retained. A wide field for the exercise of the deductive syllogism is opened out—ethics, theology, and such sciences. As soon as any science has attained to the positive stage of general laws, the work of comparison begins between general principles and particular disturbing instances.

Thus in theology this complex comparison, or the apparent contradiction between the statements of Scripture and our experiences, lead to salutary exercises of faith. The major, for instance, in the 73rd Psalm is the suppressed premiss that righteousness carries with it a sure reward, and unrighteousness a certain punishment. The minor is the complaint of the Psalmist at the fact of experience contradicting this law, that the ungodly are in great prosperity, &c. This complex comparison was too hard for David, until he went into the sanctuary of God, &c. Much of the interpretation of the prophecies turns upon this principle. The apparent fact contradicting the sure word of the prophecy or principle laid down, and God bringing the two at last into harmony. Thus the rejection of Israel contradicts the law that the gifts and calling of God are without repentance. Unbelief would set the minor against the major, and reject the law on account of the disturbing instance. Faith holds on to the one, as sight to the other, and faith will be rewarded at last as sight. It shall see the conclusion reconciling both. Meanwhile it admits the opposition which it cannot reconcile; the just shall live by faith.

Other instances from deductive science may easily be added. Thus, in political economy, suppose we admit as a law (it has been established on *nearly* a sufficient induction of instances) that the wealth of a country is in proportion to its population per square mile. If then a compact population on a small area of country is conducive to national wealth, and a small population over a wide area a condition of national poverty, we find a disturbing instance in Ireland, which is poor though populous. By an act of complex comparison, comparing the law with its contradiction, we are driven either to qualify the law or account for the exception from other causes. In either case we discover truth, and the contradiction is no where so well seen as in the following syllogism :—

A country is prosperous in proportion as its population is great and its area small.

But Ireland is poor under these conditions.

Therefore either the major must be qualified, i. e., the law abandoned, or the minor accounted for, and the law thereby maintained unshaken.

The range over which these judgments by complex comparison extend is practically endless, as the point of contact between general principles and disturbing instances forms nearly the whole subject matter of practical ethics, theology, and every deductive science, which is being thus verified more every day. A favourite subject with old moralists was that of casuistry or cases of conscience ; it is still known under the name of collision of duties to some German moralists. This may be described as coming under the deductive method. The collision between fixed principles and varying circumstances, and how far the one must bend to the other, is capable of being exhibited in this form. The man of fixed principle in such a case of conflict sets his face as a flint, sure that in the end he shall not be confounded. The man of looser principles abandons the law or the major, and takes up for his practical conclusion the minor or persuading temptation—like Aaron, he is afraid of the people. The utter sceptic is the man who is equally lax as to major and minor, the general

principle, and the disturbing instance ; and says men are—

The slaves of circumstances, mostly when
The circumstances seem the slaves of men.

Perhaps, as in Bacon's day, the danger was from the excessive use of the old Organum, it is now, on the contrary, from the extravagant use of the new. A school in France, to which so eminent a logician as Mr. Mill has given his name and sanction, have extended the experimental method beyond its proper limits ; and as they do not set out with general laws in physical sciences, so they will not admit any axioms or the laws of intuitive morality in the moral ; observing that by one method we argue from facts to principles, they have determined that there shall be no other, and have resolved to expunge out of our vocabulary all general laws but those which they have generalized from their own experience.

Virtue is thus a calculation of right and wrong, and national morality only a question of statistics. We could easily cite, were it necessary, instances to show that the author of the *Novum Organum* would have been the first to rebuke the irreligious zeal of his disciples. While we give up the minor of the syllogism of practical ethics to experiment and observation, and desire that instances be multiplied not only of cases which confirm but also of those which contradict the major (for it is from the latter discovery will be made), we must insist on the unimpeached veracity of this major. The law and the testimony, in theology ; and the law written in the heart, in morals may be compared with disturbing instances whenever any such arise ; let every doubt or difficulty be fully and freely stated. We reject the dogmatic spirit which would quash them ; but we augur no good, on the other hand, from those who will have no law but their own experience—no major but their own, that whatever is natural is right ; to which the conclusion can easily be fitted, that since lust is natural, *i. e.*, found in nature, lust doth not partake of the nature of sin. Woe unto those that thus call evil good and good evil, that put light for darkness and darkness for light, sweet for bitter and bitter for sweet.

3. We will add a few remarks in the last place on some statements of :

Macaulay in his brilliant Essay on Lord Bacon. The greater the merits of a writer, the more important it is to point out where he is likely to mislead, and as there can be no question about the merits of Mr. Macaulay's Essay, it all the more behoves us to notice where he is in error. Mr. Macaulay has both understated and overstated the merits of Bacon's *Organon*. His judgment of Bacon errs both from excess and defect of praise. He has treated his hero as the heathen do their idols—sometimes bowing down to them, as if the power of the great God resided in wood and stone, and then revenging themselves on them and turning them into contempt.

In the first place, we are told that Bacon was not the inventor of a new *Organon* discovery. And here we should remark, that we are apt to impose on ourselves and others. Discovery and a method of discovery are different things, just as logic and reasoning, grammar and speech, are different. Bacon never pretended that he was the inventor of invention. To the merit of discovery it is enough that we make known for the first time what has existed already. We say America was discovered by Columbus, though it is certain that he was not the first to set foot there, or even to sail across the Atlantic. Mr. Macaulay says that experiment is as old as human nature, and brings forward a very laughable instance of the inductive process leading to the discovery that mince pies are unwholesome. The same fallacy imposed upon the Deists of the last century. Tindal wrote his treatise, "Christianity as old as the Creation," to prove that what was good in revealed religion was not new, and what was new was not good. The fallacy turns on the double sense of the word *new* in the above dilemma. Christianity is not new in the sense of foreign, *i. e.*, abhorrent to human nature. As it was given to man, it was adapted to man. This objection of the Deists was used as an argument by the early apologists, so strangely does controversy change sides. Tertullian appealed to the testimony of the soul naturally Christian. But Christianity is new in an historical sense. It was all that men might have known of God and themselves—in this sense, old as the creation; but did not know

—in this sense, new as the time of its revelation. The well-known story of Columbus' egg is another instance of the like fallacy well refuted.

So far from Bacon pretending to be the first who observed and experimented on nature, he distinctly says that there never have been discoveries made but by following his method; the method, notwithstanding, was his own. Aristotle drew up a code of reasoning based on the syllogism. He united two ideas by declaring their identity with a third, through the medium of three propositions termed the premises and the consequence. Bacon drew up a code of reasoning on a different method. He united two ideas, not by deducing their identity from a third or common term; but by direct comparison he *discovered* their identity or point of common agreement. He did not, as Aristotle, assume a common term or principle, but investigated it. Phenomena agreed with each other, *i. e.*, came under a common law, because they were *proved* to do so, not because the agreement was *postulated*. If we can reason inductively by the syllogism, then Bacon's method is not his own—Aristotle's is the only *Organon*. But if we can compare solitary instances, and discern their agreement without the aid of any intervening principle (if we except the uniformity of nature, which is not so much a principle to be postulated as a law of thought we cannot transcend or dispute), then there is a logic of induction as well as a logic of deduction. The syllogism, the one instrument in the old logic, is useless in the new, except for the detection of fallacies. With a new instrument, it may be fairly allowed that a new method of proof has been invented. Bacon's prerogative instances exactly takes the place of Aristotle's analytics. His method has been compactly defined by himself as comprehending two divisions. "The first regards the eliciting or creating of axioms from experiment, the second regards the deducing or deriving of new experiments from axioms." The first, or simple observation, is as old as human nature, but so far from being dignified with the name of method, philosophers were always giving cautions against the fallacy of observation. Plato's dialectics is grounded on the principle that the senses are not to be

trusted; and even Aristotle, although he admitted that experience was the source from which the materials of each science were to be drawn, nevertheless refused to the intermediate axioms so derived any character of certainty. Scepticism as to the evidence of the senses was the bane of all ancient philosophy. But if simple observation was little attended to, compound observation or experiment was still less. Chemistry was unknown to the ancients, because they could not select instances and analyse as well as observe nature. The chemist's laboratory is the true microcosm of which the ancients dreamed, and this science was only in its infancy when Bacon wrote. The method of Bacon thus was his own, because the materials out of which he constructed his method were only then being discovered. If some sagacious minds had foretold the logic of induction, Bacon first announced it. Seneca may as well be preferred to Columbus as the discoverer of America, because he vaguely announced that the bounds of the ocean would be unloosed, and men sail beyond the pillars of Hercules, as Bacon be deprived of his honour as the author of a *Novum Organum*, because such a thing as induction was known before. Many presaged the Reformation: Luther brought it to pass. "There is nothing new under the sun;" but this is said *after* the discovery by disappointed competitors, not *before*. The inductive logic has received immense additions since Bacon. As the addition of a new language adds new materials for a universal grammar, so each new discovery brings to light fresh instances of the inductive process. Bacon's instances of the door—the cross—conspicuous instances and constitutive instances—would be rejected by the inductive logicians of our day. Dr. Whewell, for instance, or Mr. Mill, could lay down a chart of inductive reasoning more complete than even Bacon, just as Manchester can produce better machinists than Arkwright, or Birmingham better engineers than Watt; but the loom and the engine owe more to them than to any other improver since; and so with Bacon and his followers. The disciple is not greater than his Lord, and the fame of the improver cannot eclipse that of the inventor.

Bacon's fame will therefore continue as the author of a new *Organon*, though we have discarded his phraseology and forgotten his prerogative instances. That Bacon knew the merit and novelty of his method is certain. In his youth he styled it the *maximus partus temporis*. In his old age he bequeathed his works to posterity; thus instancing at both extremes of life a conviction that none before had elaborated such a method, and that posterity should know its obligations to him.

Nil ortum, alias nil oriturum tale fatentes.

Mr. Macaulay has not given Bacon his due in this respect, and therefore, in Bacon's own phrase, we note him here deficient.

In the next place, Mr. Macaulay misjudges Bacon, from excess of praise as well as defect.

The key of the Baconian doctrine he describes as Utility and Progress. "The ancient philosophy," Mr. Macaulay adds, "disclaimed to be useful, and was content to be stationary. It dealt largely in theories of moral perfection, which were so sublime that they never could be more than theories; in attempts to solve insoluble enigmas; in exhortations to the attainment of unattainable frames of mind. It could not condescend to the humble office of ministering to the comfort of human beings. All the schools condemned that office as degrading; some censured it as immoral." All this seems to us like mending one fault by making another.

How far thus is it true, that "ancient philosophy was a tread-mill, not a path;" that the "human mind instead of marching marked time;" that it "ranted about the fitness of things, the all-sufficiency of virtue, and the dignity of human nature?" Mr. Macaulay very pleasantly inveighs against it for all these things; but does not venture to tell us the "moving why" for so much stagnation then and progress now. He forgets or overlooks that the greatest mystery to man is himself. The things within, not those without, make the first demands on our serious thought. Whence am I? Wherefore am I? Whither am I going? These questions make up the true *philosophia prima* of human nature.

Till these are settled in some way or other, the mind cannot set out with any satisfaction on inquiries of secondary interest. The life is more than meat and the body than raiment. What shall a man give in exchange for his soul? Such a question would be a momentous one had a revelation never been given to man. Heathen men as well as Christians have learned to distinguish between the supreme good and what is good in a secondary sense. Mr. Macaulay expends a great deal of ridicule on the disciple of Epictetus, because he moralized over instead of amending the ills of life; because, for instance, instead of inventing the diving-bell and recovering the cargo, he exhorted the ruined merchant to seek happiness in things without him, and to fear poverty less and dishonour more. Can there be a doubt, notwithstanding, which of the two is the *summum bonum*? Were we called on to make a choice (which it is quite unnecessary to suppose), should we prefer the skill which alleviates evil or the patient spirit which conquers it by enduring? The moral philosophy of the ancients may seem an empty, useless thing, if judged by the requirements of our age. With us a teacher of morals is a professor, and no more. His voice is never heard beyond the walls of his lecture-room. No one pretends that the study of ethics will now-a-days either prevent crime or procure virtue. Religion includes morality under it. The less has been taken up, and merged in the greater. The higher sanctions and more solemn warnings of a revelation from God draw men now to duty and love in a Christian land; nor do those who deny the revelation from heaven deny the duties it has taught us; the springs that move the thousand wheels of life rise in the holy hills, and flow down fast by the oracles of God, to set in motion the world beneath, that often knows not the sacred source of its new principles. But the ancients knew nothing of this. Their religion was a dead stagnant pool of the plain, not a spring of living water from heaven. Their better moralists were ashamed of it, and expressly excluded its teachers from a place in their ideal republics; ethics was therefore to them the master science, as theology (practical, we mean) is to us. Philo-

sophy was required to do among a heathen people that which religion does for us: to supply, for instance, motives for good and dissuaves from evil—to teach the worth of the soul and the dignity of virtue. This may be a rant, as it often is in our day. To hear, for instance, those who discard Christianity borrowing its pure precepts, and supplying new sanctions of their own—the categorical imperative, for instance, of Kant, or the sympathetic scheme of some of the Scotch school—is simple rant or cant, whatever Mr. Macaulay chooses to call it. But this is the error not of ancient but modern moral philosophy. To those without a revelation, the question of the supreme good is as necessary and lawful as to those with it, it is useless and impertinent. So far from joining in, Mr. Macaulay sneers at the unprofitableness of such questions among the heathen; we learn therefrom a different lesson—one of pity for them and thankfulness for ourselves. With our knowledge of hydraulics, aqueducts are now a useless waste of labour and skill. Water now rises to the roofs of our houses, because it springs from some higher level in the hills beyond our cities. But were there no hills, some mechanical contrivance would be necessary to raise the water in our cisterns. Ethics may be compared to the aqueducts and pumps of the ancients. It would have been better to have known the simple principle that water always rises to its own level. It would have been better if men had clean hands and a pure heart, abhorred bribes, and swore to their own hurt and disappointed not, from having the fear of God before their eyes; the high level of practice would have been attained from the high level of principle. But we cannot condemn them for what was their misfortune, not their fault. Had they our advantages, it is fair to ask, would they not have discarded their old appliances just as they would have abandoned their aqueducts had they our knowledge of hydraulics? That noble-hearted man said, in presence of the great moral mysteries which perplexed them, we will not eat and drink, because to-morrow we die, should excite a deeper feeling than derision. Mr. Macaulay seems not to understand the qualified tone of admiration with which wise men of

old spoke of mere physical discoveries. When Socrates, for instance, would restrain the ardour of Xenophon in observing the nature of the sun and stars, he asks him had he mastered all that related to human affairs of which man does possess control, that he could devote themselves to speculations so remote from practice. To Socrates the practical was mental, to Bacon physical science; and both in their own age struck the right key.

The ancients failed, we admit, to discover the supreme good: but does the search itself deserve to be compared to one of the labours of the Grecian Tartarus, "spinning for ever on the same wheel, round the same pivot, or gaping for ever after the same deluding clusters, or pouring water for ever into the same bottomless buckets?" We read a different lesson from their failure. We still prefer with them to enquire after the supreme good. We call holiness the one thing needful, as the Scripture phrase hath it, or the "master science," as Aristotle would call it; but because philosophy has not led us to the spring-head of holiness, shall we therefore reject primary philosophy altogether, and turn our thoughts only to the things of this life? We would not despair thus of truth, even if revelation had abandoned us altogether. The failure of the schools to discover the supreme good may have driven a Pilate to ask, "What is truth?" To a nobler spirit of the same age this despair of heathen moralists sounded as a voice from heaven, "Go over and help them."

We are firmly persuaded that there is no knowledge of God farther than He is pleased to reveal himself. Bacon has rightly said, "For as the power and skill of a workman are seen in his work, *but not his person*, so the works of God express the wisdom and omnipotence of the Creator without the least representation of his image; and in this respect the opinion of the heathens differed from the sacred verity in supposing the world to be the image of God, and man a little image of the world."

Revelation has set us free from all these perplexities of ancient thought. To us there is but one God. Theism (to enrich our language again with the thought of Bacon) has now been seated the common parent of the

sciences, as Berecinthia, rejoicing over her celestial offspring,

Omnes cœlicas, omnes supra alta tenentes.

We can therefore interpret nature because we know what nature truly is. Induction, before the world was known to be God's work, and matter and spirit were marked off as distinct things, was impossible; it was at once too high and too mean a thing for the human mind. It was too high, because nature itself was a God. In the age of mythology it would have been thought a presumptuous thing to try experiments with nature. It is not eighty years ago—so superstitious is man still, after the true light shineth, as well as before—Franklin was deemed profane for applying lightning-conductors to churches. By "tempting God" men formerly meant tempting the god of lightning or the god of the ocean, or so on; and it is probable that the lurking objections (*idola spectis*) of the vulgar to novel experiments, arise from this demonolatry or belief in special demons residing in certain elements. Again, to interpret nature was too mean a thing before it was known that the earth is Jehovah's and the fulness of it. Bacon's favourite aphorism, knowledge is power, could only proceed from a philosophy founded on theism. To observe nature we know is to command her; but this can only proceed from this—that in observing we discover the laws by which God commands nature. By our knowledge we first learn his power, and then our own over nature. But the idea of power presupposes an intelligent agent above and apart from nature itself; and thus, till we know there is such an agent, we never should think of interpreting nature, or expect to use her laws until we are sure they are the laws imposed by a mind analogous to our own, though, of course, immensely superior.

We note Mr. Macaulay as "deficient" in thus disparaging the ancients and sneering at ethics. Bacon's greatness in the region of physical discovery, as well as the unprofitableness of ancient speculation in the reign of moral, depends far more than Mr. Macaulay supposes on the knowledge of a personal God, vouchsafed to the one and withheld from the other.

The sum of the whole matter, and

the key of Bacon's philosophy, seems to be this—man is appointed both king and priest unto God over nature. But his kingdom depends upon his priesthood; it is not absolute; he only rules over inferior creatures, in order that as priest he may present their homage to the one Creator of all. Unfaithfulness to his priesthood must therefore deprive him of his right of kingship. Man, by his apostasy from God, has become an unfaithful priest, and so the kingdom has been taken from him. Heathenism and barbarism are thus related as cause and effect, or as crime and its consequences. Redemption, or the restoration of man to the priesthood—or access to God, his presence, and favour—will bring with it a restoration to the kingship. It thus follows that religion and science are not opposed, but parts of one and the same thing. We in our age experience the beginnings of both. Men are being Christianized and civilized together. The leaders in the two movements may not be the same, but they are related, as Aaron and Moses were brethren. Sometimes

the two interests lie apart, but they are continually approximating, and will meet at last. Bacon and his followers have asserted vigorously and successfully the rights of man as king over nature; he entitled his *Novum Organum*, "on the interpretation of nature and the reign of man." But until man can govern himself, he cannot be God's vicegerent again on earth; civil restitution waits upon religious. Bacon's place may thus be ascertained as the master of nature, because the servant of God. He who reads the *Novum Organum* in a religious spirit will thus best catch the spirit of Bacon; and the kingdom over nature he lived to establish can only be set up on the same foundations of our priesthood unto God. As the gate of humility leads to the gate of wisdom, so the knowledge of God's laws must grow out of submission to his will; and the study of Bacon will be lost labour, though we rise up early and late take rest, unless we learn that "the fear of the Lord that is wisdom, and to depart from evil that is understanding."

LAMARTINE, "HOMME DE LETTRES."

SOME short time ago France was aroused by a wail of distress from one of her own most illustrious sons. Alphonse de Lamartine published the first number of a *Cours Familier de Littérature*, at the close of which he broke forth into the following lament:—

My life, notwithstanding certain deceptive appearances, is not one that should excite envy; I will say more, it is ended: I do not live, I survive. Of all these several men who to a certain degree lived in me, the man of sentiment, the man of poetry, the speaker, the man of action, nothing more remains of me but the man of letters. The literary man himself is not happy. Years do not yet weigh upon me, yet I feel them. I support more painfully the weight of my heart than that of years. These years, like the phantoms of Macbeth, raising their hands over my shoulder, point with their finger not to crowns but a sepulchre: and would to God that I already lay there. I have not within me the power to smile either at the past or the future; I am growing old without positivity in my house, empty, and all surrounded

by the tombs of those whom I have loved; I stir not a step from my dwelling without striking my foot against one of those stumbling blocks of our affections or our hopes. They are so many bleeding fibres torn from my yet living heart, and buried before me, even while this heart yet beats in my breast, like a clock forgotten in a deserted house, and which strikes the hours that no one reckons any longer! All that remains of life is concentrated in a few hearts, and in a modest inheritance. And yet these hearts are made to suffer by me, and of this inheritance I might to-morrow be dispossessed, and obliged to go and die, according to the expression of Dante, on the high road of the stranger. The hearth where my father rested his feet, and where to-day I rest mine, may at any hour be held up to public bidding, as well as my mother's bed; aye, even to the dog, who licks my hands with pity when he sees my brow gather in agony as I look on him. I owe this acknowledgment to others, who have, on the faith of my honor and industry, confided to me the inheritance of their children earned by the sweat of their own brow. If I did not work every day for them—what do I say?—if I took even my full nights' sleep, or if illness (from which may God spare me

before my time comes) arrested a moment my pen, the assiduous tool I use for them, these worthy friends would sink with me; they would be obliged to seek in my ashes for their fortune; they would indeed recover it, but it would be from beneath my ruins. You now see why I undergo, often beyond my strength, the severe condemnation of labor.

M. de Lamartine goes on to complain of the ungenerous view taken of his motives, by those who attribute his constant appearance before the public as an author to personal vanity. Fame, he protests, has no longer any charm; and as for life itself, he asks,

What would I have to regret? Have I not seen all my thoughts die before me? What desire can I have to sing again verses which would terminate in sobbings? What taste can I have for a return to the political arena, even if re-opened, where our posthumous accents would be no longer recognisable? What very strong hope have I in those forms of government which the people abandon with the same mobility with which they conquered them?

And he adds:—

Happy are the men who die stricken by the revolutions in which they were mixed. * * * As to myself, I would a thousand times over have died the death of Cato, were I of the religion of Cato; but I am not: I adore God in his designs. I believe that the patient death of the humblest mendicant on his straw is more sublime than the impatient death of Cato upon the blade of his sword.

Lamartine finds comfort in his despondency. His isolated position is not without dignity, and with a more lofty head and a firmer voice he thus concludes:—

From actor that I was for twenty years in this sad oratorical or popular drama of my country, the prompt distaste of the people and the ordinary mobility of human things have cast me amongst the most obscure spectators. I do not complain; it is the good side of such disgraces; when the crowd precipitates itself in a direction whither a man will not go, happy is he to stand alone! My existence is now more my own. I wrap myself in this obscurity: I hug it round me more and more every day, as a winter mantle about my limbs. Would I could do as much with my name. But whence, you will ask me, is derived this inward happiness, in contradiction with a situation which you paint as so painful? One word explains it, and with that word I wish to terminate. It is

that I have become frankly and exclusively HOMME DE LETTRES; it is that I live, thanks to this passion for literature, in company with all men who have bequeathed me their written soul, as we leave a portion of our written soul to those who shall come after us; it is that my soul is pleased, edified, and fortified in this society of the mighty dead; and it is also because that, independently of these beneficial influences inherent to literary labor, I joy to think that this labor—pleasure for some, pain for others, for me a duty,—will not be altogether lost for those to whom I owe the fruit of my meditations.

The effect produced by this appeal was instantaneous and general. By one class the politician was forgotten; to another he became the more tenderly endeared. The public with its whole heart responded to the suffering cry of its most profoundly sentimental and most ideal poet. Of all political parties, the one represented by the *Journal des Débats* had most reason for being angry with M. de Lamartine. For years before the fall of that monarchy whose steadfast supporter the *Débats* was, M. de Lamartine had stood aloof; and although he combined with no one section of the opposition, yet was his hostility the more telling because of its apparent freeness from personal aim or factious motive. He seemed to have risen in his purposed isolation to the height of supreme arbitrator and judge, and seldom did he mount the tribune except to pronounce condemnation upon a system with which he could have no sympathy. Although by birth, education, and family connexion attached to the Bourbons, whom he had served both in military and civil capacities, and under whom he would probably have risen to the highest employments in the state, yet did this lofty gentleman bend what were probably his secret aspirations to a sentiment which told him that another restoration was impossible. In ascribing to sentiment rather than to the cooler discernment of the understanding the conviction of M. de Lamartine on this head, we may seem to depress the politician; but who is there who needs to be told that sensibility as often leads to correct inferences, as the most rigid exercise of the reasoning faculties? The poet learned through his sympathies the true state of the popular feeling, which he reproduced under forms of

brilliant imagery the most seductive to the popular fancy. In another sense M. de Lamartine might have said, with the Roman philosopher, that he was never less alone than when alone; for when he sat apparently isolated in the Chamber, he commanded the widest extent of popular sympathy of any man in the House. While standing thus apart, he only offended one sect, whose high priest was M. Guizot, the immediate followers of whom affected an indifference of their single-handed antagonist hardly rising to disdain. The ministry of the day, like the royal master whom its members served, was of a positive character. They looked to number rather than quality: so long as the majority remained faithful, they cared little for mere flights of eloquence, which their adherents listened to with languid inattention, as the melodious rhapsodies of a poet out of his proper place. But the day came when that isolated man was to decide the most tremendous question ever put to a human being. Louis Philippe had abdicated the crown in favour of his infant grandson. The Duchess of Orleans was at the bar of the Chamber of Deputies, waiting their assured sanction for assuming the regency. At a former period the question of regency itself had been before the parliament. It was when, after the death of the Duke of Orleans, the bereaved father with laudable prudence determined to provide a regency during the minority of the Comte de Paris, in case he himself should die before his grandson attained his age. The King named the Duc de Nemours, and when the bill came before the Chamber, it was opposed by one man. M. de Lamartine declared himself the champion of the Duchess of Orleans, whose better title he supported in a speech as masterly in argument as it was glowing in style. That he was right against the mighty majority, never more numerous than on the occasion in question, was proved in the most striking manner on that great emergency, when the provision broke down, and as a last hope, the Duke de Nemours, obliged to abdicate his own rights, led with his own hand his sister-in-law to the representatives of the nation to ask them to undo their own work. Where then was M.

de Lamartine? Where was the *ci-devant* champion and advocate of that desolate lady? When he spoke for her, and spoke in vain, he stood almost alone. Now he appeared invested with a popularity which had burst upon his head with the splendor of sudden light. His voice was that of the country at large. His support was looked upon as certain, and of sure result. The republican party saw the danger to their hopes in case M. de Lamartine should declare once more for the regency of the Duchess of Orleans; and how great his temptation to do so! Events had proved him right, and to turn round against their decision would be to commit the grossest of inconsistencies, that of proving false to a confirmed prediction, and of stultifying an accomplished prophecy. The republican party provided itself with a temptation the most calculated to throw a man of warm impulses, vivid imagination, and deep pride into a dilemma, rendered sublime by the necessity of a prompt solution. They placed the republic at the other side of him, holding his own "History of the Girondists" in her hand, and asking him would he have that history realised? Would he recall to life the spirit of the martyred Girondists? Would he have the republic established, as Vergniaud would have made it before the Reign of Terror had prepared the way for a military despotism? Would he be Vergniaud? The deduction proved equal to the anticipation. M. de Lamartine gave his casting vote for the republic, and was rewarded—some would say, punished—with the post of minister for foreign affairs; that is to say, charged with the responsibility of making the new republic be accepted by the great powers of Europe; of raising armies for her defence if need be; or of letting loose invasion, should a coalition of sovereigns threaten the government; or, more difficult still, of calming effervescence within and creating confidence without; of making turbulent democracy amenable to the principles of public order. Was he right or not? We apprehend that if the question were put to the vote, not only in France, but any where else, the majority would be overwhelmingly in the negative; and yet we are not quite sure that the majority would be

right. Could, we would ask in the first place, M. de Lamartine have succeeded, however well disposed, in dissuading the republican leaders from their intention? Could they themselves, even if so inclined, have yielded to his persuasion? They were in a degree self-constituted leaders of a tumultuous mass, ready in a moment to push the faltering aside, and put in their place some others more confident and daring. And then, may we not suspect that they who feigned to ask advice had their minds already made up; but that, partly to obtain high moral sanction for a resolution which, in any case, would have been followed out, and partly out of real deference towards an illustrious man, whose name would have proved of inappreciable advantage to their meditated adventure, they affected a hesitation through which the clear eye of M. de Lamartine pierced at once? A yet more powerful motive remains to be urged. The question put by the republican leaders did not lie between abandonment of their cherished notion of government, and acceptance of the regency of the Duchess of Orleans, with the honest and loyal intention of throwing no difficulties in the way of her rule during the minority of her son. On the contrary, avowing their doubts only as to the prematureness of proclaiming a republic, for which the mind of the country was not ripe, they merely proposed a question of adjournment. Would they postpone the republic for some years, taking advantage in the meantime of an inevitable relaxation of authority to widen divisions, excite contempt and disgust, and wear down all remaining respect for royalty in the opinion of the country? To the mind of the least factious of politicians this must have appeared an odious game—one stamped with party hypocrisy so transparent as to need the connivance of a whole people, and consequently to ensure their demoralization. Enough must have been revealed in such an interview, to convince M. de Lamartine that with the proclamation of the regency would have taken root an organised conspiracy, and that he himself stood so far committed as that he could hardly escape the rôle prepared to be imposed upon him—that of chief conspirator.

The position, then, amounted to this. Both branches of royalty had fallen. The return of the Bourbons was not to be entertained. As a desperate chance, the house of Orleans put forward a lady, the least compromised, the most innocent, one of the purest virtue, and of distinguished talents; but how could she conquer the settled estrangement of the nation? How dispute with a resolute, active party, as subtle as it was daring, and who would only agree to protract the fall of herself and her son, in order to render it the more overwhelming? We think there is enough in such considerations to acquit M. de Lamartine of those insinuations of levity and vanity, which have been put forward as the only motives for inducing him to pronounce for an immediate republic.

Our object is not to discuss the character and conduct of M. de Lamartine as a politician; much less to write a biographical sketch of his life. We mean to look at him in his present position of *Homme de Lettres*; but, in order to understand and appreciate that position in the greatness of moral beauty we shall show it to possess, we must needs accompany the *Homme d'Etat* of the republic a little farther. We must, in fact, measure his present mournful resignation and patient toil by a popularity as universal as was ever enjoyed by any man in this world, and, for a certain time at least, as well deserved.

The power of language as an instrument of government, had never been so conspicuously exhibited as during the period when M. de Lamartine was looked on as not only the minister for foreign affairs, but the living expression of the republic itself. He wrote a manifesto to foreign sovereigns, which, if it did not reassure their minds, did certainly accomplish the object of satisfying the French nation, who saw its own attitude athwart a blaze of words which dazzled its delighted senses. Deputation after deputation thronged to the Hotel de Ville, of workmen whose legitimate employment was suspended, and of refugees from all countries, tendering their country's alliance to the all-emancipating republic; and none went empty away. Their ears were filled with music, their souls elevated with hope; and for the moment

these enchanted beings thought not of what stern necessity was preparing in the back-ground. One day of terrible trial came. The red flag was planted in face of the tricolor, and behind that red flag loaded cannon. The eloquence which raised a pure light of heroic association about that tri-coloured flag which had made the round of the world, showing it as a labarum inscribed with promise of future glory—the eloquence which appalled memory by an incantation that revived the scene in the Champs de Mars, where that red flag was trailed in the blood of the people—that eloquence will stand for ever as a monument of eloquence itself. It was a speech, but it was an achievement. It was, to use a well-known phrase, a great fact. The orator had reached his apogee. The red flag, which subdued fanaticism lowered in shame, was taken up as it were surreptitiously by one who sat at the council-board, and who aspired to become the head of the republic of which he was one of the provisional ministers. Conquered in open field, the red flag skulked into conspiracy. While secret clubs and savage factions were preparing to renew the reign of terror, and while they had their Danton and Robespierre in their eye, the country at large looked to Lamartine for preservation. He virtually held *carte blanche* on which to write any decree he thought necessary for the public safety. He might have assumed any position, provided he grappled with one dangerous man. It was thought he would have done so. The trial day came. It was resolved to create a governing Direction of five. Lamartine supported Ledru Rollin, and placed him by his side. At that moment popularity fell from him who had been elected by ten departments of France, and whom no department would have rejected. Faith became lost in him as a man of action. We do not propose to discuss this question, even within the limited degree of suggestion which we opened in reference to that of the adoption of the republic in preference to an unstable regency. The dead could not have been effected without a bloody struggle; seeing which, M. de Lamartine preferred, no doubt, to trust still further to his well-proved ascendancy. The struggle nevertheless came, and

the direction passed into the hands of a worthy soldier. Still M. de Lamartine must have derived consolation from the fact that France was saved from anarchy by the fidelity of that young *garde mobile*, the formation of which he himself had decreed in a moment of "happy inspiration." Minister no longer, this gallant citizen shrunk not from peril: nay, in an agony of despair, he courted death at one barricade after another. His horse was shot under him, and for his better fame the man was spared, as if Providence, while allowing him to atone in the eyes of his fellow men for any errors he may have committed, resolved to make evident the unsuspected depth of real greatness that lay within his noble heart.

Homme de Lettres is a term for which, strictly speaking, we have no equivalent in our language. We might, to be sure, render it easily by a literal translation plain enough to mislead an ordinary reader by its apparent obviousness of meaning. We might write "man of letters," or "literary man," or "gentleman," and so relieve ourselves of the trouble of explanation; and yet we are forbidden to do so, by the associations which in a Frenchman's mind throng about what to him is a title of honor definite and distinct, while to us, in its English rendering, it is a vague mark of a taste, an inclination, or a pursuit—anything rather than a recognised profession implying honorable rank in society. In France the *homme de lettres* is a professional title, like that of barrister or surgeon. It is, according to the French mode of adding the title to the name, engraved upon the visiting card; wide nevertheless is the distance which separates the partner in the authorship of a two-act vaudeville from the accomplished novelist, the sublime poet, or the profound historian. The title still is the same for all. Fame and merit must settle the moral differences of rank in the republic of letters, by those delicate indications of respect which have their own nice laws, and which, while affording due satisfaction, inflict no comparative pain. Society admits the whole literary legion of honor, and then it is for the brightest star to exercise its supreme powers of attraction. There must arise, however, a certain vagueness about a title of a

ble of being, if not usurped, yet occasionally claimed on insufficient ground; and whenever a doubtful admixture is possible amongst classes assuming elevated social rank, there is generally found a touchiness on the score of personal dignity—not felt, because quite unnecessary, where the conditions are rigorously established. The professional gentleman who has taken his degrees, and who could not be what he is if he had not accomplished a certain line of imposed duties, has no need to explain his rights or vindicate his position. It speaks for itself. But the title *Homme de Lettres* is not decreed by a board of examiners. It is often assumed upon grounds obscure to the public, although recognised to be just by a certain competent yet confined class. So-and-so know that Such-a-one is the writer of this *brochure*, or that article, and that, living by literary exertion, he is entitled to have *Homme de Lettres* engraved on his card. But here we touch the sore point. The *homme de lettres* desires above all others to keep out of view the connexion of his necessities with the exercise of his mind and pen. While pride assumes the title, pride puts forward as an essential condition that it be worn independently. It is not that the author would not be happy enough to appeal to that practical proof of popularity, large sale and copious gains; but that he shrinks from the suspicion of being obliged to bend his thought from its true and spontaneous direction to services by his conscience reproved. Such susceptibility is worthy of respect if under the guidance of sound, manly judgment; but that it is not always properly controlled will become manifest, when we tell our readers that M. de Lamartine, while laboring as probably man at his time of life, or any time of life, never labored before, and certainly never under like circumstances and for a similar object, has been and is even now bitterly assailed for having lowered the dignity of letters. Lowered, not by pandering to diseased appetite for excitement; or by making his pen subservient to interests reproved by his conscience; or even by negligence of style in discordance with his own superior taste; or by hasty and questionable enunciation of uncertain principles, philosophical or moral; or by

conclusions of any kind hurried to a close; but lowered by the avowal that literature is labor in the hard sense of work for sustenance. Between a deliberate adoption of literature as a profession or calling, and the exercise of powers already established and admitted for the conquering of difficulties which must be combatted or they crush, there is assuredly a distinction which even the most fastidious *dilletantism* might have seized. After all, we see not how, in ordinary cases, the world need trouble itself about the private concerns of those who teach, amuse, or delight by the pen. The highest purity of motive is not incompatible with the desire to turn talent to the benefit of a writer's self or family. Perhaps those sensitive members of an ordinarily irritable class would themselves acknowledge as much; and, when driven into a corner, would give up the argument with a flourish about the propriety of saving appearances. The fee may be taken and slipped into the pocket, provided the thing be done in accordance with a certain conventional stealth; as if the giver was timidly insinuating a grateful testimony to ability beneficently exercised. The question is an idle one. Authors, in their dealings with shrewd men of business, should no more be required to sacrifice their common sense understanding of equitable partition of risks and rights, than any other men. But even if the censurers of M. de Lamartine were correct on general principles, yet is his an exceptional case. He does not tell the world that he is writing for the mere sake of making money, but that he is putting forward talents, of the fruit of which the world could not have too much, with unrelaxing zeal, stimulated by one of the most honorable in the category of honorable motives, that of paying debts; so that no man shall be able to detract from the mighty benefaction of such a life by pointing to unredeemed promises of payment. The number of works published by M. de Lamartine, since the days of June, 1848, to the present,—that is to say, within eight years,—is really prodigious; and our wonder is increased when we consider their variety. He has given to the world five histories—a History of the Revolution of 1848, two volumes; a History of

the Restoration of the Bourbons, seven large volumes; a History of the Constituent Assembly, being a continuation of that of the Girondists, four volumes; a History of Turkey, eight volumes; and a History of Russia, four volumes. While preparing these stupendous efforts, M. de Lamartine wrote the whole of a monthly publication with his own hand, the *Conseiller du Peuple*, which, when dropped for a moment, became resumed under the title of the *Civilisateur*. Nor did he cease connexion with the newspapers, the *Siecle*, the *Constitutionnel*, and the *Presse*, whose columns he enriched with literary contributions; and even at this moment, while engaged in his monthly *Cours Familier de Litterature*, he furnishes the *Siecle* with a weekly essay. Within the same time have appeared the *Confidences*, the *Nouveaux Confidences*, *Raphael*, and *Genevieve*; and, by way of climax, we crown the whole with a school book, consisting of selections from the author's works, adapted to family circles and the feelings and capacities of the young. Great as is this list, we fear we have made omissions. There was, for instance, a life of Julius Cæsar, which appeared in the *Presse*; and there were, we doubt not, other publications. But, taking those we have enumerated as an approximation to correctness, may we not ask, is not such an amount of literary labor perfectly unparalleled? Southey may have done as much; but Southey's mind sank at last; nor did Southey or any other literary giant labor in despite of circumstances, which of themselves might have shattered any other than a genius of peculiar and extraordinary mould.

M. de Lamartine was getting up to his sixtieth year when he sat down to write an account of the Revolution of 1848; and that history was itself to be a painful act. For, instead of a record of triumph, it was to point to apology for failure, and to be a personal vindication against attacks assuming many shapes. He had to meet the bitter reproaches of the partizans of the fallen dynasty, who accused him of being, above all other men, the cause of the ruin of a family to whom he was bound by hereditary attachment. His mother—that mother whose memory he professed to adore—was born in the chateau of St. Cloud,

where her father lived as the intendant of the Duc d'Orleans; and she had been brought up in familiar friendship with the children, who were destined to replace and follow the unfortunate Bourbons. The adherents of the latter reminded the foreign minister of the republic, that he had at one time served in the *garde du corps* of Louis XVIII., and subsequently became an attaché of the embassy of Florence. The republicans attributed to his weakness the fall of the republic, and the socialists viewed him with the same sort of scowl with which the Terrorists of old regarded Vergniaud and the Girondists. Yet the book was received coldly. The man who, a few months before, would have been raised by the universal voice of the nation to the presidency of the republic, in vain asked to have his own account of transactions in which he had taken a principal share calmly perused. The most fascinating orator of the Revolution could not command an attentive ear. When we say the most fascinating orator, we mean to point to the stormy days of the *Hotel de Ville*, preceding the convocation of the Constituent Assembly, a time during which M. de Lamartine did, day after day, by the fascination of his eloquence, charm into obedience the parties who used to come with arms in their hands, resolved to carry out the decrees of lawless and fanatical clubs. The spell was broken, the charm was gone, and with the usual injustice of reaction, a book as characteristic of the author as any he had ever written, did not, we believe, reach a second edition. We must not, however, be unjust to the public. True it is that the book was eloquent and graceful; but it at the same time served to confirm the opinion which had begun to prevail concerning the author, that his mind saw men and things, and especially men, through colors constituting a false medium. He could only take in one side of every character, and that the best—and he took it, moreover, upon trust. Men at whose names society shrank with terror and disgust, were painted as benevolent mystics, or benefactors misunderstood; and society, so far as the statesman was concerned, dismissed the historian of 1848 as a hopeless optimist.

The effect of events on M. de Lamartine's own mind was to produce the conviction that the public at large had not been educated up to the mark of freedom; and this sentiment he betrayed by the titles of those periodicals in which he, as it were, announced himself the counsellor and civiliser of the people. His teaching was drawn from great examples of heroism and virtue; for the most part vaguely known to the people by being mingled with popular traditions; nor did he confine himself to Joan of Arc and Bishop Bossuet, but drew from foreign history and especially that of England, examples of patriotic spirit and worth of every kind. If M. de Lamartine were to be judged as a writer from the works we have enumerated, his critics would have to consider him chiefly as a historian, a biographer, and a critic; for the "Confidences" were written at a previous period, and poetry he renounced. How, indeed, could a man who, according to his own energetic expression, had ceased to live, and who only survived for the sake of placing the drudgery of his mind at the service of honor, how could he afford to sacrifice to glory the hours which, filled to overflowing with the sweat of his brow, fell short of the exigencies of hard necessity? Of "the man of sentiment, the man of poetry, the speaker, the man of action, nothing more remains of me but the man of letters." We must, even from the evidence of the publication of the *Homme de Lettres*, dispute the author's account of the state of his mind and character during the clouded autumn of his life. The storms which wrecked his fortunes have not reached the higher and purer region of his mental faculties. Even the enumeration of qualities possessed in his prime does not strike us as being quite correct. The conclusion which we ourselves are disposed to come to, from a pretty fair acquaintance with M. de Lamartine's works, *avant, pendant, et apres* that Revolution which, according to his own opinion, stands as a dividing wall—on one side sunshine and poetic fruit, on the other nightshade and ivy—is that he is now, as he ever has been, a man preeminently of imagination, one in whom the faculty has predominated to a degree which far surpasses all the rest. We should say

that M. de Lamartine, though he may at the first glance see facts and circumstances as they are, yet that he could not dwell for any time upon them without their giving rise to image again suggesting image, until they become robed in colors of enchanting hue. Some minds, we need not say, in which this faculty of imagination predominates, search the darker because more striking qualities of objects, and these they invest with analogies (not always unstrained) of kindred gloom. The very opposite to this is the nature of Lamartine. He sees only the good element; on this he generally lays hold; this he expands until it drowns the evil in wave after wave of tender metaphor. He exhibits the sinner in a robe of purity of the most fine drawn web, spun from the smallest modicum of native capital. The whole History of the *Girondists*, written under no spur of necessity, but composed in the undisturbed liberty of a matured mind, affords the most copious proof of the historian's benevolence of feeling, in association with unrestrained imagination. The person, and we believe it was Chateaubriand, who, on reading that history, declared that the author had sprinkled the guillotine with rose water, and hung it round with flowers, used no extravagant hyperbole. The book would seem to have been written for the express purpose of vindicating the Dantons and the Robespierres. In the long picture gallery of those eight volumes, the worst actors of these times appear with aureoles round their brows, emanations of attributed good intention. That history produced an effect on the public mind so great as to have kindled an ardent desire for the revival of the Revolution, and the continuation of the work of its martyrs. Indeed by the ardor of sentiment and the kindling of imagination it awakened it did hasten the overthrow of a dynasty too prosaic to satisfy the political poetry with which readers,—and their name was legion—felt inspired. The same characteristic qualities mark the History of the Revolution of 1848. In that history, Blanqui, Sobrier, and Barbes figure as types of patriotism, religious exaltation, and chivalry. In personal contact with men, M. de Lamartine sees as he reads, taking for granted the most favourable explana-

ation of motives, and the most specious apology for acts. An exception to this disposition to paint all revolutionary heroes in bright colors, would seem to have occurred with respect to Mirabeau, the great preponderating figure in the *Histoire des Constituents*, intended as a sequel to that of the Girondists, so as that both might form a full view of the great Revolution. By the way in which Lamartine introduces Mirabeau, he throws new light on the history of the time, and imparts an original aspect to circumstances on which it was supposed no more remained to be said. The part played by Mirabeau was that of traitor in the darkest and most odious sense of the word. Those affectedly spontaneous bursts of impassioned eloquence, with which he led the Assembly and fascinated the multitude, were deliberate deceptions; his magnificent demeanour was mere acting. While playing the patriot, he was conspiring with the Court to overthrow the Revolution, by artfully encouraging excesses of which his clear eye saw the result to be enfeebling anarchy. The day was to come in which he could claim his reward for handing over a divided mob to the tender mercies of a triumphant despotism. For the political villain M. de Lamartine might have found a suggestion of mercy, were there any thing in the private conduct of the man sufficiently good to raise the possibility of doubt whether his public policy might not have been dictated by certain cold calculations, held unfortunately to be excusable in particular schools of statesmanship. But Mirabeau was throughout all the relations of life a bold, bad man. For the daring deceiver, who, to save the royal family, would have told lies by wholesale and entrapped thousands to ruin, there might indeed have been offered a challenge to an examination of motives; but for the miserable reprobate, who, to support the partner of his flight seduced from her husband, wrote obscene books for hire, a man of the pure nature of Lamartine, one to whom foulness of language, to use his own expression, had ever been as offensive as odors infect, could have no other terms than those of utter loathing. And yet there is something so ennobling in the grand style and large manner of treatment of the author,

that, while retaining his repulsiveness, Mirabeau loses nothing of his colossal stature. Out of that great fermenting mountain comes at one time mud and at another lava; but whatever does come bears with it the indication of mighty phenomena. The domestic virtues have evidently great redeeming charms for Lamartine.

Perhaps it is the purity of private life which belonged to Robespierre and other revolutionary leaders, that may have led the author of the History of the Girondists to undertake their apology. These men, so implacable in their resolutions, so callous to cries for mercy, would seem to have thrown off the vices of the eighteenth century; and, while dipping their hands in the blood of all who stood in the way of their designs, to have adopted ideal models of virtue. Fanatics and tyrants, they repelled the allurements of sensuality and the temptations of avarice. The pathetic separation of Camille Des Moulins from the young wife he adored, and the growing tenderness of the terrible Danton by the side of her who had converted him to gentler dispositions, make only part of the general history of those people who struck down king and queen, and high and low, the friend and the fellow, without regard to rank, station, or even social ties, if they stood in the way of the republic.

All M. de Lamartine's prose works, whether historical, biographical, or narratives of personal experience, are marked by one striking characteristic, which we may call a love of portrait painting. Take any volume, for instance, of the *Histoire des Girondins*, and wherever you see a man of note in the table of contents, the next item of the bill of fare will be "his portrait." The portrait, too, will represent the external features to a degree of minuteness, recalling more the mechanical wonders of the photograph than the bold generalisation of the artist, who seeks to show forth rather some quality of the mind or soul, according to his own ideal, than to paint correct familiar outline. Such a charge as this seems hardly consistent with the general notion that has been formed of the writer's genius, and yet that it is true must be evident to the most cursory reader. The vagueness of Lamartine's poetry, derived, as he tells us, from his early admiration of

Ossian, and the similar sort of cloudy splendor which marked his descriptive impressions of oriental scenery, served perhaps to create this popular notion of his mode of thinking and manner of expression. Nor, until convinced to the contrary, will the public find itself able to consider one, whose life has seemed to be altogether internal, as a literary artist, though of ever so high an order. The quality to which we allude is, nevertheless, consistent with the peculiar nature of Lamartine's imagination. So quick is the imaginative faculty with him, that every object stirs it, and sets it to decorate the attraction of the moment with analogies and metaphors of richest variety. Of this disposition to look at persons and things through a coloring medium, an illustration will be found in the preface to the *Confidences*, accounting for the way in which the work came to be sold to the enterprising proprietor of *La Presse*. It was through the intermediation of Eugene Pelletan—but Pelletan being named, his portrait is given. "I saw approach a young man of tall and flexible stature, of slow and measured step, as that of one who bears a thought which he fears to communicate; of countenance manly and gentle, adorned with a black beard; of a profile which cut against the blue sky in two pure Greek lines, like those physiognomies of the young disciples of Plato, sometimes found in the sand of the Piræus upon medals or stones of yellowish white. I recognised the step, the profile, the sonorous voice of Eugene Pelletan, one of the friends of my maturer days." To this friend he reads some passages of manuscript, and the latter recommends Emile de Girardin to purchase the *Confidences*. Some time after a letter arrives, but before we get the contents we receive the portrait of—the letter. "The rural postman handed me a packet of letters. There was one with the Paris post-mark. The address was written in one of those hands, clear, cursive, brief, which announce promptitude, precision, and firmness of mental resolution. I opened it." Here we have the imagination at work on the handwriting of an unpoetical letter. A man in Lamartine's exalted position must have received countless letters. Does he pause on each in order to divine character, by a test which in

truth has its advocates? We find, however, how easily that sensitive brain is set in motion. A face at the first glance will recal the disciples of Plato, and the imagination will, as in a marvellous dream, overleap ages, from Athens in its glory to Athens half buried in long accumulating sands, and medals and busts will extend in a vast gallery to the mind's eye. Out of a superscription rises a man with his character revealed in clearest light. Such sensibility to external impressions, while essential to the literary artist, the painter by words, is not at the same time the unerring sign of profound reflection or sentiment. The writer who paints from the surface of things may dazzle, delight, and transport; but he rarely touches the deeper chords of our nature.

The following portrait of Charlotte Corday is so characteristic of the writer's way of steeping minute traits in a medium which, while it expands, sometimes obliterates, that we present it, in support of our view on the subject, to the reader's appreciation.

This young girl was of lofty stature, without, however, exceeding the usual height of the finely formed women of Normandy. Grace and native dignity, as an internal rhythm, timed her step and her movements. The ardor of the South mingled in her complexion with the color of the women of the North. Her hair took sombre shades when collected in a mass around her head, or when divided in two waves upon her forehead. The tresses appeared at the extremity touched with gold, like an ear of corn of deeper splendor than the blade on which it turns to the sun. Her eyes, large and *fendus jusqu'aux temples*, were of changing color like the wave of the sea as light or shade passed over—blue when she was lost in thought, and almost black when she grew animated. Long eyelashes, darker than her hair, gave penetration to her look. Her nose, connected to the forehead by an almost insensible curve, was slightly raised towards the middle. Her Greek mouth clearly defined her lips. The expression was an undecidable mixture of tenderness and severity, equally adapted to breathe forth love or patriotism. Her chin, raised and divided in two by a deep hollow, gave to the lower part of her visage a character of male resolution, which contrasted with the feminine grace of the contour. Her cheeks possessed the freshness of youth, and the firm oval of health. She easily blushed or grew pale. Her skin of pure white was marked with life. Her bosom, large but not full, presented a sculptural bust hardly undulated. Her arms were muscular, her hands long, her

fingers fine. Her costume, conformably to the moderateness of her fortune, and the retirement in which she lived, was of sober simplicity. She trusted to nature, and disdained the artifices or caprices of fashion. Those who saw her in her adolescence, paint her as uniformly dressed in a sort of habit of dark cloth, with a grey turned-up beaver hat, and black ribbons, as worn at the time by females in her rank of life. The sound of her voice, that living echo of the soul, left a deep and tender impression on the ear. There were those who, ten years after they had heard her, spoke of that voice as a strange and ineffaceable music engraved in their memory. She possessed in the scale of her soul notes so grave and sonorous, that to hear them, said they, was more than to see her, for the sound made a part of her beauty.

Whether the history be of ancient or modern times, or float in the dim haze of the middle ages, of the Cæsars of Rome or of France, of the Maid of Orleans or the great Bishop of Meaux, of his own family friends or favorite authors, the portrait exhibits the finest finish of the miniature with the florid colours of the pastel. Nothing is left for the reader to fill up. The picture is held up in every light, and looked at from all points of view. Each trait is, as it were, repeated in a simile, and we see the whole as between a pair of mirrors, showing an endless perspective of repetition. One would think that no illustrative aid were needed to understand a pock-marked face; yet, speaking of Vergniaud's pitted cheeks, the description is helped out with a simile drawn from the slab of granite dressed with a hammer. When M. de Lamartine describes the magnificent person of his father, the majestic grace of his admirable mother, his beautiful sisters, and those with whom his earliest recollections are entwined, his canvas glows with the freshest and purest colours. Nor has the painter failed to imitate a habit authorised by most of the great masters, who in their historical pictures have found a modest place for themselves. Lamartine's life is in his own works. No writer recurs more frequently to his own experience. Not only all that he ever saw worth noting, and its effect on his mind at the time, is recorded, but his voice, look, personal appearance, and manners are minutely told, with the changes and modifications worked by the hand of time. There is an

unsuspicious candor in these self references which shows that he is not prompted by motives of vulgar vanity, but that he obeys a law of his own nature. He looks at himself as he would at any other object of observation, and if he prefers the most favorable point of view, it is not from any narrow exception in his own favor. Comparisons between individuals, for the sake of exhibiting style in the management of contrasts, and indulging in that alluring figure of speech, antithesis, form no element of his art. He looks at his model, whether it be himself or anybody else, with an exclusive glance. If he be to himself a Jupiter, his visits are paid in a shower of golden similitudes. He loves good company, and he is rarely found with other than heroes or heroines.

Still it must ever be a debatable question, whether the most honestly intended portrait of a man's self, even of so gifted a man as Lamartine, can be correct. Self-knowledge is the most difficult of all. How often are not aspirations taken for means! How many failures have not marked the attempts of persons of undoubted genius, before some happy accident recorded the true bent! How many authors are there, who, differing with general opinion, have preferred some weak production to the recognised masterpiece. The born comedian will protrude the genial mouth, overflowing with good humour, into mutterings of melodramatic horrors, and shade the merry lustre of the eye under frowns of mock awfulness. False attitudes arising from mistakes are not confined to any particular stage. The novelist, great according to the world's estimation in his flexible prose, boldly appeals to posterity in favor of his unpalatable verse. Such mistakes are not necessarily ridiculous. They betray some one of the unsatisfied longings of the infinite soul of man. We do not think our illustrious subject quite free from an error of this kind. He thinks himself, and as we presume above all, a man of sentiment, whereas we believe him to be preeminently a man of imagination, in the sense we have been endeavouring to explain. "Of all these several! men who, to a certain degree, lived in me, the man of sentiment, the man of poetry, the speaker, the

man of action, nothing more remains of me but the man of letters." In the summing up of his qualities, the man of imagination is left out, and the man of sentiment stands prominently forward. A man of sentiment he undoubtedly is, but not, as we believe, in the sense of a Rousseau, or even a Bernardin de St. Pierre, not to speak of the author of that glorious and beautiful compound of exalted reason and the deepest feeling, of that almost divine author of those confessions of Saint Augustine, whom so many have attempted to imitate, and in vain, because wanting his faith and his sincerity. The men of the greatest depth of sentiment, they who have felt for humanity to the inmost depths of their souls, and uttered cries to heaven of hope and joy checkered by momentary despair, were the greatest of the world's men. The very greatest of all were inspired. One proof that Lamartine does not stand equal with the highest type of those whose songs are written with their tears, is that he is rarely, if ever, affecting. Lamartine would never hide the countenance of the agonised father of antiquity in mute acknowledgment of despair to render the more truly the expression of real unimaginable grief; he would trace each lineament of woe, and spare his own and the observer's feelings, by distracting attention with dazzling metaphors. The imagination, not the heart, would be moved. We venture to say that a more affecting incident could hardly be found in all history than the last interview of Louis XVI. with his family. Here it is from the *Histoire des Girondins* :—

The king tenderly forced the queen to sit down upon a seat at his right, his sister upon another at his left; he himself sat between them. The seats were drawn so close that the two princesses, as they leant forward, held the king's shoulders within their arms, and pressed their heads upon his bosom. The princess royal, the forehead bent and the hair spread out upon the knees of her father, was, as it were, prostrated upon his body. The dauphin was seated upon one of the king's knees, with an arm about his neck. These five persons, thus grouped by the instinct of their loving tenderness, and convulsively pressed in the arms of one another, presented to the beholder a single faisceau of heads, of arms, of palpitating limbs, agitated by tremblings and caresses, from whence escaped a compressed

stammering in deep murmurs or harrowing bursts—the despair of these five souls blended into one, to smother, to burst, and to die in the one embrace.

This pictorial view of a faisceau of heads and arms is too deliberately wrought, and the long sentence brought up to the climax—*le desespoir de ces cinq âmes confondus en une, pour étouffer, pour éclater, et pour mourir dans un seul embrassement*—too laboured to do more than produce that spurious sort of emotion called an effect.

But it is where Lamartine is himself personally engaged that his pathos ought more fairly be tested. *Graziella* will ever be admired as a master-piece of truthful and touching narrative. We could almost wish that, in giving it as a record of personal experience, the author had only indulged in that sort of authorized liberty which is called poetic license. Viewed as a fiction the story, while retaining all its fascination, would happily lose the poignancy of fatal reality which makes us join in the writer's own self-reproaches, that he had not known how to estimate the pure and natural passion of the fisherman's daughter, the maker of coral ornaments of the Isle of Procida. Rigidly examined, the conduct of the youth of eighteen seems provokingly blameless. It was not his fault that a storm should have dashed to pieces the boat which formed the whole fortune and capital of the fisherman's family; and the lad who, with his travelling companion, repaired the damage with a delicacy and profuse generosity which, viewed with regard to the scantiness of their pocket-money, was magnificent—that lad made his entry on the stage of active life in a way worthy of his future career. It was also quite natural that the beauties of the bay of Naples should have chimed in mysteriously with the opening of a poetical character. A youth who read well very fairly enjoyed the profound pleasure which his own sympathetic recital of Paul and Virginia excited amongst his simple hearers; nor can the parents be blamed who, finding out, as shrewd and anxious parents will, how their son had taken up his abode with a family below his station, one of whom was of dangerous beauty, should have had him carried away.

But then that poor Graziella, that purest, richest, we might say most faultless jewel, that she should be sacrificed, and, as it were, unnecessarily sacrificed to the implacable respectabilities of society, is a cruel moral to a pathetic tale. The poor girl discovers her own sentiments by her repugnance to a match with one in her own station of life, with whom she would apparently have been perfectly happy, had not fortune thrown in her way a handsome lad of the most refined manners and highest intellect. Her error was that she possessed a soul so capable of appreciating that fine nature, and so teachable in the way of excellence, as never after to be able to live with creatures of a lower sphere. She tries to renounce the world, and, baffled in her attempt to become a nun, endeavours with strange simplicity to have herself transformed into a fine lady, thinking maybe that fashionable clothes would cure the fault of external rusticity. The effort serves to loosen the attraction which the originality of her person and manner exercised over the picturesque imagination of the poetic stranger. He is carried away. One evening, on his return home from a ball in his native town, a packet is put into his hands. He opens it, and finds a letter of heart-rending simplicity.

The doctor says I will die before three days. I wish to bid thee adieu before my strength fails. Oh! if thou wert here, I could live! But it is the will of God. I will speak to thee soon, and always speak to thee, from heaven on high! Love my soul! It will be with thee all thy life. I leave thee my hair which I cut off one night for thee. Consecrate it to God in a chapel of thy country, that something of mine may be always near thee.

Twelve years after, the object of this fatal attachment visited Naples. The little house was a heap of ruins. He did not look upon it with a dry eye. He does not spare himself reproaches. He brings the matured reason of the man and his fully developed power of speech, to bear with heavy condemnation on the unfeeling levity of the youth of eighteen. But the reader will say, how, if the story be true, could the man have published it to the world? And, taking it as true, how much the

pathos is spoiled by the anger which, be it right or wrong, the reader cannot help feeling towards the beloved of that martyr maiden, whose sacrifice hindered not his onward triumphal career. The story moves by its intrinsic truthfulness. The incidents could not have been invented. They must have occurred. Related they are with the author's extraordinary minuteness of observation and delicacy of touch, and invested with glowing grace and style. But whether it is the unsatisfactory conclusion by which, contrary to the romance reader's notions of justice, all the undeserved suffering is exclusively at one side; that, out of temper, we quarrel with the hero; or that we are haunted by undefined suspicions, or how it is, we cannot get over the impression that it is all told by a pen at the service of an imagination—the heart coming in the second place.

If M. de Lamartine were as he believes peculiarly a man of sentiment, his many orations would have afforded ample evidences of his sway over the feelings of assemblies and of multitudes. Great and varied effects he has indeed produced, but it is in the way of exalting, entrancing, and delighting, rather than of melting and subduing. His voice, lofty and sonorous, is yet of measured cadence. His appearance, tall and elegant, is never swayed by impulse. All his powers, all his movements are under control. Whenever led away, as led away he has been, it was by some magnifying vision of imagination, not by excited feeling, still less by deliberate exercise of reason. Appealed to by certain republicans on the day of February, 1848, Lamartine rested his head on his hands and in five minutes pronounced for the Republic. It is invidiously told of him that at a later period, when some one congratulated him on the certainty of his being elected President of the Republic, Lamartine answered, "say of the *Republique Universelle*." Here was the vision not of vanity but of imagination. It was enough in the first instance to touch the spring of that predominant quality, in order to raise the prophetic prospect of a beneficent republic free from crime. It was enough in the second to refer to accomplished success to prelude all the states of the world revolving round France in one har-

monious system of philanthropy. It is, in a similar spirit of depreciation, told with what facility the leading member of the provisional government would answer deputations on the spur of the moment, treating of questions with which he could have been but little acquainted; how he, for instance, who had never been in a freemason's lodge, could yet, catching the sign of fraternity on an embroidered banner, discourse most eloquently on the text. So it is! A word, a sign, an incident, anything, is sufficient to excite that wondrous imagination, at whose service is an exhaustless wealth of the most ready picturesque language.

Speaking of Lamartine as an orator, we should draw what would be to our minds conclusive proof of his deficient pathos, from his total absence of humor. Though he may claim to be a wit on the ground of that particular definition which would make the quality to exist in the presentation of remote resemblances; yet does he want that playfulness and buoyancy and keen sense of the pleasant which give to wit its delicious savor and exhilarating sportfulness. The thorough orator must be something more than a grand declaimer and an ornate logician; he must possess sway over the whole man. He must be familiar with the secret of the close neighbourhood of tears and smiles. Merriment disposes us for kindly impressions, and never are we more humanely disposed than after a joyful laugh. Lamartine has admitted, and perhaps unconsciously admitted, his defect in this respect, when, after a glowing description of the beauty and genius of Madame de Girardin, he shaded the picture with one fault: "she laughed too much." She, on the other hand, expressing her great admiration for the first of poets, intimated the drawback of some strange indefinable coldness. Yet she spoke the truth. There is, notwithstanding the expansiveness of his language, the fervour of his imagination, the disinterestedness and the profuse generosity of the man, a certain coldness which we know not how to explain except by attributing it to a lonely habit of thought. He does not seem to live in quick interchange of conversation with his fellow men. He speaks with disdain of that quality of *esprit* of which his countrymen are

so proud. He sits abstractedly revolving, in the lofty region of his own mind, his own exalted thoughts: such coldness is that of the habitual thinker; but the habit is not always favourable to the ready outlet of sympathy with others, which is the most direct passage to friendship.

In becoming *homme de lettres*, Lamartine renounced poetry. By such renunciation he probably afforded his fastidious critics of the *Figaro* a specious handle for their attacks, in the name of the compromised dignity of literature. Poetry cannot be hastily dashed off, even by the most highly inspired, except upon the understanding of careful revisal. At the best, it is not a marketable commodity. The hard conditions of ceaseless labor, for sake of winning eventually a few years of ease at the close of life by the removal of pecuniary obligation, forbid the great poet of France from indulging in the peculiar field of his strength. He must quit the flowing meads, and the seat by the side of the stream into which the willow dips, for the dry dusty road, well pleased if he can occasionally snatch a briar rose by the way. The poet, indeed, would rather have any other than the imputed cause assigned for his abandonment of the lyre. He pleads advancing years as bringing chill to the imagination, although his prose, by its freshness, its imagery, and its picturesqueness, deprives the apology of reality. He has even expressed an inclination to adopt the opinion, which he has heard from many enlightened friends, that verse only cramped the free movements of speech. An argument on the subject would be useless. We need merely appeal to history and experience. Poetry, like philosophy, has had to encounter currents and cross currents; sometimes more, and at other times less in favor; and yet no age is without its poet. It is, we suspect, the disposition to imitate and carry on through our time the poetry which has pleased another, which is the cause of periodical fits of distaste. Poetry must be original, and it must chime in with an immediately prevailing popular sentiment. It is because he is neither like Byron or Wordsworth, that Tennyson is, at a moment unjustly accused of poetic indifference, as popular as ever

either had been. The poet must carry away his mantle on his fiery car. It would leave no legacy of inspiration. The hand of Lamartine could strike in this day as bold a note as when, in the prime of youth, he met the challenge of Colonel Pépé, and was left dangerously wounded on the field by the sensitive Italian soldier, for having apostrophized the degraded descendants of the Republicans of Rome. It was the poetry of Byron which first awakened the enthusiasm of Lamartine. Before he met with Childe Harold he had nothing to feed his youthful fancy but the frothy, inflated, artificial servilities of the writers of the Empire. There can be no doubt that the period of the highest military glory of France was that of her deepest literary degradation. A translation of Ossian operated as a relief to minds held within rigid bonds by a jealous despotism. The ear, awakened to the grandiose vagueness of the same monotonous recurrence of clouds, and winds, and moons, and heavens, and sounding shields, and shadowy figures, listened like that of a prisoner to the storm which, beating about the battlements of his dungeon, brings comfort to his soul, because it is the great voice of nature that he hears, and can hear in no other way. Lamartine retains for Ossian the veneration of France when France was a barrack-yard. Ossian has left more signs of influence on Lamartine's poetry than Byron, with whom he has no sort of resemblance. Indeed, if we were called on to name the English poet to whom Lamartine is most like, we should point to him whom we have already named. With Tennyson, Lamartine has certain points of similarity. There is, in the general tone of the French poet's sentiment, something kindred to the laureat's gravest moods of speculative pensiveness. The same exquisite melody is common to both. It is hard for a foreign ear to appreciate mere beauty of sound in a language which can be only to him a vehicle of thought. Few Frenchmen, however well read in English, can feel the full

harmony of Milton—not even Lamartine, who has uttered a heresy against that most sublime poet, which we could wish for his own sake to see obliterated. How few Englishmen can share the transports of Voltaire at the matchless rhythm of Racine; and yet, if an exception might be made so far as English ears are concerned, it would certainly be in favor of Lamartine's most exquisite versification. We had marked some passages for extract, but this article has extended too long to allow of our doing more than to recommend our readers to judge for themselves. Take, however, only these four lines with which opens the Fourth Meditation:—

Le soleil de nos jours pâlit dès son aurore,
Sur nos fronts languissants à peine il jette
encore
Quelques rayons tremblants qui combattent
la nuit.
L'ombre croit, le jour meurt, tout s'efface, et
tout fuit.

Or the description of the Gulf of Baia near Naples:—

Vois tu comme le flot paisible
Sur le rivage vient mourir ?
Vois tu le volage Zéphyr
Rider d'une haleine insensible
L'onde qu'il aime à parcourir ?

Montons sur la barque légère
Que ma main guide sans efforts,
Et de ce golfe solitaire
Raisons timidement les bords.

The whole poem is in the same melodious metre. The melody of Lamartine's verse is not of the kind which would probably tempt the composer of popular airs. It is large and breezy, such as is heard amongst the pines or by the sea, sounds that softly rise and swell with a fine grandeur, and faint away, as if afar off, into the depths of space.*

Of the "several men" whom, adopting M. de Lamartine's expression, we have been contemplating, there would remain according to himself, but one—the man of letters. We would say there remains—the man himself—the man whose whole life has been mark-

* The reader who would desire to judge of Lamartine's poetry in English translation, will find an exquisite example at page 137 of the "Wanderer and his Home," published by Sims and McIntyre. The poem of the "Fountain in the Forest" is beautifully true to the original. The whole work is a perfect translation of the "*Nouveaux Confidences*."

ed by moral purity, by the most generous consideration for his fellow-men, by personal independence, by the most chivalrous bravery, by boundless munificence. The external harmonises with the internal man. Tall, handsome, dignified, and graceful—such is Lamartine in person. It has been said of him that his proper place would be a throne. He has never refused a favor to any one who asked it, no matter what the inconvenience to himself, and the favor conferred has been ever enhanced by that sympathising spontaneousness of manner which seems to put giver and receiver on that best kind of equality—an interchange of feeling. Both open their hearts, the one to the other. Both as it were give and take of the best. To any other man than M. de Lamartine, that is to say, to a man of the world, it would seem to be no mean compliment to say that, poor and in debt, he became master of the government of his country during the irregular period of a revolution, and yet touched not a sou of the public money. Lamartine did indeed accept the salary attached to his office, but he applied the whole of it to the relief of men of letters. In fact, he quitted office poorer than when he entered, because the time afforded to the public service was so much subtracted from the account of his private labor. With his regal ideas, Lamartine never could have continued rich for any length of time. When, after his marriage with a wealthy English lady every way worthy of him, he undertook that Journey to the East of which he made his imperishable record, he set out in a ship chartered at his own expense, and performed his pilgrimage to the Holy Land like a Christian king of olden time, attended by a retinue capable of imposing

upon tribes whose respect is in proportion to external appearance. Even Lady Stanhope burst into prophecy at the sight of the grand young Frenchman. Wealth in the hands of this uncalculating man, like everything else, only served to exalt the imaginative faculty. His acts, magnificent in their proportion, obeyed his splendid conceptions. All know, or may readily conceive, how difficult it is to descend from position. Few have the courage, apart from the sacrifice of established habits, to bear the suspicious enquiries as to the whys and the wherefores of adopted economy. Lamartine, too, loved horses and dogs, and all that gave splendour and movement to the country gentleman. Then it pained him to see the family property (divided, according to the French system, in equal shares) pass into the hands of strangers, and so he purchased the whole estate on the strength of his own powerful exertions, drawing on future toil for the payment of present acquisition. That he undertook too much is made painfully manifest by the cry of overtaxed endurance which has been made the text of this article. That appeal, so frank and tender, has not, we rejoice to say, been made in vain. Twenty thousand subscribers receive *the Cours Familier de Litterature*. The government, from whom he would receive nothing, have gracefully ordered copies for all the public libraries. The work itself is nobly characteristic of the man. It is criticism of a new kind. It is a history of those great works of genius which kindled and nourished his own. The bad are not spoken of; they are left aside. The good alone are exalted. His own spirit converses with the great ones of the past, and the world is invited to their communings.

THE DARRAGH.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DARRAGH REMEMBERED.

To mingle in the world's great strife,
 Its toil, its woe, and still maintain
 That not ignoble is the life
 Which in one suffering human chain
 Fast links you to your brother man :—
 Such be my lot! Should grief or care
 Darken my skies; that I should bear
 A calm heart, with a brow elate
 To meet and brave my fate.

Sir Hector Graham of Rahenderry.

As an honest chronicler of my own life and belongings, I conceive I am bound to sketch something of the features of the great establishment of which I was now an humble component part.

Of the gentlemen who composed the firm, two are now dead. Stumpett had an apoplectic seizure one night, on his return from a great philanthropic turtle dinner given by the "committee for the Suppression of Juvenile Depravity;" thus manifestly losing his life in the cause of piety. And the great Mr. Vandergoggell deceased at Hamburgh ten years afterwards of a long neglected cold; and as I passed through the Borsen-Halle of that ancient town which had been the throne of his mercantile worship, and as I stood by his costly monument in the cemetery outside the Damm Gate, during a visit to Germany in the year of grace 18—, I could not forbear smiling at the thought that so much restlessness was now at last at rest.

Mr. Boozy gave up business, having made a successful speculation in the market of Hymen. He married a wealthy Manchester lass, and pitched his domestic tent with her at Cowes, where he sailed a clumsy yacht, to the imminent risk of all his Majesty's nautical subjects whom he chanced to meet on the high seas, and where he continued to moisten his "too, too solid flesh" with diurnal bottles of old sherry, which habit he defended on medical principles, as adopted for the purpose of counteracting a too languid circulation, and by the advice of his young doctor, who is also his heir.

Having thus disposed of the firm

in death, or by things that make for death, I turn me to their life, and to what they were when I had the honor of being their "foreign correspondent."

Few of us ever saw Stumpett, and fewer still heard him speak. He lived mostly at Hamburgh, and when with us was a mere man-scribe—a scriptory animal or secretary-machine; seldom talking, always writing; never opening his lips but to bite his quill or moisten his wafer. Boozy worked, like an owl, best at night, when he would come to the office half-seas-over—smelling rather unequivocally of rum-punch and cavendish tobacco; inspired by these stimulants, he would often write letters till near midnight. He was a decidedly clever man, and far the best educated of the triad. But the leading partner, Vandergoggell—or Gog, as he was abbreviatingly and commonly called—was the spring and soul of the whole firm. Ever brimful of life and energy, his advent to the office was heralded each morning by the banging-to of every door he passed through, as he made his noisy entry—manufacturing his own thunder. He was a spare man, very ordinary in face—a restless glance and a wind-snuffing nose, bestridden by large loose gold spectacles. His energy was boundless, infinite, untiring; and he seemed to ignore in the motion of his body and the actings of his mind the very existence of the idea of indolence. At 10, a.m. he would rattle down to the office, slamming the doors—bang, bang, bang—often upsetting a stool or an ink-bottle on his way to his innermost shrine, where his letters awaited him. These he would rend open,

and read with the velocity of lightning. Then up the office to the cashier, with his hand full of bills; then down the office among the clerks, bustling, pushing, prying, ordering and directing; hands, arms, legs, eyes all busy; then out of the office to the warehouse—bang, bang; thence off to the Exchange, with bills, and advices, and “quotations” in his pocket, the latter of a kind which Mrs. Cardonald never dreamed of, or the “Avonian Swan” uttered—buying, bargaining, selling, questioning; never losing a minute of the day, or an opportunity arising from the variations of mercantile or monetary life, to push his interest and increase his wealth. Strange to say, he was a fox-hunter, and rode keenly to the hounds on a little bitter thoroughbred, which carried his light weight over everything. Awkward in the saddle, but full of pluck, he stuck on marvellously, considering his loose seat; and I have been told it was quite a phenomenon to see him in full cry after a fox, as he rode boldly among the horsemen without either caution or skill, furiously bumping his saddle, his long coat-tails streaming over his horse’s tail, his bright buttons shining in the sun, while his wide kerseymere trousers, unstrapped and ambitious, curled up far beyond his yawning boot-tops, exposing his thin and bony legs encased in white cotton stockings to the knee; while his eyes were eagerly squinting and glaring above and below his large-rimmed loose spectacles, which kept hopping up and down the bridge of his nose, seeming to enjoy the sport as vivaciously as he who wore them. After one of these occasional hunts, he would return to Everton, where he resided, and dine; and then, before the cloth was removed, he was off for the office; swinging, and spinning, and rolling down Dale-street with a velocity proportionate to his eagerness; oftentimes jostling, and being jostled by post and person; escaping being run over at each crossing as if by a special interposition, and finally announcing his own safe arrival by a *feu-de-joie* of slam doors successively banged one after the other, till his green desk and chair received him, and he was buried up to his chin and spectacles in ship letters.

About three months after my in-

stallation in the office as “foreign secretary,” which mock title Gayston always conferred on me in his letters, I read in a London paper two paragraphs which produced in me some little interest if not emotion. The first was the marriage of Miss Cardonald to a Major Clithero of the 104th foot, “at the parish church of St. Sampson, cum the Innocents, &c., &c., by the Archdeacon of Wells, assisted by the Rev. Romeo Macbeth Cardonald, brother of the bride, &c., &c.”—“Valenciennes lace” or “Honiton,” I forget which—“orange flowers,” &c.—“splendid déjeuner,” &c.—“new carriage and four beautiful greys,” &c., &c.—“torch of Hymen and sweet Avonian Swan,” &c.—the whole paragraph so redolent of Mrs. Cardonald, that I could almost fancy I smelt the musk from the column of the newspaper. So she had cast off the unfortunate Gilbert! Well, I was glad of this, for cold and heartless as she was, I should have grieved to see her wedded to such a craven and a traitor as I felt assured my unhappy cousin was. Afterwards I learned that her fastidious brother, the Rev. Romeo Macbeth, had objected to some of Mr. Kildoon’s antecedents; and the gallant major just coming in at this dubious interval with a very red coat, a very long sword, and a very determined and Mars-like manner, had carried off this Venus in the chariot of Hymen; and a wife more fitted for military society, or more formed for barrack-life, he could not have found within the girth of merry England.

The other paragraph, which held my mind on the wings of thought a much longer time, was to the effect that “the Honorable Mr. Pendarvis and his daughter had arrived at Edinburgh, after a protracted tour in the Highlands.”

Could these be my Snowdonian friends? Surely it was, for they had mentioned in that warmly-remembered, and not-to-be-forgotten mountain walk, that they were bound for Scotland to pay some visits, and explore the passes and gorges of the western and northern Highlands,—whither, if truth be told, my thoughts had too often travelled after them and with them. I had laboured hard to subdue this feeling, and at times deemed I had successfully mastered

it, and buried it in the grave of cold despair; yet at times memory would come and exhume it, and hope would dress it all over with bright flowers, and both together would sing a song of triumph over the tomb of my vanquished resolution. And then again my plan was to apply myself more sedulously than ever to my stated official labours, and brush down all these aerial buildings with a flap of my grey goose-quill, or drown them in the capacious leaden inkbottle which stood upon my desk.

Among the young men of the office were many nice lads, and some of them cadets of the best families in Cheshire and Staffordshire. They were all very kind and attentive to me; but the one I took most interest in, from his extreme frankness and manliness of character, was my first acquaintance, Paul Diaz or Dyce, as he was popularly called. He had been well educated, and spoke English fluently, though like a foreigner; he was about my own age, a powerful athlete, but good-humoured, artless and pacific, unless much provoked. He was the eldest of six sons; his father, he told me, was a wine merchant at Lisbon, and I believe had as many children as King Priam; and moreover was a very struggling man. Diaz was as fond of the water as a Newfoundland dog, and numerous were the sailings and rowings we had together on the breast of the muddy and rapid Mersey, between and after office hours. When we had become a little intimate, I called him "the Campeador" after his great Spanish namesake; while my sobriquet with him and the younger lads was "the Captain," a title which I believe I had from taking the helm in our boating expeditions; for frequently have we been dispatched with letters after some vessel, which was beating out to seaward in the narrow channel which stretches between "The Rock" and the mouth of the Dee. On the darkest nights, and during a gale of wind, we have hired one of "Daney's gigs," which were swift and powerful boats, carrying two sprit sails and a flying gib; and, six or seven of us tumbling into her, we have pursued the tardy vessel, and contrived, at the imminent risk of being staved to pieces, to get some important letters on board. Two sailors always accompanied us, but I

generally had the tiller, and Diaz sat by my side.

On one of these occasions, I had asked him to lend me some change to give to the sailors, and on his pulling out some loose coin, I saw in his hand a curious-looking gold piece. This he told me was a Spanish doubloon; he was making a collection of his country's coins, and he had procured this at a little curiosity-shop kept by a compatriot of his own. I know not what it was excited me about this piece of money, but straightway I purchased it from the Cid, he assuring me that he could get as many as he pleased at the little shop. The piece was of an ancient coinage, bearing the effigies of Philip V. and his first wife Maria Louisa, with the date 1702, and appeared to be of the very purest bullion; but what chiefly attracted me was that on the smooth gold under Philip's head were scratched, or rather cut my own initials, W. N., and, stranger still, I thought I could make out the word *Darragh* faintly apparent under the initials. It certainly was not a fancy; the letters were there, scraped rudely, but perfectly traceable, and seemingly done with some sharp strong tool. The initials also were not of recent formation, but on the contrary seemed almost as old as the doubloon itself. Now there was a tradition which I had often heard in my boyish days that the old admiral, whose name was Walter likewise, had amassed a treasure, and concealed it at the Darragh. The story was so disreputable to his memory, that my uncle had taken every means to hush it up; for the legend recited that the old tar had actually at one period of his life gone a buccaneering under Dutch colors in the Spanish main, and had captured and appropriated a Mexican trader laden with specie, and that this treasure was hidden somewhere in the the house—underneath the old black chair was the general opinion—and that the admiral's revisiting the glimpses of the moon, and his promenades, noisy and nocturnal, were produced by an anxiety on the part of the ghost concerning this treasure. More than this, my uncle had once showed me some large gold Jacobuses, which had belonged to the Admiral, and which were initialed and scraped precisely as was this Spanish piece.

I enquired from Diaz the name of the shop where he had procured the coin. It was situated in a little alley off Lord-street, and kept by a man calling himself Wall or Walls. I wrote it down in my tablets, intending to call next day, and make enquiries; but in the mean while Diaz had met the tradesman, who could give no account of how this peculiar coin had flowed into the mouth of his sack, and so the matter died away for the time. If I had said, not died away, but that it was overridden by a new object of interest, I should have expressed myself more veraciously, for on gaining my glass case that evening, I saw lying on my desk a letter from Gayston, with mourning edges, and a black seal. The beginning of the letter was dated from my Uncle Silverties' rectory; said uncle "entirely approved of my present independent course; but thought I had been hasty, &c., and that I should not have changed my name." My dear aunt sent me "much love and many blessings." She also had transferred to my name in the County Bank of Salop the sum of one thousand pounds, which she had originally left me in her will, and which she now requested me to keep against a "hard day." This was indeed a noble gift which I accepted with all my heart. Here the letter broke off, and was not resumed for three weeks, when Gayston wrote with a more rapid and freer pen, dating his communication from Gwysaney Park, the seat of his hostile uncle, and the father of his wife. The letter ran thus:—

"My dear Walter,

"I brought my half finished sheet over to this house, on a hasty summons from my uncle himself. You may guess my astonishment, and the measure of joy which followed it, when I found my uncle cognizant of, and prepared to forgive and to sanction all. On his dying bed he blessed poor Mary and me, as man and wife; and to evidence the sincerity of his kindness he added a codicil to his Will, bequeathing me his valuable library, as his son-in-law and nephew—he was very ill when I arrived, but his mind clear and happy, and the dark resentment clouds utterly scattered and gone. My dear little wife knew not what to do, or how to feel between her deep sorrow at losing

one whom she had always truly loved, and her joy at his change of mind, and the great peace which shone upon his countenance. However, she has been crying very heartily, and I think is now disposed to be more calm and resigned. He died the morning after my arrival. My brother Tom and his wife arrived the same day I did, and were received with equal affection. What an unexpected blessing has this been to me, dear Walter. Surely we may reason on it, and by a parity of expectation anticipate something as bright and as beneficial for you, who are, as I was till now, one of dame Fortune's foot-balls. Well but, you may ask, how was all this brought about? By very simple and beautiful machinery, namely, the influence of goodness, of gentleness, and truth, acting on a nature originally honest and kindly, till warped into hardness and obliquity by imaginary wrong, and I do believe also by the irritation of coming disease.

"Now, to begin my story—did you ever hear of the great Mr. Pendarvis, who has represented Cornwall for so many years, and who is as renowned for his ability as a speaker as he is for his honesty as a politician? You ought to know him, Walter, for three reasons; first, he is your remote kinsman; secondly, he is a great admirer of yours; and thirdly, and to conclude, as old Silverties says when preaching, you saved his life, and that of the lovely Rosa Mundi his daughter, on a Snowdon precipice. Now this good man was at Interlacken some three years ago, and living in the same *pension* as my uncle and his daughters, and a close intimacy had sprung up between the parties; and so, about a month ago, my Mary heard from Miss Pendarvis, asking leave for herself and her father to visit at Gwysaney, to which my uncle gladly assented, and they came on here from Edinburgh, my uncle receiving them on his sofa, on which he was wheeled every evening into the drawing room, that he might enjoy the society of his distinguished guests. Now, you must know, Walter, that the fair Rosa has a delicious voice, and 'enchants the ear' like Ariel; and my uncle, once no mean performer on the violencello, was in raptures with the warble of this

Cornish nightingale. Be it as it may, the Rosa Mundi obtained an extraordinary influence over him, whether by her beauty, her voice, her gentleness, or her unaffected piety, deponent sayeth not. She talked, and read much to him, and lo, one evening he opened his mind and told her—evidently expecting her sympathy—how ill my father had used him in the affair of the lawsuit, &c. My wife was sitting in the window at her work, and he did not perceive her. She said, Miss Pendarvis heard him out with much patience, never interrupting him until he paused, wearied with his own excitement. She then said gently, 'Of course, dear sir, you forgave your brother, and have forgotten all these wrongs.' 'Never—never!' was the sick man's vehement answer. Poor Mary trembled so that her work dropped from her hands; but the Rosa Mundi was made of sterner metal, for firmly and composedly, but with extreme gentleness, and the Cordelia voice soft and low, an excellent thing in woman, she put before him the wrongfulness of his indulging resentment; nay, she opened his own Bible, and read to him the divine precept of, 'Love your enemies,' 'Forgive and ye shall be forgiven,' and then referred him to the divine practice of him who prayed for his murderers and torturers, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' My wife was amazed at her courage, for Mr. Gayston had been spoiled by his wife, and never could bear one word of any kind of reproof; and she watched this lovely young creature bending over her father's sofa, with such a simplicity of truth and goodness about her, that she felt assured she would prevail. My uncle offered argument upon argument to excuse his 'just indignation,' as he termed it, but steadfast and calm she abided by her principle, putting the matter before him as a question of right or wrong, as a business between God and his own soul; and asking him plainly was he fit to meet his Judge with such an unexpressed feeling in his heart. 'Pray, lady, she got up, and would have left him, but taking his hand from his eyes, she saw that he had been weeping, as with a broken voice he said, 'Dear young lady, will you not come and see me soon again?'

She smiled most sweetly at him, and glided out of the room like a good spirit. And this was the beginning of our new-born happiness, for before a week had elapsed Mary had told her all, and in the same calm determinateness of spirit, and gentle speech, she made my uncle acquainted with our marriage, first saying to us 'that it never should have been conceded from him, and that God's blessing would not rest on anything clandestine.' She is a noble creature, Walter, high souled yet humble, and difficulties complex and concrete seem to unravel themselves and melt away before her straight and simple walk of Christian principle. Well, we waited with great anxiety for the result, which was far beyond our anticipations. My uncle bore it calmly; said that I had 'been wrong to marry his child secretly, yet that he had been more wrong to separate us.' He then spoke highly of me, and it ended in poor Mary being called in, and sobbing in his arms for nearly ten minutes—while the other culprit, viz., myself, was sent for, and had a kind pressure of the hand from my poor uncle, who was just teaching me to love him as I lost him, for he died shortly after this, rejoicing and full of peace, and faith in his Redeemer; and to the last day of his life he would have Miss Pendarvis singing sweet hymns in his ears, which he said calmed his spirit and reminded him of heaven.

"Her father had only remained two days, being summoned by business to town; but he came down to my uncle's funeral, and to bring his daughter away. He and I fraternized at once genially together, and during a walk we had in the garden he told me the whole Romance of Snowdon, of the vision of the ascending climber, his care for his dog, and their mutual caresses on the rock dilating on your figure, voice, good looks, and thoroughbred manners. I shall make you fearfully vain, Walter; but how much more so had you seen how his daughter accompanied by glances, and blush, and sympathy of look every portion of her father's narrative, as he eulogized the Bello Tenebro—the mysterious, yet interesting young man of the mountains—so proud, and yet so humble—so independent, and yet so gentle—so

unassuming and simple, and yet so elegant. Oh! Walter, Walter, he drew you to the life. 'I called on him next morning,' said Mr. Pendarvis, 'at his lodgings, but he had run away, and the landlord was packing his books; and they were the books of a gentleman and a scholar. Who can he be, Mr. Gayston? His name is one cognate to my blood; but he rejected my claim to his being my cousin with as much pride as if he were the Emperor Charlemagne. However, I like him, and will seek and find him yet, and I *will* and *can* do him a service.' He spoke this with tremendous energy of manner—with a flashing eye and a compressed lip, and I felt inclined to smile as I turned to the daughter, and saw the same *determined* expression in her deep blue eye, and equally decided lip. Truly, Walter, Pendarvis might serve you greatly; he is a man of the highest character, and though, from his unwavering honesty and truth, he is unfitted to take office under either Whig or Tory, yet he is so greatly esteemed by both parties, that a word of recommendation from his tongue or pen would procure things which would be denied to other and more ordinary men. He has great eloquence as a debater, carries an unspotted political escutcheon, has a beautiful place, an ample estate, and is heir to a viscountcy. He is a most determined fellow in following up a fancy, so let Mr. Basset look out for a visit from the Children of the Mist, and that quickly; they will swoop like an eagle on your office; and, may the acquaintanceship commenced in the mountain mists of Snowdon be cemented into friendship amidst the murky fogs of Liverpool. Adieu, dear Walter. Mary would send you her love, only she does not know you, further than remembering a tall youth in a loose sailor's dress—rather good looking, but who stared very hard at her—and who passed her at the rocks of Aber, while she was sitting and thinking of one Gayston, a worthless fellow of whom she is rather fond, and who now and always subscribes himself your faithful and attached

"Friend,

"EDWARD."

I cannot deny that this letter gave me the truest pleasure. That the

happiness of so kind a friend as Gayston should be secured, and that I should so strangely be mingled up in the associations and the means that produced his felicity excited in me a feeling of unspeakable gratification. I ardently desired once more to meet the Pendarvises; Gayston's narrative had quickened all my dormant feelings of admiration for Miss Pendarvis into vivid life again, and the Snowdon walk was reproduced a hundred times in fresh tints on the canvas of memory. In the meanwhile, I had much to occupy me at my office; the time was one replete with business, and the number of letters I had to read, translate, and answer was great. One night, an important dispatch, and marked "private" came from Hamburg; it was addressed to Mr. Vandergogge, who was at his house at Everton, confined by a heavy cold. I put the letter in my pocket, determining to walk up and deliver it personally; and having done so, and received the merchant's thanks, I came down to the town again by St. Anne-street, and turning through a little street which opened on this thoroughfare, I found myself in the immediate neighbourhood of a theatre, at the door of which a huge placard was exhibited, announcing a famous troop of horses from Astley's London circus, which were to perform that night. Allured by the idea of seeing these beautiful and docile animals, I turned in, and stationed myself at the back of the stage box. I had not been there five minutes when I was astonished at seeing Murellos and his daughter occupying a bench near me, the young lady much dressed, and looking extremely handsome and brilliant, while "Le Beau Bossu" himself appeared old, grey, and careworn. Ever associating this man with my base cousin, and much marvelling what had brought him to Liverpool, I withdrew myself to a more secluded seat, from whence I could see him without his seeing me. At the end of the melodrama great numbers left the house; it was then that a party of young men, who had evidently been drinking, came into the box where sat Murellos and his daughter. One of these I knew to be a dissipated profligate; his name was R., and he seemed on the present occasion to be determined to insult the Spaniard by

offending his daughter, to whom he had spoken in a very free manner. On Murellos remonstrating, this Mr. R. turned on him and said, "I do you great honor. I know what you are—nothing but a low shopkeeper." This produced an angry response from the Spaniard, whereupon the young fellow very brutally spat in the old man's face, who made no attempt to retaliate, but waxing deadly white, sat still in his seat. On this his assailant burst into an insulting laugh, and leering up in the young girl's face, who had begun to weep, he said something most impertinent, as was evident from her heaving breast and the way she shrunk and cowered from him. For a long time I had been weaning my spirit from all wrath, and my blood had been too cold and temperate, but now in a moment I had vaulted into the box, and confronting the shameless bully, I said quietly but very sternly, "desist from this cowardly ruffianism; these people are known to me, and are under my care." On which the young man, seizing a stick from one of his companions, made a violent blow at my head. But oh! Edward Darcy, my old single stick tutor, thy lessons now served me well! for, rushing in on my antagonist, I caught his weapon in the middle, and sliding my hand down to his, I wrenched the stick from him, nearly spraining his wrist, and threw it into the pit; and then seeing he was preparing to fly at me, I seized him in my arms, and flung him out of the box upon the lobby. I then offered an arm to each of the Murellos, and looking fixedly at the companions of my prostrate opponent, I slowly passed out of the house—the father hanging on me all pale and shaking, and the daughter clinging like a bird to my side, and weeping on my arm which I am really ashamed to say she kept kissing repeatedly, and bathing with her tears, until we reached a stand of hackney coaches in Lime-street; and as they were getting in to one of them, Murellos spoke for the first time, "Mr. Nugent." I started at the sound of my own name. "I never knew you were in Liverpool till this night. I thought you had gone to the Spanish main—but that is of little matter. Mr. Nugent, sir,"—here his voice became choked and excited.—"I never,

never can forget this night; so help me God, I will not. Oh! I will not forget—no, no—so help me heaven." They both wrung my hand, and the coach drove on.

All next morning I might have exclaimed with Claudio, "Now, heaven defend me from a challenge;" but none came, though I had flung my card on the floor as I passed my fallen foe, whose cowardice saved me the annoyance of a duel which I should have bitterly regretted, and which would doubtless have injured my character for steadiness in the eyes of my employers. But in the afternoon, when the young men had gone to dinner, and I was sitting alone discussing a solitary sandwich, came Diaz into my sanctum; he had been absent all the morning attending a sale. He had heard of the affray at the theatre, and said, "I wish I had been there to help you, but by all I hear you needed not my aid. R. is a thoroughly bad fellow. He is Indian born, is malignant and vindictive and up to any treachery. You must mind yourself, Mr. Basset," said the good-natured fellow. I smiled, and he added, "by the way, don't you think that Wall's daughter is a beautiful creature?"

"Of whom are you speaking?" I said—

"Of Estella Wall, the fair Spaniard, the old deformed man's daughter."

"But surely his name is not Wall, but Murellos."

"Nay," answered Diaz, "I never heard him called anything but Wall or Walls. See here is his last bill to me for a few old Spanish coins—pistoles and marevedis I bought of him. Ay, Walls is the name; Mr. Diaz, Dr. to José Walls, working jeweller, lapidary, etcher in copper, seal engraver, and scrivener.—Such are the man's varied occupations, and a very clever artist he is; and an odd and restless creature he seems to be, always speculating, and trying to raise the wind."

I scarcely give heed to these last words of my friend's, for suddenly there had floated up in my mind, for the first time in my life, and as if from some deep buried wreck, the most extraordinary idea respecting this man Walls or Murellos' connection with my own history. Here was Kikloon's friend and secret colleague—a professional and no doubt an ac-

complished *scrivener*, and a *seal cutter*. Had there indeed been fraud, and forgery? And had he been the agent of my disinheritance—the hireling tool of my cousin. And, oh! delightful thought, had my beloved uncle ever been true-hearted to me? And this last idea was more precious to me than if I had possession of the whole rental of the Darragh. Then there came another feeling, as if all this was a mere bubble on the stream of fancy; and then again, I thought I could hear voices crying and saying, “act, act, and that quickly.” So I turned to Diaz, who seemed astonished at the profound reverie in which his words had plunged me, and asked him would he accompany me to Mr. Walls; and on his answering, “willingly,” we set off and reached it in a short walk, Diaz talking all the way, and I totally unheeding him and lost in thought.

The house was small and dark, half shop, half room. I asked Diaz would he permit me to go in alone, and he assented, promising to remain at a confectioner's shop over the way till my visit was over. I knocked, and the door was opened by a servant, who informed me Mr. Walls had gone into Cheshire, and that his daughter was putting on her shawl and bonnet to follow him, he having just sent a sailor boy for her. While the girl was speaking, I was gazing round, and taking notes of every thing in the little shop-parlour. There was a writer's desk, with pens, and sheets of snowy parchment on it, some specimens of old china, a large glass case full of coins, and through the open door of a back apartment I could discern a small and beautiful seal engraver's wheel, with the steel points, and tools, and diamond dust lying in disorder beside it on a table. My eye was busy drinking in every thing, when Miss Wall entered, attired for a walk. She flushed greatly at our meeting, and said hastily, “Oh! Mr. Nugent, how kind of you to call and see us.” She knew nothing of my real motive, and I did not undeceive her; and as she continued pouring out her gratitude to me, and speaking of her father's great delicacy of health, I came to the conclusion that *she* was no participator in the crime—if there *had* been crime—for her face was affluent in honesty, and a thousand

“blushing apparitions” were there which spoke of innocence and truth. She told me that this Mr. R. had met her at church; “for my mother,” she said, “was of the reformed faith,” and was constantly following and persecuting her in the street; and that her father was going now to apply to the magistrates for protection. She looked so innocent and unconscious of wrong, that I felt I could hazard the question, “Is not your father an artist?” “Oh yes; he engraves on copper, and cuts seals beautifully. It is by this latter art he earns his bread; he gets orders from the first houses in the trade for seal-cutting.”

“Can I see a specimen of his skill?”

“With pleasure,” said she, “if you come into his workshop; here is an impression of a coat of arms he has finished for your cousin, Mr. Kildoon, and here is a head of General Washington for an American sea captain.”

I took the seals to the light; they were exquisitely cut; the head full of power and expression, and deeply engraved. She told me they were cut from drawings or impressions on wax which served as copies!—

Conviction settled in my mind.

And with this feeling came the most rigid determination that I would at once charge Murellos to his face with the perpetration of the forgery, and appealing to his reason, his conscience, or his fears, as the case might be, force him to make such disclosures as might supply me with such evidence as might help me to establish my right.

“When can I see your father?”

“He has gone to the hotel at Traunmere, with a box of pebbles for a family from Birmingham, who are old customers of ours; and he has just sent a sailor-boy, with a boat and a message that I should come to him and bring some parchment, as they want him to write, so for the present I must bid you good-bye.”

I had, however, no intention of losing sight of her, or getting off the trail for a minute. So, as she tripped down the street, I joined Diaz, and walked with him rapidly toward the river, keeping the lady in sight and intending to cross at once to Traunmere and see Murellos. We saw

Wall get into a row boat, which appeared to be in waiting for her at the slip; we then ran to Daney's, and hired one of his smaller gigs, and as we pulled up our sail we plainly saw the boat which held the young lady slowly progressing against a head wind. The tide was dead out; we had to tack for it, making short fetches on the river up and down, but never losing sight of the other boat. It was a grey, ungenial evening, and there was but a sprinkling of crafts on the river. An ugly looking cutter, half a yacht, half fishing smack, was hauling her anchor, and shaking out her mainsail, laying about half a mile from the red rocks under Birkenhead Abbey. All of a sudden Diaz and I plainly saw a man descend from the deck of the yacht into a little punt, which he skulled rapidly towards the red boat, and when alongside jumped into it. A shriek came across the water; and Diaz, who had been all day raving of the fair Spaniard to me, and whose eyes were sharpened by jealousy and apprehension, declared that it was Mr. R. and that the vessel was an old yacht he had purchased. I felt sure that he was right, and that it was indeed the villain, whom I knew to be a daring profligate, and who no doubt had laid a trap,—having seen her father cross before to Tranmere—to get this poor girl into his power. So at once I laid the helm down, and went about, and luffing her well up, till the water ran over her gunwale, in three minutes I drove our gig right along side, and buffed her up quite close to the red boat, which was now pulling stiffly to gain the yacht. One of our sailors grappled her with a boathook, and we then saw Mr. R. sitting in the stern sheets, endeavouring to hold the fair Spaniard, who was crying bitterly, and wringing her hands. Full of anger, I arose; but Diaz held me back.—"Mr. Basset, pray allow me," as springing into the boat he upset the man who pulled the bow oar, and menacing the other with a shake of his powerful fist, he leaped aft, and seizing Miss Wall he lifted her with a swing of his long arms into our boat where I received her, and then turning to R. who was the colour of a tallow cake with mingled rage and fear, he laid hold of him by the collar, and cried in tones of thunder, for the blood of the young giant was thorough-

ly up—"Say, shall I kill you, you villain! Shall I drown you, you coward?"

"Don't draun him, Maister Dyce," cried one of our honest boatmen, "or you'll be honged, mon; but dook him—dook him in the wather." Accordingly, Diaz lifted him as easily as a child would swing a kitten, and gave the miserable fellow three or four hearty souses in the muddy cold river; then cried, "Can you swim, Sir?" The half choked man answered, "yes," when Diaz cast him off, and getting into our boat, we drove swiftly towards Tranmere, the wind having veered a point or two to the northward; first having seen that Mr. R. had been received into the boat by the two sailors, whom we heard afterwards he had bribed to assist him in his scheme of abduction.

The beauty of the lady was certainly very great, though a little too oriental for quiet tastes. Her good looks might have apologized for Mr. R.'s admiration, but her innocence and modesty should have shielded her against his ruffianly treatment. We promised not to leave her till she had rejoined her father; but she was quite safe, for Mr. R., actuated by fear of being disgraced publicly, went over to Ireland that night, from whence he shortly after emigrated to the United States, where I dare say they made him behave himself. Leaving Diaz to escort his fair friend to the hotel, I turned aside amidst the beautiful ruins of the old abbey of Birkenhead, there to wait for Murellos to whom I had sent a message, and in about ten minutes they all joined me, the old man looking pale but subdued and gentle—the young girl flushing with beauty, and my young Herculean friend, "the Campeador," looking noble and frank in the consciousness of having done a good deed in a good cause. Again and again did the Spaniard kiss my hand and thank "my nobleness." I had shielded him from being trodden on, and his daughter from insult and perhaps dishonor; and then he would seize my hand and raise it to his lips. I confess I revolted from the man, and his caresses disgusted me. I knew him to be a coward, and strongly suspected him of being a swindler also; so I was about to address him rather shortly, when he forestalled me by asking his

daughter to walk aside with Mr. Diaz, and then, seating himself on a ruined arch in the refectory of the abbey, he turned to me, and said, "I owe you a heavy debt, Sir, and I will pay it now on two conditions; first, that you will forgive me my wrongs to you, seeing how I was tempted; and secondly, that your nobleness will promise me that no attempt will be made to endanger the liberty of my person, but that I may be allowed to return to my own country. My daughter has told me of the eagerness of your questions at my workshop to-day, so perhaps in confessing all to you I am actuated as much by necessity as by gratitude." He then commenced his recital, which was deeply interesting to me; still I will but give the headings of this long narrative to my reader, and that in the briefest way.

Murellos was the natural son of a Spanish merchant; he had strong artistic tastes, and great ambition to be rich; married an English lady at Malaga; father died and left him a beggar. Obligated to earn his livelihood, came to Birmingham as a working jeweller; thence to Dublin, where his wife died. Met Kildoon first in his capacity of scrivener;—came to Balynatrasnagh through idleness and speculation, and incited by the reputation of its shore pebbles; and there was extensively employed by my cousin, who paid him well, to copy leases and accounts; thence a great intimacy sprang up. He was a long time telling me this, being a painfully minute narrator, much to the loss of time and patience. He went on to say that my cousin was an habitual gambler;—that he had lost on one unsuccessful night at a second class club in Dublin all his own money and a large portion of my uncle's rents; that in this emergency, while searching for something in an old Irish history, he had lit upon a long deal box lying behind the books in the room called "the Admiralty," and wedged with oakum into the wall: that he went at midnight, and got the coffer out, which was full of Spanish money, Mexican dollars, and gold pieces of George the First's reign; that a few of the doubloons bore the cipher of the Admiral, and the word "Darragh" scraped on them; that Kildoon, despairing of being enabled

to value or appropriate this treasure, had told Murellos of it; that the former wished to bury it in the sea cave, by the mouth of the Trasnagh, but was dissuaded by Murellos from so doing; and that this circumstance much increased their intimacy. That after my departure for the Continent, my uncle had become singularly careless of his affairs, and trusted all to Gilbert, which the other had repaid by robbing him on all occasions, and making use of his money; but that one day the General had said that, on his nephew Walter's coming of age, "there must be an overhauling of the agency account;" that this drove Gilbert to despair, who at the time was striving to supplant me with Miss Cardonald, though before this "he had done Miss Murellos the honor of paying her attention:" and here the Spaniard's brow darkened with hate and anger. That by an accident Kildoon had discovered Murellos' talent in imitating handwriting, and his skill in seal engraving, and that on the day on which C— had pronounced the General's to be an "utterly hopeless case," my cousin had come to Murellos, who was at that time extremely depressed and low in pocket, and offered him the bribe of all the treasure, or rather that portion of it which was not expended, if he would forge successfully a will in the General's handwriting, and cut a seal from the wax impression of the signet which he always carried on his finger; that after many attempts, and indefatigable labor he succeeded as I saw—having easily detected the cipher through a microscope. That Kildoon had been afraid of engaging witnesses for the Will, saying he was "certain that his cousin Walter would be fool enough not to mind the omission, if he could only be brought to believe that his uncle wrote the Will." That Kildoon intercepted all our correspondence, by simply burning our letters; and that he was false in his bargain with him, giving him only a shabby hundred pounds, and saying that he had the power to hang him as a forger; but he had deceived Kildoon in his turn, inasmuch as he had preserved the false seal, and a few copies of his first attempts to forge my uncle's handwriting; and having locked them up in his brass-mounted writing box, he had buried

it in the sea cave under a great stone and in such a manner that no one could find it. [The key of this box he offered me now, and readily I accepted it.] That Kildoon still had communication with him—occasionally sending him small sums and commissions, and again threatening him, so as to make him perfectly unhappy; that his daughter knew nothing of his guilt; nor did Mr. C—, my cousin's legal adviser; and that finally I was believed to have joined the Irish Mexican legion, and to have gone out to South America with General Devereux.

Amazement, indignation, joy, and gratitude had all swayed my breast by turns during the Spaniard's long recital, of which I could not doubt one iota, inasmuch as it opened up many a hitherto unaccountable mystery in my unhappy cousin's character, and ex-

plained events, as keys open difficult locks. I readily gave him the promise to have him admitted as king's evidence, in case of the business coming to a trial. As for me, my course was plain before me. I should at once go over to Ireland; secure these proofs of my cousin's guilt; see him, and charge him to his face with his perfidy, and then put my case before an experienced counsel, and wait the result, depending on the goodness of that Providence which appeared so wonderfully to have brought to light this tangled web of wickedness and treachery. So we rose to depart, and gained our boat; and pondering on these things, I steered the "Lancashire Witch" across the Mersey, Murellos silent by my side, and his daughter and Diaz keeping up a rather *prononcée* conversation in the bows.

CHAPTER XII.—(CONCLUSION.)

THE DARRAGH RECOVERED.

Ho ! for the white strand in the sun !
Ho ! for the blue cliff beetling o'er !
Steer boldly in till the rocks are won,
And the boat-keel grates the shore.
The sea was deep, the night was dark,
And the storm blew strong as our light skiff drove ;
But the morn is up all calm ; and hark,
There is musick on the wave.

Sir Hector Grahame of Rahenderry.

I FOUND no difficulty in obtaining leave of absence from Mr. Boozey that evening, as, redolent of cigars, heswaled into the office at seven, p.m. He was extra civil, and I promised to strain every point to be home in a week or ten days. Next morning, I went on board the *Alert*—a packet which afterwards foundered in a storm or stuck in the mud, or suffered some other delectable submarine doom, in suicidal anger, I suppose, at the success of the newly invented steam boats. On the present occasion she justified her appellation, being *alert* in nature as in name, and under the stirring influence of a stiff nor-easter, going through "the humming seas" like a clipper; so that I jumped on Irish ground in sixteen hours from wharf to wharf. It was midnight when I arrived; so, getting into bed at a little ship-inn on the North Wall, I had a few hours' rest before I joined the

Galway day mail, on the top of which behold me seated, clad in a countryman's "big jock", or fricze coat, and hat—articles which I had purchased from a peasant on board the *Alert*, and which effectually disguised my form and my face from a chance of recognition. At A— I left the mail, and hired a car which dragged me, and its own slow length along towards Ballynatrasnagh, so that we did not arrive there till the night was far spent, and I heard the clock in a house strike one as I walked beside our tired horse up the steep hill which led to the inn. Here I dismissed my car, saying to the driver I was going a little farther to a friend's house; and the night being one of brilliant moon-light, I started down the river bank, through what had been Montfort's property, and near the spot where Cowen had been assassinated. Oh ! what tides of thought rolled in there upon my soul,

and what billows of memory came all round me of scenes and joys and faces fled for ever. I had been treading on the hard river bank, but was now getting among the bent grass and sand hills, and was beginning to feel the freshness off the sea, and to hear the boom of the breakers on the strand. In half an hour's more walking, I saw the whole magnificence of the great ocean before me, in its hoary and silvery glory, where the moon's rays had their long white path trembling as if with the excess of their own beauty; while behind me, to the left, as I ran to meet the ocean, as a child would race to its mother, darkly soared the cliffs with their clefts and crevices all in blackest shadow. The cave was a mile off towards the Darragh. I knew it well, and now stretched towards it. It is a curious fact that I never had any question in my own mind of the veracity of the story I had heard; and Murellos assured me he had so concealed the box that no person could discover it unless acquainted with the marks with which he had furnished me, in a paper which I took the precaution to ask him to write and subscribe. When I reached the cave, I went into it, and being tired with my walk, and worn with excitement, I wrapped myself in the frieze coat, and fell asleep on a heap of dry seaweed. It was grey dawn when I awoke, and I felt I had the right time, and light enough for my work. In the left hand corner the sea wrack lay piled, as if naturally, several feet high; this I removed, and then lifting a broad heavy blue stone, I came to hard fine sand; here I found buried a rusty trowel, one of the marks which Murellos had given me, and with this, after some very vehement and impatient digging, I succeeded in coming to the vision of a brass clasp, and immediately after I had exhumed the box itself, and taking it to the door of the cave, I unlocked it and found two copies of the paper I had read as my uncle's Will, wonderfully clever imitations both; and from a little secret drawer I drew forth the seal, a bloodstone exquisitely cut, but rough on the back, and coarsely fastened in a copper setting. The night was now gone, and the grey tints were becoming all golden, as the morning brightened along the sea. I thought it was a

symbol and a promise of my fate, and I knelt on the sand and worshipped, and thanked God and took courage, feeling most hopeful and all assured that I should bring things to a happy termination yet; and above all things rejoicing, even to tears, that I never had been suffered to have one unkind or unworthy thought of my dear uncle, or any suspicion but that he always meant nobly and truthfully by me. I thanked God again and again for this. Then I undressed, and plunged into the sea, as if I would have washed away all traces of my late life of suffering—yet how useful in its discipline; and I came out of my bath refreshed and braced for the stern work I had to do in confronting my caittiff cousin. I let down the box with the brass clasps into its hiding place again; covering it carefully; but the seal and papers I put in my breast pocket, as I issued from the cave, and stretched along the strand. It was a beautiful morning, and freshness seemed to pervade all nature; the sea glittered and dimpled to the breeze; the waves rolled in, and broke thunderingly on the hard beach; the sea gulls shrieked, circling in graceful curves above my head. Had the sea a voice then of welcome to the restored Heir of the Darragh? And the wild birds, were they glad once more to see me amidst the old accustomed cliffs and caves where they had their nests? I walked swiftly forward; the heavy frieze coat was on me, but I strode away under it as if it had been a gossamer scarf. I felt as if I had the strength of forty men, as reach after reach of the rabbit-warren disappeared behind me. I soon gained the Darragh, and I entered the demesne of my forefathers through an opening made by time in the broken wall, as certain of a triumph as Charles the Bold when he passed through the shattered wall of Liege in the pride of his conquest.

I pushed right across the lawn for the house. A small group of people standing by the Ha-ha engaged my attention. There was Mr. Kildoon in a morning gown of white cloth picked out with black tufts, looking very yellow, and grown rather obese since our last meeting. He was surrounded by labourers, among whom I recognized Joyce and his son. I was coming straight upon them when I

thought better, and debouched to the right, and had just arrived behind them, when I heard Kildoon saying, "The whole wood shall be levelled; it is a mere nest for jack-daws; every tree shall bite the ground."

Rapidly passing forward, I cried in a voice of thunder, "Never. Not a tree shall be cut down—I will not permit it."

"Who are you?" cried Kildoon, in a voice of mingled apprehension and rage.

"Master Walter himself," exclaimed Joyce.

"The young master come back to us. God be thanked!" cried a voice from among the labourers. There was a movement among them, and a murmur. Kildoon was now all pale and red by turns.

"Are you come here as a beggar?" he said, glancing at my peasant habiliments.

"I am come here as a master," I sternly answered.

Waxing still more deadly white, he said, "Do you mean to insult me on my own lawn, and before my own tenants?"

"Nay, more," I said, "I mean to proclaim you before the whole world as a liar and a forger. Look well to yourself; I have in my possession every proof to substantiate these charges. Murellos has confessed all: the seal is in my keeping. When next we meet it will be in a court of justice." He had sat down all weak, supporting himself on his arm, with his hand on the grass; his whole body shaking as if he had been struck with sudden palsy; his cheeks as pale as the parchment he had forged—yet his eyes glaring at me with a most devilish light, like those of a cat of the mountain, or an insane fox. "I leave you, sir, to the stings of your own conscience. We shall soon meet again." So saying, I passed rapidly up the lawn, but had not reached the gate when I heard a horse galloping after me. Fearing treachery, I faced about—it was Hyacinth Joyce, riding my own horse the "Highflier." His joy knew no bounds—alternately laughing and crying. The poor animal, too, knew me well—cocking his ears and whinnying, and rubbing his nose against my waistcoat. "Dear Mr. Walter, are you poor? Are you in trouble? I have

money to lend you—forgive the freedom I make—Oh! God be praised for your coming home." He rambled on in this way, while I stood caressing my horse, and thanking the faithful fellow. "Sure I brought the Highflier to you, for I knew you would be paying a visit to Mr. M'Clintock; he is home since yesterday."

This indeed was grateful tidings to me, so leaping upon my horse, I rode briskly towards the village, first assuring poor Joyce that I was indeed returning to the Darragh. I found Mr. M'Clintock at breakfast, and I really thought he would have devoured me, saluting me, *a la Française*, with a kiss on both my cheeks, the result I suppose of his late continental wanderings. His daughter he had left at Clifton; she was almost well. He poured a shower of questionings on me, mixed with exclamations against my rashness, lamentations for my uncle, and abuse of Mr. Kildoon. "Where had I been? what doing? &c., &c."

When he was quite exhausted, and had paused for breath, I calmly told him all, and then produced the seal, and trial papers, which he examined most carefully and curiously. "Most astonishing!" he would say; "I never met anything like it in all my experience of life, or law, or roguery. This Murellos, depend on it, is now acting more from dislike and utter disgust of your cousin than any sentimental gratitude towards you; the scoundrel is not capable of such a feeling. Kildoon has angered him in some way. I think I heard that he had jilted, and afterwards tried to seduce his daughter. But no matter. Indubitably we have a glorious case; we must go to Dublin to-night, and put the whole thing into the hands of an able counsel. We will go to Richard B. W——n, he is just the man for you, and for such a case as yours. You will admire the individual, as much as you may confide in the lawyer—a high gentleman, by birth, by education, and by feeling—he unites the nice honor of a knight of the days of chivalry with the learning of a jurist and the acumen of a sound and accomplished lawyer. He is the most rising man at the bar, and will one day, if I mistake not, adorn the Chancery Bench."

I found Mr. W——n at home; he

was all that my friend had described him—gentlemanlike even to courtliness—a noble head, a striking face, and a graceful form—his manner was most winning, his mind clear, concise, and calm. He entered cordially and most sympathizingly into my recital, much of which he was acquainted with; heard all with deep attention, and examined the seal and papers. He then said to me, "The case is a simple one, you have brought it to a point; I think that if you can get from Murellos an affidavit as to the facts he told you, and then send a copy of it to Mr. Kildoon, stating that you are going to commence an action against him, he will never come into court. From all you say it is manifest that you are unwilling to disgrace him publicly, and as a felon. I think you are right, for I assure you I believe the man to be partially insane. His father I had a professional acquaintance with, and he died in a mad house, a dangerous lunatic; and we can scarce account for much of his son's conduct otherwise than by supposing him to have inherited something of the unhappy mental aberrations to which his father was subject. I would advise Mr. Nugent to go to Liverpool immediately, and procure from Murellos this instrument; once that is obtained, it is more than probable that Kildoon will resign the place and estate, if he is let go free, which seems to be not only your wish, Mr. Nugent, but also your intention."

In about two days after this conversation, I found myself in the Spaniard's parlour. He was all crouching civility, or rather servility; said how entirely he "relied on my nobility;" "that he put his life in my hands, and would do all I asked him." His not having played me false in respect of the seal gave me some little confidence in his sincerity, but I evidently saw that his great aim was to work upon me to give him money, by his frequent allusions to his poverty.

On my going to the office, I found Diaz, who welcomed me joyfully; he told me that a gentleman had called that morning, and had left a note. It was from Mr. Pendarvis, and ran as follows:—

King's Arms Hotel, Castle-street.

"Dear Sir.

"If you have not entirely for-

gotten your Snowdon friends, who I assure you have not ceased to remember you, perhaps you will do me the favour of dining with me to day at six o'clock.

"Yours faithfully and sincerely,

"JOHN PENDARVIS.

"To — Basset, Esq."

This little note sent a thrill of delight through my frame; surely the clouds were breaking, and a morn of hope was rising after my night of sorrow. Here was a powerful friend raised up just in time to serve me. I was determined to confide all to Mr. Pendarvis, if an opportunity for so doing should occur this evening; and instead of wishing to shun them, as I had done after our last interview, it was with joy and exultation I drove down from my lodgings, when I had dressed, to keep my engagement with him for dinner. I suppose something of this new-born feeling struggled out in my appearance and aspect, for when cordially grasping my hand, he congratulated me on the improvement in my looks, saying, "When I last saw you, you might have passed for the melancholy prince of Denmark with your 'dejected haviour of the visage;' but now you have 'cast your nighted colour off,' and look another being." Miss Pendarvis greeted me simply but cordially, and when I touched her small hand, I felt all the blood in my frame rushing to my brow. "Now," said her father, "we shall have dinner in a few minutes. An old and philanthropic friend has invited himself to be of the party, but he will not stay long, and then, Mr. Basset, I want to have some conversation with you, if you allow me the liberty, about your future prospects. It appears that my friend Adam Hodgson, who is coming here to-day, knows you. He met you on business of the Russian bark *Czarina*, which was wrecked in the Liverpool channel, and was greatly struck with your intelligence. It was he who told me your address; he likewise tells me how very high you stand with your employers. Pardon all this open speaking; I am taking a great liberty; but candour is the short cut to the end, and the right arm of dispatch; and so, my dear Mr. Basset—but here comes worthy Adam Hodgson; and, apropos to dispatch, here is our dinner as close after him as, to borrow the words

of Mr. Croker, 'an endorsement on the back of a bill.'

We dined, and had some perilous passages in regard to my incognito, of which I was now heartily impatient. Mr. Hodgson asked me where I had acquired my knowledge of the Russian language. I answered, at Kreuznach from a Hamburg professor, and afterwards at Heidelberg.

"Pray, may I ask you," said Miss Pendarvis, "did you ever meet at Kreuznach with young Lord Ellersly? His sister is a great intimate of ours."

I answered briefly that I had met Lord Ellersly.

"Was it your good fortune ever to see Miss Stewart Conyngham, to whom he is now engaged?"

I answered that I had the pleasure of knowing Miss Conyngham a little. Then followed a number of point-blank interrogatories from Mr. Pendarvis relating to Lord Ellersly, and his conduct and habits at Heidelberg. "I suppose you knew young Nugent, his great friend there?"

I felt my cheeks tingle, as without looking at him I said, "A little."

Then followed a discussion on my duel with Zornbach, which Pendarvis defended, and Mr. Hodgson and the fair Rosamund condemned as an unchristian act, the young lady waxing quite eloquent, and saying that I had endorsed a barbarous practice, and lent the sanction of my name and character, which she understood from Lord Ellersly were deservedly high, to prop up and perpetuate a custom equally silly and sinful. As she continued speaking, I raised my eyes to look at my lovely enemy, and I thought I never had looked upon a more beautiful countenance, or listened to so sweet and thrilling a voice, so that I forgot every thing in the rapture of seeing and hearing a creature so fair and so good; and my condemnation from her lips sounded more musically to my ears and to my soul, than the praise of the whole world beside. When she had ended, there was silence and a pause: she coloured deeply, saying, "I fear I have spoken too much."

"No, my dear," answered her father gently, "you have spoken well as to the habit, but not equally fairly or well as to the offender. We must not condemn an absent individual; that poor young fellow's story I have

heard from Mr. Gayston; it is a painful romance of real life. Acting on high wrought, and it seems to me unjustifiable notions of delicacy to the memory of his uncle General Nugent, he ceded his right at once and overhastily to a fine property, and gave it up to his cousin, whom Gayston describes as a man of an indifferent character. Nugent has since disappeared, and is supposed to have joined the expedition to Venezuela under some military countryman of his own. It is a great pity, for Gayston describes him as a noble young fellow, but a little high-flown for this dusty world, having been educated amidst solitude and rather romantically, and by his uncle, who was a cavalier of the old school, a high souled, fine hearted, polished gentleman. I heard of him at Paris some fifteen years ago, where he was as much admired for his striking exterior as he was appreciated for his soldierly qualities; but I never met him. This young fellow was greatly attached to him, and was always considered as his heir, till a new Will was produced, which he would not contest, but sacrificed himself to his love for his uncle, whose mind he conceived to be expressed in the document which disinherited him, though informal, and carrying marks which Mr. Gayston deems were suggestive of fraud. He has now as I said disappeared, or perhaps is in England under some other name."

All the time he was speaking, I was conscious that those large, piercing, eager eyes were fixed keenly upon me in a very inquisitorial way. I dared not meet their glance; but I did look up to another pair of eyes, which, following her father's, now rested upon me timidly, yet curiously, and now turned to him as if to elicit further information. I felt that Mr. Pendarvis had guessed my secret; that suspicion generated by our late conversation had grown into certainty; but I was not uneasy, but contrariwise, and I smiled at the idea that the time of disclosure had arrived, and that the moment Mr. Hodgson took his departure I would frankly declare to Mr. Pendarvis that I was Walter Nugent. At this instant a waiter came in with a note to Mr. Hodgson, which he read, and turning to our host he asked if he were not acquainted with Sir John Montfort.

"Intimately," answered Mr. Pendarvis.

"Then," said he, "he is in the house now, having arrived in a ship of ours from Boston a few hours ago; he has followed me up here from my office; and this note is to announce his coming up stairs."

On hearing this, I uttered a low cry; it might have been joy; it might have been surprize; it might have been deep thanksgiving to my Heavenly Father; and, rising from the table, I turned and walked away to the uncurtained window to look out upon the dark street. Directly a heavy step was heard upon the landing place, the door opened, and the dear familiar voice of my friend was heard one moment in exchange of cordial welcome and greeting among the parties. The next minute Montfort spoke in a rapid and anxious tone: "My great object now is to find my friend young Nugent, and to defeat the conspiracy which has dispossessed him of his right. I only heard of the matter on my arrival from the Chippewas Territory and the Red River, just a week before I sailed; and I came off at once, determined that if I can trace him as having left this country, I will go after him, be he where he may, and bring him back."

I had turned from the window on his saying this, and advancing towards my friend I stretched out my two arms, and cried in a loud voice, yet almost choked with emotion, "He is here, dear Montfort"—The strong heart was on mine in a minute, as he locked me to his bosom, murmuring, "Dearest, dearest Walter. Oh! God be thanked! God be thanked!" Oh! it was a moment to me of great happiness. When I had disengaged myself from Montfort's kind embrace, Mr. Pendarvis came forward, and giving me both his hands, said how delighted he was to perfect with Mr. Nugent the friendship which had begun with Mr. Basset. "And now," said he, "you can no longer deny me as your kinsman."

The merchant congratulated me too, and then Miss Pendarvis timidly advancing, gave me also her two hands with a simple and graceful frankness, and said, with a smile which shone through her tears like the glory of an April day, "And I too rejoice, sir, for your sake, that your friend is by

your side; and may God protect your right!"

And then Mr. Hodgson having taken his leave, we all sat down quietly, and at Montfort's request I commenced a rapid recital of my adventures from the day I heard of my uncle's death at Heidelberg; Montfort interrupting me from time to time with exclamations expressive of surprize, disapproval, or approbation—such as, "There you acted with great weakness, Walter"—or, "What a consummate villain and hypocrite is that Kildoon!"—or, "Well done! well done! That was like your uncle." But when I began to narrate concerning my late discoveries through Murellos, the attention of my auditors was intense and rivetted; and Montfort, who had been pacing the room, sat down before me and drank in every word. When I had concluded, both gentlemen expressed their conviction that my traitor cousin would never stand a public trial. Montfort wanted at once to go over to Ireland, but Mr. Pendarvis thought it better to wait till I had an answer from Mc Clintock, to whom I had written after seeing Murellos. Meanwhile I was to return to my office in the morning as Mr. Basset, and wait patiently the explication of my affairs.

Montfort had entirely regained his health; he had been hunting bears and bison, and I know not what kind of animals, ursine and bovine. He was thinner than ever I had seen him, tanned and baked brown like a Red Indian, and had the same sound, loving heart, and sturdy manner as ever.

I dined and spent all my evenings with these dear friends, but on the fourth morning after Sir John's arrival, I received a letter from McClinck. It was as follows, and very characteristic of him who penned it.

"My dear Mr. Nugent,

I hasten to tell you how things are getting on with us here, and am happy to add that all is now smooth for your return. Our Dublin Counsel judged right, for Mr. Kildoon has evacuated the Darragh, and is *non-inventus* and nowhere to be seen, and I do not think that you are the man to disturb him in investigating his whereabouts, whatever Sir John Montfort might do, at whose return I was most indubitably rejoiced.

Well, sir, the day after my return from Dublin, I drove out to the Darragh, taking Edward Darcy the police sergeant with me, disguised as my servant, for I assure you I consider Mr. Kildoon in his present condition as highly dangerous. I met him, however, half way, just at the cross roads by Roddy's Gate. He was walking, and looking dreadfully ill and haggard, but as wicked as you please. I got out of the gig, telling Darcy to keep near us, and accosted him. He was haughty, but civil. I told him I was going to him on business connected with my client, Mr. Walter Basset Nugent's claim on the Darragh property; that the Will under which the estate was now held was believed to be a forgery; that José Murellos had confessed all, and had made a solemn affidavit before a magistrate.—Up to this he was inarticulate with rising anger, and I twice thought he would have struck me; but, looking round, I saw Darcy with his determined face and steady eye—all right, and prepared to spring at him if he touched me. So I was going on, but he burst out into a torrent of furious black rage; said it was all a lie; that *you* had never disputed the Will, because you could not and dared not; that Murellos was a low scoundrel; that he defied us all; and that if I, or that young beggar—meaning you—ever dared to come into his grounds, he would sue us as trespassers, or hunt us out with his dogs as thieves. Then, shaking his fist in my face, and scowling savagely at me like an angry madman, he walked away toward home, muttering maledictions. I now considered that indubitably we must go on with a regular suit at law, and was next morning getting up to go into A—to catch the Dublin mail, when the two Joyces knocked at my door, and asked to see me, bringing me extraordinary but very welcome news from the Darragh. It appears that on the day you had been there, your cousin had gone to Galway, and it is supposed purchased or chartered a yacht belonging to one of the Persses, and advertized for sale. He was not home till midnight, and in two days afterwards the yacht came round, and dropped her anchor in the mouth of the Traunagh. Well, sir, Kildoon spent all yesterday, after his meeting

with me, between his bedroom and the admiralty, packing some trunks, and the imperials and boxes of his new yellow carriage. He said he had to make a journey to Dublin in the morning; and the servants' report of him was, that he was terribly cross. The skipper of his yacht dined with him, and they drank punch together and smoked till nine o'clock, when the sailor went away on a hired car, and at eleven o'clock Mr. Kildoon ordered his carriage to be got ready. The imperials and boxes had all been strapped on before sundown, and the coach house locked by Kildoon, and the key put in his pocket. He was very odd all the evening, and seemed to have had too much brandy and water. Now he said he would go to A—to-night, and sleep there. On going away he gave Joyce the enclosed letter for you, which I am rather curious to learn the contents of, but forward unopened. On turning out of the avenue gates, he let down the front window and roared to the postillion, 'Drive me down to where my yacht is.' This was done; a large boat was in waiting at the little pier, with three or four sailors who jumped out, and unstrapping all the trunks and boxes from off the carriage, carried them into the boat; Mr. Kildoon following, and saying to the footman that he was going to sail to Dublin, the weather was so fine, and he wanted to try his yacht. He then went on board, and the vessel stood out to sea with a light but fair breeze. When the carriage came back, the house was all in confusion. Every book had been dragged out of the admiralty library, and tossed on the floor; one very long deal box was found lying empty on the carpet; and a note was found on the drawing-room table addressed to Mrs. Doxey, the housekeeper, and saying, 'You, Bridget Doxey, may shut up or burn the old house if you like, for I will never come back—G. N. K.' All this news the Joyces brought me. I will recommend your immediate occupation of the Darragh; a hundred hearts wish for you, and a hundred voices will welcome you. If Sir John would accompany you, it would add to our strength.

"Yours, dear Sir,
"faithfully,
"JOHN MCCLINTOCK."

The enclosed letter ran thus:—

"Cousin Walter,

"I always hated you—you were ever in my way, and your presence made me little better than an upper servant in my uncle's house, where as a boy I *was domesticated fully three years before you and your sister were taken in from charity; had you not come, I should have been the heir.* I had every right to the property. My mother was senior to your father in years, as I was to you. You always crossed me—lowered me in the eyes of the woman I loved, and degraded me with the menials; and now you would drag me into the dock for taking my own. Farewell for ever. I hate you and I leave you. G. N. K."

"This note," said Mr. Pendarvis, "appears to be written by an insane person; yet there's method in his madness. How different is the letter of that honest John McClintock, your Irish attorney. Depend upon it, Kildoon is now self expatriated, and has, I strongly suspect, taken with him all the property he could lay his hands on, and which combined value with portableness, in those well packed portmanteaus and imperials."

And this was but too true; letter after letter now poured in upon me in a daily post office shower from McClintock, giving an account of the abstraction of money, much of the plate, and some articles of costly bijouterie, all swept away in the coffers of my caitiff cousin. I cared not; I was too happy to regard such losses in any other light than mere trifles in comparison of my great gain in the reacquisition of my place, my property, and my social position.

I might now spin out the web of my history in a longer tissue; but this would be a task to myself and a needless tax on my reader's patience. I might describe at length my return to the Darragh, which was effected in the quietest fashion, my uncle's death being too recent to allow me to permit anything of an ovation. I might tell of the legal proving of the true Will, and my establishment in my property. I might tell of a delightful Christmas party, consisting of Montfort and the whole tribe of Claytons, married and single, and the extravagant and boyish spirit exhibited

ed by Edward during his visit; and then I might dwell for whole chapters on a delightful visit I paid at Pendarvis Castle, and the great boon and blessing which God gave me there, in the deep and true love of her who has been the mistress of my heart and house for many a smiling year—the joy and pride of my youth—the companion and counsellor of my manhood—the solace and sweetener of the cares of coming old age; and, above all, the instructor of my spirit in the great undying matters of futurity, and one who sweetly and wisely herself "allured to brighter worlds and led the way." I might tell of the rapture of the Joyces, the noisy delight of my nurse, and the grim satisfaction of the corporal at my restoration; but these are things which the reader can well imagine without the trouble of writing or reading on my part and on his.

Of Mr. Kildoon I heard nothing for five years. Then I received a letter from a strange gentleman, dated Montreal, informing me of his death by a brain fever; he died unmarried, and, as far as I could learn concerning his end, the victim of habits of intemperance acting on an excitable temperament, and a mind disorganized by hereditary predisposition, and beaten down by remorse, disappointment, and shame. I often thought over his conduct—so strange, so unprincipled, and so productive of evil to his own interests—and I felt assured that he had acted more or less under aberration of mind, which idea I loved to encourage—though both Montfort and McClintock would smile at it—for it made me half pity him, and wholly forgive him.

Murellos lived for many years, principally at Malaga, driving his trade chiefly among the English. I believe he never again played the rogue, which Mr. McClintock ascribed to a wholesome fear of the gallows, from which he had so barely escaped. His daughter was married to my tall honest friend Diaz, who is now a thriving wine merchant in some part of Australia. She makes him a loving and an excellent wife, and I believe there is no measure to the number of olive plants which already grow around their pleasant hearth and table, or the number which may be expected.

Major Clitheroe is now a general,

and has a district command, and his lady is patroness at all the garrison balls in the neighborhood. They are childless, and the uncivil world reports the matrimonial drill is as heavy and severe as the military; but of this I can only say that I hope it is untrue.

Mrs. Cardonald has long since been consigned to the tomb "of all the Capulets," as the sweet bard of Avon would say, and as she herself would no doubt quote were she permitted to revisit the glimpses of the moon, and to make a posthumous observation on her own sepulture. As she grew old, she became less full of Shakespeare and more full of herself—vegetating in Cheltenham, and living on green tea and ecarté. She painfully realized the words of the bard who satirized the sex,

See how the world its veterans rewards,
A youth of folly—an old age of cards.

Edward Gayston rose to great and deserved eminence at the bar; and on the exhalation of my uncle Silverties from earth, he succeeded to his property as nearest of blood, and took my dear aunt to live with him, thus cheering and supporting her in a beneficent and calmly happy old age.

Montfort spends every winter with us. He never married, but was faithful to his buried love; he greatly admired and valued my peerless wife, and our second son is called by his name, and is, I believe, to be the inheritor of his property.

As for myself, happy in my dear partner, in her love, her sympathy, and community of tastes, in my strong and reciprocated friendship for her

father and all her family, in my many sterling friends, in my restored independence; happy among the woods, and streams, and cliffs, and mountains of my beloved Darragh; and happy amidst the warm hearted peasantry by whom I am surrounded and beloved; I walk calmly on, fulfilling my destinies, and endeavouring to perform my duties. I take no open or active part either in politics or polemics, whatever my opinions on these matters may be. My tastes are more of a literary and domestic nature.

Two brave sons of mine sat in cavalry saddles at the charge of Balaclava, and escaped with a very slight hurt each; they have been with me and their mother to day up Glenroe, and among the iron cliffs which form the roots of Slieve-na-Quilla as it breaks down to meet the sea. My wife loves the crags, and the mountains, and the wild beach air, and the solitude of the sea as much as I do, and our children have all our tastes as heirlooms from great nature.

Meanwhile, when I look abroad, I am proud and happy to mark the steady advance of MY COUNTRY in enterprise, in industry, and in success; and I rejoice to see her hastening to take her rightful and acknowledged position among the nations. I was with her in the bleak night of her famine, and I hope to live to be with her in the bright morning of her fame; and I cannot but hope that our God will yet do great things for her, whereat all who love her as truly as I do will be glad.

Adieu.

WALTER BASSET NUGENT.

The Darragh, Septemter, 1856.

FRANCE BEFORE THE REVOLUTION OF 1789.*

THERE are not a great many ideas in M. De Tocqueville's present volume which will be new to the English student of political philosophy. In France we should suppose it is calculated to create a wide and startling

sensation. Since the French Revolution of 1789, England has been far more unlike the continental nations of Western Europe than she ever was before. That event, in its effect upon society, may be likened to the

* On the State of Society in France before the Revolution of 1789; and on the causes which led to that event. By Alexis de Tocqueville, member of the French Academy. Translated by Henry Reeve. London: Murray.

Reformation in its effect upon religion. It broke up a great dominant class into fragments. In the days of Louis the Fifteenth, "the gentlemen of Europe" were a caste, with an *esprit du corps* pervading the whole body from Copenhagen to Palermo, from the Land's End to Trieste. They had traditions and usages of their own, wholly distinct from the peoples among which they lived, and independent of nationality and origin. From the table land of gentility, as Sir Walter calls it, they looked down upon the rest of Europe with a feeling of perfect security; and Voltaire and La Fayette no more foresaw to what a complete change their doctrines would lead, than Luther, when he first denounced indulgences, could have foreseen the disrapture of the Papacy, and the separation of ties which had bound mankind for a thousand years. In England, owing to her position, the effect of these two great human storms was only very partially felt. Her church is still Catholic, her institutions are still feudal. Her manners change, but her traditions linger. The general tone of society is not materially different. There is still the same mixture of freedom and loyalty which excited the admiration of Burke; still the same external symbols of authority, the preservation of which at our own Revolution has been rightly eulogised by Macaulay; still the same friendly intercourse between gentle and simple which so favourably impressed the judgment of Mr. Washington Irving. All over the continent, if we are not very greatly mistaken, whether thrones or dynasties have been preserved or not, much of this sort of thing has completely passed away; and England, which in the eighteenth century was the least feudal of all the great western kingdoms, is in the nineteenth century probably the most so. Seeing, therefore, this practical contradiction before their eyes—that those institutions and customs which are vulgarly supposed the most injurious to liberty, do nevertheless flourish most in that country where alone liberty has been preserved,—the English have been constantly prompted to draw certain practical conclusions from the facts which in reality have seldom

failed to coincide with M. De Tocqueville's own. His present volume will not therefore strike upon the English mind with the enlightening effect of a revelation. But its value will still be enormous. It is the first time that public attention has been specially directed to the cardinal points in the history of that great convulsion; the first time that its truest and deepest lesson has been formally proclaimed. The manner is excellent. Loose threads are gathered up, and the whole state of the case laid before us with an exhaustive accuracy, a most lucid arrangement, and a pregnant brevity that reminds us of the Greeks. The essence of modern history is extracted, and compressed within the limits of one good-sized octavo volume.

M. de Tocqueville has himself divided his work into two books. For our present purpose it will perhaps be more convenient to divide it into three parts. The first is taken up with discussing the object and scope of the French Revolution; the second, the system of administration; the third, the condition of society and the state of the people.

The five chapters of the first book are occupied in demonstrating the mistake of those who imagine that the Revolution was a movement towards anarchy and atheism. That such was not the case is best shewn, says M. de Tocqueville, by contemplating its final results. Whether we confine our observation to France, or extend it to all those countries in which the Revolution was for a time dominant, we shall find the same truth. Its rage was directed against certain institutions; and political order and religious belief were injured because inseparably interwoven with these institutions, but not because they themselves were the objects of popular animosity at that particular time. And so we see that "order" and "faith" have come out of the struggle unscathed. In one word, it was the aristocracy which the people rose against, and not the monarchy. It was the Gallican church which they detested, and not the Catholic religion. The system of centralization—the cause rather than the effect of the Revolution—had made the aristocracy contemptible, and the church be-

cause it was a part of the aristocracy. Here are M. de Tocqueville's own words:—

In the other parts of their doctrines, the philosophers of the eighteenth century attacked the church with the utmost fury: they fell foul of her clergy, her hierarchy, her institutions, her dogmas; and in order more surely to overthrow them, they endeavoured to tear up the very foundations of Christianity. But as this part of the philosophy of the eighteenth century arose out of the very abuses which the Revolution destroyed, it necessarily disappeared together with them, and was, as it were, buried beneath its own triumph. I will add but one word to make myself more fully understood, as I shall return hereafter to this important subject; it was in the character of a political institution, far more than in that of a religious doctrine, that Christianity had inspired such fierce hatreds. It was not so much because the priests assumed authority over the concerns of the next world, as because they were landholders, landlords, tithe-owners, and administrators in this world; not because the church was unable to find a place in the new society which was about to be constituted, but because she filled the strongest and most privileged place in the old state of society which was doomed to destruction.

Observe how the progress of time has made and still makes this truth more and more palpable day by day. In the same measure that the political effects of the Revolution have become more firmly established, its irreligious results have been annihilated. In the same measure that all the old political institutions which the Revolution attacked have been entirely destroyed, the powers, the influences, and the classes which were the objects of its special hostility have been irrevocably crushed, until even the hatred they inspired has begun to lose its intensity. In the same measure, finally, as the clergy has separated itself more and more from all that formerly fell with it, we have seen the power of the church gradually regain and re-establish its ascendancy over the minds of men.

These are very remarkable words. Yet the fact specified will not appear to be a subject of unimixed congratulation to those who remember that of all the Romish churches in Europe, the ancient French church was the most independent, and the modern French church the most servile. Nor should it be forgotten that the most ultra high churchmen in England, of the tractarian school, are ac-

customed to insist that nothing would promote their principles so much as a separation of church and state. To dispossess the clergy of their lands, and convert them into state stipendiaries, would probably have much the same effect, by stimulating the purely professional spirit, already sufficiently strong, and cutting them off from many of the duties of citizenship. We have two strong reasons, the one special and the other general, for making these observations. The first is that a disposition has been lately evinced to urge upon the English Ecclesiastical Commissioners, the propriety of transferring to themselves the entire management of the episcopal estates; merely paying the bishops a certain sum out of the revenues. What is sauce for a bishop, if we may say so without irreverence, is sauce for a vicar; and if the former were to be made a stipendiary, we have little doubt that the whole English priesthood would ere long become the same. The select committee appointed to enquire into the question has, it is true, expressed an opinion in favour of leaving the management of their estates in the hands of the bishops;* but we cannot tell what influence may be brought to bear upon the point, and we are happy to add the indirect testimony of M. de Tocqueville to the already notorious fact, that the church of France has gone over to the side of religious intolerance, since she has been deprived of political duties and territorial influence. Our second reason was for the sake of reminding our readers, that it is on this one great point that the conservative party in Great Britain must agree to differ from the great conservative statesmen and writers of France. Such is the portion of the recent admirable publication of M. de Montalembert upon England from which we are obliged to dissent. Such is the case with M. de Tocqueville. Such will probably be the case with succeeding authors.

The political situation in 1789 was, however, it seems, comprehended by Mirabeau:—

Within a year from the beginning of the

* Report iii., clause 5. See also a Letter to the *Times*, by the Marquis of Blandford, Saturday, Aug. 30.

Revolution, Mirabeau wrote secretly to the king:—"Compare the new state of things with the old rule. There is the ground for comfort and hope. One part of the acts of the National Assembly, and that the more considerable part, is evidently favourable to monarchical government. Is it nothing to be without parliaments? Without the *pays d'état*? Without a body of clergy? Without a privileged class? Without a nobility? The idea of forming a single class of all the citizens would have pleased Richelieu; this equality of the surface facilitates the exercise of power. Several successive reigns of an absolute monarchy would not have done as much for the royal authority as this one year of Revolution." Such was the view of the Revolution taken by a man capable of guiding it.

Is it nothing to be without an hereditary peerage? Is it nothing to be without provincial activity? Is it nothing to be without a landed hierarchy? Is it nothing to be without independent county magistrates? *Vide* the liberal press, *passim*. How like is the language of despotism to that of democracy! We wonder if the demagogues know it. The effect of the Revolution upon the general condition of Europe our author hints rather than describes, as follows:—

• It was this simple, regular, and imposing form of power, which Mirabeau perceived through the dust and rubbish of ancient, half demolished institutions. This object, in spite of its greatness, was still invisible to the eyes of the many; but time has gradually unveiled it to all eyes. At the present moment it especially attracts the attention of rulers; it is looked upon with admiration and envy, not only by those whom the Revolution has created, but by those who are the most alien and the most hostile to it; each endeavours within his own dominions to destroy immunities and to abolish privileges. They confound ranks, they equalise classes, they supersede the aristocracy by public functionaries, local franchises by uniform enactments, and the diversities of authority by the unity of a central government. They labor at this revolutionary task with unwearied industry; and when they meet with occasional obstacles, they do not scruple to copy the measures as well as the maxims of the Revolution. They have even stirred up the poor against the rich, the middle classes against the nobility, the peasants against their feudal lords. The French Revolution has been at once their curse and their instructor.

Do these remarks throw any light upon the recent deplorable occurrences

in Prussia? Is it possible that those acts of violence were tokens of ill-regulated resentment at the systematic depression of an order? Prussia is a country in which we are compelled to take great interest just now, whether we will or no, and we should like these questions to be answered. In every wealthy and populous country there is a tendency towards centralization. The rich grow luxurious, and the poor grow ambitious. Under judicious management the former may soon be induced to give less and less attention to public affairs; the latter, from which the malcontent class springs, is salaried, silent, and satisfied. Such is the process. How it was that in France that process produced the Revolution, it is the object of M. De Tocqueville's second book to explain.

The first portion of the Second Book is a full and interesting account of the machinery of the ancient regime. And the leading feature in its character is this, that while the seignorial rights of the aristocracy remained in full force, they no longer took the very slightest share in the government of the country. A series of extracts will elucidate and confirm this remark.

In the eighteenth century, all the affairs of the parish were managed by a certain number of parochial officers, who were no longer the agents of the manor or domain, and whom the lord no longer selected. Some of these persons were nominated by the intendant of the province, others were elected by the peasants themselves. The duty of these authorities was to assess the taxes, to repair the church, to build schools, to convoke and preside over the vestry or parochial meeting. They attended to the property of the parish, and determined the application of it. They sued, and were sued in its name. Not only the lord of the domain no longer conducted the administration of these small local affairs, but he did not even superintend it. All the parish officers were under the government or the control of the central power, as we shall shew in a subsequent chapter. Nay more, the seigneur had almost ceased to act as the representative of the crown in the parish, or as the channel of communication between the king and his subjects. He was no longer expected to apply in the parish the general laws of the realm, to call out the militia, to collect the taxes, to promulgate the mandates of the sovereign, or distribute the bounty of the crown. All these duties and all these rights belonged to others. The seigneur was in fact no longer anything but an inhabitant

of the parish, separated by his own privileges and immunities from all other inhabitants. His rank was different, not his power. *The seigneur is only the principal inhabitant, was the instruction constantly given by the provincial intendants to their sub-delegates.*

After explaining that he is about to use the term "feudal rights" of such rights as were of a beneficial or pecuniary nature, and after observing that many of a similar kind existed in England as well as in other parts of Europe, M. De Tocqueville proceeds:—

How comes it then that these same feudal rights excited in the hearts of the people of France so intense a hatred, that this passion has survived its object, and seems therefore to be unextinguishable? The cause of this phenomenon is that, on the one hand, the French peasant had become an owner of the soil, and that on the other he had entirely escaped from the government of the great landlords. Many other causes might doubtless be indicated, but I believe these two to be the most important. If the peasant had not been an owner of the soil, he would have been insensible to many of the burdens which the feudal system had cast upon landed property. What matters tithe to the tenant farmer? He deducts it from his rent. What matters a rent-charge to a man who is not the owner of the ground? What matter even the impediments to free cultivation to a man who cultivates for another.*

On the other hand, if the French peasant had still lived under the administration of his landlord, these feudal rights would have appeared far less insupportable, because he would have regarded them as a natural consequence of the constitution of the country.

When an aristocracy possesses not only privileges but powers, when it governs and administers the country, its private rights may be at once more extensive and less perceptible. In the feudal times the nobility were regarded pretty much as the government is regarded in our own; the burdens they imposed were endured in consideration of the security they afforded. The nobles had many irksome privileges; they possessed many onerous rights; but they maintained public order, they administered justice, they caused the law to be executed, they came to the relief of the weak, they conducted the business of the community. In proportion as the nobility ceased to do these things, the burden of their privileges appeared more oppressive, and their existence became an anomaly.

The reader will of course notice

that we have throughout assumed the present state of things in England, where they have not yet ceased to do these things,—notwithstanding Crimean misfortunes, chancery delays, and parliamentary inaction—to be better on the whole than continental centralization. If he wishes to see this proved, he must go elsewhere. But to proceed. After a lively picture of the curiously vexatious and ruinous character of these feudal imposts, M. de Tocqueville gives us a complete account of the whole system of domestic administration, graduating from the king and his council down to the lowest parochial syndics, some of whom could neither read nor write. At the head of the whole system was the council. At once a supreme court of justice and a superior tribunal, with the possession at the same time of legislative powers, "Everything finally came home to it; from that centre was derived the movement which set everything in motion." It was generally not composed of men of family, but of persons taken from the middle classes, and those who had had some experience in the business of administration. Under the council came the Comptroller-General, the officer who virtually governed France. He united in his own person the duties of our Home Secretary, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Poor Law Board, Board of Trade, and other individuals and bodies too numerous to mention. The Council and the Comptroller-General formed the central authority. Then came the Intendants of Provinces.

This Intendant was a man of humble extraction, always a stranger to the province, and a young man who had his fortune to make. He never exercised his functions by any right of election, birth, or purchase of office: he was chosen by the government among the inferior members of the Council of State, and was always subject to dismissal. . . . He corresponded with all the ministers, and in the province was the sole agent of all the measures of government.

Here is evidently the man for the administrative reformers. This is the system of appointments by merit. A young man of humble extraction, with his fortune to make! In other

* This will hardly hold water.

words, without money or connexion. A most pliable tool! For the only thing which influences nine-tenths of mankind is the opinion of their associates. But your professional place-man has no associates but those of his own class, who are influenced by similar sentiments. Once, then, create a profession into which clever poverty is the only key of admission, and can any man of common sense doubt the result?—a network of government officials all over the country bent upon making things pleasant to the central authority, and gradually extinguishing that spirit of personal independence, and strangers to those feelings of local attachment which are among the surest guarantees of liberty. Can Englishmen imagine a state of things in which every overseer and churchwarden, every mayor, high bailiff, constable, town clerk, or town crier was a paid servant of the government? Yet every argument which has been adduced in favor of such a bill as the Borough Police Bill tells equally in favor of the above. People, however, look abroad and see the result there: they read books like the present, and exclaim, how true! Yet when they turn to their own country a cloud seems to swim before their eyes. They are blind to illustration and deaf to reason. Certain causes have produced certain effects everywhere else. Why not then in England? No. They cannot see it. They have said in their heart, there is no danger. And so they go on, voting for the inauguration of an exactly similar state of things at home; pointing to our prosperity and greatness as so many sureties for the future, "Soul, thou hast much riches," and forgetful that the reign of Louis the Sixteenth was, as M. de Tocqueville points out, the most prosperous era which the French had ever enjoyed. We are almost tempted to exclaim to such dangerous drivellers, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee!"

But we have digressed. Next to the Intendant came the Sub-delegate.

In each canton was placed below him an officer, nominated by himself, and removable at will, called the Sub-delegate. The Intendant was very frequently a newly created noble; the Sub-delegate was always a plebeian. He nevertheless represented the entire government in the small circumscribed

place assigned to him, as much as the Intendant did in the whole; and he was amenable to the Intendant as the Intendant was to the Minister.

In the hands of these various officers were placed the regulation and collection of the majority of the taxes, and the management of the militia, which were all heavy burdens on the peasantry. Theseigneurs, we conclude, never interfered to protect them from injustice, as they would do in England; and their own immunities were consequently not recommended to the people by a single gracious or generous attribute. Whatever was done was done by the government. And we may fairly suppose that its agents bore most of the blame of its unpopular acts, while itself reaped all the eulogies of such as were acceptable. Hence, as we have before observed, there was at the time of the Revolution little real hostility towards the supreme power of the state. The people were already prepared to welcome the spectacle of centralised despotism. The thing was complete, though the name was as yet unknown. To show its extensive and minute organization, M. de Tocqueville says:—

It was necessary to obtain a minute of council to repair the damage caused by the wind to the church steeple, or to rebuild the falling gables of the parsonage. The rural parishes most remote from Paris were just as much subject to this rule as those nearest to the capital. I have found records of parochial memorials to the council for leave to spend twenty-five livres.

The history of the towns and municipal corporations is but a repetition of similar facts.

I meet with the following passage in a circular instruction addressed about the middle of last century by a Comptroller-General to all the Intendants of the kingdom:—"You will pay particular attention to all that takes place in the municipal assemblies. You will take care to have a most exact report of everything done there, and of all the resolutions taken, in order to transmit them to me forthwith, accompanied with your own opinion on the subject." The government was always consulted—the government had always a decided opinion on every point. It even regulated the public festivities. . . . On one occasion I observe that a member of the burgher guard was fined twenty livres for absenting himself from a *Te Deum*. . . . Such was the preparation of the middle classes for government, and of the people for liberty.

M. de Tocqueville concludes this portion of his book with this observation :—

That when a people has destroyed aristocracy in its social constitution, that people is sliding by its own weight into centralization ;

and, we add, will have deadened one of its vital organs, and violated one of the fundamental principles of political philosophy.

In the whole of the above chapters, the true nature and perils of centralization are pointed out with singular clearness and force. The system destroyed the power of combining and the habit of independent action, and when liberty came, the people were wholly unfit either to use or to enjoy it. Like the old men who had been a prisoner for forty years, after a brief glimpse of the daylight, they voluntarily returned to captivity. Self government, be it remembered, does not consist in the right of the people to meet together once in seven years and choose their representatives. A self-governed people is one which transacts its own affairs, and, through practical experience of the difficulty, learns to be tolerant towards the errors of its rulers, and patient of the delays and obstacles which attend upon improvement. They know well enough that good government cannot "rise like an exhalation," to the sound of military music, or the songs of poissardes and cut-throats. They do not endure abuses from apathy or blindness, but because they know that evil is a necessary concomitant of our state upon earth, and that although by incessant vigilance, forbearance, and candour we may, so to speak, keep it down, yet that any idea of throwing it off by one great effort is chimerical and ridiculous. This is the price we pay for good, and a good article is never dear. Certain systems of government may engender great abuses ; but the question is, are they not worth the price ? The history of France is our answer.

Before we pass on to the concluding portion of M. De Tocqueville's work, it will be expedient to glance at the

condition of parties in our own country, and at the possibility of bureaucratic centralization ever holding ourselves in its soporific embrace. The most dangerous element in this system is the ease with which it assumes the mask of common sense and enlightenment. Unpaid officials* never do their work well, it is said, and therefore the services of stipendiary magistrates should be substituted for the ancient regime of the country gentlemen. Bishops should be relieved from the trouble of looking after their estates, which interferes with their spiritual duties, and which a Royal Commission can do much better than ecclesiastics. The distribution of government appointments, and of military and naval commissions to the sons of the wealthy and noble excludes the best men from the public service, those whose industry and talents have been sharpened by the necessity of making their own fortunes. The existing rule, that every member of the House of Lords must be an hereditary peer of the realm, either prevents us from recruiting that assembly by the introduction of able men without fortune, or entails upon the country the unpleasant spectacle of indigent nobles. To that very large class of persons who are so fond of declaring that "as for them they take the common sense view of the question," these arguments appear irresistible ; for they look neither beyond nor beneath them—in which omission the vulgar idea of "common sense" would appear to be embraced. But what in reality we have to consider is this—whether the general system and spirit of English government and society merit our approval. If so, we must be prepared to accept also the pillars upon which it rests. We cannot have at the same time the benefits of despotism or democracy—it little matters which, for the tyranny is equal in both—and those of constitutional monarchy, with its loyal and generous traditions. Which shall we choose ? There are many persons, as above stated, who do not see that this is the question at all. But there are some who do, and have made up

* On this subject the reader will find some capital remarks in M. de Tocqueville's "Democracy in America," vol. 2, chap. 5, p. 61. A body of unpaid officials are *ipso facto* an aristocracy, which is just what the degenerate democratic-mongers can't endure.

their minds in favour of the former. There is a class—we fear a growing class—in this country, which stands forward as the advocates of the claims of intellect in opposition to the claims of property. They look for the remedy of all the disorders of the state in the supremacy of one great mind. In two words, their idea of political perfection is an enlightened tyranny. Their eyes have been fascinated by gazing on the rapidity and regularity of despotic administration; and to their injured vision representative and constitutional forms of government are but so many clogs on the wheel of progress. It follows, therefore, that to them nothing can be so distasteful as the shape, so to speak, of English society—that carefully graduated scale—comprised within the two extremes of a free people and an hereditary monarchy, and between these an infinite gradation of classes; each jealous of its own privileges, and for the same reason careful of the privileges of others; each with its own traditions and its own prejudices, teaching it to respect and sympathise with traditions which it does not share; each strong in itself, but linked to those above and below it by a chain of immemorial associations.—This construction of society must inevitably lead to slowness of political action; and, what is more, to a general postponement of intellectual to moral considerations in the choice of its governors. In weighing the fitness of a statesman to be intrusted with the care of their constitution, the feeling of the English resembles in many respects that of private persons when preparing to sell or let their family mansion to a stranger. They like a good purchaser, of course, whose money is pretty safe; but they will often also look out for one who they know will respect certain objects with which they have pleasing or tender associations. That tree must not be cut down, this cottage must not be altered, the footpath must not be closed up, the rookery must not be disturbed. To gain these points, they will often make a considerable sacrifice. And just in the same way we do not as a nation try so much to find out the greatest genius to govern us, as a minister who we know understands the national character, and loves the national traditions. We

feel, indeed, that in doing so we gain more than we lose; for we have an instinctive consciousness that as long as that character remains what it is, we have a fund to draw upon which will invariably repair in time any temporary reverses we may experience. We believe that we are, as Mr. Stanley says of the age of Rameses, “slow to move, slow to think; but that when we do move or think, our work is done with the force and violence of giants.”

Now it is precisely this state of things which the advocates of bureaucracy condemn; and they condemn it for two reasons; first of all, because it renders the engines of government more difficult to set in motion; and secondly, because thereby it becomes an indispensable condition of success in public life, that a man shall represent something besides himself; that he should fill his appointed place in society; that he should move in harmony with our organisation, and be recognised as belonging to some class in the community. To the intellectual adventurer, who floats free of the great social vessel, and would like to see the head of the state in such a position that he could make his barber prime minister at a moment's notice, it offers little or no encouragement. A steadiness and sobriety of action are thus secured which are better guarantees of national greatness, because of social stability, than the rapid execution of a despot's ablest conceptions. But “Bureaucracy,” as was observed in a leading newspaper some months ago, “is a system which, to use a homely proverb, ‘puts the cart before the horse,’ which seeks to make the people great through the character of the government, instead of making government great through the character of the people.”

The particular manner in which bureaucratic radicalism at present manifests itself, is in violent hostility to the grand breakwater in our constitution, namely, the House of Lords. As long as an hereditary peerage continues, to resist the encroachments both of monarchy and democracy, so long the constitution is safe. Remove that, and a fusion will ensue between the latter forces which must inevitably terminate in Napoleonic despotism. The object is clear in sight; and the means to it are obvious. And

no stone will be left unturned by adventurers of all denominations to bring the upper house into contempt, in order to destroy its power. A constitutional government is as hateful a term to a Mazzini as a Metternich; and a grand combination of their forces against the moderate and orderly classes is the leading peril of the age. We may add our belief that, independent of all political theories, there unfortunately exists in these realms a class in whom jealousy is stronger than patriotism; who are uneasy at their own social inferiority, and to whom the degradation of the aristocracy would be a more gratifying spectacle than the freedom of the people; who are prepared to go any lengths in order to satiate their envy, and to surrender the most ancient bulwark of our constitutional liberty, to inflict a wound upon that hated class who still adhere to the spirit of their grand old maxim, *Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari*. The most alarming manifestation of this sentiment was the recent attempt at the creation of life peerages, and the support which it met with from the radical journals. We do not deny that one object with the introducers of that measure was the improvement of the appellate jurisdiction. But we believe it is perfectly well ascertained that such was not the primary motive. Under cover of Baron Parke's legal recommendations, a much more extensive measure was being in reality pushed forward; and had Lord Wensleydale been permitted to take his seat without opposition, it was understood that three gentlemen, whom popular opinion ranks at the head of the departments of art, science, and literature, would have been immediately elevated to the peerage. That by these means life peers would in process of time have outnumbered the hereditary can hardly be doubted by any one who reflects on the rapidity with which these become extinct, and the inevitable tendency in ministers, whig or tory, to take advantage of the facility afforded them by life peerages to reward political adherents. The results likely to ensue on the preponderance of life peers in the upper house we shall not discuss in the present article. They have been thoroughly exposed elsewhere, and can hardly seem doubtful to candid and impar-

tial minds. But what we do wish to insist upon urgently, is the suspicious character of the arguments advanced on this topic by the liberal journals, and which have been reiterated with increased severity of tone on the subject of the recent Appellate Jurisdiction Bill. These journals are suddenly seized with a horror of limiting the royal prerogative. The peerage, they tell us, is the creature of the crown. The proviso in the new bill that only four life peers shall sit in the house at one time is, they say, a scandalous inroad on the plenary authority of sovereign. Very different language this from that held by the great old constitutional statesmen who steered the vessel of state in those stormy times through which we have passed to our present happy tranquillity. But for the independent character of the British aristocracy, be it remembered, none of these journals would have had the power of uttering their sentiments on this or any other question.

If we search for the motive which has dictated such language as we meet with on this subject in the so-called liberal journals, we find ourselves verging on conclusions which we certainly shrink from expressing. That, however, the English aristocracy is an object of dislike in quarters above as well as below itself, is a conviction that we feel it our duty to state openly. The grandeur, wealth, and real power of the heads of our great houses, like Buccleugh, Derby, or Leinster, afford doubtless a mortifying contrast to many foreign potentates of royal blood; and their possession of the great offices of state, and that sturdy independence which their branch of the legislature usually displays, are likely to be provoking to minds accustomed to the compliant docility of bureaucratic officials. We will, however, quit this part of our subject with merely the following observations. If the liberal press is honest in its advocacy of Life Peerages, we tell them plainly they are playing into the hands of those who are the secret and inveterate enemies of true liberalism. And we exhort them not to allow their hostility to any particular political party, to blind them to the consequences of encouraging in the slightest degree

the secret advances of bureaucracy. But if they still continue to pursue the very significant system of writing up the prerogative, and writing down the aristocracy, we tell them, on the other hand, they must use much greater diligence than they have hitherto done in concealing their designs, if they wish to maintain their influence. The people of England are just now somewhat restless, and possibly think that the aristocracy might manage things better than they do; but if they once get wind of a scheme for imparting temporary vigour to the government by permanently injuring the constitution—as men sometimes train for a desperate physical effort at a sacrifice of their bodily health,—a clamour of indignation will arise, the end of which such schemers would do well to ponder before they commit themselves any further.

In studying the succeeding chapters of M. de Tocqueville's work, we are led to notice the difference which exists between an ancient and, to some extent, constitutional absolutism, and the democratic despotism which is, at least in Christendom, of entirely modern growth. In the former, liberty is never wholly destroyed; where no excesses have as yet been committed in her name, she is not feared. Incidentally her limbs may be fettered; but that is not the primary object. It is probable indeed that this will conduct us to that ultimate stage of development which this species of government has now attained on the continent; but in the period of Louis the Fifteenth, though there was little independence, there seems to have been little tyranny.

The nerveless egotism of Louis XV. and the mild benevolence of his successor contributed to this state of things. *It never occurred to these sovereigns that they could be dethroned.* They had nothing of that harsh and restless temper which fear has since often imparted to those who govern. They trampled on none but those whom they did not see.

Another cause why liberty still survived in France was that the nobility still existed, and still preserved a high and independent spirit.

At the commencement of the Revolution that nobility of France which was about to

fall with the throne, still held towards the king, and still more towards the king's agents, an attitude far higher, and language far more free, than the middle class which was so soon to overthrow the monarchy. Almost all the guarantees against the abuse of power which France possessed during the thirty-seven years of her constitutional government, were already loudly demanded by the nobles. In that Order to the States-General, amidst its prejudices and its crotchets, the spirit and some of the great qualities of an aristocracy may still be felt. It must ever be deplored that, instead of bending that nobility to the discipline of law, it was uprooted and struck to the earth. By that act the nation was deprived of a necessary portion of its substance, and a wound was given to freedom which will never be healed. A class which has marched for ages in the first rank has acquired in this long and uncontested exercise of greatness a certain loftiness of heart, a natural confidence in its strength, and a habit of being looked up to, which render it the most resisting element in the frame of society. Not only is its own disposition manly, but it serves to augment the manliness of every other class. By extirpating such an order, its very enemies are enervated. Nothing can ever completely replace it; it can be born no more; it may recover the titles and estates, but not the soul of its progenitors.

In France in the eighteenth century, what is commonly understood by the phrase 'public opinion' in this country was represented by the professors of literature. The mischief of this state of things was unmitigated.

The almost immeasurable distance in which they lived from practical duties afforded them no experience to moderate the ardor of their character; nothing warned them of the obstacles which the actual state of things might oppose to reforms, however desirable. They had no idea of the perils which always accompany the most needful revolutions; they had not even a presentiment of them, for the complete absence of all political liberty had the effect of rendering the transaction of public affairs not only unknown to them, but even invisible. They were neither employed in those affairs themselves, nor could they see what those employed in them were doing. They were consequently destitute of that superficial instruction which the sight of a free community, and the tumult of its discussions, bestow even upon those who are least mixed up with government. Thus they became far more bold in innovation, more fond of generalizing and of systems, more disdainful of the wisdom of antiquity, and still more confident in their individual reason, than is commonly to be seen in authors who write speculative books on politics.

The same state of ignorance opened to them the ears and hearts of the people. It may be confidently affirmed, that if the French had still taken part, as they formerly had done, in the *States-General*, or if even they had found a daily occupation in the administration of the affairs of the country in the assemblies of their several provinces, they would not have allowed themselves to be so influenced as they were by the ideas of the day, since they would have retained certain habits of public business which would have preserved them from all the evils of mere theory.

When we call to mind the absurdities which are daily perpetrated by a set of cockney literateurs at the present day, whose time is passed between third rate cafés in Paris and third rate taverns in London, and who possess about as clear an idea of a country gentleman as a toad inside a block of granite may be supposed to possess of Westminster Abbey, we shall have some idea of the effect produced by a literary class composed entirely of men who, though infinitely superior in genius and culture and rank to the class in question, were nevertheless the inferiors even of those in political knowledge.

The sole guarantee invented by them against the abuse of power was public education; for, as Quesnay elsewhere observes, "despotism is impossible where the people is enlightened." "Struck by the enormities and abuses of authority," says another of his disciples, "men have invented a totally and totally useless means of resistance, when they have neglected the only means which is truly efficacious, namely, public, general, and continued instruction in the principles of essential justice and national utility." This literary nonsense was, according to these thinkers, to supply the place of a political constitution.

Literary nonsense, indeed! Why, one might as well endeavour to prevent the small pox by the use of Rowland's Kalydon. Their model of government was China.

They expressed their emotion in England, not at the aspect of a country whose sovereignty, absolute but unopposed, drives a thousand a year into his own hands in support of the useful arts; where all public utility is obtained by competitive examination; where there is a system of public supply for its religion, and men of letters for its literature.

"That wretched and barbarous

country, which a handful of Europeans can over-run when they please" has furnished inspiration to Englishmen of our own time as well as to Frenchmen of a former one. When Mr. Babbage is Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Charles Dickens the leader of the House of Lords, and the Ministry selected after a strict examination in science and art, the Utopia of the nineteenth century will be attained. Let no one suppose that such a scheme, however ridiculous in itself, is esteemed equally ridiculous by all. Centralization is busily at work: whether it will effect a permanent lodgment in our citadel we cannot yet tell. There is no want of Sinous to help it in; only let us be warned in time, and not neglect the signs which those who have ears can hear.

Quater ipso in limine portæ
Substitit, atque utero sonitum quater arma
dedit.

Instant tamen immemoræ cæcique furoræ,
Et monstrum infelix sacratâ sistimus arce.

Verg. Æn. II. 241.

Our last extract is taken from M. de Tocqueville's concluding chapter. Every syllable is pregnant with instruction.

Never had toleration in religion, never had mildness in authority, never had humanity and good will to mankind been more professed, and it seemed more generally admitted, than in the eighteenth century. Even the rights of war, which are the last refuge of violence, had become circumscribed and softened. Yet from this relaxed state of manners a revolution of unexampled inhumanity was about to spring, though this softening of the manners of France was not a mere pretence; for no sooner had the Revolution spent its fury, than the same gentleness immediately pervaded all the laws of the country, and penetrated into the habits of political society.

All thinking men among the English nation will do well to meditate upon M. de Tocqueville's volume, to weigh well his facts and comments, and pursue the analogies they suggest. The close of the war sees Europe more prostrate than ever at the feet of despotism. Sardinia is threatened on all sides. The freedom of the press is endangered in Belgium. Spain has been added to the list of constitutional failures. Above all, the cause of rational liberty seems at this

moment to be in no slight peril in its one other great Anglo-Saxon stronghold of America! Exactly twenty years ago M. de Tocqueville wrote of that country as follows :—

I know of only two methods of establishing equality in the political world; every citizen must be put in possession of his rights, or rights must be granted to no one. For nations which are arrived at the same stage of social existence as the Anglo-Americans, it is, therefore, very difficult to discover a medium between the sovereignty of all, and the absolute power of one man, and it would be vain to deny that the social condition which I have been describing is equally liable to each of these consequences.

If, then, any thing should occur in such a country to endanger the principle of the sovereignty of all, a revolution, should it ensue, would not be in the direction of constitutional government, but of despotism. The position of the United States at the moment we are penning these lines is not such as to inspire with confidence those who, like ourselves, have always striven to hope that the peculiar conditions under which democracy arose on the western continent might be the cause of saving it from the common fate of such governments, and of rendering its progress co-ordinate with that of freedom. Unquestionably sufficient ground for anxiety exists in regard to the political future of the United States, to justify us in calling attention to the fact that we can no longer look to her with the same confidence as of yore, as the ultimate refuge of liberty when driven from the shores of Europe; should that catastrophe, though we do not tremble for it ourselves, be ever consummated. In many respects American society is by no means ill-constituted for the reception of despotic government. The tyranny of the majority there represses the expression of individual opinions. "If a man publicly writes, speaks, dresses, lives, has different manners from the majority, he will repent it. If a man questions the honesty, virtues, and intelligence of the multitude, he had better keep his views to himself. . . . One of the worst features of this state of things is, that a forced and false standard of excellence is created, which so servilely is the na-

tion obliged to obey, that if you have seen and spoken to fifty Americans, so much do their exterior, manners, and opinions in public assimilate, that you may consider you have seen and spoken to the whole population. A chief result of this is to check a free independence of mind, an open masculine honesty, and manly candour."*

It is this similarity of one man to another, this uniform smoothness, and absence of personal peculiarities which M. de Tocqueville notices in his present volume as one of the best preparatives for despotism. The advocates of democratic changes in this country can scarcely, therefore, at present point to America any more than to France, as a warrant for the soundness of their policy.

What then is the salt of England, which shall preserve her liberty from corruption? When we have found that in which she is most different from other countries we shall at least approximate to an answer. We need hardly give our own opinion as to what that difference consists in. We cannot avoid seeing in the generous qualities of a free aristocracy, and the irregular but steady progress of a race that loves prescription, a better promise of future happiness and development, than in the crushing regularity of bureaucratic despotism, or the wild bursts of popular enthusiasm by which the nations of the continent are alternately stupefied and maddened. But of those who, with so many strong examples before their eyes, still direct their efforts to the accomplishment of organic changes, what are we to think? What but that liberty is not their end; that tyranny is not their foe; that moral greatness has no attractions for them; that noble traditions have no weight with them? What but that our decent order, our patient energy, our old, broad, and far-sighted statesmanship, which looks upon history as a whole and teaches us to wait for results, have become wholly intolerable to them; and that to gratify their individual restlessness, social jealousy, or pusillanimous ambition, they would plunge into courses calculated to eliminate from our constitution all that has so long rendered it an object of admiration to the philosophers of other countries?

* "American Liberty and Government questioned." By Thomas Ryle.

A KING'S TOUR.

BELGIUM AND OLD BRABANT.

THE Belgian Correspondent of the 'Times' has lately given us some pleasant sketches of fêtes in Brussels, Bruges, &c., which bring the old towns before us in the light of mediæval splendour. Quaint architecture and gorgeous costume have lent their accessories to processions which have pleased alike King Leopold and his belted burgomasters, pretty maidens, and matrons of "beautifully serene faces," as Metzcu the painter hath it; while brilliant cuirassiers and sun-burnt peasants in blue *blouses*, ladies *en grande toilette*, and officials civil and ecclesiastic *en grande tenue*, many of them unmistakably stamped with the aristocracy of old Spain, make up the show—the Grande Place at Bruges offering one great centre of attraction. For, except as head quarters of court and garrisons, Brussels scarcely holds the decided position of a metropolis. The king too seldom stays there. His Majesty prefers his retreat at Lacken, under the shadow almost of the ancient edifice in which lies his dead wife, whom his people loved as a queen, and reverence as a saint. There, in his garden or his library, with his charming daughter, whom he has named Charlotte after our Princess, and busied in directing the occupations of his younger son, he dwells in comparative seclusion, emerging now and then for a ceremonial at the Chambers, a royal reception, or a progress through his little kingdom.

King Leopold, having kept his head above water amid the wreck of many kingdoms, has now, after the fashion of our own "silver wedding" jubilee in England, just celebrated the auspicious anniversary of a twenty-five years' reign, by visiting the chief cities of Belgium, each vying with the other in welcoming him after its own joyous and picturesque fashion.

Now among those who read of this progress, and its processions in honor of the institutions of the order of the Golden Fleece, or of the proud record of the Battle of the Spurs, of the bright array of archers, and

"goodlie companies" of wool staplers and tisserands, &c., we take it to be a question whether many of them be not sorely puzzled over such descriptions, charmed as they may be with the glowing pictures of the "Halls of Light in Brussels," or of the King on his scarlet estrade at Bruges; but we, who have been at such fêtes, see it all so vividly, that verily as we read we listen for the chimes of Bruges in the "belfry old and brown," expecting them to clang out their record of the silent march of time.

Many among us yet remember the revolution of 1830, and the elevation of King Leopold, which called forth the invidious remark of the Emperor of Russia, that "there never was a crown tumbled into a gutter, without a Coburg being by to pick it up"—it was the Emperor's connexion with Holland that made him so bitter—but too many of our friends, we suspect, are not *au courant* of, or not *up* to "our correspondent's" meaning when he alludes to the government of Belgium as one of the oldest of modern constitutions. So entangled through some centuries were the political interests of Brabant with those of Austria, France, and Spain, by certain royal intermarriages; so bitter the religious feuds between Holland and the Spanish Netherlands; so deadly the wars from the days of the Burgundian Dukes to those of our own Marlborough, that people were confused at the very name of Belgium when King Leopold mounted a throne there, and Holland, by losing Antwerp, was severed from her old relations, and became a separate kingdom. Those who travel now-a-days have neither time nor inclination to study a question which they consider mere matter of history, and yet linger with curiosity and interest over the footmarks of Austria's iron heel, and the fiery track of Spain, to say nothing of the tramp of modern revolutions. Without, then, affecting to plunge into the abyss of archaeological research, in which some are apt to lose their depth, we take leave just to glance at

the story of the "first beginning" of this little kingdom, which, sooth to say, reads somewhat like a fairy tale of an ogre or a genie, but which is certainly not to be despised as fabulous.

Know, then, that in the archives of Antwerp there is a grave record, dating from the first century of the Christian era, setting forth how Antigone, a Russian giant, established himself on the banks of the Scheldt, where, from his "osier castle," or "fortress," he proclaimed himself lord of the river, levying tribute from every fishing vessel that passed his haunt, and cutting off the right hand of such as refused him their allegiance. But when the Romans came, they named one Silvius Brabo governor of Antwerp, and this "Giant Killer," with "only seven young archers," saith the record, "destroying Antigone, peace was established," and the little fishing hamlet, with its jetty, where the fishers mended their nets and the women drew water from the river—hence the name *Aan-het-werpen* (*go to the wharf or jetty*)—rose at last to be one of the first commercial cities in the world, where the merchants of Lombardy and Spain outrivalled in magnificence those Dutch capitalists, whose trade extended to the Indian seas. The "Giant" was no doubt some man with a strong head and stout arm, who by his cunning and courage mystified and frightened the poor fishers of the Scheldt.

Thus the strategy and daring of Silvius Brabo laid the foundations of Brabant. Already the Roman Eagles had been planted at Namur, but commerce carried the day eventually, and Ghent and other cities which we shall presently name, soon vied with Antwerp in wealth and splendour.

Further points in history will come out as we proceed through modern Belgium, following the king pretty closely in his progress; that progress which has a greater end in view than mere fêtes, though these, as illustrations of the past, are not without their significance to the sovereign of the present day.

Brussels, so long the residence of the family of Nassau, has in a measure grown indifferent to ancient traditions, political ones at least. Her processions are essentially military, whether they be in honor of a royal bride or a "miraculous virgin."

The people from circumstances think more of their martyrs of the revolution of 1830 than of the Duc d'Albe's victims; and those marvellous legends which the Brugeois reverence (whereof, by the way, an old Belgian writer remarks, "no one can doubt but that the church and sensible people disapprove of such fancies") are only to be found in the bye streets of Brussels, where musty book stalls and old curiosity shops may be ransacked by antiquarians and polemical essayists to their hearts' content.

There, where the haughty merchants of Lombardy once dwelt, and watched the rich argosies floating by the quays, all is now dirt and squalor; and Superstition holds her reign, represented by revolting images arrayed in filthy garments. We were one evening loitering on a bridge over a canal where certain remains of exquisite architecture made a picture in the sunset's glow, when two young soldiers stopped before a kind of penthouse, in which was a ghastly group of the virgin Mary and her dead son streaming with blood; they burst into a shout of laughter; a poor old woman had made a shrine for herself there with a wretched taper in a paper scone; she looked up meekly from her dreamy vespers, and waited patiently till the ribald laugh died away. We were sorry for her in every sense!

Still the glories of the Grande Place at Brussels are by no means departed, though this is no longer, as in the sixteenth century, the aristocratic quarter of the town. During the fêtes of 1851, we saw the Hotel de Ville there lit up as if by magic, and embodying the idea of a vast casquet framed in gold and studded with gems. But horrible memories are connected with this part of Brussels. Here, though Philip the Second's sway began with a tournament, it closed with one of those *Auto da Fés* which so fully interpreted the spirit of the inquisition, and roused the knights of the Golden Fleece to remonstrance, or, as the Duc d'Albe termed it, "sedition." It was then that Ghent sent forth her preachers into Holland, on which Spain revenged herself by a fearful parade of the condemned in Brussels. Blood-coloured standards headed these cortèges. Tolling bells mingled with

the doleful chant of choristers, and the unhappy victims were made objects of mockery in their yellow garments, studded with devils painted black; a paper crown, surmounted by a human figure in flames, completed this infernal masquerade, and the poor wretch's mouth was gagged lest his cries should awaken the compassion of the multitude. When we add that these executions were reserved for grand fêtes, innumerable victims being collected to swell the triumph of the *Auto-da-Fé* at which the king assisted in person, taking his place *below* that of the *Grand Inquisiteur*, and bareheaded, we may feel thankful, indeed, when we read of King Leopold's royal progress through his dominions, and rejoice with the Belgians that the "oldest of modern constitutions," however strong may be her national instincts in favor of ancient traditions, is yet content to work under a less exciting, but a more enlightened and we hope a more enduring government. If there are no Charlemagnes, or bold Dukes of Burgundy in the Brabant of the present day, thank God, there are no viceroys from Spain, and no inquisition; and perhaps not the least remarkable and pleasing point in the present page of Belgian history, is the perfect harmony existing between a king and his people whose forms of faith are so utterly opposed to each other.

To do Brussels justice, it must not be forgotten that, it was by her manufactures she first attracted the notice of the world; Bruges, however, soon surpassed her, and was eventually selected as the permanent residence of the Counts of Flanders, whose Moorish palace forms so exquisite a feature in the architecture of the old town to this day. Thomas Carlyle Gratton, in his interesting tale of "The Heiress of Bruges," has made us familiar with this grand Byzantine job—a monument of the crusading fever—and with that lovely walk by the Dyver, where the Quai de Rosen-tal is washed by the stream on which Gondolas were wont to glide when Spanish cavaliers serenaded Brabantian beauties. These dark and bristling casements of the Palais des Flandres once were wont to blaze with light, when Burgundian dukes and Spanish governors held their banquets

there. Beyond the Quay rises the turretted roof of the Heiress's home, and one almost expects to see a light in one of the quaint windows, and a sweet face illuminated by it looking into the starry night. Yonder, Notre Dame in stern magnificence lifts her lofty spire, and hark to the chimes in the belfry of the Halles!

"Like the palms from some old cloister,
When the nuns sing in the choir,
And the great bell tolls among them
Like the chaunting of a friar."

It was in honor of the wealthy wool-staplers of Bruges that Philip the Good instituted the Order of the Golden Fleece, on the 10th of January, 1430, when he married Isabella of Portugal. So says history; but a *chronique scandaleuse* provides a pendant for the legend of our Order of the Garter, by declaring that the institution had its origin in the love which Philip bore to a lady with golden tresses. Fancy that procession in the Grande Place at Bruges nearly four hundred years ago, when four and twenty cavaliers, in scarlet robes and with chains of gold about their necks, moved in a stately procession of nobles and wealthy citizens, Philip and his bride the centre of the gorgeous crowd; while above all rose the magnificent chorus of priests and acolytes, clouds of incense overpowering the fragrant breath of flowers, and groups of beautiful women looking down upon the show! Fancy, too, pictures that fair lady of the glittering locks gazing from her lattice with a scornful smile upon her lips, as the people shout in honor of the bride whom they believe to be the true heroine of the pageant. Poor frail mistress of Philip's heart! her empire ended when Isabella brought him an heir to the throne.

One of Philip's sons and his heir was the renowned Charles the Bold, who married our Margaret of York. It was by the union of their daughter Mary with Maximilian of Austria that the latter kingdom added to its heritage the fertile and populous provinces of the Netherlands, not as Belgium is at this day, but including Holland.

Walter Scott, in his novel of "Quentin Durward," gives us a graphic picture of these times, when Louis the Eleventh sought to ally himself with

Charles the Bold by a marriage between Mary of Burgundy and his son the Dauphin; but the birth of a male heir to the Netherlands checked the wily monarch's proceedings, and Philip the Fair was unwittingly a source of future misery to Flanders by his alliance with Jeanne, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella; for under his son Charles the Fifth, the most powerful sovereign that Europe had seen since the days of Charlemagne, and one of those hateful tyrants whom history flatters,* the Brabantian provinces became "the Spanish Netherlands." Holland did not cast off the yoke till the time of Philip the Second; but even when nominally independent, that little kingdom felt the crash of struggles which convulsed her neighbours, and she suffered consequently not a little in her commerce.

The foot-prints of the march of time are very vivid in old Bruges. She is careful not to obliterate them. She welcomes King Leopold on the very spot where Philip the Good moved among the knights of the Golden Fleece. She parades a gallant company of archers in memory of the seven champions who helped Silvius Brabo to slay the giant of the Scheldt; and exhibits with pride a little silver cup which our Queen Victoria, when she visited Belgium, presented to this said company of "Arbalétriers." If a swan be found injured on one of the canals, she has the seigniorial bird carried with due ceremony across the Grande Place, and under charge of a *gend'arme*, before the magisterial bench, that proper evidence may be obtained as to the cause of injury, and a certain penalty awarded; for in former days, the crime of killing a swan was visited by death, as was symbolled by representing the creature with a golden collar round its neck, the chain typifying condemnation to the galleys if convicted of wilfully hurting it. Swans are looked upon by the Brugeois as next to sacred, and we believe the law is yet unrepealed, which forbids any but nobles from keeping these birds, whose majestic beauty adds another grace to the streams fringed with linden trees, and

spanned by elegant bridges, intersecting the city. Detested even as the Spaniards were at a later period, the Brugeois retain much belonging to them that is picturesque. Those lofty gables which Napoleon would have pulled down had his career continued, form a feature in themselves and harmonize perfectly with the remains of the most elegant of costumes. The large *sombrero* and ample cloak seen at Belgian funerals are from Spain; but while in Bruges the humbler classes of women adopt the hooded mantle—similar in shape to the Irish, which they too got in their trading days with Spain—the Antwerpian shroud themselves in the *faldh*, or mantilla, the dark eyes and raven hair often completing the illusion; though we cannot always say as much for the foot and ankle.

From Spain, too, came the taste for cards and dominoes, which, with smoking, seem to be the only recreations of the men in Belgium.

But it is in their preparations for the grand triennial procession of the Holy Blood that the Brugeois put forth all their strength. In anticipation of this fête, history and pictures, sacred and profane, are searched for costume with the zeal of a London *debutante* at a state fancy ball. Mary of Burgundy is generally the leading character of the pageant, and is represented by some young heiress of Bruges, whose dress and jewels engage the admiration and excite the envy of the multitude. The very anachronisms which mark the order of this procession add to its variety, and throw a quaint charm over combinations so richly colored. Here a group of Burgundians dazzles the eye, which is immediately relieved by a band of archers; and what though heathens and heathenesses may be in irreverent proximity to the twelve apostles and the four evangelists, we are soon refreshed by the sight of an arcadian crowd of shepherds and shepherdesses, waving their crooks and garlands to the merry music of a brass band. After these may walk, in graver guise, some goodly company of traders, who have scarce passed, when a proud cortège of crusaders sweeps on, to be

* See too his "Cloister Life," whence, under the veil of sanctity, he watched the fiery train of his bigot son, Philip the Second, and checked the good impulses of his sisters.

succeeded probably by some grotesque masque, headed by a jester who knows well how to play his part. We would fain close our eyes on those living representatives of the Saviour and His disciples; and our ears to that operatic air from the military band that crashes out at such a moment; but we must admit, as the smart soldiers step by in their jaunty attire, that if England has the men, the French and Belgians know how to dress them.

Blended with these varied groups are the hierarchy of the church, with their accessories of reliquaires, censers, pictures and statues, over which wave embroidered banners flashing in the sun; the massive chorusses of the church ascending with the incense, and filling the air with music and fragrance.

King Leopold paid a visit to the English convent before leaving Bruges, in compliment to the British residents there. True to the character of British institutions of all denominations, the grave but elegant simplicity of this convent distinguishes it from others on the continent. Here are neither sculptures nor garlands. The sun shines through the fresco painted dome on a fine St. Francis of Murillo; and the scriptural picture of the "denial of St. Peter" is a relief from the legendary art flourishing in Belgian churches.—It is the hour of vespers; a little bell rings; enter priest and acolyte; a nun glides in, and disappears as noiselessly as she came; the nave fills with visitors, you bend your head for a moment, and on lifting it discover that the doors of the penetralia have rolled back on silent hinges, and lo! a perspective which would stir a Mahomedan! A crowd of girls in white occupy that dim recess; each glossy head is almost too carefully *coiffée*, and a ribbon of cerulean blue marks the delicate contour of the Saxon maiden's throat, while a "dim religious light" steals over the whole and softens the tableau. Still, as we gaze on such beauty and grace, we cannot help wondering if *all* these white-robed creatures are lovely, or if the fairest are selected for the front ranks.

The foremost nun behind the grating might sit for a St. Catherine or St. Barbe; there is something angelic in her soft, and alas!

melancholy beauty. The girls within chaunt the responses "in a low, sweet, solemn tone"—a burst of music peals up the frescoed dome, and the rich but solitary voice of a nun vibrates through the little sanctuary. There is silence: the clouds of incense roll away, our eyes close again with that enthralling emotion which beautiful music always evokes, and when aroused we believe ourselves to have been in a dream; the penetralia is a blank; the doors have closed on their noiseless hinges; darkness has succeeded the bright vision of maidens in their teens, and lovely nuns—vespers are over!

But there is in Bruges another community of the kind, more interesting perhaps from a certain veil of mystery which enshrouds it, and from the fact—easily explained by the unhealthiness of the locality in which the convent has unfortunately been placed—that most of its votaries either die young or lose all appearance of health soon after entering it. The *Red Nuns* are of the aristocracy of Belgium; their vocation is entirely "contemplative," and thus they lead a life utterly devoid of human interests. So soon as they have taken the vows of the order, and assumed the scarlet robe in honor of the Saviour, they bid farewell for ever to their families. Never till death "unbuds the silver chain" are their visible forms brought in contact with the world. Then they are laid out, dressed in the robes and accessories of the order, with fresh flowers strewed about them, and tall tapers shedding a serene light on their fair, young faces; the gates are thrown open to the public, who are permitted to view the corpse from a distance, the chanted requiem continuing through the day. It would be in bad taste to intrude further into the penetralia of this gentle sisterhood; but we cannot refrain for relating an anecdote received from sound authority while at Bruges, and which we fear is but too true an illustration of that "English impertinence," which brings well bred and kindly mannered people into such disfavor on the continent, as too frequently deprives them of the opportunity of proving that such impertinence is the exception, not the rule, of our conduct abroad.

The Red Nuns lead a life of such strict seclusion, that except for an

occasional glimpse of a scarlet robe through the snowy fretwork of that part of the chapel appropriated to them, or the mournful sound of a solitary voice within some veiled shrine, no one would be aware of the presence of such beings; neither do they receive visitors of any kind after once taking the vows. Now, amid all this mystery, this awful stillness, imagine the sharp clang of the convent bell pulled by no gentle hand! The portress answered the bold summons. An Englishwoman asked admittance as a matter of course; the portress quietly replied by announcing the rules of the convent.

"But," said the person, "I am one of the attendants of Her Majesty the Queen of England, now in Bruges!"

At that magic name the poor portress hesitated, and while she hesitated the intruder crossed the threshold. The request or rather demand "to see a Red Nun in the costume of her order," was carried to the superior, and one of the youthful sisters came down to the convent parlour, where the uninvited guest awaited her. After minutely examining the shape and make of the scarlet robe, the blue scapulary, and the modest coif, and taking a close survey of the fair recluse's countenance and figure, the unmannerly woman put down a piece of money—a franc, as well as we remember—and departed as she would do from the Egyptian Hall, after a visit to the Aztecs or the Zulu Kafirs. We need scarcely suggest that the insolent intruder made a disgraceful use of her sovereign's name. She could not have been one of our Queen's attendants. After this the doors of the convent were closed against all strangers, who had hitherto had occasional access to the Superior and her novices.

We have only to open one of the numerous handbooks on Belgium to become acquainted with the names of the great art-treasures of Bruges, brought thither at first under the impulses of vanity rather than of the taste of its wool staplers, and cared for since by just appreciators of their value; but a huge volume would not contain the details connected with them. Our space then warns us to be careful how we indulge in such a theme, and we must even take our leave of this storehouse of painting,

sculpture, and carving, to say nothing of gems, porcelain, laces, and relics, which have filled the "old curiosity shops" since the days of Maria Thérèse, by just one glance at the pride of old Bruges, Hemling's famous *chasse* or casket of St. Ursula, who, with her "celestial militia"—her "eleven thousand virgins"—many of them "recruits" from Ireland by the way,—so saith the legend—set sail from Plymouth sound on her pilgrimage to Rome, and got murdered for her pains on her route back, *viâ* Cologne. Hemling painted this casket in return for the hospitality shewn him by the monks of St. Julien, and a lovely series of miniatures it presents. Our Queen Victoria duly admired it when exhibited to Her Majesty at Bruges, and it is worthy of remark that the face of the fair saint in the painting bears a striking resemblance to the Sovereign of Great Britain.

Saint Ursula was English—"a princess" no less, says the legend, a rare little book compiled from the ancient Crompton; and alas for the "legion of virgins," among whom moved "the lovely Florentina, the powerful Asparis, the modest Verena, the charming Euphrasia, the tender Balbina," and so on—including certain lovers of the said damsels and their chaperones, "a lady of distinction." Alas for the *prestige* of "the celestial militia," whose muster roll at the close of the story is reduced to Ursula and *seven* companions, under their true but less elegant names of Bricula, Martha, Saula, Sambaria, Saturnia, Gregoria, Pumosa and Palladia, and who were martyred at Cologne in the year of Christ 220!

Farewell for the present to old Bruges, its silent highways, on which boats, very like Chinese junks, gaily painted, curtained within, and decked with flowers, glide through the paths where Spanish gondolettas and goodly merchant barges oft-time wended their noiseless way! Farewell to the Minnie water, once the scene of deadly fight, and now the rendezvous of youths and maidens who seek to read their destiny in the love-stream! Farewell to its glorious monuments, time honored and most beautiful in mellow age! Farewell to that lofty tower of *Les Halles*, beneath which King Leopold feasted so lately, and whence Longfellow saw the sun rise

upon the fertile plains beyond, and watched the waking of the city. Farewell to the singing birds, whose notes thrill us the more keenly because of their poor blinded eyes! Farewell to the blackbirds and thrushes rejoicing in the tall trees by the ancient Bourse, where the pretty Bruges-*ois* gossip and make lace in the doorways. The very lunatics and pauper children, even the deaf and dumb inmates of the noble institutions of Bruges are plying their bobbins to produce the fabric we call Valenciennes. Give one parting look up the gorgeous aisles of Notre Dame; one last glance through the solemn nave of St. Sauveur; a kindly adieu to that busy, active little sister of mercy whom we have met daily for weeks in our rambles; a bow to that handsome young cuirassier, and away to the train in the wake of royalty!

What glorious weather for travelling! A golden glow tinges the corn-fields, the orchards are teeming with fruit, the bees busy in the hedgerows of cottage gardens; the cattle are knee deep in the tall grass, beneath the loaded boughs; the white patches of buck-wheat dazzle the sight at one point, the lilac clover refreshes it at another; the flax waves its delicate blue bells in the summer haze, and the cowboys open their sleepy eyes and watch the train from their shady resting places under the alders. Cottage doors are open; the household furniture glitters like burnished gold, and the pretty housewife comes forth in her holiday costume; the striped petticoat, the trim jacket of a different hue, the dainty cap with long gold earrings hanging below the broad lace flaps, and a chain of gold, with a cross appended to it, gleaming on her bosom. She is no longer a girl; but she is fresh and fair, and throws a charming bit of life into the still picture. Such are the scenes of peace and plenty which bless the eyes of the wayfarer as he traverses the rich plains of modern Brabant!

When Uncle Toby, who we verily believe had the honor of serving in the 15th Royal Irish when Uncle Toby, we say, talks to Trim of "Flanders,"

he carries back his gossip to Namur and Dendremont. The scene of poor Le Fevre's death rises before us as we tread these battle grounds, this *coeur-pit of Europe*, where Marlborough conquered, and by the way got lampooned by his sunny enemies the French. We still hear "Malbrook" in Flanders; the *gamin* chaunts it in the streets, the reapers in the corn fields, and flaming prints, illustrating the theme in all its absurdity, may be bought for two sous apiece.

A trifling circumstance led to the popularity of the song in France. The ill-starred Marie Antoinette having obtained the services of a simple peasant woman as nurse to the Dauphin, was one day struck by the smartness of an air "which," says the relator of the anecdote, "made the young prince open his eyes to the name of Marlborough!" The gay queen's fancy was touched by the sprightly tune; even the king took up the *refrain*, and from the private apartments of Versailles to the stables the song made a *furor* in Paris, Beaumarchais even introducing it into his opera of "Figaro."

The thing, in fact, took; a rage for the name was evincd in many ways; stuffs, silks, *regents*, carriages, furniture received the stamp of fashion with the title of Malbrook; in short, "nothing but the fall of the Bastille put a stop to the *furor*;" and it was revived again when Napoleon, albeit he had no taste for music, took to humming the air! "Indeed," concludes the antiquarian, who goes as seriously into the theme as though he were tracing the source of some heroic poem, "we are inclined to think with Monsieur de Chateaubriand, that it is very probably the same air as that sung by Godfrey de Bouillon under the walls of Jerusalem."* This flourish of trumpets winds up with the brazen assurance that "the Arabs chaunt it to this day."

So much for "Malbrook." Meanwhile the "superior antiquity" of Namur claims our attention.

At Mons, Namur, and Liège, amid the rugged landscapes of Hainault,

* Notwithstanding the fallacy in stone in the Grande Place at Brussels—the statue of Godfrey—we have good reason to think that the stout old crusader was a Frenchman from the outset. He was buried at Mount Calvary.

the Romans first raised their standards. Here the *Belgæ* gave battle to their invaders, and shook the legions which they could not disperse. At Namur they threw up their redoubts, and placing their women and children within them, made one daring effort for freedom. At dead of night they crossed the Sambre, penetrated the heart of the Roman camp, and drove out the auxiliary troops; but in vain they opposed their osier shields to the tried armour of their enemies; out of sixty thousand warriors but five thousand were spared to bear the news of slavery to the trembling women and children. The *Belgæ* submitted with an ill grace to the Roman yoke, and Hainault has ever continued to maintain an aristocratic precedence over the commercial districts which separate it from Holland.†

The army of Belgium draws its best soldiers from Hainault. These are the Walloons; and so superior are the humbler classes in this Pays de Valons considered, in comparison with those of the Northern provinces, that even servants are sought for in Hainault. Their language is scarcely intelligible to strangers, but they speak French very generally.

The scenery about Namur is striking, especially when compared with the environs of the "cities of the plains." Its old castle, hewn out of a solid rock, crowns a craggy steep, and has a grand effect, albeit Joseph the Second, who certainly was not "the man for the situation," destroyed many of its bastions. Joseph wanted the virtue of *toleration*, and curbed the people's taste in their great pageants; a very opposite policy to King Leopold's.

The archaeologists of Namur pretend to trace its foundation to the days of King Solomon! Others date its origin from the time of *Nambron*, a German prince, who gave his name

to the river. Our King William the Third besieged Namur in 1695. Despite the strength of its fortifications, it has frequently changed masters; and in the convulsion of the first French revolution it shared the fate of other Brabantian cities.

In antiquity, Mons stands next to Namur. Her *noblesse* consider themselves of the most ancient blood in the Netherlands. Julius Cæsar built the first fortress here fifty-six years before Christ, and *Cicero* was the first *præfet* of the city, which rose from amid the Roman fortifications. The Cathedral of St. Waldrú superseded the Pagan Temple of the Olympic gods, and here the first organ pealed its Christian orisons. Even the women of Mons seem to have been of a more determined spirit than usual, for we read of the Counts of Hainault doing battle with the abbess and canonesses of St. Waldrú. The advent of the Normans, however, in 898, checked such "civil" discord; and when St. Bruno was sent from Rome in the tenth century, he re-established harmony in the church for a time. The ladies revived the old quarrel, however, fighting it out this time with the prebendaries, who uncourteously closing the gates of the cathedral upon them, my lady abbess and her nuns, "in voices strong and clear," sang their matins outside the walls, with such force and fervour that the gentlemen were fain to yield!

St. Bernard preached the crusades first in Mons, and the Beguinage hero is the oldest "Ladies' club"* of the kind in Belgium. It was when Mons passed to the House of Burgundy that Brussels became the resort of the aristocracy, and the magistrates of Mons were often visited by crowned heads. Such was their magnificence, that sovereigns delighted in their fêtes; and the company of archers here formed the monarch's body-guard on such occasions.

† Holland as Batavia, from Bato, the date of whose existence is unknown, must have yielded to the Romans before the Belgæ, and formed doubtless part of the "auxiliary troops." Tacitus asserts that the Batavians excelled all the people on the Rhine in military spirit. When subdued by the Romans, "they paid their tribute in soldiers, and from them was formed a cavalry which composed the most efficient part of the Roman armies; they astonished the Dacians by the dexterity and bravery with which they swam their horses across the Danube to attack those people, and for a long period they were the Guards of the Roman Emperors."

* The Beguines are not bound by severe vows, and may come and go as they list. Persons who have read Lady Morgan's "Princesses," will remember that the interests of the story is increased by the heroine being a Beguine.

About five years ago the quiet of the ancient town of Mons was disturbed by a terrible "judicial drama," when a noble of Belgium, Count Hyppolite Bocarmé, was, with his wife, tried for the murder of the lady's brother. The circumstances were rendered the more atrocious by Madame Bocarmé turning evidence against the miserable man she had instigated to the crime, and who on her testimony was executed at Mons. The story fills a place in modern *cronica cèlebre*. The unhappy brother, who was on the eve of marriage, was inveigled to the old moated Chateau de Bury, and there in the gloom of a November evening forced to swallow a dose of *nicotine* (a distillation from tobacco) which Madame Bocarmé and her husband had been concocting for a fortnight previously—taking their turns at dead of night to retire into a deserted corner of the chateau, and there watch the "cauldron" containing the deadly potion. The trial was attended by thousands of persons, and will never be forgotten; but the closing scene enlisted certain sympathies for the miserable man, who had evidently been a tool in the hands of a daring and ambitious woman. Her "stoicism," to quote the record, on the evening of her husband's condemnation, was awful. Day having closed, the court blazed with light; ranged round the white walls were the judicial authorities—the chief of them in his scarlet robe—and the gendarmes; a breathless silence pervaded the crowd, as a bell rang, and Comte Bocarmé was summoned into the hall. As he entered, people saw hope shining in his eyes. His wife was called next. She was veiled, and a wreath of white roses encircled her bonnet; she took her seat. A gendarme parted her from the count. The fatal "Yes" of "guilty" failed to shake the calm of Monsieur Bocarmé's features, but at the "No" which acquitted his wife, he cast a glance of unutterable tenderness towards the author of his ruin; *then he put his three little children!* "Lydie Faignes Bocarmé," said the judge, "you are acquitted; you may descend." She rose calmly from the criminal's bench; as she passed out, her husband cast upon her another look of indescribable tenderness. There was no responsive glance! She

never even turned her head towards him! Next day she was seen parading the streets, "assisting" at the great festival of St. Waldrun!

The count was executed in the public square at Mons, in July, 1851. It was said that one of the reasons for giving Madame Bocarmé the opportunity of escape from the penalty of crime by the sacrifice of her husband, was the request made by the Queen of the Belgians before her death, that capital punishment should never more be inflicted on women in Belgium. Count Bocarmé's family, who had good property and an old title, obtained permission from the government to change their names. It is believed they have left the country. Madame figures occasionally in the English journals. She has made herself conspicuous by her extravagance, and by the censures she has incurred under the law for neglecting her children; nevertheless she has had several offers of marriage, and is considered attractive and devout!

Happily there are rare instances of such crime in Belgium. An industrious population and a tolerant king are elements which must eventually work together for good; and it must be added, too, that the stern example shewn in beheading Count Bocarmé, who, "because he was a noble," it was never believed would suffer death, has had its proper weight. Though during the past year or two some sharp things have been said about the Belgian press, and the encouragement given to political refugees, we believe that even these questions have been set at rest since the treaty of peace; and on the other hand it may be remarked that there is perhaps no part of the continent where so many English families of fair means and high respectability have taken up their abode. The correspondent of the "Times" had, indeed, well tested the sentiments of king and people, when, in his graphic picture from the Grande Place at Bruges, he sketched the figure of Lord Westmoreland, in "the English scarlet," at the right hand of the Belgian sovereign. There was a strong significance in the reference to so simple an incident!

ANSWER, which has been the scene of great festivity during the progress

of King Leopold, first set the example of commercial activity in Brabant. Her traditions, as we have shown, date far beyond those of Bruges, and every year the gigantic effigy of Antigone, and the *papier machée* wife the citizens saw fit to give him at a later period, are paraded through the streets in company with the triumphal Rubens car, and what Sam Slick would call the *Sogdollager*, or President of the Scheldt, a huge mimic whale which spouts water whenever the crowd thickens round him.

When Queen Victoria saw this procession from the balcony of the King's House in the Place de Mer, Her Majesty laughed so heartily that the merry crowd dashed into the shower, and got wet for the special amusement of "cette bonne petite dame, la Reine d'Angleterre;" and when some of her suite descended into the Place, and drank the *vin d'honneur* with the fair charioteer of the car of Rubens—always the most beautiful woman of her class in Antwerp, by the way—the *entente cordiale* between England and Belgium was recognized with shouts that almost came up to "*ce charmant cheer Anglais*," as Canrobert calls the *hurrah* of British soldiers.

Antigone, for he is worth describing, stands eighteen feet high. Before making his annual public appearance, he and his wife are fresh painted and gilded. We saw them both undergoing their toilette. The giant's beard was in curl-papers! His head was covered with a Roman helmet, decorated with a scarlet plume; and what with the toga, the fresh paint, &c. he reminded us extremely of—Paul Bedford in an Adelphi travestie! The giantess is two hundred years her spouse's junior; "yet," said M. Verachter, the kind and intelligent archiviste of Antwerp, who attended us as graciously as he had done the Majesty of England, "you see she does not wear so well. The *papier machée* of her day is inferior to that of Antigone's."

We shall be forgiven for thus dwelling on apparently a trivial subject, for two reasons; first, because these effigies belong to the archives of the city of Antwerp, and are looked upon by the populace with a sort of superstitious veneration; and secondly, because we have little doubt on our own minds that Antigone came from the

Crimea! The oldest records speak of him as a Russian; and he was therefore, we fully believe, one of the *Cimbri* who overran Gaul, and were finally driven out by the Romans. These *Cimbri* came from Cimbrica Chersonesus, near the Euxine, and so little was known of their country, and so evil were the reports of its "Cimmerian darkness" and barbarity, that, according to Plutarch, Homer drew his images of hell from what he had heard of this dismal region. There be some who think that Homer and Dante, too, might have been inspired by the awful images of a later day. But what is past cannot be mended, however it may serve as a warning! Meantime, rely on it, Antigone was a Crimean hero!

Antwerp rivals Bruges in the grandeur of her collection of paintings, and boasts of Rubens as if he were a living artist. They are justly proud, too, of him as a statesman. He came at the moment when the Iconoclasts, infuriated by the conduct of Philip the Second, had rendered art a bye word and a mockery. It was he who repaired these disasters, and not only filled the public buildings and merchant palaces of Antwerp with his gorgeous paintings, but enriched those of all Europe, from London to St. Petersburg, from Madrid to Vienna. Moreover, he settled state questions with tact and judgment when he came on a mission to England.

One of the most touching yet gorgeous scenes in Antwerp must have been that in which Queen Victoria held so prominent a place; when Her Majesty went to the Cathedral to see those wonders of Rubens' pencil, the Crucifixion and Descent from the Cross. Through the garlanded streets passed the Sovereign of the Isles, the whole of the civil guild *en grande tenue*—from the giant to the policeman. All the soldiery were drawn up, and the people shouted as the cortège passed; so soon as her Majesty stepped within the western aisle of the magnificent edifice, the clergy advanced to welcome her, and the gigantic organ pealed forth "God save the Queen." The whole town was in tumult; at night the illuminations flooded the city with light, and out on the Scheldt were heard the shouts, the song and laughter of the merry people, the royal squadron

burning blue lights, and the banks of the river glittering with lamps wreathed with flowers.

Under the circumstances there was something striking in the sight of the yacht sent by the King of the Netherlands with his ambassador on board, to pay his respects to the Queen of England. As Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, and their uncle embarked with Her Majesty's ministers, the standard of England was hoisted at the main, and the old flag of Brabant floated at the fore. Then the citadel gave tongue. The Dutchmen could not have liked *that*, we think. The royal bark moved majestically through the waters of the Scheldt, the English men-of-war manned their yards, and the tars cheered the Queen as she left all her followers far behind, and hurried on to Liefkenshoek, the boundary of Belgium and Holland, where the horizontal tricolor of Holland superseded the red, blue, and yellow of Brabant; and the sailors from a Dutch frigate saluted.

The citadel of Antwerp is to us of the present century an object of considerable interest. If, at the idea of its foundation by the bloody Duke d'Albe, we shudder with horror and disgust, we find our best sympathies enlisted in favor of that gallant General Chasse, who in 1832 so desperately resisted the French artillery, that when Marshal Gerard with his aides-de-camp, the Dukes d'Orleans and de Nemours, entered the *breach* of the fortress, the marshal exclaimed that "Chasse had done well, for that he could not have held out another day."

The fall of Antwerp completely covered Holland from Brabant; the French were feted by part of Belgium, but England was looked upon as having taken a rather "shy" part in the matter, in sending some of her ships to the mouth of the Scheldt; so much so, that when some years after, news of our Indian disasters reached the Antwerp *salotto* clubs, some young Belgians began to exult over the sad tale of Chillianwallah. "Don't cumber, my lads," said a grand *coeur* *bonnetche*, "I know the English well; I was in Napoleon's army, and fought against them. *Whenever they meet*

with reverses, it is from some oversight of their own, and woe betide their enemy when the day of retribution comes!" Soon followed the despatches which proved how well the old soldier knew us!

Though fallen from the magnificent position she held till the days of Philip the Second, who seems to have done all the evil his father Charles the Fifth wanted the energy to do—the people of the "*Haute Commerce*," as the great merchants are called, are wealthy and influential in Europe. Four years ago they decidedly deprecated the separation from Holland, and the latter country by the way has lost nothing, so far as her trade is concerned. She still sends her fleet forth, to return with the riches of the east, and, as a maritime nation, keeps up the character she earned under Van Tromp, when he hoisted his bosom at the mast to "sweep the seas," and did it with a vengeance, till our Blake thrashed him with the *horse-ship*; and, mark you, this was the origin of the pennant our admirals carry at this day.

Ghent sits enthroned like a queen, crowned by the church of St. Pierre; but her glory has faded, and, like Katherine Parr, she seems to mourn in solemn state the loss of her former grandeur. Ghent has been the chief sufferer by the separation of Holland from Belgium. Less fortunate, too, than Bruges and Antwerp, no one has arisen since the days of the Iconoclasts to repair the mischief they did to the public buildings. Charles the Fifth said punningly to a Frenchman, "*Je mettrais tout Paris dans mon grand * (glorieux)*." The same thing might be said now; but its very size is against the renewal of its splendour. Indeed, the chief residences are on the banks of the canal; and, by the way, we think that of all towns in Belgium, Ghent, in addition to the interest she possesses in the superb relics of past ages, presents the greatest advantages for persons desiring cheap and good education for their families. Rents are lower than elsewhere; not long since there were a thousand houses to let, and as yet the markets have not been too sharply tried by the influence of British gold.

* *Gand* is the French name for Ghent.

The looms once worked by the tissue weavers are now replaced by English steam power. The walls of a cotton factory have risen on the ruins of the fortress built by the bold crusader Baldwin, one of those Counts of Flanders who succeeded the governors of Antwerp, *Foresters*, as they were called. The court once ringing with the clang of knightly armour is crowded with unsightly wagons, and the din of the *mule jenny* fills the space where the minstrels of the banquets celebrated the glories of Ghent, and the renown of her bold citizens. Monsieur S——, the owner of this factory, is wealthy, and he and others of his class employ a vast number of poor people. Still, the very contrast between these cotton spinners of the present day, and their predecessors who corresponded with the Medici and defied Charles the Fifth, who witnessed the last chapter of the Order of the Golden Fleece ever held in Brabant (by Philip the Second), and whose splendid fêtes cast an occasional glory even now on shattered fanes and deserted altars, is painful, and scarcely to be understood by those who have not been there.

In these modern days, the building most cared for is that which contains the ball, concert rooms, and theatre. Priceless marbles support the roof, and exquisite sculptures are set off by velvet hangings from Courtrai. Innumerable mirrors reflect the illuminated scene at night, and the atmosphere is rendered perfect by the application of steam.

But from this resource of the modern aristocracy of wealth, it is had to turn to old St. Bavon, which, despite the repairs it has undergone, is still an evidence of the misery entailed by religious feuds. One of its twenty-five chapels, moreover, is the shrine of what some consider the great wonder of Belgium—Van Eyck's Adoration of the Lamb; but to our mind the crypt below the church was worth all the rest, from its association with the past, when hundreds of worshippers, concealed from their enemies, celebrated the rites of their church amid the horrors of sickness, famine, disease, and death. The *Gantois* boast to this day, as well they may, that while they held the glaive in one hand against invaders,

they built this noble pile of St. Bavon with the other!

Ghent is one of the grand dépôts for troops, and Belgium sends her soldiers under canvas every year, that they may be ready for any emergency. The Plein St. Denis is a noble field for a review. We witnessed one there some time ago, and were not more struck with the efficiency of the troops than with the peculiar beauty of the cavalry horses. They are a refined type of those magnificent chargers which we see worked in the tapestry at Blenheim, or in the pictures of the Flemish wars. But the elegant race of Andalusian horses, which Rubens delighted in when he took his evening rides, is extinct.

The citadel, prisons, public gardens, and charitable institutions of Ghent make great amends for the decay of past glory, and many a stately *Pleasaunce* in the environs of the town still tries to rival—as the legitimistes of France do the busy bourgeois of Paris—the little chateaux staring out of groves and gardens yet in their infancy. There is a moral in this; the great gates of the *Pleasaunces* are rusty and overgrown with weeds; no one is visible; while the grounds of the modern domiciles are gay with flower beds and temples, in which groups of young people sit working, or watching with lively interest the train as it rushes past, filled with its motley freight of priests, soldiers, peasant men and women, burly merchants, and though last, not least, the English family on its travels!

They still show you the house in Ghent in which Louis the Eighteenth awaited the issue of the battle of Waterloo. For many years afterwards the owner, a Flemish noble, had the rooms kept in the order in which they had been left by the royal family of France. Shade of Louis le Grand! hadst thou been but conscious that a King of France sat waiting in a bye street at Ghent for the crown which Britain fought for, couldst thou have rested in thy tomb?

Belgium may thank Holland to this hour for the shrewdness she displayed in resisting the rapacity of Louis the Thirteenth and Fourteenth; and albeit certain clauses in the treaty of Munster, in 1648, gave rise to

quarrels which were not set at rest till 1832, the ambition of France was perpetually checked under the good faith existing between Great Britain and Holland, who kept up such a force under Marlborough, Prince Eugene, and latterly the Duke of Cumberland, as sorely worried the proud and chivalrous marshals of France. Even under Napoleon, Holland was comparatively favored, for Louis Bonaparte was moderate and just.

One word more about Holland, while she is on the tapis. From first to last, commerce has been her watchword, though she has also highly encouraged the arts. The spirit of enterprise, like her rafts on the Rhine, has carried her through many a political whirlpool; and as, in creating her extraordinary cities and *entrepôts*, she has turned every inch of ground to account, so in the commencement of her commercial power she established relations with Brabant through Ostend, founded on the simple secret of curing herrings.* The Gantois are perfectly aware of the bee-like propensities of Holland, and regret that they have no longer any partnership in her undertakings; but they are doing the next best thing to such partnership; they are working their way on utilitarian principles, as any one may see who takes the trouble to visit the factories and bleaching greens, and to watch the heavily laden barges on the grand canal. At present Ghent may be considered in a state of transition; but let the sun of peace shine on her somewhat longer, and she will arise strengthened and refreshed by labour, and, under God's blessing, success.

A fine view of LIEGE is caught through an arch that spans the railway. This is one of the first cities built by the Romans after crossing the Rhine. The Teuton Rhine borders resisted the legions as obstinately as the warriors of Namur; such a

bloody battle took place as made Cæsar say, "it was the worst day the army had ever seen;" nevertheless, they planted their eagles on the banks of the Maese or Meuse, and made Liege their head quarters. These luxurious soldiers appreciated the beauty of the valley, so admirable, too, as a military position; they revelled in fat beef and game and fish; the earth yielded them coal and sulphur; and nature provided them with those delicious baths which to them were indispensable. The vine was brought hither by them, but the Belgian is no wine bibber; he likes his *genièvre* and *bière de Louvain* much better.

St. Hubert, the hunter of the Ardennes, fixed the episcopal see at Liege in 709; churches and fortifications rose side by side, popes and cardinals emanated from its colleges, and, as a consequence, constant struggles rose century after century between church and state. The French Revolution, like a grenade in a quarrelsome camp, startled the jealous belligerents, and nowadays Liege is too busy in her commercial speculation to trouble herself with matters political or religious.

Nevertheless, we British people consider we "have something against thee," O Liege! in the matter of the war with Russia; when, by the proximity of Liege to Prussia, implements of war found their way to the enemies of England. Ireland, too, suffered from the fact, that in the transport of Riga flax seed through Prussia, the first choice of the land transport across the Russian frontier was given to more valuable articles.*

As we halted on the heights of Liege, we thought of Quentin Durward and the Lady Isabelle, with that tiresome old Countess de Croye; but imagination went further back when we entered the city, and beheld the florid Moorish architecture of St. Jacques. All within it, however, is wofully dilapidated; and it was quite

* When we hear that Scotch herrings, from the superiority in curing them lately attained, have risen in public favor on the continent, as proved by the increase of *sixty-six thousand one hundred and eighty barrels* in the exports of this year, we are at loss to comprehend the *scarcity of herrings in Dublin*, in August, 1856; and are struck by the example of our friends over the water. There are strong hopes, however, we trust, for the Irish deep sea fisheries.

* From the reports of the Royal Flax Improvement Society of Ireland, it appears that in 1855 the flax culture fell off to 96,041 acres, while this year shows a growth of 106,826 acres.

refreshing to pass into the Grande Place, and hear the plash of the fountain which formed the centre of the scene; its great jets of spray flashing like jewels in the sun, and cooling the area over which were scattered fruit and flower stalls. Children were singing and dancing round the fountain, quaint looking babies dozing in wicker baskets hung on their mothers' backs, and, to add to the novelty of the picture, groups of girls from the factories stood about, with piles of muskets in their arms.

The broad Meuse flowing through the valley is a magnificent feature in the landscape; once more we breathe freely after leaving the close streets, for the Grande Place presents the only open space, and the smell of "villainous saltpetre" gives place to a delicious breeze.

There are, besides the large cities of Belgium, many nooks and corners well worth exploring. The king even presented himself at Arlon, a place utterly obscure but for its commercial interests. Malines and Louvain are easily visited from Brussels in a day, and Tournay and Courtrai are worthy competitors with Ireland in the culture of flax.

But for railways Malines and Louvain would never have been sought out by those wise English people who seek to educate their children at small cost, and under their own eyes. Here, too, the guardians of rare art-treasures extract many a fee from the tourists of the hour, who accept as gospel truth the most outrageous legends related by sacristans and commissionaires.

The Hotel de Ville at Louvain should be examined through an opera glass. One longs for a model of it in Parian, on a crimson cushion under a glass-case. What lacework tracery! what fairy groups of men and women! Each delicate niche is filled with gems of art; men in armour; horses bitted to perfection, with mounted standard bearers; crowned kings, in ermined mantles, seated under canopies with Burgundian nobles; and dames in jewelled coëffures, round them! Holy families, guarded by angels, whose pinions bear the plumage of the swan; lovely madonnas and bearded patriarchs! And all this beauty is jammed into a little square overshadowed by the cathedral,

while a rattling crowd of soldiers mounts guard by the lovely shrine we have attempted to describe.

Louvain in its way is as picturesque as other cities in Belgium. The usual taste for flowers lights up the ancient nooks, and the *Rue Courte* is quite a sight in the noon-day sun, when the brightly tinted red and blue woollens,—the manufacture of the place—are hung out of the tall windows, drapery fashion, for sale.

YPRES, too, has its flax plains, once ploughed by shot and shell. It has faded into obscurity from its unhealthiness. "He looks like a death's head of Ypres" is a common saying of a sickly person in Belgium. Painters, however, find their way hither to study the ancient buildings, of which *les Halles* is the most beautiful; it has its tradition, too, of one of the towers being the work of devils in one night! Diaper, *toile d'Ypres*, was first made here.

When MALINES was but a village, the germ of her power took root in a monastery founded by a few poor brethren. In time, their rights of seigneurie and land gave rise to desperate feuds, and after passing through the fiery furnace of Spain, Malines, or Mechlin, was desolated by the French, till in 1706 the troops of Marlborough grounded their arms in the market place. It is a peaceful, shadowy old town now, where women make lace in flower-wreathed windows. There are no great companies of *teinturiers*; no emporiums of *cramoisis*, and velvets, and cashmere shawls. Even pins and needles came from Malines formerly; but as Birmingham beat Namur, so Gloucester has won the field from Mechlin; and now lace and gingerbread are the commercial rivals of the place!

Formerly, knights of the Golden Fleece had their stalls in the choir of the beautiful cathedral, and mighty sovereigns came hither with their splended retinues to assist at "The Chapter."

An artist after Prout would find studies for months in the *places* or squares. Many a noble mansion, like the ancient homes of aristocracy in Edinburgh, is falling to decay in the occupation of humble tenants; but we cannot help contrasting the tattered and soiled garments and naked feet of Auld Reekie, with the trim caps,

bright kerchiefs, comfortable cotton or woollen petticoats, and stout hose and sabots, or buckled shoes, of the Flemings; whose household furniture, too, is quite a show, from carved armoires and brass clamped chests, to fairy china cups, and gilt glasses that hold just a thimblefull of cognac. Their taste, too, for flowers makes a picture of every façade.

TOURNAY brings us to the frontier of France, and besides the advantages of its industrial position, being with Courtrai and St. Nicholas an important flax district, it possesses those privileges which are best estimated by spendthrifts and duellists! An ancient place, indeed, is this border town of old France and Belgium; and it is supposed to be the *Civitas Nerviorum* of Julius Cæsar. Here the Merovingian Kings held their state, and here, in 481, died King Childeric. He lies in the church of St. Brie, where he was exhumed during the present century. The corpse was discovered wrapped in royal robes, studded with bees; and hence Bonaparte adopted the idea for the adornment of his coronation paraphernalia.

The cathedral, with its five towers, only one bearing a clock—hence the quibbling pun, “cinq tours et quatre cent (*cents*) cloches”—stands up from the other edifices like a phantom of the past, a monumental record of the bloody battles which have been fought on the surrounding plains.

Here, as at Courtrai, the flax waves its delicate bells where once the chivalry of France was gathered against Flanders. It was beneath the walls of Courtrai that the victorious Flemings collected in a heap seven hundred and fifty pairs of golden spurs. More than five hundred years have elapsed since the flower of the French nobility were so cut down; yet the memory of “The Battle of the Spurs” remains. How deep a moral may we learn from the lights and shadows of history!—Five hundred years and more go by; the Flemings prosper under a king; he is allied with England, France, and Austria; but all national jealousies are, to say the least, subdued, and the pageant in honor of the Battle of

the Spurs makes a part in the jubilant processions, arrayed in their utmost splendour to greet the sovereign on his peaceful yet triumphant way.

As we write, we are reminded of a circumstance which occurred but a few years ago at Courtrai, the importance of which should not be under-rated. A well meaning priest in Belgium having been applied to by a lace manufacturer of, as we were informed, Limerick—to engage for him some young women who might by their hints improve the delicate fabric here, the people of Courtrai grew furious at hearing of certain secrets in the art finding their way to Ireland, and raised such a storm about the poor curé's ears, inventing, too, such dreadful tales about “a forcible abduction,” &c., that he was obliged to retract the engagement he had made. An Irish lady, however, with better tact, applied quietly to a poor woman whose daughter was a lace maker, whom she consented to part with under proper guidance. Due arrangements were made, the girl accepted a salary of twenty pounds a year, independent of board and lodging with respectable people, and soon afterwards wrote to Belgium in such terms of satisfaction, as doubtless induced others to think of following her example.

Very lately, Lord Carlisle reminded the members of the Agricultural Society at Athlone, that the increase of flax culture over past years amounted to nearly sixty-five thousand acres.* Such an announcement at such a time rings in our hearts like a chime from a silver bell. We all know how Ireland has been raised in the eyes of other nations, and in her own, by the position she acquired at the Paris Agricultural Show; and those who have had a glance behind the scenes have recognised the development of a right cordial spirit, not only among tenants and landlords engaged in the friendly rivalry, but between the highest nobleman of Ireland and the lowliest farm servant. The honor of each seemed involved in the invigorating race for industrial fame.

Perhaps no assembly of the kind

* In 1848 the report shows a cultivation of 53,863 acres; in 1856, despite delay in the early part of the year, before peace was ratified—of 106,826 acres.

that has yet been held could compete with a Belgian exhibition in interest, or even in the beauty of some of its fabrics. It must be remembered that for upwards of six hundred years, albeit certain checks have been given to arts and manufactures, they have, like the Belgian king of the present age, weathered many a storm, and even in a measure held their way through it with his Majesty. If the loom stopped, the artist worked on ; and in the rush of the Iconoclasts, under the fiery blasts of Spain, and the dread ordeal of later revolutions, many a chef d'œuvre was carried into private sanctuaries, and religiously guarded with reliquaires, exquisite enamels of the Holbein school, altar draperies of lace, and lovely bits of sculpture and wood-carving, till better times came. Painting on glass, which had lost its prestige in the Netherlands since the days of Van Eyck, the inventor, is now in full revival there ; and an altar screen in St. Gudule in Brussels, but lately executed in wood, will bear the test of a microscope. The looms are all in full play again ; and the nobles, gentlemen, and artists are beginning to throw open their galleries and studios as cordially as can be desired, especially to English people.

England herself is hardly aware how much she owes to Brabant in the way of artists and artizans ; for when, during "the troubles of the Pays Bas," as those terrible times were termed, many of the industrious and talented classes emigrated into Holland, our wise Queen Elizabeth took good care, in return for the aid she sent, to have some of these people dispatched to England. Not a whit did she care for any feeling that existed against "foreign talent." No doubt, however, it embittered the mind of many a poor artizan at home, while at the same time it would not fail to evoke the dormant spirit of emulation ; and when, some years afterwards, Rubens came as ambassador from Spain to the court of Charles the First, a new and nobler impulse was given to the fine arts in England. Whitehall, Windsor, and Hampton Court, many public and private buildings were enriched by his genius ; and his well known reply to the remark of an eminent person about the court had, it may be supposed, something to do with raising the dignity of his profession.

Entering the great master's studio unannounced one day, the courtier observed, "The ambassador of His Most Catholic Majesty amuses himself by painting sometimes."

"I amuse myself by *playing the ambassador sometimes*," replied Rubens, with a significant smile.

Besides other advantages that would accrue to Belgium and Great Britain by an Exhibition at Brussels on the plan of our first Crystal Palace and that which closed at Paris last year, it would bring her people, her noblesse and gentry, artists and artisans, into more intimate acquaintanceship with us ; and thus establish an understanding, which at the present is very immature. It is true that from the higher classes of Belgian men living so much in their *Sociétés* and *Cafés*, Englishmen and themselves soon become acquainted ; but, except at official or public *soirées*, our countrywomen have little opportunity of knowing anything of Belgian ladies. It is said of the latter that they do not wish to mingle with the English. This is not surprising, for if it must be admitted that while the easy dignity of a well bred Englishwoman, always ready to receive her friends, is incomprehensible to a Belgian, who is never *en toilette* but for company, it cannot on the other hand be denied that persons have been tolerated on the continent, whose conduct has already banished them from respectable society at home. This the Belgians invariably find out, and what is worse, they too often see such persons encouraged and patronized by those in authority, whose example is looked to by foreigners as the reflex of public opinion and public morals at home. We speak advisedly ; many who read this page will recognize and admit the force of our assertion.

It is to these circumstances we owe the shyness with which foreign women meet us abroad, a shyness legitimate and laudable in itself, but from which the innocent suffer more than the guilty. As regards continental morals, that is not *our* affair. It should be our pride and pleasure to uphold the honor of the British name wherever we may go ; it is but a kind of passive mission, in the fashion we would exercise it, and neither exciting nor enterprising enough for some of our

sex ; but, like the seed that germinates in silence and in shade, must bear fruit in time for good or for evil, and the wider the circle of its growth, the more beneficial or mischievous its influence will prove.

Courtesy at present supplies, as far as it can, the lack of social cordiality between the Belgians and ourselves. The stranger has the *entrée* of the clubs ; the musical *réunions*—another great feature in art-gatherings in Belgium—and all the public libraries are thrown open to him. We have shewn how the archives of Antwerp were ransacked for our edification by Monsieur Verachter ; at Brussels we revelled in its *Bibliothèque Royale* ; at Antwerp, thanks to M. Boeschardt, a British merchant and Waterloo officer, we sat in a superb garden, listening to fine music that cost us nothing ; at Ghent we descended into the crypt of St. Bavon ; and all by the courtesy of intelligent individuals, who appreciated our desire for information. But something more than courtesy was shown in certain incidents which occurred in Antwerp, shortly before the Russian war burst forth ; incidents trifling in themselves, but important as marking the respect entertained by King Leopold's officers for those in the service of Her Majesty Queen Victoria ; interesting, too, since he, alas ! with whom they are chiefly connected fell in one of the bloodiest affrays before Sebastopol.

One afternoon an English baronet and his friend, both field officers in Her Majesty's service, had the pleasure to meet at dinner, at the table d'hôte of the Hotel des Pays Bas, several members of the garrison, who, happy at such an accession to their party, vied with each other in offering the strangers every courtesy in their power. They opened the preliminaries of the *entente cordiale* by an invitation to adjourn to the club ; there the English officers were presented to the general commanding the garrison, who was won at once by that frank and kindly manner which endeared the late Sir ——— to all who knew him. Never having seen Belgian troops before, he desired to acquaint himself with all that concerned the profession he loved ; and was consequently delighted to accept an invitation to visit the barracks and citadel next morning. At an early

hour an officer arrived to conduct Sir ——— and his friend to the inspection, for such it was, as much as though the colonel on leave had been a general on duty. Men in light marching order, others heavily accoutred, and others in full dress, stood at intervals, awaiting the scrutiny of the British officers, who in their turn were exceedingly struck with the efficiency of all they saw, and especially with the interior economy of the system they had an opportunity of examining throughout ; for, on the threshold of each new department, the one officer took his leave, and another replaced him. The courtesy did not end here ; next day was the *fête du roi*, which was celebrated by a military mass, and an inspection of the troops ; another invitation to be present at this spectacle was duly forwarded to Sir ———, and a young officer, as before, was appointed to attend him. As may be supposed, he left Belgium deeply impressed not only by the brotherly cordiality of its officers, but by the efficiency and completeness of the army in every department, from the magnificent armoury at Antwerp, to the smart *cantinière* of that perfectly equipped corps, the *Guides* at Brussels.

The King of the Belgians may rejoice, his fatiguing progress over, in the satisfaction he has given his people, by sharing with them, so to speak, the quaint and piquantes fêtes which they have revived to do him honor. It is not long since it was reported that His Majesty *thought* of abdicating in favor of his eldest son ; and some considered that the alliance with Austria, while the principal parties were yet of tender age, was but the forerunner of such a step. What such an event as the birth of an heir to the young couple's high fortunes might lead to, it is impossible to say ; in the mean time, King Leopold seems to grow wiser as he grows older, illustrating daily that acuteness of disposition in government which marked the policy by which he held his throne through the shock of political convulsions close by. When all looked dark and gloomy round him, when the people of Belgium themselves scarce knew what to do in the midst of the threatened strife between kingdoms, their sove-

reign got up a little quiet *coup d'état* of his own, which met the occasion perfectly. He offered to abdicate if his people saw fit! They hesitated—but not for long. “How shall we

better ourselves?” they asked, and the king remained—sovereign of Belgium by the grace of God, and, most certainly, by the will of the people.

POETRY, GOOD, BAD, AND INDIFFERENT.

LIKE a very grievous murrain the *cacoethes scribendi* is abroad. A terrible disease it is, tingling at the ends of the fingers, and sending horrible delights and pains, shaking hopes, and conceited fears to its source—a verrucose development of the organ of self esteem. It is as it was in the days of Horace; one will spin us out a thousand verses standing on one leg—and one idea. Another will be seized with Pierian thirst, and lo! as he stoops to drink, the fountain subsides, and he is abandoned on the sand of prose. Another, essaying Parnassus, finds when too late he has mistaken the mountain, and that he treads the hill of the terrible Chimera. It is our own fault. The public capacity is Curtian; it must have the best thrown into it, or it will not close. We ask for writers, and like Tarpeia we are crushed with our own request. The all producing earth never poured forth with such fecundity as the all mothering press. Much need, oh typeful mother! hast thou of a season of barrenness, till some Isaac, full of fresh young life, have time to germinate—the child of genius and of joy. Doth not thy leaden bosom throb with indignation as the more leaden sheets pass over thee? How oft has a second edition stirred thee to pain ineffable! Far otherwise was it with thee in the days of thy primal being, when William Caxton drew from thy bosom, where his fame reposed, the deep black letters of the “Recuyell of Troy.” What a great antique memory is that! Then men considered for many years before they stamped the immortality of printing on the unexpressed thought. Now we plunge into type, and it never occurs to us that we have made our imaginings immortal. We do not recognize now the importance of our own ideas, and that is the chief reason that they are so generally worthless. Whatever

we write is read, will always find readers of some class, and through them we necessarily influence all future time—it may be by infinitesimal gradations. This may seem fanciful, but it is a true and solemn thought. We should ever write with the veiled face of the great Future watching and solemnizing all, as did the Egyptian skeleton. We do not say that men should write only for the future; but, while writing for the present, let them remember that the present is ever changing to the future, in fact, that there is no such thing as present time at all. It is for this reason, that men do not recognize the importance of what they are doing, and for the consequent harmfulness of their productions, that we are fearful of the multitudinous poetics of this time.

Every man writeth what is right in his own eyes. The press teems with poems of the foolishest; truly, with few of the noblest kind. There is but one hope for us, and it may seem a paradox to say so. It lies in the very cause of the misfortune. It is the liberty of the press. Is not freedom the parent of all nobleness? and would not the foolish element become sheer idiocy or madness by restraint. There is no hope, of a truth, left for us but in the freedom which will permit this diluted folly to evaporate, and perchance, which may the Gods grant, leave a precipitate of sense at the bottom. But the situation of the poetry-reading public at present is that of a prima donna almost choked with bouquets. The boxes write, the pit writes, the galleries write, and on every possible subject. We are a verse-writing nation. The danger is that we shall cease to be a poetic nation. Let us think more and write less. The red hot bar of poetical feeling is violently hammered out into nothing but sparks, instead of being slowly weld-

ed into poetry. We think our thought out too fast, and then we are reduced to thinking about thinking, and feeling about feeling, instead of slowly progressing by producing thought from thought, and feeling from feeling.

The world is too much with us, late and soon
Getting and spending we lay waste our
powers.

We have given our hearts away—a sordid
boon.

It is but too true. We give our hearts away, all in a hundred pages or so, and we give nothing worth the giving. We have not kept them long enough. We have never learnt the great lesson of life—to wait. It was not till the idea of *Paradise Lost* had lain germinating for half a life, that it sprang into the stately tree. It was not till the calm twilight of existence had fallen round the path of the Great Puritan, that the Epic of England was composed. Then, when the destruction of outward sight had separated him from outward beauty, he took refuge in the still cathedral of his soul, and it was filled with the light of Paradise. But we will not wait. We imagine every moment of feeling to be an age of feeling. When we are morbid, we feel by intuition that the mantle of Byron has descended on us.

In that moment o'er our soul
Winters of memory seem to roll.

When we feel permeated with the beauty of the world, and recognize therein somewhat akin to our humanity, we cannot but feel that Wordsworth's muse is ours; and so—we begin to write. But it is one thing to feel, and another to express. To but few of the sons of earth is given the gift divine of "adequate expression." It is true that we are these men in a certain sense; our intuitions do not lie. Wordsworth's, Byron's very beauty to us is that they express what *we* feel, and what *we* are, and what we could not put in words. They call up in us feelings which we find that we have possessed, but which we had not recognized before, which lay in the heart, waiting like silent harp strings for the wind to vibrate. In a few words, they supply

us with, and make known to us our own feeling. But the poetasters of our time write as if expression were as easy as feeling, or thinking. Such is the case only when the ideas to be embodied are fully rounded in the mind of the poet. But these men endeavour to clothe in words thoughts whose shadows they have only seen. Like Ixion, they embrace a cloud instead of a goddess, and a monster is produced; whereas, if they had waited a little longer, they would have realized a good, and avoided a fault. They would have gained the idea; and they would not, owing to their imperfect conception of it, have expressed in twenty lines what might have been done in two.

As on a former occasion we have borne witness to the abiding excellence of the highest poetry of the age, and, above all, to the true and filtered purity of the poetic idea, as combining, after years of gradual development, the natural, practical, imaginative, passionate, loving, human, and spiritual elements, it is but fitting that we should say a few words on the lower classes of poetry at present, which have arisen either by imitation, or by a false admixture of the poetical elements. We cannot but compare the writings of some of the poets of the present day to *pâtes de foie gras*—highly seasoned unwholesome poems. Of this class especially is that to which a living poet has given the sobriquet of spasmodic. It has in reality arisen from an attempt to unite the spiritual and sensual element. In Bulwer's Zanoni, Glyndon, when endeavouring to reach the spiritual existence of a Rosicrucian, is enticed away by sensual pleasure, and attempts to grasp the reward without passing through the stage of trial. It is exactly what these sensualistico-spiritual poets do. They daub the wall with untempered mortar. It is this mixture which causes the indescribable confusion in which the reader finds himself involved, when he is in the centre of a poem like "Balder, or the Life Drama." To poems of this class Horace's description may well apply. "In the upper part a beautiful woman, beneath a loathsome fish." They are essentially unhealthy, certainly in their effect on the generality of readers, and we fear on the minds of the poets themselves. The tendency of youth is to

grasp at crude and wild ideas, attractive from their very crudeness and wildness, without thinking of effects. This is a very trite remark, but it is none the less true. The effect of these poems is to make men discontented with plain thinking and strong thinking. Its teaching is that a poet of the soul must pass through a tornado of passion, and personally feel all he aspires to represent. It is identical with the teaching of some to young men—"Sow your wild oats; the corn afterwards will be all the better." Such may be the case; the crop is sometimes all the better for it, but, as Tennyson well writes on the very point,

Oh, if we held the doctrine sound
For life outliving heats of youth,
Yet who would preach it as a truth
To those that eddy round and round?

We may apply the same reasoning to the postulate of this school. A man may make a better poet for having felt passion deeply, but is it necessary? We trow not—we doubt whether Shakspeare was ever as jealous as Othello, or as conscience-stricken as Lady Macbeth. Finally, we have no hesitation in saying that the eager recipient of these Poems has ruined his poetic taste, or if not, when he enters real life, he is disgusted with their unreality; and the strength of thought necessary to get rid of them oftentimes ends in a struggle which makes all poetry distasteful.

There is another class of poets who are called, and some of them very falsely so, transcendental. Transcendentalism transferred to poetry has adopted a strange method of explaining itself. What was partially comprehensible before has now become all but incomprehensible. This is owing to the language in which it clothes itself. The Transcendental Poets write for themselves and for no one else. They use a jargon which none but the initiated understand. It is as incomprehensible in common circles as the flash dialect would be in St. James' Square. It is the Mumbo-Jumboism of literature. It is unfortunate that they will make use of their lingual enormities, when Wordsworth has shown us what may be done with simple English, and when Milton has made it almost inspired. It is further unfortunate—for their meaning is oftentimes of value.

We do not believe that this strange tongue is natural to them; it is but a grotesque suit of clothes. Let it be thrown off. It is better to be naked to all the world than dressed for a few. We fear that these men who pass, twisting and circling like "the serpent more subtle than any beast of the field," through the fair Paradise of the English language, will finally gain for themselves the serpent's curse. Emerson, who, is perhaps the essence of Transcendentalism, is yet comprehensible enough; for he condescends to use his native tongue in its purity, and frames his sentences according to the understood rules of English grammar. Mr. Browning, for example, whom we recognize as a true poet, and whose dramas are strong with intuitive conception, is yet so strange and uncouth in his modes of expression, that he repels numbers whom he might attract. The story of the great comedian who took up as his first book, on recovering from a fever, Browning's "Sordello," and after reading three lines cast it down, and with a face, half terror, half fun, exclaimed, "Merciful Goodness, have I lost my senses?" is but the story of thousands.

Next on the list is another class. *The voluminous.* This is a more melancholy case than the last. The transcendental expression gives at least a spur to thought. But the characteristic, the essential difference of the poems written by this class of men, is an inexplicable absence of thought. These are men who flow in rhyme as naturally, as copiously, and not so beneficially as the village pump in water, "in one weak, washy, everlasting flood." These are men who to a hundred pages of sentimentality add a single thought as a flavor; whose minds seem diluted to the consistency of weak whey; who can, as the three madmen, get drunk each night on toast and water; who "die of a rose in aromatic pain," and whose only striking fault is that they each and all labor under an inexplicable impulse to impart their weaknesses to the public, which wades hopefully as of old thro' volumes of stanzas and sonnets, and poems and poemettes, and finally dozes off to sleep, thankful at least for the innocent nature of the narcotic.

There is yet another class of poets,

and it is at these that we look with sorrow, for they have forfeited their individuality. There are several phases of this, but the chief one takes its rise from a desire of displaying a distinctive peculiarity to the world, and so gaining surprise or admiration. It is strange that in aiming at this they lose the very thing they aspire to. Poets of this class devote themselves to a particular line, and when they have chosen this, set themselves to work that they may develop feeling for it. Many of these men are writing now. We are afflicted with *The Patriot*, *The Sorrowful*, *The Lonely*, *The Sentimentalist*, *The Worshipper of the Beautiful*, *The All-admiring*, *The All-denouncing*. All are equally bad, so far as they cease to be natural. We do not complain of their writing, but we do complain of their not writing what they are, or what they feel. Nothing is more interesting to the individual than the experience of another individual. The expression of true, real conceptions, were it even on an apothecary's bottle, would be pleasant to read. We should be able to form some idea of what the man was. "But no," say they, "that would be too common; the public must see our conservatory where we keep our exotics." They will not give us flowers from the garden or the hills of the heart; they even go further, for it is these flowers which they pre-eminently despise, though we hope in some cases unconsciously. The minds of these men are filled with ideas culled from foreign parterres, till finally they believe that these, and these alone, are their own. For this they pay a terrible penalty. They lose the power of individual thinking and feeling. They do not even know when an idea belongs to them, or to some other man. They live a false life. They are adrift in a sea of tumbling confusion, and at last, if they will not recognize their error, this confusion becomes their proper life. In this they sink to the very deepest depth of intellectual futility. If they would but realize that there is no need of separating themselves from the whole of humanity in order to become distinct, they would regain their individuality. Only as participating in and working in the universal, do we keep ourselves individual. Only in dividing from the whole do we cease to be individual.

Let each one of us be, as Emerson says, "a unit in creation;" a unit out of creation ceases to be one, it becomes a nothing. Let us take a lesson from nature. There is not a leaf on any tree which is the same as another, and yet the thousand leaves of one oak wave in a beautiful and satisfying unity.

In these remarks we would not be understood as referring to any persons, but merely urging on the poetic minds of this time the necessity of avoiding the falsehood of extremes, the incongruous admixture of opposing elements, and the necessity of a free self-determination towards the natural and truthful in the poetic development of the individual mind. We are not blaming persons; we are considering classes of poetry abstractedly. Moreover, even in the very lowest of these classes there is an element which elevates, and which must necessarily influence our island homes for good. There is an earnestness, however misdirected; there is a love, however faint, of the beautiful, true, pure, and good, which raises our poetic idea, even in its meanest outward development, above that of the Byronic period. There is a faith in something higher and repose in the thought of the future. There is a stretching forth of hands and hearts into the darkness unexplored, that they may feel after and find truth, which promises a clearer heaven of song to England. Men, as has been said, "are in some sort that which they desire to be," and then let but the desire last, and it will gradually fulfill itself. We speak not here of those poets who have crowned the time with thought; yet we cannot but say, that if many of those who are called second-rate were but to shake off the formalism and imitation to which they have self-determined their own will, and step forward freedmen in the sight of the infinite things to be received by an open heart, they would reach heights which would rival the summits where, content with glory, and self-wrapped in the intuitive realization of everlasting beauty, our great poetic fathers sit. But to attain this they must be self-determined men. They must allow the activity of free thought to work freely in a free world. They must gain the power of receiving impressions from

all things into a heart which has all its windows open, and where the unchartered air dissipates all prejudices, all foreign collections of ideas, and allows the judgment free course for calm and well balanced conclusions. When they succeed in this, in freeing their own mind, the imagination and the passion will work forth on the judgment without influencing it too much, and they will become poetically free. This will increase poetic power in the nation; this will impart new pulsations to the veins of all men; for in the harmonious diversity which makes the being of all things, and of society, no one can work for all without working for himself, or work for himself without working for all. The success or failure of one is the success or failure of all.

Taking up one of the books committed to our criticism, we were rejoiced to find one which approached this ideal. "The Rev. Archer Gurney's Poems,"* though not exhibiting much delicate or metaphysical thought, and very little of the imaginative faculty, yet are well worth reading, if it were only that here we meet with a free man; one who, having attained to a consciousness of his own self-activity, necessarily wishes that all men should be similarly free. This desire runs as a clear clang of joy through most of his poems. It is refreshing as a cataract to meet with such a manly vigorous sense of life, with one who does what he has to do because God has given it him to do, and who sees a reality and an influence in all things. This is the opening poem of the book, and it is a fitting portal:—

FOR WHOSO NEEDS.

Come, rouse thyself, Acastor, man!
Life's glades lie fresh before thee.
Nay, who would yield, while fight he can?
Believe, the heavens are o'er thee.
Go where thou mayst, do what thou wilt,
This truth shall round beset thee,
All vain despondency is guilt,
For God can ne'er forget thee.

This still foreboding angry strain
From ruddy lips perplexes;
Of false alarms the shadowy train
The friends that prize thee vexes.

Methinks, at once 'twere better place
Grey head on boyish shoulder,
*Than wax in every moment's space
Some thousand ages older.*

Come, rouse thee! God was never served
By sleeping or by sighing.
'Twere better e'en the courser swerved
Than idly stretched as dying.
A gallant task demands thy years:
Thou seem'st as wholly given
To wear away thy life by fears!
Well-droppings rocks have riven.

O cheer thee! cast aside for aye
These hypochondriac fancies.
If cheat ourselves we must and may,
Be't not with Dutch romances.
No, rather let a fairy swarm
Of phantasies up-buoy us;
Too much of hope can scarce do harm,
And action should be joyous.

Then as this moral strain began,
It ends to reassure thee:
Up-rouse thyself, Acastor, man!
The boundless heavens are o'er thee.
Go where thou mayst, do what thou wilt,
This truth shall round beset thee—
All vain despondency is guilt,
For God can ne'er forget thee.

Before a heartfelt, clear smile like this, we naturally expect that Humbug should drop abashed; and so it is, and moreover, the wailing, and crying, and marvellous roaring of certain Carlylists, who say that every body is wrong, and never show any body what is right, but are content with denouncing, are treated in the following lines, as they should be, with a genial life which smiles them into good humour and truth.

AN ANGRY HOUR.

Am I then born out of season,
Dropped in an age and clime
When honest speech ranks for treason,
Single opinion is crime?

O would'st thou hurry me, nature,
Back to those frank days of yore,
When art had swathed not a creature,
Bolstered behind and before!

Let me but 'scape from this chatter,
"Progress, Reform, and Advance,"
Platform-parading, Tongue-clatter,
Worlds weighed and judged at a glance!

* Songs of Early Summer, by Rev. Archer Gurney. London: Longman, Brown, Greene, and Longmans.

All this intense declamation,
Thundered in leaders and verse !
"Ho, for the age, and the nation !"
Would ye were better or worse !

Hopeless convention doth bind ye,
E'en while ye ring your self-praise :
Let me go before or behind ye !
I never can trot in your ways.

And the answer :—

Friend, have you rattled your thunder ?
Believe, you're the last man, nor first,
To groan out wrath, raving, and wonder :
Pray groan, lest the safety-valve burst !

Haply your age and your fellows
Are not quite such blanks as you woen,
And time, while it tempers minds mellows ;
Morn blusters, but noon is serene.

Doubtless the age has its weakness ;
Yet, friend ! our life's claims are not few.
*Just stand in the circle, with meekness,
And you shall find something to do.*

We are glad to read this. To despair of the world is to destroy your chance of ever making it better. To despair of the world ends in despairing of yourself. Moreover, all false sentiment, as in poor Byron's case, has a tendency to end in falser fatalism. On this rock many a fair bark is rent and overwhelmed. We weep our fancied misfortune, or continue to weep over our real sorrow, till out of our tears there rises a gloom, a phantom, and a shape which haunts us all our life with a cry of doom. On the contrary, we have much to be happy for.

The present is thy mortal lot,
Then let not care thy soul benumb.
We are but pilgrims here on earth,
And cause have we to joy alway
That such sweet flowers should spring to birth
On these bleak pathways where we stray.

In the same poem, "Twilight on the Drachenfels," Mr. Gurney also recognizes a great truth which redeems us from the unhappiness and false misery which we make out of our lot, if it is not cast in the lofty circumstances we think befit us—that all the meanest, simplest, and commonest things in life and nature are hallowed into symbols of the eternal and the noble, by the touch of the Son of Man. All things are, as it were, rendered sacramental.

Yes, and the valleys once were trod
By one who thrones o'er space and time ;
Thence sacred rests thy meanest sod ;
Thence is thy simplest flower sublime ;
Thence is each thought, each word, each deed,
That careless mortals' transient call,
Immortal in its boundless meed,
And in the atom lurks the all.

The liberty of heart which we recognize in Mr. Gurney's book necessarily presupposes a mind based on certain large principles ; and through all these Poems there is a clear undertone of calmness and reliance and courage, which ever follows when life has resolved itself into order and unity beneath the rule of a few great truths. In so far as Mr. Gurney, or any poet has attained to this, so far all the enigmas of this world are open. This insight, this glance through "plaited lies," this fearless look is the true condition under which a mind becomes clearly poetical ; because then it sees the foundations of nature and life, and attains to an humble boldness of heart. It is the knowledge of this by our poets which raises our poetic idea so high.

There are in these poems a delicacy of conception and an insight into the more refined sympathies and feelings of our nature, which we do not often meet with. It is true that a free, bold, self-determined, manly humanity is oftentimes the most tender and refined. This surprises us only because we have not reflected sufficiently on the strange duality in our nature, which mingles the feminine and the manly. At random we select a few thoughts :—

Love's very essence is to give
What ne'er was seen or dreamt before.

And again, we become what we love :—

Men know thee not, men dare to scorn and
hate thee ;
Seek in my bosom nobler sympathies.
Though in myself unworthy all to mate thee—
Yet in my love to thy pure height I rise.

And in the poem on a Factory Girl :—

All things to her seemed dear and kind
That others pain had given,
For goodness good in all can find
And earth to love is heaven.

This is very delicate :—

Her soul is with the loving God,
Her frame hath changed to flowers.

Some of the ballads have the true German afflatus, that wonderful condensed suggestiveness which came to us first in song from the court of Weimar. One, "A Ballad"—and another, "Omens," are well worth a perusal.

We may have dwelt too long on Mr. Gurney's poems; but if our readers will read for themselves, they will hold us excused. The number of subjects treated of, the differing modes of thought, the manner in which Mr. Gurney shows us the stages by which his judgment on any point was matured, instead of giving us the matured judgment. The quaint proverbial stanzas suggest so much, that we could not write less, and we feel as if we had not written enough.

We will embrace all we have to say of censure upon Mr. Gurney in a few words. In the very freedom of mind which is his great excellence lies the fault he possesses—his judgments are too rash; his freedom is not sufficiently under the law of a free reason. At times his opinions run away with him, "ventre a terre," and he arrives in a tract of strange country, where there is no landmark that he knows, and whence he comes back with his opinions, jaded and wearily confused, like melancholy steeds. Still there is good teaching all though the book, even in the failures. His mind, principle-led, can even fall to rise the better. As he says in one of his proverbs :—

When they abuse thee, the great and the small,
 Lose not thy temper, nor answer at all;
 Simply do what thou feel'st to be good,
 And thou at last shall be understood.

"Poems by Mrs. Machell"* combine with some nicety of expression a degree of effort which prevents us recognizing them as either above mediocrity, or below it. They are quietly content with their position. There is much tenderness, but not the delicate dissection of thought which so particu-

larly belongs to the finer feminine organization. Her muse trembles oftentimes on the confines of some great thought; but it is only seldom that it is grasped. Nevertheless, there are clear, broad, sunny pictures which glance upward beseechingly from these pages, and are pleasant to read, for they are natural and pretentious. "Ernest and Genevra," from which we quote a few passages, is perhaps the best poem in the book; not better in expression and poetical feeling so much as in the connected thought and delineation of character which weave it into a whole. The description of the loneliness of Genevra, and the consequent effect on her character, are well drawn, and somewhat in the style of Wordsworth :—

For slighted, scorned and joyless grew
 The childhood that no parent knew,
 Beneath a stranger's care;
 She never would complain, but still
 Her heart could have no kindly thrill;
 Her feelings none could share.

At length, neglected, hurt, and spurned,
 From other minds she proudly turned,
 To contemplate her own;
 Then first she had some happy hours;
 She felt her intellectual powers,
 And sought to be alone.

To her, too, nature gave delight,
 The glories of the starry night
 With rapture filled her mind,
 And in the depths of loneliness
 She felt a joy that few can guess,
 So pure and so refined.

In solitude her fancy caught
 A deep and powerful cast of thought,
 A wild and mournful tone;
 And as to none she could impart
 The wayward feelings of her heart,
 They all uncurbed had grown.

This is one of the best specimens of Mrs. Machell's poetry. There are several other portions of poems that would be worth insertion; and indeed, on re-reading them, they seem so much better in spirit and conception than on the first perusal, that if we had room we should quote more of this lady's thought. The principle embodied in "The Page" is so full of truth, that we are glad of its expres-

* Poems and Translations by Mrs. Machell. London: John W. Parker and Son, West Strand, 1856.

sion, though the peculiarly French cast of the story makes us regret that Mrs. Machell did not throw aside her foreign predilections, and give us a simple-hearted English tale. The principle is briefly contained in the last two lines :—

And guilt may be hidden, and danger lies
In the midst of the holiest sympathies.

It is too true. It is the perversion of the most godlike thing within us which is the cause of the profligacy which is gnawing at the entrails of English life. Were the truth of this more realized, the institutions for bettering the morals of the poor, and the model-jails, and the mad-houses would all be ordered better, and directed with more certainty towards a radical and lasting cure.

"The First Regret" is a graceful poem, and has descriptions scattered through it which bespeak a heart open to the infinite teaching of nature. Here are a few lines :—

Her lovely eyes, filled with a power intense,
Shone in the brightness of her innocence.

The buoyancy of her young spirit found
An echo in her voice, whose silver sound,
Limpid and pure, had, in its thrilling tone,
A harmony and music of its own;
And as it rose into the air, that voice
Bade all around her listen and rejoice.

Before she knew me, years had left no trace:
Love had no previous records to efface;
The only future that before her lay
Was the calm evening of each happy day.

The story of Dolorida is most painfully like a scene in Eugene Sue's *Wandering Jew*. The translations from Victor Hugo are well managed and carefully done. In truth, half the book is filled with renderings from the French; and we trace in Mrs. Machell's own poetry a half French character, which, we are glad to say, sits most uneasily on the natural part of her mind. We would that all who are enamoured of foreign literature would chew the writings of a wild, unnatural, and fevered school, and give their attention to Lamartine and others, who have not

so much restored as built a new and purer portico for the poets of France to walk in. We had wished to say something of Mrs. Machell's rendering of the legend of St. Christopher; but to all those who desire to see the true meaning of the ancient story fully discussed, Mrs. Jameson's book on "*Legends and Legendary Art*" is open.

"*Adventures of a Summer Eve*,"* by William G. T. Barter, constitute a sum total of experience probably not ever before passed through by any country gentleman. Mr. Barter goes forth at eventide for a walk, and musing on the summit of a hill, euphoniously named Hog's Back, is suddenly astonished, for beside him he is aware of

A glistening shape, whose aspect sweet
And large calm eye, not unfamiliar seemed.

This is the Spirit of Criticism, who talks much truism and much sense, and who finally carries off the gentleman in a sphinx-head chariot, which is thus described with some power :—

It seemed of pearl, but of a thousand hues
Still changing to the eye, and all inscribed
With characters it seemed of every tongue
Ancient and late, with hieroglyphic signs,
And arrow-head, and granite-haunting runes,
Inmyatic interchange: distinct appearing now,
Now blending into one. And at the prow
Of this strange boat or car, which might be
either,
A head of sphinx looked out—cold, cruel,
calm,
But yet of sweetness irresistible
To win the gazer's soul although he die.
And longer had I gazed, but she bade enter,
"For time doth wear," she said, "and long
our way.
Thro' life ne'er loiter, time by forelock take."

The last line, which is given to the Spirit of Criticism by Mr. Barter, we cannot believe to have been hers. In this instance we think that some evil demon has deceived him, for in all due deference we humbly submit that it is unworthy of any one, more especially of a spirit, moreover the Spirit of Criticism. For many pages after, our impression was that Mr. Barter had the proverbial Sancho Panza seated in the car with him, while the

* *Adventures of a Summer Eve*; by W. G. T. Barter. A poem in six books. London: Sampson Low, and Co.

Spirit had been called away. After circling the earth three times, and holding a conversation on many subjects, and passing through some physical changes, and being aware of a certain bliss from the circumfusion of the spirit of the earth, Mr. Barter and his guide stay their chariot wheels on a plain in the planet Hermes. It will be a source of pleasure to those who have been horrified by the description of the burning state of Mercury in the "Essay on the Plurality of Worlds," to learn from one who has visited the planet that the inhabitants enjoy a very pleasant atmosphere, and that the vegetable and general productions are very much the same as ours. Crossing a mountain range, our voyagers arrive at a gulf in the Phrenic Ocean, called Phrontis, and sail up the river Mue-moneia. On the banks they see "a glorious shape," who turns out to be Shakespeare, whose conversation we are happy to say is much improved from those days when, fencing with Ben Jonson, he is reported to have glanced as well frivolously as deeply into subjects, and to have mixed the gross element with the strangely, beautifully pure. In a few moments, Mr. Barter is the centre of a cloud of poets and authors; and, overcoming his natural shyness, he opens a conversation with Cervantes, who, telling a long story, is excessively agreeable. The fourth canto opens with the author journeying up a hill to "the Hall of Visions," on the way to which several homeless voices answer all his thoughts in a most "apropos" manner: also they see Shelley,

Who on a mossy bank reclined, did track
With earnest eyes the less'ning skylark's
flight.

And a little further on, Wordsworth, leaning over a waterfall. Moliere joins them, and Mr. Barter enters the Hall of Visions, where, among other things very like what Pope saw in his Temple of Fame, he discovers an empty tablet which his guide tells him is reserved for Macaulay. This will cheer the great historian. Here are *ἑταῖρα πρεπόεστα*, winged words, who being seemingly unable to realize their own identity, answer in a very melancholy and uncertain manner. Finally, after a vague and

very unsatisfactory interview with the Wandering Jew, (whose appearance in Hermes we cannot account for) Mr. Barter sees as in a panorama the Crimean and Turkish campaigns; for he it remembered that this poem is supposed to be written three years ago. It is very gratifying to hear of the immense interest taken by Shakespeare, Homer, Virgil, Milton, and all, in the cavalry charges, and in the condition of the army, and, above all in Florence Nightingale, brave, beautiful and pure. In the fifth canto, Mr. Barter has a view of London by night, and his guide (who to our horror imitates Asmodeus, and unroofs the houses for his eye) shows him various life episodes which are told with great feeling and power. The burning of Covent Garden Theatre takes place in this canto, and, moreover, the word *nickle* occurs so often, that we cannot help wondering that Mr. Barter was not as weary of it as we became. In the sixth canto, they leave the Hall of Visions, and proceeding by the banks of the river Phantasy, which flows from the midmost mountain, they reach a vale of beauty. On his way down from the river a mist,

— "Peopled all with countless shapes
That myth or legend haunt or sprightly tale."

All the forms of Grecian and Roman
and Druid song were there;

And ever and anon like meteors rose
Self-radiant, eager forms, with starry crowns,
Where myriad eyes looked wistful out, and
ask'd,
With earnest utterance, "Cometh yet the
hour?"

I knew them from the poets yet unborn.

Reaching the valley, Mr. Barter holds a conversation which we cannot help thinking rather dull, with Aristides, Bacon, Bentham, Plato, Montesquieu, Locke, Moliere, and others. Finally,

A sound of weird-voiced music, soft and low,
Of far off solemn music met my ear.
Up from the ground it rose, and grew, and
grew,
With sweetest increment; 'neath brooding
wings
Of twilight gray, that o'er us hovered now,
When twilight deepened into darkness, rose
As 'twere embodiment of those weird sounds,
A fabric huge of opal crystalline,

Whose walls' gigantic compass closed us round
And arching overhead roofed all the vale,
Shut out the thousand eyes of gazing stars,
Shut in that multitude in one vast banquet
hall.

In this opal hall the mirth and fun
grow vast and furious. Soon all the
poets, under the influence of the water
of Phantasy, become inspired. Homer
sings the "Cotter's Saturday Night,"
Keats finishes Hyperion, and Coleridge
Christabel, and Tyrtaeus calls
aloud for "Scots wha hae," which is
sung standing by the whole assembly,
when alas, becoming excited, Mr. Barter
seizing on a draught of the water
of Phantasy,

The glorious vision fled and all was dark,

and opening his eyes he finds himself
deposited on the grassy bank where
first he was 'ware of the Spirit of
Criticism.

The poetry in which all this is told
is sometimes bad, sometimes good,
and sometimes reaches a degree of
simply great pre-eminence which re-
minds us of Milton. The thought is
of the same varying character, indif-
ferent, good, and very good. The
expression is in portions wonderfully
inadequate. It is a book of extremes.
There is much nicety of thought, and
it pleases us so much that our only
regret is that Mr. Barter did not give
more time to his mind, that his book
might be a perfect whole, an orb
mirror, crystalline and pure. The
Valhalla of authors to which we are
introduced is too material. We do
not realize for a moment that we are
in the spirit-world. We do not feel
that we are talking to the shades of
old, the grand poetic kings, or the lords
of thought.

Plato the wise, and large-browed Verulam,
The first of those that knew.

There is a fine delicate materialism,
which has been attained to by some
of our poets, which makes the human
spiritual and the spiritual human,
and so engages our sympathies, and
yet suggests the vague infinite idea of
an existence separate from matter. It
is in this that Mr. Barter has chiefly

failed: nevertheless, we are thankful
for much good poetry, and we cheer-
fully excuse what is false in concep-
tion and expression.

The adventures we have just writ-
ten of were so vivid in action, and so
short in their duration, that it was
with relief we caught at the title of
the next book upon our table, suggest-
ing to us calm reflection and steady
earnest thought. "Lonely Hours,"
by Caroline Giffard Phillipson,* we
took up with joy and laid down with
sorrow. The atmosphere of the book
is like that of a damp climate. The
heart of joy is crushed. It is the
heaving of one long sigh, *eximio pectori*,
from beginning to end—expressed,
compressed, unexpressed melancholy.
Nevertheless there is poetry in the
midst of this long wail; there is an
ear well attuned to the music of metre,
and the expression of thought is some-
times felicitous enough. The great
fault of Miss Phillipson's book, and
we say it without in the slightest de-
gree depreciating the unquestionable
talent of her mind, takes its rise from
an untrue conception of the value of
loneliness. There are two kinds of
loneliness—one the loneliness of mere
sentiment, which feels itself abandon-
ed by the world, and is continually
and morbidly dwelling on its isola-
tion. The fatal effect of this is a
selfishness which is all the more tho-
roughly selfish because it is so refined,
and which the owner is generally un-
conscious of. This in the poet sepa-
rates him from humanity, and forces
him to see all things through the
smoked glass of his own grief. Thus
he loses all vigor, all freshness, all
youth, and then evolves only a sickly
sentimentalism. This is self-imposed
loneliness, and is false and untrue to
human nature. The other is the
loneliness of him who, elevated far
above his compeers by the far seeing
glance, and the keen truth by which
he lives, works for ends which can
only be fully developed in the future,
and who by his very greatness is mis-
understood. This is a high and noble
loneliness. Now the loneliness of
these "Lonely Hours," we fear, par-
takes of the first. There are but few
poems in the book which are not on

* Lonely Hours. Poems by C. G. Phillipson; a new edition, enlarged. London: John
Mason, 28, Maddox-street, Regent-street.

Miss Philipson's griefs, and regrets, and longings; and as the burden is always the same, it is impossible not to feel wearied by the oft-recurring tale, despite of the excellent poetry in which some of these "melancholics" are served up to us. One of the best poems in the book, almost the best, is the one in which the authoress has got fully out of herself. We quote a few verses from some of the self-mournings, and then this self-freed poem as a contrast:—

Hope is a faintly shining star
Whose beams ne'er light on me,
The palest where a thousand are
Glowing eternally;
But with a vain deceitful hue
Attracting every wanderer's view.

and the beginning of the very next poem:—

And I am all alone—once more alone;
The dreams of other brighter hours have fled,
My sad heart watches from her silent throne,
O'er hopes, affections, withered now and dead.

And three or four pages on,

I cannot help these falling tears;
Nor can I force them back,—
They do but flow for vanished years
Faded from life's dim track.
If thou could'st feel the heavy load
This earth has cast on me,
Thou would'st not wonder that my road
Is one of misery.

The rhythm and expression of these are good, and though the ideas are not very original, yet they are delicate; but the poetry of this which we have called the Self-freed Poem is infinitely better:—

TO JESSIE.

Over the deep, afar and away,
Thy loved one is gone,
Thou hear'st his voice in the soft winds play
When evening comes on.
The stars as they shine down from sadness
Seem dim,
But remember, their beam shed a light o'er
him!

• • • • •
Hold up thy head, and look calmly out
On the soft summer air;
Smell the sweet flowers, and walk about,
As though thou had'st no care.
He whom thou lovest will quickly come
Back o'er the deep to his wife and home

Sad was the parting and bitter the fear
When the farewell was spoke,
Fast in each dim eye did gather the tear,
As each from the other broke.
But think what the rapturous hour will be
When from the deep he returneth to thee.

We hope that Miss Philipson will apply to her own mind the lesson she gives her friend here, and we shall then hail her next book with pleasure. We will give her a title for it—"Active Hours." One hour of *doing* in the present is better than a thousand spent in mourning over the future. Why does Miss Philipson,—so have we been asking ourselves all through the book,—why does she so weep her life out in melancholy song, when her poetry would be so well worth reading and thinking over, if by a little activity she would only impart to it an element of freshness and joy? He who works painfully thinks joyfully. The poetess who could write the "Thanks-giving for Home," and the following verse especially, will do much more if she will only shake off these melancholy fetters which jangle so drearily.

This is a beautiful verse:—

Upon the mossy lawn my child may play,
As I did years ago,
And on her brow of snow
Sit undisturbed joy the livelong day.

Surrounded by this air of melancholy, and very much depressed therewith, we grasped "The Rose of Rostrevor,"* by Mr. Montgomerie, in hope of some relief. We were relieved indeed, but only to suffer more; for we passed from the lowlands of sorrow, to the very topmost peaks of absurdity. It is to these rapid transitions that we refer the intellectual ill health of many of our reviewers. No brain can long withstand being tossed from one state to another, like those unfortunates whose dark destiny transferred them to and fro between the horrid vale of fire and the thrilling regions of thick ribbed ice. For, verily, if Miss Philipson's book is melancholy, Mr. Montgomerie's is "midsummer madness." Unless for the purpose of exciting mirth, we cannot tell what use this book may serve. To imagine for the millionth part of a second

* The Rose of Rostrevor, a Poem. By Robert Montgomerie, A.M., T.C.D. Dublin: Hodges and Smith.

that it would be tolerated by even a fisherman of the Blasket Islands, shows an amount of vanity and incompetence which we should be sorry to attribute to any one of sound mind. If Sophocles proved his sanity by reading the celebrated chorus in the *Colonaus*, we venture to say that Mr. Montgomerie might with impunity indulge in any crime against the country whatsoever, for this book, entrusted to his lawyer, and read as the speech for the defence, would be sufficient to ensure him an acquittal. Yet, we know not; a second edition may be called for. There is a strange fascination in what is intolerably bad. It is worth while, however, to let our readers judge for themselves. It will at least show that the remarks at the beginning of this review are not without foundation. It will, more strongly than anything that we can say, let the public see the evil they are committing by encouraging and buying the books of every man who resolves on declaring his inability to the world.

The story is briefly this. Grace Montgomerie, the Rose of Rostrevor, married Marmaduke St. John in 1690. This production opens with the meeting of the newly married pair after a separation. Shortly after, St. John is called away to join the forces of William of Orange, and is taken prisoner by O'Dempsey, the celebrated Cahir-na-Coppal, at the battle of the Boyne, and carried to Lea Castle. His wife, with a devotion which deserves embalming in poetry, and which not even these rhymes can render absurd, travels on foot with one servant through the almost pathless forests which then covered Ireland, and succeeds in reaching the castle and in recovering her husband. The book closes with the death of O'Dempsey.

This is the farewell of St. John to his lady :—

He strained her to his heart in saddened joy,
With kisses stopped her plaint :—Then, boat
ahoy!

This night, my life, I'll see thee once again
At the Old Fort. To raise my stalwart men
Now must I go :—swift, too, as oars can
sweep,

As legs can run, as my good hunter leap.

And the comfort Nora administers to her mistress on hearing of the capture of St. John is conceived in a simple Homeric manner :—

Oh, dearest lady, speak; take not on so,
Sir Ronald is a prisoner, sure I know;
But I know also well where he is gone,
A nobler gentleman never the sun shone on.
"Ah Nora! Nora! folly naught avails;
I cannot listen now to Irish tales;
Leave me, and let me"—"No, dear lady,
dost.

Kill me they may; but leave you, 'deed I
wont,

Now you will hear me, may I die in sin!
But great O'Dempsey's of my kith and kin."

The welcome of Nora's sweetheart is equally close to the Irish character of the year 1690 :—

Turning at once, with anxious cheek and eye,
He bent full low in native courtesy:
In English words, but Irish idiom strange,
(Which to "plain jocks" appears to disarrange
Some strict dull meaning) he "welcomed
Lady Grace

To the Old Dun; a ruined shattered place,
Musha-machree, it is. Oh, Creestha cras!
If that my lady seen it as it was
In days hard bye, 'fore Crummel's bloody balls
And powther bombs had smashed the holy
walls,

May sweet bad luck attend him for his pains!

There is much more of this gross and intolerable caricature which we refrain from quoting; our readers doubtless wish for no more, and we can only say that in those parts where Mr. Montgomerie attempts the high epic range, he fails as much to represent the truth, as he has done in his delineation of the Irish character and manners of that time.

When we first opened "*Grace and Remembrance*,"† we expected that once more we were to be oppressed with a mass of useless and unsettled melancholy. Its title suggested to us those mournful retrospections with which the public are now being overwhelmed. On all the ledges and mountain paths of the present *Par-nassus* we meet with figures muffled up like Hecuba in their robes, who, with ashes on their heads, are poring on the past, when with one effort, they might dash aside this self darkness, and meet the beautiful bold glance of

Apollo, and with some miles' hard climbing leave behind the shadows of grief, and stand on the double cone of the high poetic mountain, with the wind of a newer and a fresher youth upon their brow.

In this book we breathe a purer air than that of sickly sorrow. It is no individual memory that Mr. Gerard celebrates. It is a memory which is universal. It is a gracious song to him whose mighty heart responded to the sympathies of all men, and whose melody fills the years of time, as fully now as when of old he shook with all emotion the knights and dames of the court, where reigned the fair vestal throned by the west. It is the memory of Shakespeare, "the centre of a people's love."

It is strange and yet not strange, that none have ventured to approach with the reverence of song the throne where our king-poet sits amidst the veneration of the world. He is too high, too ideal, too acknowledged for the clang of trumpet-praise. It would be too material. The winged words of panegyric fall faint, and dazzled like Icarus, at his shining feet. His is the noblest, purest, highest praise—the praise of golden silence. Johnson's lines, the best attempt, are too actual in expression, too rounded in their concentrated periods, too assuming, to satisfy the reverential heart of the world. There was but one way by which his greatness could be fully made known to us; by showing us that he, as we do, suffered, and sorrowed, rejoiced, and lived; that he shared in the common humanity of the species. For we lose the truth of his superiority when we idealize him too much. It is in feeling that he was the same in the depths of his nature as we, and yet raised high above us, that we realize most fully that majestic greatness.

In this mode Mr. Gerard has approached him. He has struck the true chord, and all true hearts will respond. It was something to do so, for if anything is more remarkable about Shakespeare than another, it is that so little of his everyday life is known to us. He is not so much to us a man as a voice. Mr. Gerard's poem has made him dearer to us. Here we feel that he suffered and rejoiced as we suffer and rejoice. Mr. Gerard has made us feel the brotherhood of Shakespeare, and for this we heartily

thank him. He has made approachable that complex and wondrous heart, which we all felt to be almost unapproachable. In the following lines he has made his sorrow for the death of his child, real to us; and that too with a true poetical intuition, and a gracious humility, which make Mr. Gerard—and what higher praise can we give?—worthy to sing the requiem of Shakespeare.

And *thou* hast mourned !
O! touching, tender thought, to bind
Us closer to the master mind ;
Can it be true that sorrow dawned
On thee in any wise ?
Can it be true those eagle eyes
Which seemed to pierce through distant space,
And worlds of fancy to embrace,
As in a moment's glance,
Once rested with a strange surprise
Upon a death-sealed face ?
Did the low cry of anguish break
From thy rent heart, for his dear sake
Who lay in silent trance ?
And did'st thou clasp, in speechless pain,
The slumberer calm and cold.
And look through sorrow's blinding rain
Upon a hand thou ne'er again
In life should'st hold ?
O tender thought !
Could death into thy home be brought,
And could his silent footfall wend
About thy house, across the door,
Upon the stairs, along the floor,—
And none the chosen one defend ?
Was there no respite, no reprieve !
Or did suspended hours of doubt
The credulous heart deceive ?
Perchance thine eye was first to trace
His "pale flag's" ghastly sign,
On that wan form of youthful grace
Which owed its life to thine !
Perchance thy wakeful ear descried
With what first sound, and low,
The gates of life were opened wide
To let the spirit go :
And haply in that hour thy breast,
Oh shrine of ev'ry tender thought !
Was the last couch thy darling pressed,
In death his last support !
How did'st thou deal with sorrow then,
When she with thee was left alone,
When all the trite concerns of men,
The petty cares that life must own,
Were deemed superfluous things ?
When silence, drooping mournful wings,
Brooded above thy quiet home,
And from the doorway arched and low
A funeral train went forth in woe,
As night would never come.

Alas the garish day betrayed
Strange vacant places ; here and there
A bed impressed, an empty chair,
Which darkness wrapped in shade,

*Yet when the twilight fell across
The empty floor, the empty heart,
It touched with wilder start
The hidden springs of grief,
And roused from slumber dull and brief
The new-found sense of loss.*

And haply when thy hand portrayed
With cunning art
A mother's heart*
In her extremity of pain,
A deeper sorrow was betrayed,
A dearer grief made plain.†

And thou hast rendered tribute meet
To his dear name ;
No child we greet,
Whom thy rich fancy loved to frame,
But it is doomed to earthly death ;
All pass before us sweet as breath
Of flower-clad May,
Then fade away,
And with thy darling sleep in clay.

In this series of poems to Shakespeare there is a continuous succession of interlinked thought, expressed with great metaphysical acuteness, and with some of the wondrous and felicitous terseness of "In Memoriam." For instance, in this short poem, the thought is expressed with great originality, and with a gradual climatic brevity which is characteristic of high poetical genius :—

If other worlds and other suns
That circle in perpetual space
Have dwellers of a diverse race,
For so the creed of science runs.

Then haply, yonder speck above,
That trembles into beauty now,
May hold a Shakespeare great as thou—
The centre of a people's love.

But what to me though rolling hours
Revisit life in other stars,
What care I for a race in Mars,
That cannot sympathize with ours ?

The stream which "drops downward through the scented hay ;" the

stars which "die out from south to north ;" the description in one of the latter poems of the nightingale breaking her heart with jealousy of the music which she hears, and yet, such is the beauty of the sounds, waiting till they cease, to die ; the exquisite lines, which are like Shakespeare's in their intuitive truth and felicity,

The heart's deep joy is seldom stirred,
Yet at a touch it overflows ;

all show such a clear poetic receptivity, and such a tenderness of sentiment, never deviating into unmanly sentimentality—such a deep perception of the beautiful, and the pure and gentle, joined with such condensed and manly thought ; that we have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Gerard has done the public much service by publishing his book, and that we are thankful to him for putting us into a better humour with the poetical power of the age. To tell Mr. Gerard that he is a poet would be vain, for his own heart will tell him so ; yet in one or two places his lines are weak, and convey no idea to the mind but the triteness of common poetry. In another, we should not mention this ; in him it is a fault, for he must feel their insufficiency. Nevertheless, with head uncovered we bid him farewell ; in minds like his we see the hope of the poetic idea. For we shall yet, when the evil reaction from the pure spiritualistic poetry of the time has passed away, advance to a yet higher land. We shall climb the upper earth which Plato sung of, far above the foggy valleys of sentimentality, and the gross materialism of the senses, and reach the many colored Home of Song, where the sea is pure as air, and the air the poets breathe is the clear impalpable of the ether.

* Constance.

† I cannot but remember such things were that were most precious to me.—(Macduff.)

CYPRUS.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PASHA AND HIS HUNTING PARTY.

A FEW days before we left Nicosia we were admitted to an audience with his highness the Pasha.

We understood from our cicerone, Captain Jones, that some kind of present was indispensably necessary as a preliminary to the desired interview. This was a stumbling-block. A few pieces of coin held in the hand and presented to be touched, which would have done in India, would not do here. Something must be *given*, and the question was, what had we of sufficient value, or sufficiently curious, to answer the purpose. Again, was it worth while purchasing an article for presentation? Was the interview worth the probable outlay? After much consultation, and many balancings of the pros and cons of the matter, we were finally relieved of the difficulty by the ready wit of one of the ladies of our party. She had a worked scarf that had come from Delhi, and had been touched by his majesty the king of Delhi, the living representative of the Great Moguls. Its having been so touched was a small matter to us—to the Pasha and his wives it would be a matter of considerable importance.

It was not, however, without some lingering apprehension that our present was too insignificant in value, and that we were rendering ourselves ridiculous thereby, that we made our way through the outer court-yard to the pile of building which had been the palace of the Lusignans, the seat of the Venetian Proconsul, and was now the Serai of the Turkish Governor. The present was borne on a silver tray in front of us, and I had judiciously obtained the loan of a cover for it, in order that the prying eyes of the servants of the Serai might not discover its littleness. The salver, surmounted by a very elegant silver cover, looked imposing as it was borne along by one of our servants, through the centre of the court-yard. We fol-

lowed it two by two—each of the first three gentlemen escorting a lady, for the wife of the captain accompanied us.

We passed the fountain, and drew nearer the grand entrance of the palace. A few steps led to the door. Two lines of servants, elegantly dressed, bowed as we drew near, each servant occupying a separate step. There was something imposing about the whole ceremony. I thought of the second-hand Delhi scarf upon the silver salver, and sighed mentally.

The hall, supported by marble columns, was large and imposing. It was hung round with weapons, ancient and modern, rather resembling the vestibule of a museum than of a palace. The lines of servants were here, too, alternating with soldiers. We mounted the grand stair-case in solemn silence—the silver dish ever preceding us.

At length folding doors were thrown open at the head of the stair-case; some words in Turkish, to which I did not pay much attention, were uttered, and we were ushered into a kind of throne-room. It was comparatively empty and deserted-looking. A few officers of the Serai alone occupied it, stealing about noiselessly, speaking under their breath, and evidently awaiting the arrival of the Pasha. One of these spoke to Captain Jones. He was anxious to see one of our company who had served the King of Oude in Lucknow, for the captain had made the fact known previously. He was introduced, was told the Pasha had a great desire to see him, and was then left as before, standing awkwardly in front of the musnud or throne, with the rest of the party.

The room was probably sixty feet long by twenty or thirty wide. It was lit by lofty windows, which commenced about five or six feet from the ground. There was nothing that

was dazzling or splendid about the apartment, yet its effects were imposing. The windows were hung with what had been rich curtains of light purple or plum-colored velvet, edged with gold lace. Swords, scimitars and pistols ornamented the panels between. The floor was of cedar, polished. We had been standing, perhaps ten minutes, in the centre of the apartment, when a side door opened at the opposite extremity of the chamber to that by which we had entered, and a Turkish officer in military uniform, with the ordinary fez cap on his head, entered. We saw that it was the Pasha by the low bowing of the attendants.

As he drew near the cushions prepared for his reception, I had ample time to note his aspect and air. He was rather below the middle height, although of a somewhat portly figure. His face was somewhat African in its features, darker than I had anticipated. There was a well-bred air about him—nothing vulgar or presuming. He had been brought up in Constantinople, and had, doubtless, mixed in good society there. He returned our bows cordially. Captain Jones then commenced his oration, which had, doubtless, been prepared for the occasion diligently. I should have preferred something less evidently studied—more commonplace and natural.

In excellent Turkish, the captain mentioned our wanderings through Egypt, our determination to see Cyprus, our journey from Larnacca. He related, too, that three of us had been in India, and one, a servant of the Company there—that another had seen and conversed with the Emperor of Delhi, the Great Mogul, and then came the allusion to the scarf which his majesty had touched. The Pasha took it into his hands with apparent interest, and examined it. I watched him. He was evidently not disposed to make light of our present. There was no covert smile struggling round his lips—no disposition to merriment. All was curiosity and interest rather.

The speech concluded, the Pasha thanked us politely in a few words; requested us to be seated; declared that "his wife" would be delighted with the present, and asked the ladies if they would take it to her. Jones was still the interpreter. They were quite ready to take it. The Pasha

himself rose—offered his arm to the most showily-dressed of the three with well-bred ease—and marched off with them all to the private apartments through the door from whence he had issued.

"Our reception is a most flattering one," exclaimed the captain, "it is seldom he is so affable. The scarf has wrought wonders."

On his return, the Pasha asked many questions about India; about the Emperor of Delhi, of whose dependent condition he evidently had no very definite or correct idea; about the Company's army; and about the French settlements. He seemed slightly incredulous when we told him how very small the French settlements were, compared with the English dominions—seemed slightly incredulous, but not rudely so. I was amazed at his credulity. He evidently thought that patriotic partiality blinded us to the truth, or prevented our giving expression to it.

Coffee and pipes were introduced, and we chatted as familiarly as we could through the medium of an interpreter, for the Pasha spoke no language but his own. At length, feeling that our interview was of longer duration than ordinary, I told the captain to ask leave for us to retire. The Pasha thereupon sent a message to the ladies. They came—a servant accompanying them bearing presents—we rose, took our leave, and departed, well pleased with our visit.

On the second day from that on which we had visited the Pasha, he had arranged a great hunting party, to which we were invited. It was to take place in the neighbourhood of Dalia, the ancient Idalium, several miles south of Nicosia.

But the presents? asks some fair reader—what presents did he send you in return for the scarf? His presents were glittering or useful rather than valuable. A necklace of minute pearls fell to the lot of the lady who had parted with her scarf. Two bracelets of silver flagree work were distributed between the other two; whilst we of the more unornamental sex divided between us an amber mouth-piece for the nargilla or Turkish pipe, a fez cap, and a Cyprian capote.

In the neighborhood of Dalia stands,

instead of flows, a rivulet with high embankments, half dried up—the remainder being consumed in watering the mulberry trees which abound in the vicinity. Further on, thick woods, innocent of all cultivation, form the boundaries of extensive and well-kept preserves—the Pasha's own. An extensive plain sloping southwards ends the scene of the day's exploits. The miserable village was the least important of all the various adjuncts of the scene. No one seemed to think for a moment that there was any such thing as a village, with human inhabitants, within ken. Even in Cyprus, it would not be easy to discover a more utterly wretched looking place than the scene of the ancient Idalium. Not that ruins form its chief characteristic—no, its ruins are hid by the neighbouring brushwood, and are almost all buried beneath the earth. Its wretchedness results from the tumble-down aspect of the cottages, the filth and squalor, the utter hopelessness of its debased inhabitants, and yet anything more beautifully formed than some of the women and girls who occupied the fronts of the cabins, or sat on the ruined walls inspecting us, it would not be easy to discover anywhere.

The first operation of the hunt was to surround the plain with horsemen and dogs. The dogs, which accompanied us in great numbers, seemed to be of all breeds; some regular packs of hounds—the graceful, slim hound of the Levant—there were, with whole troops of curs, or curly or brown haired specimens of the half-cur, half-terrier species. All, however, seemed under some sort of discipline, and when the Pasha arrived in his coach and six, the whole plain appeared orderly and prepared for disciplined co-operation.

Having bestrode his charger, the Pasha and his suite, excellently mounted, came gallantly down towards that corner of the wood where we had posted ourselves. He observed us, asked us to accompany him, gallantly saluted a lady of our party who had ridden to the field, and then put spurs to his horse again, and away we went, at a rattling pace, circling the plain. What the use of this exhibition was, I could not discover. That it would do anything else but "blow" our horses uselessly

seemed to me unlikely, but in Cyprus one must do as they do in Cyprus, so there was no help for it. Away we went at a hand-gallop, Pasha, suite, Europeans, lady, and all, whilst the Cypriots cheered vehemently as we did so. It was evidently all right—every one was in excellent humor with himself and everybody else, so we were fain to be content. On the hill which overlooked the village and plain were now collected several conveyances from Nicosia, containing ladies, the archbishop, several respectable elderly gentlemen on horseback, and a miscellaneous crowd of gazers on foot. A Pasha hunting was evidently a sight not witnessed every day in Cyprus. His highness, I was astonished to perceive, wore the same military uniform in which he had received us. The Turks in Cyprus evidently had original ideas in the hunting line.

At length our wild and bootless scamper came to a conclusion. The Pasha took up his station opposite the field, and took out his handkerchief to stem the tide that was coursing down from his temples, for he was a portly little man. Everybody followed his example.

A flourish of the shrill clarionettes used by the Turkish bands announced the commencement of the day's sport, and truly the scene at that moment was not one to be forgotten. The entire plain, with the exception of the wood, was surrounded by horsemen and dogs, soldiers, hunters, amateur sportsmen, and servants, their steeds as various as their uniforms. Behind the Pasha stretched his suite and our party, and a little band of mounted cavalry. On the distant hill stood carriages and groups of spectators, whilst from the wood emerged occasionally, in the intervals of the music, or what was intended as such, the hoarse shouts of the distant beaters and the baying of the dogs.

At length a well-trained pack of small hounds—half hound, half pointer, apparently—were let loose to scamper over the fields and through the low brushwood that filled the plain. All the rest of the dogs were kept in their places. The Pasha took his fowling-piece from the hands of an attendant; we followed his example, and simultaneously advanced.

This attack was directed solely against the birds. Numbers of heath-cock, woodcocks, and partridges were started. We fired as well as we could on horseback, the dogs bringing in the game, and barking vociferously, whilst the attendants shouted frantically, almost demoniacally in fact. The cries of the birds, the barking of the dogs, the shouts of the attendants, the shrill clangor of the musical instruments behind us, the continual crack crack of the fowling-pieces, and the animating cheers from the distant hill were all sounds that spread over the valley and echoed from the mountains that skirted the horizon on the north. So miscellaneous was the firing, that I candidly confess I thought it would have been safer to have remained quietly in Nicosia that day—for the balls were whistling about in an eminently reckless sort of way, not by any means so safely as might have been desired. However, there was nothing for it but to persevere, and persevere we did, without injury, until the end.

This onslaught on the birds was but the prelude to the hunt proper—the overture to the concert. An unearthly blast, wrung from the clarionettes at a signal from the Pasha, and shrilly invading the territories of our ears *vi et armis*, brought every one to a stand still. Fowling-pieces ceased to crack, the dogs ceased to bark, the people ceased to shout, even the horses partially ceased to neigh; it was but the signal for the serious work of the day to begin—preliminary to which, however, grateful refreshments were handed about amongst the company surrounding the Pasha; fowling-pieces were exchanged for rifles, bottles of *camandria* were brought forth from secret hiding places, and all things prepared for a renewal of the attack, this time upon four-footed beasts and nobler prey than the poor innocent birds.

The signal given again by the Pasha, the shrill blasts sounded, and once more were heard the shouts of men, and the baying of hounds in the preserves and wood. We advanced at the same time, together with the guards stationed round the plain. Soon hares, jackals, and a diminutive species of deer began to straggle from the wood at intervals. Scared at the distant horsemen and

the shouts that greeted their appearance, they retreated again, to be driven forth once more by the beaters. The poor animals! Dogs and men behind urging them on—dogs and men and horses before, awaiting the signal to make an onslaught on them!

It must not be supposed that the whole field was collected in a comparatively small space—far from it. The plain was extensive—its circumference, where guarded by the horsemen and dogs, probably not under two miles; but in the centre we rode prepared for action, whilst the beaters ever drew nearer and nearer. It was the etiquette to let the Pasha bring down the first animal. It was an unfortunate hare. His highness was a very fair shot. The hare was at no great distance, and was rolled over. A skilful greyhound seized the animal in his mouth, fled with it to the Pasha, leaped on his saddle-bow with a bound, delivered the hare to his highness, and then jumped down again. The whole was the work of an instant, but it was an interesting sight enough. And now all was confusion worse confounded in the plain. Hares, jackals and deer bounded forth, and back again in terror, pursued by dogs and horsemen. Had we been all armed with spears or lances, it would have been much better. The reckless way in which rifles were pointed, and balls fired was enough to drive a nervous man mad. I winced more than once when I found myself apparently exactly opposite a levelled rifle, ignorant whether it was loaded or not, uncertain but that, at that moment, its owner might be on the point of discharging it. How the poor beaters escaped is still a marvel to me. I doubt not they took good heed to keep under the shelter of friendly trees, exposing their persons as little as possible. Irrespective of the danger, however, the scene was a curious and an animated one. Dogs rushing about in a wild-beast sort of style, to pounce here upon a hare, there to aid another in pinning down a jackal, with every variety of bark and bay, whining, growling, and exulting by turns. Jackals uttered their short, sharp cries of fear, or anger, or pain, or despair; horses neighed and lashed their sides with their long tails, in

great excitement; men shouted and bellowed forth congratulations, or orders, or curses, in various tongues, and in the most vehement manner; and last, but by no means least, the rifles cracked, and cracked again, now at one's very ear apparently, anon at a mile's distance; whilst the entire country seemed animated with living beings, in mad warfare, of all kinds and orders. To swell the wild chorus of sounds, ravens croaked incessantly above us, whilst kites and hawks, uttering their shrill, prolonged cry, gyrated above the plain in uneasy whirls.

To me, sitting down in England in a peaceful English home, and looking out upon the glorious sunshine lighting up the country brilliantly, whilst oxen and sheep browse in the meadow opposite, as peacefully as the very trees themselves—to me, looking at all this, that Cypriot hunt was a mad wild butchery—a thing to be deplored and grieved over. Had the deer been tigers, the jackals lions, the hares leopards, then, indeed, our victory would have been a thing to rejoice in and exult upon in thought; but as it was, what with dogs tearing them to pieces, badly trained as many of them were; what with men shooting at them, horses trampling them down, there is little to call to remembrance of the events of that day in which one can glory now. It was altogether different then, however. Every one was excited, so were we. Not a thought of the barbarity of the butchery intruded itself into the mind. All was wild bounding of the blood,

wild scampering hither and thither after the recreant game, wild shouting to each other with animated gestures.

And now the slaughter was ended. Dogs, horses, men, all were tired—satiated. The game had been destroyed. A few, three or four perhaps, still pursued some animals that had broken from the field, and were scouring the country for their lives. The rest rode slowly from the scene of their exploits to the distant hill whence the visitors from Nicosia had inspected the fray. The sun was shining upon us with meridian splendour; the parched up ground reflected his beams too warmly for our comfort; we were in a state of incipient liquefaction. The consumption of *camandria* and *mastic raki*, and the commoner *black wine* that the throats of the *canaille* were more intimate with, must have been enormous. Certain I am that it was not water His Highness so diligently wetted his lips with; whilst the bottle from which His Grace the Archbishop replenished his glass, looked as if it contained better things than the clearest streams of Cyprus could have afforded.

Our servants collected a portion of the game for us. Great was the contention on the conclusion of the foray between rival Jenkinsons as to which should bear off this hare or that deer—but all was ultimately accommodated, and we did not think ourselves unfairly dealt with when four jackals, two deer, and eighteen hares were brought in as the proceeds of the morning's work of our party.

CHAPTER VIII.

MOSLEMISM & CHRISTIANITY IN CYPRUS.

THE flies which abound during the summer and autumn in the plains of *Messarea* form one of the most unpleasant features of life in Nicosia. The great number of people afflicted with diseases of the eyes prove that these flies (which are justly regarded as the cause of these diseases) are by no means innocuous.

With the last days of September a more agreeable temperature was ushered in, which enabled us to make numerous excursions, under the guidance of Captain Jones, to celebrated

places in the vicinity of the capital. There was so much similarity, however, about these half-antiquarian, half-pic-nic parties, that it would be tedious to enter into any minute detail of them. Suffice it to say that the fortnight we spent in the city was a fortnight of varied pleasures and excitement. We visited the base of the Mount Olympus—the loftiest summit in the island—and witnessed there a description of scenery not before discovered in the island. In the ravines of the mountain's side the

cypresses and dwarf oaks formed a complete covering for the sides of the mountain, and contrasted pleasantly with the rugged rocks and still more bleak-looking snowy ridge above. Several of the villages in the neighbourhood are exempted from taxation, on condition of supplying the Pasha's palace in Nicosia with constant stores of ice and snow. The village of Lascara, situated nearer to the capital, has extensive poppy plantations in its neighbourhood. The manufacture of opium is carried on there extensively. We did not see the poppy an object of cultivation anywhere else in the island.

The summit of the mountain called the Holy Cross still contains the ruins of a church erected by St. Helena, the mother of Constantine, on her return from Jerusalem. This church was said to contain a portion of the true cross, whence doubtless the name. Mariti tells us that the Church of St. Lazarus, in Larnacca, also claimed, falsely, to have a portion of the true cross; and having taken care to provide themselves with a piece of wood exactly similar to that of the church of Holy Cross Mountain, the monks in Larnacca invited its guardians to a public exhibition of both specimens. The funds which would flow in amply on such an occasion were to be distributed between both churches equally—so the priests of Holy Cross Mountain assented. All Cyprus flocked to the sacred exhibition, giving abundantly of their substance. The wily monks of Larnacca got the two pieces of wood placed together, and interchanged them, so that the priests of Holy Cross Mountain returned to their church with ample supplies of revenue, and the spurious piece of wood, which the crafty monks of Larnacca had made in imitation of their piece of the true cross. So low was the morality of the Christian priests in those early days! Nor is the state of Christianity in the present day in Cyprus much better. The Protestant churches seem to have quite neglected the island, whilst the emissaries of the church of Rome are busy and successful in proselytizing.

A hundred years ago, Mariti, a zealous Roman Catholic, wrote thus of the Mohammedan services, evidently contrasting them with those of his own church. "The Turkish moollahs do not confine themselves in their discourses to proving some doctrine which nobody doubts. Morality is the basis of their discourses, whence they draw rules of conduct for the ordinary circumstances of life, as well as consolations for misfortune. The person of the preacher is as plain as his discourse. You hear no young exquisite declaiming against luxury—no wealthy priest exhorting against the snares of riches—no proud man preaching humility—or licentious profligate denouncing lust." *

A hundred years later, an intelligent English traveller writes thus of the Greek and Roman Catholic priesthood:—

The priests, mainly, if not entirely, subsist by the assistance they squeeze out of their poorer parishioners (iniserable and poverty-stricken though they be) and upon what the wealthier class deem fit from time to time to confer upon them. There is no class in Cyprus more prone to crime than these very priests; none that seem to have retained with greater avidity and cunning the relics of every infamy practised by the ancient inhabitants of the island. Honor is a word unregistered in their catalogue of human requisites; chastity not to be found in their vocabulary; extreme artfulness, excesses on the sly in every vile practice. How can it be imagined, with such examples, with such patterns to follow through life, that the unfortunate natives should be anything but the deceitful, immoral people they are; and that their education, such as it is, should tend only to inflame an ambition to out rival each other in the most abominable deceptions and iniquities? And yet these people are not wholly wanting in those sentiments of gratitude and affection which, if properly nurtured, might be turned to good account indeed. †

In so far as the priests are concerned, this is a hard verdict; and yet, from what I witnessed and what I heard, I cannot say that it appears to me to be an unjust one.

There was no subject on which my friend Captain Jones spoke with so much energy and indignation as the

* *Voyages dans l'Isle de Chypre, &c.* Neuwied, 1791. A translation from the Italian. Vol. 1, p. 67.

† *The Home Friend*, No. 74, A Visit to Cyprus, Part II.

conduct of the Greek and Latin priesthood in the island. "It would be well for the poor Cypriots," he exclaimed on one occasion, "if they were all Mohammedans rather than what they are. They would then at least learn some morality—as it is, the priests prevent their learning any. As Moslems, the women would be safe from their pollution, for they are all alike vile. The men would learn at all events to tell the truth, and to hate stealing. The word of a Turk is proverbially better than the oath of a Greek—but no attestation that a Cyprus Christian can give you is worth the hesitating promise of the Moslem. I had rather transact business with fifty different Turks than with one Greek." There was, doubtless, some keen remembrance of recent deception to give bitterness and poignancy to these remarks, but in the main there can be little doubt that there was truth in their foundation. There are few countries in which profligacy is so open and unblushing as amongst the Christian population of Cyprus, and on all hands you will hear this lamentable state of things attributed chiefly to the pernicious influence of the priesthood.

Turn we now to the Moslem population. We were invited by our Anglo-Indian friend to an entertainment at the house of a wealthy Turk of his acquaintance. It was in fact one of a succession of fêtes and balls continuing for eight days without intermission. There is probably no Moslem population which celebrates the circumcision of its male children with so much public ceremonial as that of Cyprus. The ceremony is observed in the child's seventh year; and for eight days previously there is a succession of rejoicings and receptions of friends that must entirely interfere with, if not altogether interrupt, the ordinary business of life. The regularity with which these customs are complied with, involving as they do so much expense and trouble, proves the hold which their religion has taken upon the minds of the Moslems. At five, the youth begins to learn his Koran; at seven, he is formally inducted by this rite, with ceremony, parade, and rejoicings, into the body of "the faithful."

On the eighth day of the feast the neophyte is decked out in his rich-

est costume, and placed upon a richly caparisoned horse, in order to be conducted, with music and congratulations, to the mosque. There, having said his prayers, and been a witness to the devotion of his relations—having made his offering too to the temple, he is cheered by the Moollah with encouragement and incited by exhortation. He returns to his home attended by the same array, and with the same noisy demonstrations of applause. The ceremony is performed in the presence of the household and visitors, and doubtless the conviction that he is leaving the state of infancy and emerging into the body of the believers, nerves the youthful aspirant with resolution and self-reliance.

Loud voices proclaim the simple creed of the Moslems as the ceremony is performed. *There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God*, is shouted forth with stentorian lungs on all sides, amply sufficient to drown any cries that may escape him.

He is then seated on a sort of temporary throne made for the occasion; where when admitted, we saw the youthful hero, on the conclusion of the ceremony, looking not a little proud of the importance attached to himself. Like the rest of the friends of the family admitted, we gave him presents, which were eagerly anticipated and received with a flush of youthful pleasure, whilst the relatives of the child watched his countenance admiringly, and shared his delight. A feast was given in the evening in honor of the occasion, a feast at which the poor were not forgotten. Such was the conclusion of the circumcision festival.

The peculiar institutions of Mohammedanism do not appear to us to be favorable to the domestic virtues or their proper cultivation, and doubtless there is some truth in this impression. With our western ideas of what happiness is—domestic happiness especially—and how to be secured, we are disposed to pronounce it simply impossible that the Moslem's home can be one in which the holier affections are roused and exercised, or the sweet virtues of domestic life fostered. But we regard the institutions of Moslemism from a point of view which exaggerates its evils and hides its advantages. We look upon

them something as one looks at a distant landscape through a piece of defective glass, which distorts and disarranges. We see the features of the landscape, it is true, but not in their true relation; we are aware of the separate existence of each object, but how each harmonizes, or rather how each can possibly harmonize with the other, we are at a loss to discover. It is precisely so with the aspect of Moslemism seen from an English point of view. Much of the delightful fireside happiness of English life the Cyprian Moslem cannot have, for he is innocent of a fireside altogether. Habits, feelings, convictions are so contrasted between the two, that it is impossible for the one to judge impartially of the other without actual experience. The Moslem would be disposed to look upon English life as insipid, artificial, hypocritical and monotonous; whilst the untravelling Englishman retorts upon the Moslem by pronouncing his existence debased, sensual, and unnatural.

But it was the life of the Cypriot Greek, not that of the Englishman, that I intended to contrast with that of his fellow islander, the Moslem. That the Moslem is, as a general rule, the homelier, nobler, and more trustworthy character, is an undoubted fact, which no one will be hardly enough to deny. But I would go much further than this. I would unhesitatingly declare the life of the Moslem to be a more useful, a more virtuous, and a more consistent life than that of the Cypriot Greek. The ties of family are stronger, strange as it may seem, amongst the Mussulmans than amongst the island Christians. Religion, which is wholly inefficacious amongst the latter, is powerful amongst the former; and although Moslemism be a corrupt system, yet it is preferable in preference to the hollow deities and pernicious principles prevalent amongst the Cypriot Greeks. Ask the Turk of Cyprus to become a Christian, and he points to the Greek with contempt, and asks, "Is it such a thing as this that you would have me to become?" The answer must be emphatically, "No."

Lastly, in connexion with this subject, one word respecting the kind of missionary likely to be of use in Cyprus. Abstract tenets are matters of utter indifference to the island Christian. He will listen to no reasonings on the subject, let them be never so just or conclusive. He cares for none of these things. It is through his body, not through his mind, that he must be won. Let him see that the missionary has the power to benefit him physically, to cure his sore eyes, or to drive off his tertian or quartan fever, and he will then listen to his doctrines—at first perhaps with the intention of deceiving, but at all events he will listen. If the missionary could invent a new pleasure for him, that would be another method of taking possession of his attention for a time; but, supposing that to be out of the question, for the Cypriot Greek cares for no other pleasures than physical, I see no means of forcing him to attend but by calling in the aid of medicine.

I have been anticipated in the expression of this opinion by a writer previously quoted:—

Should a mission be undertaken to this island (a Protestant mission), it must be borne in mind that an indispensable requisite for the missionaries employed is a long-suffering forbearance, no rash launching out into a system of conversion, no holding forth of doctrines so utterly at variance with the belief, the views, and inclinations of the people and the priests. These would utterly and for ever annihilate their hopes of success, and hinder them from affording to coming generations the only gift in their power—an education which must eventually open their eyes to the follies and wickednesses that surround them, and be the sure means, under God's blessing, of bringing them to salvation. The missionary fitted for Cyprus should therefore, in the first instance, be a physician; then, and a little skilled in chemistry, a few of the specifics of which would be amusing and attractive to both old and young.*

In other words, physical advantages or the opening up of new pleasures to them are the only means by which the Cypriot Christians can be lured to hear of, and think of, better things than their Greek or Latin priests or bishops can teach them.

* The Home Friend. See *Ant.*

AN AUTUMN ECGLOGUE.

BY ANTHONY POPLAR.

THE sun had sunk below the ridge of low-lying hills that terminates, far away to the westward, the broad expanse of rich plain ; down he sank amidst a mass of dark and thundrous-looking clouds, so thick and heavy that his light could not penetrate their denseness, tinging only their ragged edges with a deep and sullen red, like the smouldering glow of iron when it is cooling upon the floor of the smithy. But the distant east is tranquil, and the thin vapours, grey and luminous, hang over the calm sea. The line of the horizon, where sky and sea blend imperceptibly their tides one into the other, brightens more and more, till at last it grows ruddy as for a sunrise, and lo ! the vast segment of the harvest-moon, just past the full, rises up out of the ocean, and in a moment the whole round disc is above the water, bright and lustrous as a sheet of beaten copper or the rich red wine in a crystal cup. Moon-rise from the sea, when the moon is full and the sea is calm, is a grand sight. All along the rippling water the light streams like a causeway of corrugated silver, whereon one in a dreamy mood might almost expect to see the ghosts that visit "the glimpses of the moon" gliding to and fro between earth and heaven. There goes a screw steamer, dimly seen, along the horizon's edge. See, she passes between us and the moon, and lo ! the graceful hull and sharp bow, every spar and shroud stand out distinct upon the bright field of the planet, as one would see an object projected from the slide of a magic-lantern upon a white gauze curtain. A moment more, and the vessel is gone again into the indistinct haze from which she emerged. The window in which we sat gave to the south-east, and as the moon-beams stream into the chamber, a square mass of pale golden light spreads upon the tinted paper of the opposite wall, barred and chequered by the strong dark shadows cast by the broad mullions and the slender window-sashes. All the rest of the room is in shadow, save that through the western window still shimmers the grey light of what would have been twilight, were it not swallowed up in the stronger illumination of the moon. We passed across the room, and looked out upon the scene landward. The yellow fields were all shorn of their golden fruitage, which lay now in shocks along the broad ridges ; the meadows had lost their brown hue, and were again growing verdant with a new growth. The trees, which were already changing their tints and shedding their leaf-locks, swayed to and fro in the light breeze ; and all was bathed in the hazy, vaporous light that marks the "season of mist and mellow fruitfulness."

Well, and shall not we, too, have our harvesting ? Let us see if we cannot find some grains of golden fruit meet for this autumn-tide—a lyric or a song of that season, when all good things are gathered in—when we see around us,

Earth's increase and foison plenty ;
Barns and garners never empty ;
Vines with clustering bunches growing ;
Plants with goodly burden bowing.

Aye, surely, shall we. And here comes to our hand a harvest melody—a lyric such as one hears but at long intervals, vigorous and sweet withal—rich with beautiful imagery, and full of a fine, manifold, healthy piety. Ere we offer it to you, however, we must premise a few words of explanation for the better understanding of this sylvan song. You must know, then, that the husbandmen of Ulster have a proverbial expression which you will hear in every harvest-field in autumn. "Low and clean," (an injunction to cut low and gather clean) is as often used by the hired reaper amongst his fellows as by the farmer to his workmen. Besides being a command of carefulness and order, it is very often an expression of encouragement ; depending principally for its character of the moment upon the tone and manner of the speaker, who, at times, varies it thus :—"Take it with you, low and clean." The words are musical ; and what is more, whether Ulster's or not, they are characteristic of her to the marrow. The leader of the "boon," or band, is "Stubble-hook," so called from his being employed on the open plot next to those which have been shorn ; while "Corn-land" occupies the ridge next to the standing grain, and may be looked upon as the driver. The shrewd farmer generally chooses two of his best shearers for these situations. He knows that each reaper, from

the leader to the driver, is supposed to keep about the "making" of a sheaf in the rear of the hook immediately preceding him; that the line thus formed is, under ordinary circumstances, to be kept unbroken; and that, therefore, on the exertions of "Stubble-hook" and "Corn-land" depends, in a great measure, the amount of labour to be accomplished by the hooks at work betwixt them. Although a spirited reaper, where there is anything like equality of power, would "die upon the rig" before he would suffer "Corn-land" to pass him, yet the line is not always permitted to preserve its regularity. Indeed it might be said to be an unnaturally peaceful "boon" that could suffer a "Churn" to be won without some *full blood* or harum-scarum among its number, breaking the monotony of calm-and-constant labor by a challenge flung out after the following fashion:—"Weel-a-weel, weans dear, if ever I seed (saw) a day but what night or dinner-time wad come but this ane. Deil hae' me but it's awa' wi' John Nod we'll be, in half-a-shake, if we dinna haud tai't better than this. Get alang oot o' there, wi' ye, auld hook o' mine! Noo, then, weans! first oot,—first tae the dyke-side, for the makin' o' a smoke or a guid glass the piece tae us, a' roun' on the nicht o' the kirk! Hough! Anthrim agin the war!—deil tak' the hin'most!" And away cut the band, every man—and woman, too—to the "Land-end," with all the speed that can be put on. In most cases, the close of a *set*, or course shorne through the field, is followed by a short rest, a "Blaw o' the cutty," a little chat, grave or gay, among the elders, as the mood may be, and, among the youngers, not unfrequently—a "bit stitch o' coortin'," that in due time produces the ordinary amount of either happiness or misery. How much of both is often traceable to a few moments spent on the "Land-end" of a "Harvest-rig!" And now listen to

LOW AND CLEAN: A HARVEST MELODY.

BY FRANCIS DAVIS.

While the snowy foot of Dawn
 Lights the dark it trembles on;
 While the timid Morning lingers,
 Till each tress, with silvery fingers,
 From her blushful brow is drawn;
 Father, thou who all preservest—
 World and worm, and soul and soil,
 God of Seed-time and of Harvest,—
 Guiding, guarding—may thy smile
 Gild the threshold of our toil!
 May the morn of beauty sent us
 Stretch to days of cloudless sheen;
 And, oh! Heaven, as thou hast meant us
 Stewards of this, the fruit-wealth lent us,
 Bless the humble hands that glean
 Ridge and furrow, low and clean—
 Hope of hundreds—low and clean!

Passing down the rustling vale,
 Tawny ray and tripping gale
 Chase the mist-flocks, midnight herded,
 Flower of Fruitage, bold and bearded,
 Damply on thy golden mail!—
 Chased and chaser, let them pass us,
 Till thy blades be crisp as rocks;
 Then, oh king of all the grasses,—
 God's own glory on thy locks,
 Thine's the hour of sheaves and shocks.
 Cheerily then, oh, brother reapers—
 While one standing stalk is seen,
 Leaving dreams to seven-sleepers—
 Drowsy, droning day-couch keepers—
 Supple wrist and sickle keen,
 Take it with you—low and clean—
 Ridge and furrow—low and clean!

Ever thus with jest and song
 May we laugh the ridge along !
 "Stubble-Hook," a sweeping sickle,
 With a "Corn-Land" all his equal,—
 May their "Gathering-Hands" be strong !
 Till the sweltering centre panteth,
 Whispering, "Well they wear their trust,"
 And some brown-cheeked thinker chanteth,
 "Yield to mind, though matter must,
 Muscle's made of glorious dust !"
 Ah ! remember, brother reapers,
 Were our edges ne'er so keen,
 "Shall" and "Will" too oft are sleepers,
 Till we wake them, bitter weepers,
 Gazing where our hopes had been, —
 Now, with all their air-bell sheen,
 Fallen—vanished—low and clean !

Hope, and Health, and Gratitude,
 On, in bounding bone and blood !—
 Stride the field, like man and brother,
 Life itself is such another,—
 Oh, to stride them as we should !—
 Meek on ridge—resigned in furrow—
 Patient where the fair weed stings—
 Plucking from each sweeping sorrow
 Plumage for our spirits' wings.
 Mindful that each "Land-end" brings —
 Howso' high the hill we're breasting—
 Howso' long the "Set" hath been—
 Little flowery spots of resting,
 Where, of dust our all divesting
 Low, on God's embroidered green,
 On or under—low and clean—
 We may rest us, low and clean.

He is a true poet who has written these lines ; one who, like Burns and Bloomfield and Massy, has sprung from the people ; one whose genius the hard labour of daily life cannot control nor quench. Let us honor and cherish him. And now let us go back to the olden times for a picture of life amongst knights and fair dames :—

AN OLD AUTUMN DAY.

BY THOMAS IRWIN.

Grey and grand the castle's tower
 Looks along the hazy seas ;
 Autumn goldens stream and bower,
 Autumn perfumes every breeze :
 Branchy oaks and solemn larches
 Round the gardens weave their shade ;
 While beneath their dark green arches
 Wander curld page and maid ;
 By the fountain some are pacing,
 Some beside the mossy urn,
 Scarlet sash and plume of ebon
 Waver at each windy turn :
 But hark ! anigh a mingled cry
 Of fear and joy is echoing ;
 To and fro the figures go
 Through the bending branches, lo !
 Through the shadow, through the glow
 Sways the silken swing.

On a glassy mound, o'ershaden
 By the mulberry on the lawn,
 Matron mild and bloomy maiden
 In a circle sweet have drawn ;
 Circle sweet of fairest faces
 Round the old dwarf brown and calm,
 Who with crooked finger traces
 Fortunes on each milky palm ;
 Small hands tremble in his seizure,
 Foreheads glow with bright surmise,
 As he scans each vein of azure
 With his sorcerous raven eyes ;
 But all heedless of the weather
 Changeful destiny may bring,
 With their hearts and faces glowing,
 Sash and golden ringlets flowing
 Yonder youth and maid together
 Ply the silken swing.

Now the air is warm and still,
 And the hay dries in the meadow ;
 Silently the distant hill
 Is mapled o'er with autumn shadow ;
 Round the misty seaward ridges
 Whitely sails the lazy gull ;
 Sheep stand by the sultry hedges,
 Panting with their weight of wool ;
 While through the yellow-grained lea
 Walks the harvest boy with cheek
 Ruddy as the apple streak,
 Hark ! he winds his noisy creek,—
 Click-click-a-click, click-click-a-click.
 Hark ! he winds his noisy creek,
 And a yo-ho-ho ! shouts he.
 Still the dwarf with finger quaintly
 Many a tale of fortune weaves ;
 Still the maiden and her lover
 Swing beneath the sycamore cover,
 That around them murmurs gently,
 Pleased through all its leaves.

Toward the group, across the meadows
 Paces slow a youthful knight ;
 His eyes of blue are dreamy bright,
 His forehead crossed with thoughtful shadow
 For with fancies sweet and lonely
 Wanders he in dreams apart,
 Musing faithfully and only
 On the lady of his heart ;
 And the matrons smile serenely,
 And one whispers, " Tell us now
 Of this beauty bright and queenly,
 Whose sweet image charms thy brow."
 Then the youth from sunny grasses
 Lifts a note and with a sigh,
 Strikes a prelude faintly tinkled,
 Till the sunny air is sprinkled
 Slowly as her image passes
 With a memoried melody.

Shall we not have a song, too, such as one may sing of an evening, ere all the autumn glory of tree and of flower has past away? Take it at least as a token of the good will of him who is ever ready to do his best in your service.

AUTUMN.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

The Autumn light is sleeping
 Upon the yellow plain ;
 The harvest-men are reaping
 The swarths of golden grain ;
 The merry maids the furrows throng,
 And bind the sheaves with cheerful song,
 While children stoop the ears to glean
 That fall the maidens' hands between.

At length, with day's declining,
 The westering sun sinks bright ;
 The harvest moon, now shining,
 Floods heaven with mellow light ;
 Upon the greensward merrily,
 To notes of rustic minstrelsy,
 Young men and maidens, free from care,
 Dance in the evening autumn air.

Now sere the leaves are growing
 With many a russet streak,
 Just like the death-bloom glowing
 On a dying maiden's cheek.
 Now bleakly blows the autumn breeze,
 And sweeps the leaves from moaning trees,
 And rain by day and frost by night
 O'erspread the flowers and fields with blight.

But though the leaves are dying,
 And flowers have lost their bloom,—
 Though blight on earth is lying,
 And heaven is filled with gloom,
 O trustful heart ! be of good cheer,
 For time brings round the rolling year ;
 When Winter and Spring and Summer are o'er,
 The golden Autumn will teem once more.

Ere the page we write shall meet the eye of our readers, the Autumn shall be well nigh passed away. Shall we part with him in the words of old Decker?—"Autumne, the barber of the yeare, that sheares bushes, hedges, and trees; the ragged prodigall, that consumes al and leaves himself nothing; the arrantest beggar amongst al the foure quarters, and the most diseased as being alwaies troubled with the falling sicknesse; this murderer of the Spring, this thief to Summer, and bad companion to Winter, seemes to come in according to his old custome, when the sun sits, like justice, with a pair of scales in his hand, weying no more hours to the day than he does to the night, as he did before in his vernall progresse when he rode on a Ram; but this bald-pated Autumne will be seen walking up and down groves, meadows, fields, woods, parks, and pastures, blasting of fruites and beating leaves from their trees, when common high-ways shall be strewed with boughes in mockery of Summer and in triumph of her death."

September 16th.

NOTES UPON NEW BOOKS.

AGNES WARING.*

THE first merit in a novel is to be natural. Whatever the fiction may be, unless it resembles truth, it belies its name, and becomes only falsehood. We do not go so far as to say that if a novel be natural, it must be good; but we certainly hold that it cannot be good unless it is so.

Agnes Waring possesses this quality—that of truthfulness—in a high degree. It is a simple, unadorned, yet forcible portraiture of real life. No great events are pressed into the service of the novelist; no historic celebrities lend an adventitious dignity to the page. Private life, the middle class ordinary events of such materials is the web woven. Whatever interest it possesses, it owes to its life-like fidelity of delineation, and the hearty sincerity with which it is evidently thought out and put together.

There are difficulties, it must at the same time be borne in mind, with which a writer who discards the assistance of the usual accessories has to contend, which more commonplace followers of routine escape. In proportion as the palette is denuded of positive colour, must the tints and shadings, in order to produce the required effect, be at the same time bolder and more delicate. The relinquishment of historic scenery, of costume, of events, is far from being a relief; it only throws the author more closely upon the human heart and human character, in the display of which there is no conventional method, but the pictures must be drawn—let us rather say, the images must be carved—after the one original existing, or sublimed, in the brain of the inventor. It is therefore a mistake in both author and reader to rate fictions of this sort too low. When we hear excuses made for the absence of incident, or the want of celebrated names, we are apt, for our part, to conclude that the writer is

either very accomplished, or very presumptuous; and look to the performance to justify ourselves in one or other of these opinions: expecting that the work must be either of a very superior class, or else an ambitious failure.

Having acceded to a novel thus circumscribed and thus aspiring the merit of being *natural*, we have said a great deal. There is room for much minor criticism, without unfavourably qualifying praise so cordial and decisive as this. And this emboldens us to speak freely wherever we shall find occasion to object.

Agnes Waring is the second novel from the pen of a lady who has already done something to merit public favour in a tale called *Kate Vernon*, which appeared a year or two ago. In this new essay, she has chosen a difficult position for her heroine—one in which it is utterly impossible, from the nature of the case, that we can be completely at our ease or on good terms with her; and hence, in order to satisfy a self-imposed scruple, and dissatisfy the reader, a sad and unnecessary catastrophe is made to darken the last scene, and send us empty away—empty of that sort of content, whether in joy or in sorrow, which might be expected to flow from a full vindication of moral justice. The story, in a few words, is this:—Agnes Waring, a young and lovely girl, having been forced by the stress of circumstances to marry a coarse-minded, cruel man whom she did not love, finds her life so miserable in a short time, that she is driven to the desperate expedient of feigning to commit suicide, with a view to escaping from a society and a position which had become intolerable to her. Travelling in Switzerland, she arranges a plan with an old guide, hides in the crevice of a glacier, and as soon as her party are tired of looking for her, creeps out, and conceals herself in the old man's hut. There she remains till the first

* Agnes Waring; an Autobiography. London: Newby. 1856.

excitement is over ; and then, returning to London, she offers herself in the capacity of governess to a family on the point of quitting England for Quebec. Matters are arranged—and she appears, a lovely, pensive, accomplished, fascinating, mysterious stranger, on the horizon of Canada.

It is here and in this position that the great trial of her life awaits her. Reginald Leigh, an officer, gifted with those dark attractions which to females of a soft sensibility of character are so irresistible, had touched upon the verge of her heart before she had sold her hand for gold. He had disappeared, again to start up in her presence, and invade her Canadian incognito. Years had passed. She is much changed. She makes the sudden resolve of ignoring her own identity—of denying that she, as Mrs. Malcolm, is the Agnes Waring he had once met. She succeeds—and this is improbable—in mystifying him. He had been touched to the heart by Agnes Waring. He knew that she had married, and heard that she had committed suicide. Mrs. Malcolm confirms him in this idea ; but although she thus checks the renewal of an old suit, she is unable to prevent him from urging a new one ; and she finds herself in that perplexing predicament, in which, for the sake of herself on the one hand and her secret on the other, she dares not either respond to the advances of her lover, or peremptorily reject them. The position may be dramatic, but it appears to us, we repeat, too painfully ambiguous for the purposes of the novelist.

Nevertheless, it is here that the author's powers both of thinking and writing most fully develop themselves. In the struggles of both parties ; the one to *feel* a repulsive part as well as act it—the other to forgive and forbear without knowing why ; beautiful ideas and noble expressions are occasionally struck forth, which lead us to hazard the anticipation that under more careful culture, and with a maturer judgment, she who has thus soared for a moment might wing her way at a permanent height, and maintain her "pride of place" where not many of her sex might aspire to keep at her side.

We have scarcely room for extracts. In the following passage,

Colonel Leigh has just saved the life of a child during a fire, at the risk of his own ; and the feelings of Agnes at the sense of his danger and heroism have induced her to betray—or all but betray—the state of her heart to him. She rushes home, and regains her apartment.

I was indeed thankful to be once more in the privacy of my chamber. I unfastened my shutters, and gazed out on the reflection of the fire reddening the heavens above, and glowing on the pure white of the world beneath.

That fire had betrayed me. I felt that Colonel Leigh had read my emotion aright ; that it touched an answering chord in his heart at the moment I could not doubt ; and thus would the task before me be more difficult—more painful.

Yet I could not regret the scene which had just occurred. Oh ! how my heart thrilled with rapturous pride in the man I loved ; the tears on my cheek were dried by the glow of ecstasy as I felt he was not indifferent to me. Again—much as I dreaded hearing the words of love, which I felt he would address to me, would not his silence, after such a display as mine, be worse ? Would it not be the most contemptuous slight ? Alone with God and night, I shrank down crouching on the ground in shame, at the degradation of having betrayed my own feelings unsought. What would he think of me ?

Yes ! the woman who loves is a slave. She ceases to see, to hear, to judge for herself ; and if she be possessed of intelligence and pride, the struggle between reason and the marvellous self-abnegation to him who has mastered her spirit, is painful, and never altogether without humiliation ; yet oh, what pride to be *his* slave !

That I should not love Reginald Leigh was impossible. But had I been surrounded by home influences, the fence of position, and the support of friends, I would not so readily have yielded my heart ; I might then have waited the assurance of his affection before I unlocked the flood-gates of my own. As I had met him, cut off as by death and resurrection, in a new world, from all I had ever been and known, perfectly a stranger, without one to share my secret, and separated as I imagined from every creature once familiar to me, when he came like a beam of the past's best brightness ; inseparably associated with the happiest portion of my life, with those I most loved, with my own better self ; the one link known to myself alone, that preserved me from utter isolation, my heart had sprung to him as to the nearest approach to home it had known for years.

And then, his remembrance of *myself*. No ! I should be more than mortal had I not loved him.

"There will be nothing, dear, to do," said her father. "Just let the poor boy talk, which he will do to a woman more easily than to a man; that is all. Never prepare comfort for anybody, it never does; that I can tell you from experience."

"No, the spontaneous action of the feelings is the proper one," said Mrs. Beauchamp.

Annette was devotedly fond of her cousin Hugh—cousin as he called himself, though in fact the relationship overpast the bounds of real cousinship—nevertheless she did shrink from her present duty. She could not even fancy him unhappy; and when towards evening her father came to fetch her, her heart was inwardly trembling like an aspen leaf.

All this portion of the story is told with great patience, and falls upon the reader's heart like fragrant summer dew. Nothing is described; every thing is inferred; and the delicacy with which the authoress touches our feelings almost leads us to be unjustly forgetful of her skill, as we are unmindful of the sun in the midst of the soft beauty of the twilight. Patience is a great power in the hands of the novelist, and is too often neglected. Writers are too fond of suggesting motives and refining on characters, when, if they would but leave the reader to himself a little, he would clothe their groups with his own memories, and colour their pictures with his own passions. An incident quietly told, a detail delicately given, and allowed to sink into the reader's mind or heart, have a more powerful effect than whole pages of disquisition or description, however vivid; and of this truth the novel before us is a good example, for of its three prominent characters the two respecting whom the authoress talks and argues with the reader most, occupy a far less important place in the reader's attention, than the one who is simply presented to his notice with a few natural touches.

On recovering from the illness into which he is thrown by his father's death, one of the young lord's first acts is to arrange that his young ward should reside with his relatives, the Beauchamps; and after some resistance on her part, she at length arrives.

Sybil Moore was beautiful; not, perhaps, with perfect beauty, but with many of its elements. Her hazel eyes were large, soft, and piercing; her dark chestnut hair shone in the lamplight; and her skin, even after the heat and cold of a journey, was as

smooth as it was white and dazling. There are many who depreciate the beauty of complexion, because it is not of so high an order of beauty as beauty of feature. They undervalue its charm; but a fine complexion is a lovely thing, and, if not of the highest order, is a beauty that gives great pleasure. Sybil Moore had it in perfection, and Annette for a few moments gazed at her with wondering admiration. She had hardly decided, however, that she never had seen so fair a face, when her opinion underwent some change. The small lips were closed with a cold and rigid air, and her haughty and womanly manner sat unpleasantly on her youthful appearance. She sighed as she feared her new companion might prove hard and repulsive. But again a more favourable opinion was formed.

"It is a long journey, Miss Moore," Mrs. Beauchamp began. "I fear you must be much fatigued?"

"Not at all, thank you," was the short, stiff answer.

"The railway is less tiring than a close fly," continued Mrs. Beauchamp, anxious to make some conversation. "Our roads here are hilly, and, I confess, I find the way from the station unpleasant and inconvenient."

"I hate the railway," said the young lady, decidedly, "and the last part of the journey was by far the best."

"Lord Singleton would be pleased to hear you say that," said Annette, smiling; "he does not like to have the roads abused; does he, mamma?"

Sybil drew herself up with a look of supreme indifference, and the conversation dropped.

The experienced novel reader will be able to form a tolerably good idea, from those portions of the story we have extracted, of its chief outlines; but perusal alone can give any just idea of the pure and even swelling flood of pathos with which it rolls on to its conclusion. The steadfastness of a woman's spirit, the waywardness of a woman's heart, the tenderness of of woman's love, are portrayed in its pages with a sweetness and a womanliness, if we may so say, of expression, which are very refreshing after the superabundance of Amazonian talent which has been poured upon us during the last ten or twenty years. But at the same time, at the risk of appearing to contradict ourselves, we must observe that our authoress has been led into an occasional coarseness of feeling and sentiment, from overstrained allegiance to a false type of character. The young lord is her hero, and she follows wherever he

Regained" his best work, and the authoress of "The Young Lord" considers the hero of her story an excessively manly interesting personage. There is something very annoying in this perverse fondness of a writer for a character whose every trait jars upon the reader's sense of justice and propriety; and if the author possess, as in the present case, any considerable powers of delineation and truth of expression, the sense of annoyance almost becomes one of torture. According to our authoress's own description, "the young lord" is an overbearing young man, excessively fond of power, with the personal characteristics of a loud voice and prominent eyes; and to the reader he can scarcely fail to appear as very selfish, very mean and very stupid. Such a character is, of course, a very proper one for the purposes of fiction, and is described in these volumes so clearly and thoroughly, that we are almost inclined to regard it as an addition to that band of beings whom genius has added to the ranks of living men; but it is excessively irritating to be told by the authoress at every other page, that we ought to applaud when we are only intent upon laughing, and that what we have been viewing as a ridiculous effigy we ought to have bowed before as a great and good example.

The story opens with a letter from a certain Captain Moore to Lord Singleton (the father of "the young lord"), requesting him to become his daughter's guardian in the event of his own death, and containing the following passage:—

In the accompanying paper you will see that I have taken the liberty to associate with your lordship's name the name of your son. My Lord, you have, I trust, many happy years before you. According to all human calculation it will be so; yet life is at the best uncertain, and a father must not build the welfare of a child on one foundation.

My reason for requesting Mr. Beauchamp to be, in conjunction with your lordship, my daughter's guardian, is the same which I mentioned in speaking of yourself. I have seen Mr. Beauchamp but once; he may not have noticed me; but on that single occasion I observed in him, young as he is, the same principle of rigid integrity for which his family is remarkable.

When a father appoints a boy of fourteen, whom he has only seen once,

and even then not spoken to, guardian of his little girl of about six years of age, he of course makes the best preparation in his power for rendering her a heroine. Common sense might be inclined to urge some objections to such an arrangement; but we do not, for it has been the means of providing us with a very delightful novel, and some very exquisite writing.

The following extracts explain themselves:—

"Look out, Annette dear, and see if your father is coming; this suspense is dreadful."

"No, mamma. Poor, poor Hugh! What must he be feeling?" and the tears ran down Annette's cheeks.

"Such a loss will indeed be irreparable," said Mrs. Beauchamp; "but while there is life there is hope."

"Here he comes! Oh! mamma, I am sure there is no hope in his face. Poor, poor Hugh," and she burst into tears.

Mr. Beauchamp, whose return was expected, was a distant cousin of Lord Singleton's. He exercised an office that was both that of agent and adviser. The property of Lord Singleton was very large, and required much care and trouble.

A clear head, and good knowledge of business, had made Mr. Beauchamp a valuable adviser to Lord Singleton; and as such, he had been established for three or four years with his wife and children at a pretty house in the park, commonly called the Cottage.

Mr. Beauchamp hastily entered the room, and said, in a voice awed and broken, "Dead!" Then, as he threw himself into a chair, great portly man as he was, he wept.

The young lord falls into a kind of stupor on the death of his father, and all other means having failed to rouse him, Mr. Beauchamp proposes to his daughter Annette, that she should endeavour to interest him by her conversation.

Annette was a pretty, but pale and timid looking girl of sixteen. Her manners had a certain quietness and self-possession, yet she appeared one disposed more to lean on others than to stand alone. At her father's words she coloured all over, with the quick, bright colouring that is common to fragile and delicate complexions; and her exclamation—

"Oh, papa!" had something striking it.

"Do you object, Annette? Mamma says you may go," said her father.

"On such an occasion as this," began Mrs. Beauchamp, but Annette interrupted her—

"Oh! mamma, I do not mind going, except that it frightens me. I have never been comforted anybody. I have never even seen anybody as unhappy as he will be."

"There will be nothing, dear, to do," said her father. "Just let the poor lay talk, which he will do to a woman more easily than to a man; that is all. Never prepare comfort for anybody, it never does; that I can tell you from experience."

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Annette was devotedly fond of her cousin Henry, even in as he called himself, though in fact the relationship overpast the bounds of relationship—nevertheless she did shrink from her present duty. She could not even fancy him unhappy; and when towards evening her father came to fetch her, her heart was inwardly trembling like an aspen leaf.

All this portion of the story is told with great patience, and falls upon the reader's heart like fragrant summer wind. Nothing is described; every thing is inferred; and the delicacy with which the authoress touches our feelings almost leads us to be unjustly forgetful of her skill, as we are unmindful of the sun in the midst of the soft beauty of the twilight. Patience is a great power in the hands of the novelist, and is too often neglected. Writers are too fond of suggesting motives and refining on characters, when, if they would but leave the reader to himself a little, he would clothe their groups with his own memories, and colour their pictures with his own passions. An incident quietly told, a detail delicately given, and allowed to sink into the reader's mind or heart, have a more powerful effect than whole pages of disquisition or description, however vivid; and of this truth the novel before us is a good example, for of its three prominent characters the two respecting whom the authoress talks and argues with the reader most, occupy a far less important place in the reader's attention, than the one who is simply presented to his notice with a few natural traits.

On recovering from the illness into which he is thrown by his father's death, one of the young lords first sets his conscience, that his young ward should reside with his relatives, the Beauchamps; and after some resistance on her part, she at length agrees.

Sybil Moore was a beautiful girl, tall, dark, with deep features, but with many of the characteristics of the East. Her eyes were large, brown, and sparkling; her dark chestnut hair was in the long braid, and her skin, even after the fatigues of a long journey, was as

smooth as it was white and dazzling. There are many who depreciate the beauty of complexion, because it is not of so high an order of beauty as beauty of feature. They undervalue its charm; but a fine complexion is a lovely thing, and, if not of the highest order, is a beauty that gives great pleasure. Sybil Moore had it in perfection, and Annette for a few moments gazed at her with wondering admiration. She had hardly decided, however, that she never had seen so fair a face, when her opinion underwent some change. The small lips were closed with a cold and rigid air, and her haughty and womanly manner sat unpleasantly on her youthful appearance. She sighed as she feared her new companion might prove hard and repulsive. But again a more favourable opinion was formed.

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leads; sees only with his eyes until he becomes blind, and then tries to force her readers to lend him theirs. Nor is this all; for those characters whom she has taken most pains to present in a favourable light are ruthlessly thrust aside, if they stand in the way of her favourite; and she never fails to be herself unjust, if it appear to her that she can thereby do her hero greater justice. Because the young lord is inspired with a kind of brick-and-mortar religion, which makes the building of churches an article of faith, and regards the discipline of parochial schools as of considerably greater importance than the lessons that are taught in them, she has thought right to hurl a torrent of sarcasms upon one whom she has described truthfully and well as a humble-minded, devout, minister of religion, and whose only fault is that he does not possess the energy of a parish overseer, or the instincts of a street orderly. An energetic superintendence of the poor, and a diligent pursuit of the means best calculated to alleviate their condition, are, doubtless, noble adjuncts to the Christian character in the present time; but it is a mistake to regard them as the whole body of divinity, and a still greater mistake to sneer at those whose temperament unfits them for dealing with builders' contracts, or deciding between the various systems of school-craft. The full vase bears but little stirring.

EVELYN MARSTON.*

It has been the chief triumph of modern chemistry to force what had formerly been regarded as refuse to yield valuable products; and modern literature, whilst making daring incursions into new fields of fancy and thought, has been no less solicitous to re-traverse those paths from which a superficial glance would consider every flower to have been plucked. It is, indeed, scarcely too much to say that all the greatest efforts of modern literature have been reviews of the mental verdicts of past times; and it may almost be laid down as a principle that the greater an author's mind may be, so much the more prone is it

to discuss those truths which the world has agreed to call trite, and to reflect on those sentiments which superficial knowledge or over-familiarity have declared commonplace. Genius refuses to regard anything as exhausted; and it is fortunate that it is so, or we should soon have all the world branded with mediocrity.

The novel before us is another example of this tendency of original thinkers to re-write the old. The story is the old one of the young girl, the daughter of a wealthy merchant, who falls in love with a poor man of genius, whom she marries in spite of her father's expostulations; she is turned out of doors, and suffers a long continuance of privation and misery, but, at the close of the book, regains, by a sudden change of fortune, her former position in society.

In writing such a story as this at the present day, an author is not so much an author as an actor; the characters have already been drawn for him by other hands; long usage has rendered the points traditional ones, and any alteration in the established positions is more likely to startle than to please. What remains for him to do, then, is to render the passions of the story with some show of reality; and to weep real tears on his stage, as Mrs. Siddons used to weep them on hers. He can expect no aid from the novelty of his fiction, and must be the more earnest, therefore, in obtaining it from his new representation of the truth. In "*Evelyn Marston*," Mrs. Marsh gives many proofs that she was quite aware that it had little claims to originality, and seems to have determined to render it so distinguished for excellence of detail, polish of language, and tenderness of sentiment, as to be capable of interesting all classes of minds without the intervention of exciting plot or startling catastrophe. We consider that her success has been complete, and although we like one or two of her novels better, there is none which is more eloquent or passionate.

JOHN HALIFAX.†

No bunch of seaweed plunged in water spreads out with brighter colours, or clearer, tenderer outlines, than

* "*Evelyn Marston*." By the author of "*Emilia Wyndham*." London: Hurst & Blackett, 1856.

† "*John Halifax*." By the author of "*The Head of the Family*," &c. London: Hurst and Blackett, 1856.

those which this story displays as it sinks into the reader's heart. It is a summary of life and a catalogue of its passions, as the rose is a summary of the beauty of summer, and the forests are a catalogue of the years that are gone. It does not address us in the manner of most fictions, with sly innuendo and flippant argument, but rather discourses with itself, as the wind discourses with itself in the echoing depths of mountains. It is a prose poem, of which goodness and beauty are the metre and the rhythm. It is a chapter on the joyfulness of a pure life. As Johanna Buillie illustrated the human passions by writing a tragedy and a comedy on each, so has Miss Mallock illustrated, in "John Halifax," each of the great phases of human life by two pictures, not opposed to each other, nor even contrasting, but taken from different points of view, and thus, by a kind of mental stereoscope, enabling us to form a solid and real conception of what, under any other treatment, could at the best have been merely picturesque.

The very plan of the book involves in itself a great truth: a truth of which there are wild glimpses in Don Quixote, and coarse illustrations in Paul de Kock's *L'Honneur du Policier* and *L'Honneur de la Nature*. It proposes, and nobly works out the idea, to show that whatever of good or great is taught to men by the stern, sad lessons of life, exists originally in his own nature in far greater vigour and brilliancy, and would never cease to blossom, would he only keep himself pure. This is the text to which "John Halifax" is the common, as summer is the poetic to which its flowers are the words.

The story of "John Halifax" is placed fifty years closer a time which is nearer to the old and tradition to the younger a time than which there has been none more meaningful to England, none more widely interesting to the world. The choice of such a period by our authoress was evidently no casual choice, and the energy of the public life and spirit at that time is well matched with the striking individual character of her story. Of the wisdom of the introduction of characters which the lapse of time is rendering historical, among the creations of fiction, there can be no question. Lady Hamil-

ton, for instance, is introduced to us by name, and made to take part in the story, and vigorously attacked. She, whom the tasteful Romney thought all worthy to be the model for the purest creations of an artist's fancy for Miranda and St. Cecilia; whom the delicate minded Hayley loved to describe as a noble, simple, truthful actress; and whom the proud queen of the Sicilies rejoiced to call her friend, is described in the novel before us in the flippant, mock-polite manner of a police report. It is a cruel blow—and it comes from a woman's hand.

The main thread of the story consists of the rise of a poor boy from the utmost poverty and destitution to affluence and distinction. This is a subject dear to all Englishmen, because all Englishmen are acquainted with living illustrations of it; there are, in fact, so many wealthy men who have begun the world with less than five shillings, that eager aspirants after fortune must be almost tempted to commence their career by the distribution of any cash they may possess above that moderate sum. But the hero does not obtain his social elevation simply by means of his great business talents and steady adherence to the principles of morality. Our authoress is well aware that sentiment has as much influence on the practical affairs of life as the weather on the corn market in autumn; and friendship, as well as fortune, holds out her hand to aid John Halifax in the busy strife.

The story, as we have before said, bears throughout a twofold aspect, and the scenery is always nicely chosen to suit each. The vast tanyard and the huge water-mill, bright with light and strong with shadow, which are the great instruments of fortune to the favored family of the story, are so associated in its pages with kindness of heart, that we are almost led to believe that friendship shares with industry the honor of being the philosopher's stone.

We commend this novel to our readers; and to those who object to novel-reading we can recommend its perusal as a portion of their serious studies. Better novels may have been written, but none with a finer purpose, or capable of leaving a more excellent impression.

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HOW MUST SARDINIA FIGHT AUSTRIA ?

CAN Sardinia afford a war with Austria? is the stern question of those who see, in the unequal resources of the two countries, little to hope for the emancipation of Italy. Can a nation which numbers not one-sixth of the population carry an aggressive war into the territories of its now powerful neighbour, and, with an army of, at the very utmost, eighty thousand men, assail a force of triple or quadruple amount, in a country abounding in fortresses, and every resource of which is already at their command? There are no words which could exaggerate the inequality of such a contest, nor is there one single element which the struggle could evoke that would diminish that disparity. The line of attack is limited to a comparatively small extent. It must be through the space between the Alps and the Duchies; or, in other words, it must be by an open country, where there are few natural defences, and only adapted for the operations of large masses of men.

Widely extended flanks, unsupported by any advantages of position, require great resources in cavalry, in which Austria is eminently superior; and in artillery, where her strength is equally conspicuous; and lastly, the devotion to the cause of Italian independence, which many well-minded but ill-informed persons attribute to the inhabitants of Lombardy, has no existence whatever in fact. Between the Piedmontese and the Lombards there is no feeling of friendship; the

only sentiment is that of jealousy and dislike; and were the peasant of the Milanais to choose to-morrow, he would infinitely prefer the rule of the German, such as in all its stern severity he has known it, than to form part of a "united Italy" of which Piedmont should be the head. In fact, if there be anything more than another to damp the ardor and diminish the sanguine hopes of those who dream of Italian independence, it is this very rivalry, this mean and narrow jealousy, which sets every state of the Peninsula against its neighbour. The old grudges of long-past centuries are treasured as traditions of hate, and the cruelties of ages gone by are almost the only chronicles which are valued in their history. Nor has Austria been slow to profit by this unworthy feeling; with all her native craft she has ministered to it in a hundred ways. For years has it been the congenial labor of her press to exaggerate and widen the difference between the Lombard and the rest of Italy; to contrast, occasionally with truth, the prosperity he enjoys with the poverty under which his neighbour is struggling; and to ascribe to the sway of a paternal government the benefits which are most justly attributable to habits of industry and economy so essentially inherent in the Lombard character. Well knowing, besides, that the spirit of the nobles can never be with her, that every instinct of their order must be to hate those from whom they have met nothing but insult and outrage,

she has wreaked upon them the full measure of her vengeance, burthening them with the heaviest taxation, sequestrating their estates, driving them, by tyrannical enactments, to forced sales of their properties, and by a series of laws, conceived with an almost diabolical ingenuity, establishing a system by which utter ruin and beggary must be the portion of all who will not cast their lot with the dominion of the German.

While they have done all this, outrageous every feeling and insulting every sentiment of a great aristocracy, they have practised every possible indulgence towards the peasant. The taxation imposed upon the proprietor has been so much of relief to him; the increased imposts which war has necessitated fall only to the share of the owner of the soil; in the same proportion that one is injured is the other benefitted; and while the Government sets at defiance the enmity of the noble, it draws more close its alliance with the people.

It is not, perhaps, generally known that this great empire, with all its high instincts of aristocracy, practises a game of democratic guise, which, if it were not Machiavellian in spirit, might enlighten the freest notions of the Model Republic itself. In Austria, as in Russia, it is the noble that is feared, and the steady aim of the Government is to maintain the rights and lighten the burden of the peasant. The Kreishauptmann in the German provinces, the Delegate in Italy, ostensibly a mere magistrate, is in reality the retained and salaried defender of the peasant against the proprietor—an agent invested with considerable power, and placed in a position to turn the scale ever in the favor of the humble man, and by this organized protection to attach him to the state.

This policy Austria has practised most successfully in Italy; failing to attach the nobles to her cause, she has resolved to crush and destroy them. By a gross and almost incredible exercise of tyranny, she has forbidden them to educate their sons in foreign universities; she has foreseen the consequences of lives begun in indolence and continued in inglorious idleness and dissipation; and craftily speculated on the time when the race

of men thus trained should be no longer formidable. There is not a flaw or a feature of national character that she has not studied and turned to advantage; their very vices have been ministered to as means of their subjugation! Thus, year by year, day by day, widening the interval between the proprietor and the peasant, she has given a different air and object to each, till the very idea of a common country has ceased to exist between them. How conspicuously was this seen in the disastrous retreat of Charles Albert in '48. The Piedmontese troops died of starvation on the roads, while the peasantry flocked in thousands with all the resources of their fields to the camp of the Austrians. This was the reward of Italian patriotism—this was the recompense of those gallant fellows who shed their blood for Lombard independence—that on the very soil they fought to emancipate, they sank famished and exhausted, while their enemies revelled in every enjoyment.

This digression, longer than we had intended it, will serve to shew that little is to be hoped from either the sympathy or the aid of the Lombard peasant; his interest points in another direction; nor was his heart ever in the cause. It is different with the inhabitant of the towns; but even his patriotism the events of '48 have served sadly to disorganize. It was in that very city of Milan, to whose cry for aid the brave Piedmontese rushed in arms in '47, that the life of Charles Albert was perilled in the retreat from Mantua; and but for the personal gallantry of his staff there is every reason to believe that he would have been assassinated by the populace.

Amid all the demoralizing consequences that ensue from mal-government, there is not one so fatal as the propensity a long enslaved people contract to impute treachery to every one of every side. Years of tyranny teach habits of craft and subtlety; severity suggests evasion and falsehood; and where the natural faculties are acute, and the sense of injury strong, a temperament is formed that places its strength far more in distrust than confidence, and relies more on its own powers of detection than on the guidance and good

faith of another. This frame of mind prevails largely in Italy, and throughout every party and every section of politicians distrust plays a conspicuous part! In addition, therefore, to the evils consequent on ancient grudges and long-past rivalries, account must be had of this other element of weakness—the difficulty of inspiring with confidence a people long imbued with habits of suspicion.

In assuming the leadership of liberalism, Piedmont has to struggle against both of these difficulties, and no higher praise could be accorded to the wisdom of her counsels, than in the avowal that so well and so faithfully has she conducted herself throughout the trying period of her constitutionalism, already is she regarded by every really enlightened Italian as the standard around which all must rally who desire the enfranchisement and the greatness of their common country. If, therefore, we regard Austria as the evil influence whose bane has so long poisoned the existence of the Peninsula, to Piedmont must we look as the only state from which restoration and regeneration can proceed. These two nations have placed themselves before the rest of Europe as the asserters of opposite and conflicting lines of policy, and the great question, on whose solution the destinies of millions beyond the frontiers of each depend, must sooner or later be decided by the triumph of one or other of these states. With the success of Austria, we are to look not alone to the slavery of Lombardy, but to the influence of her principles throughout the states of the Church and Naples. With Piedmont victorious, we should see a more just and mild administration pervade every part of the Peninsula, a better dispensation of the law, and a larger and wider prosperity of the people.

So completely identified are these two countries with the two conflicting policies which struggle for supremacy in Italy, that the words Austrian or Sardinian might be applied to almost any and every measure which distinguish the two rival camps of party. To maintain, throughout its worst abuses, the full power of the Church—to support and even extend its supremacy—to govern by force, without even a thought of the existence of

public opinion—to rule by the terror of police agency, and an organized system of "espionage,"—is the type of the one. To govern by equal laws and open tribunals—to rule by responsible advisers, with the consent of an elective chamber, a people free to discuss every measure of their rulers; to place in equality before the tribunals the priest and the layman; and to admit the nation itself to the high function of influencing its own fortunes,—these are the characteristics of the other. It is needless to say, that between states so influenced no friendship nor any sympathy can exist. They approach the discussion of every question with views diametrically opposite, and the triumph of the one is necessarily the defeat of the other.

It is of consequence to make this statement plainly, however needless it may seem to the apprehension of some of our readers, and to add that the influence of both these states—representatives, as they are, of opposite ideas—is felt and acknowledged widely beyond their own frontiers; and while the governments of the Duchies, of the Legations, of Rome, and even of Naples, confess their obligations to the Empire, the people of those countries look with anxious hope towards Sardinia as their refuge and their safety.

The immense military resources of Austria have always enabled her to rule at home with the strong arm of force; but they have also empowered her to extend her influence over those weaker governments, to whose aid, for every purpose of repression and severity, she has ever been willing to lend her armies; and thus Modena, Parma, and Tuscany have one by one sacrificed their independence for the miserable privilege of enslaving and tyrannizing over their own subjects. States like these, garrisoned only by native troops, could never have dared, as they have, to outrage and insult their people. It is in the ready assurance of Austrian battalions that they promulgate their acts of tyranny. It is in the confidence that the Empire is only too glad to make the examples outside her frontier suffice as lessons to those within; and, by the military severities of Leghorn and Ancona, strike terror into those who inhabit Milan and Venice.

To impress the minds of the petty princes around her with exaggerated terrors of all free institutions, of liberty of speech, and freedom of opinion—to fill them with apprehensions of secret societies, associated for the most terrific of purposes—to induce them to believe that every concession to national liberty is an error, every measure of repression an act of self defence—has long been the congenial labor of Austria in Italy. To this object the Mazzinian party have lent powerful aid. A sect who profess their faith in the poignard, and whose highest policy is assassination, afford a wide field for Austrian diplomacy to enlarge on. Every horror of the first French revolution has its advocacy in their ranks, and the Austrians can ask with boldness, Is it for men like these you would revolt against *our* rule?

None better than the statesmen of Vienna know how to distinguish between these men of anarchy and bloodshed, and the wise and benevolent counsellors of the house of Savoy. No ignorance, indeed, could ever confound them together. Studied and malevolent misrepresentation—worse than any ignorance—has, however, done so. The emissaries of Austria throughout Italy persist in regarding the two parties as identical, only admitting a question of degree between the views of the wildest socialism and the enlightened policy of a constitutional government. Nor let us wonder at this. Have they not proclaimed our own country the focus of the destructive parties who seek the downfall of European monarchy? Are we not held up by their journals as a people whose prosperity depends upon the disorder and confusion we can propagate in other lands?—as a nation who live less by industry than by the discord and misery we sow around us?

It were indeed too much to expect that Piedmont should escape their calumnies. Nor does she. The official organ of Milan prints daily, for the edification, and, doubtless, for the credence of its readers, the most absurd and insulting libels on Sardinia. From the king to the humblest of his subjects, there is none too high nor yet too humble to claim exemption from these attacks; and these, be it remembered, are not the irrepressible

outbursts of recently acquired liberties; they are not the rank vegetation that comes of a new political soil; they are published in a land where the press is not free, and where the judgment of the censor must be passed on every line that is given to print!

Austria and Piedmont, being thus placed as in the opposite poles of policy, were their relative strength at all equal, the great issue might fairly be tried, and the result of the contest accepted as the guarantee on which side lay the truth and the right. The advocates of liberty would desire no better arbitrement. But alas! wide are the differences between their resources and their power. In peace, the imperial army is rarely below 480,000 men; in war, she could summon 700,000 to her standards. The varied character of her population, too, supplies every distinctive arm of the service; and the designations which, in other armies, have no higher origin than the skill of the tailor and the accoutrement-maker, are in Austria written down by the hand of nature. The heavy dragoon from Bohemia, the hussar of Hungary, the Polish lancer, and the Tyrol sharpshooter, are nationalities. Her resources in materiel are also immense. In fact, she has sacrificed all to the great aim of her military greatness; and, so far as the organization and discipline of her army can go, every success has attended her project. Sardinia, a small state heavily burthened by taxation, maintains an army of forty thousand, which, by effort, might be perhaps doubled. Of the constitution of that force, its perfect discipline, its order and its gallantry, we are ourselves in a position to speak. The Piedmontese contingent in the Crimea, for every high quality of the soldier, were the theme of French and English alike. A force more ready to take the field from the very day they landed could not be imagined. Such an army has indeed but one fault, and could we number them by hundreds instead of tens, the cause of Italy would need no foreign sympathies, nor hang dependant upon the expressions of diplomacy. Were there even an approach to equality between the contending forces, there would be much room for hope in the prospect of a campaign. But the inequality is too monstrous—the disproportion is too great. Sar-

dinia, therefore, cannot afford a war with Austria. Such a war could only bring upon her defeat and ruin, an insult to her territory, a new burden upon her people. We well know that the national pride takes a very different view of the issue; we are well aware that to a high-spirited and chivalrous people, animated by a great principle, warned by a great cause, the thought of defeat is the last that would occur; that they would spare nothing to ensure success: that there is not a sacrifice which they would not readily make; that there is not a burthen that they would not willingly assume. All this we are sure of. But, alas! victory must ever, in the long run, be at the side of the "gros bataillons." Zeal, and heroism, and self-devotion, all fail at impossibilities; and the very fact that at the first disaster there are no resources from which to recruit the fallen ranks of the army, must at once show how ineffectual such a struggle must be.

Were it necessary to insist further upon a point so self-evident and so clear, we might quote the opinions of Sardinian officers themselves—men whose whole heart and soul would be in such a struggle—to show that by the army the contest is regarded as too unequal. They well know, even without the bitter experience the last war taught—that to themselves alone must they trust in any struggle with the imperial forces; that of the disorderly rabble that flocked to their standards, the Pradi of Tuscany, the Crociati of the Legations, little account could be taken in the hour of peril and difficulty; that the thousands who shared the rations in the camp would never share in the field; and of that patriotism of which we hear and read in the letters of "our Correspondent," the only product would be a declaratory harangue in a cafe, a well-intoned bravura for the last opera in vogue. These sentimentalities were never in favor with the Piedmontese. War and impassioned, they have yet some of that sterner and more prosaic element that enters into the men of the North. They are not so impulsive, but far more resolute than any other of the Italian blood; but, like men of action, they hold cheaply those who have contributed little to the cause save the

inexpensive gift of their good wishes. Perhaps, too, the inglorious conduct of many of the Italian tributaries in the last war has increased the contempt with which Sardinia was always disposed to regard the other races of the Peninsula.

Were there freedom of speech and freedom of the press in Italy, the contest between Sardinia and Austria might with confidence be left to the ordeal of discussion; since, sooner or later, men would perceive to which side inclined truth, justice, or moderation. Beyond the Piedmontese frontier, however, the liberty of opinion is denied to all. An official "*Monitore*" duly announces the rates of exchange, the theatres and the newly decorated favourites of the sovereign, together with certain carefully culled passages from French and English newspapers; but not a word of commentary, not a syllable that might imply praise or blame on any party, or any following, is to be found; and were the date abstracted, it would require more than ordinary penetration to say to what era the intelligence referred.

If, then, the war of arms and the war of opinion be alike impossible; if Sardinia alone, without that aid which she is not likely to receive, nor in whose acceptance would she probably consult the best interests of her own independence, cannot successfully oppose a state far more powerful than herself; if she be, from the enslaved position of the Peninsula, unable to appeal freely to those whose sympathies might thus be with her; is her cause utterly hopeless, and is she totally without a resource to meet this great and eventful struggle? Is there, in fact, any other issue to which she can turn while the war of bayonets is impossible, and the war of words denied her. We say, yes; that there still remains another great battlefield; one which the daily habits of the world are extending and expanding; one to whose conflict the most acute intellects are summoned, and the most intense passions are engaged—we mean the WAR OF INTERESTS—the great battle of national prosperity! It is to this we would now direct all the energies of the Piedmontese people, fully convinced that the development of their new greatness is inseparably engaged in

the schemes by which the enemy is at length to be overcome.

When Gioberti conceived his great plan for Italian unity, a customs league that should include every state of the Peninsula, the project struck more terror to the heart of Austria than would an army of 100,000 men in the plains of Lombardy. The bare possibility of an aroused nationality—an Italian sentiment that should include all between the Adriatic and the Mediterranean—was an idea so full of peril, that not a moment was lost in opposing it. Every artifice by which ancient rivalries and animosities could be revived was employed—all the customary cunning of Austrian diplomacy developed to sow distrust and fear on every side. The views of Piedmont were stigmatized as the first incittings of a base ambition to dominate over the rest of Italy—the plan itself denounced as the secret agency of that democracy which one day or other was to overrun the whole Peninsula. The difficulties—and grave enough they doubtless were—were exaggerated into impossibilities, and the working of the scheme was depicted as one of those impracticable efforts whose ultimate failure must convulse every state into anarchy. Even before the views of Gioberti saw the light, Austrian espionage had detected and revealed them, and before the day of their announcement their failure had been secured.

But Austria did not stop here, for, profiting by the lessons of her enemy, she at once set about the organization of that Doganal league, by which Modena and Parma were to be included within the circle of the empire; Tuscany and the Legations to follow of course in the march of time. To embrace the smaller duchies within the trade confines of Austria was a great stroke of policy, since, without the graver advantages politically and strategically accruing, she extended her own markets without one single counteracting consideration. Neither Modena nor Parma possesses any manufacturing interests. They are large cultivators of the raw silk which Milanese industry incessantly and eagerly demands. They are, besides, so situated, that if not included in the imperial customs circle, the frontier population might deluge

the towns of Lombardy with contraband goods. These were all great and substantial reasons for the project. Of those which possess a military importance we may speak hereafter.

That no nationality ever long maintained its identical features where the daily interests of commerce opposed it, is a truth that needs not any demonstration. Of Modena or Parma little vestige of an Italian character remains, save in the monuments of the long past. An Austrian soldiery and Austrian rule have left them not a trace of their Latin origin. To efface even the semblance of a national independence, we read this very week in an Austrian journal, the announcement that the imposts of Parma are in future to be collected by officials wearing the imperial uniform. These brief and passing remarks may serve to show the importance attached by Austria to the Customs League.

The encroachment of Austria into the heart of Italy, for such it in reality is, is of the very gravest consequence. By the vassalage of the princes of Parma and Modena, the empire has in fact extended its frontier, overlapping Piedmont from the Ticino to the mouth of the Magra, and opening to her a formidable line of attack whenever it should be her policy to become the assailant. Along this very frontier line, within the last eight months, an Austrian engineer detachment has been making a military survey. These are significant indications of her views, and let not Sardinia ignore or neglect them.

We have said that a war of interests is the true attack in which Piedmont can assail her enemy; and to this point we return. To derange the entire "doganal" system of Austria, to engage her in most costly and at the same time fruitless attempts at protection, to injure her revenue, and break down all the artificial barriers she has erected to defend her manufactures, to interest all her outlying population in a scheme by which her interests are to be compromised if not actually ruined—such is the plan we now recommend to Sardinia. To effect all this, to render the tenure of Lombardy more costly than it is valuable, and to call upon the resources of the entire empire to maintain a province, Piedmont has but one step to take; and this is to constitute

Spezia a free port to the goods of all nations; to attract thither the immense commerce of France, England, and America, and to deluge Austrian Italy with a contraband trade, which, were she to convert her entire Lombard army into customs officers, would still defy her to oppose. To this object the geographical situation of Spezia offers the most remarkable facilities. With a bay capable of holding the assembled navies of the world, sheltered and protected on every side, Spezia lies in the extreme eastern frontier of the kingdom, so as to admit of its being easily partitioned off from the rest of the state. A mountainous peninsula, forming the south-eastern shore of the gulf, separates it from the Modenese territory. This tract is almost uninhabited, and except the small town of Lerici, a few inconsiderable villages are the only unoccupied spots. Over this mountain frontier the footsteps of the smuggler would soon wear a thousand tracks. The country beyond, broken, irregular, and well wooded, presents every facility of concealment. Even now its population are a race of "contrabandieri," who for the small profits of a differential duty, daily peril their lives in this pursuit. Let these profits, however, be augmented ten, fifty, or a hundred fold; let the supply be inexhaustable; and it may be imagined to what an extent and with what an organization will be carried a system by which great wealth will be rapidly accumulated. There is scarcely an imported article for which the consumer of Modena is not taxed forty or fifty per cent. upon its value. Manufactured goods are almost excluded from consumption by the exorbitant rate of duty. Fancy then the avidity with which the products of France and England would be sought by those denied the very commonest of those articles so familiar to our own populations. By the valley of Pontremoli Parma is also reached; and here again stretches a tract of country where no amount of vigilance, nor scarcely any number of people, could successfully oppose the arts of the smuggler.

When we recal to mind the dismay occasioned to the Austrian government when a small and insignificant league at Milan was formed to denounce the use of tobacco, and smo-

king was proclaimed to be a crime against patriotism; when we remember the terror with which this new sect was regarded, the means taken to suppress it, the severities employed towards any detected as belonging to it, we can form some vague and indistinct notion of the far greater fear which such a scheme as we here speak of would excite.

Within the last few weeks the people of Ancona have declared that they will abstain from spirituous liquors, as a means of injury to the national revenue; and Austria, alarmed by a system so easily followed and so quickly learned, has lent all the aid of her force to punish these conspirators. Such facts will not fail to show us with what eyes she would regard this infinitely greater peril.

If we have put forward, in the first place, the consequences of a large contraband trade, ruinous to its revenue, and scarcely less perilous in the lawless habits it engenders, before entering upon the graver consequences of the plan, it is because we desire to trace, so far as we can, the results that would ensue in the same order that they would themselves observe. The immediate consequence of establishing Spezia as a free port would then be what we have mentioned—a system of contraband, spreading from the Appenines to the sea, engaging the entire population of the Lunigiana, and enlisting every village from Pontremoli to Cuxara. Through every valley and gorge of the Appenines the manufactures of France and England would find their way. While the enterprise of the smuggler was amassing wealth for himself, the lesson imparted to the people would be to reflect upon those other nations where the blessings of free trade prevailed, and where even poverty was not denied its comforts. What a contrast would it present to the minds of these long enslaved people, the condition of those to whom all these luxuries were as mere daily wants, with their own, excluded from even the very commonest products of industry? With what feelings would they regard the government which, for the object of their own enslavement, oppressed them with protective duties, while all around and about them lived others, of their own blood and tongue, free to enjoy such gifts.

How would they feel towards the land from which the benefits flowed? These are the more remote but far graver consequences that would ensue.

While this great commercial campaign was thus waged, Spezia itself would become a place of note and importance. The great naval depot of the kingdom, strengthened and fortified, would become a great military position, equally available for attack or defence. The increased trade thus fostered would be gradually elevating her to that position which happily it may be yet her privilege to hold—the great commercial centre of a country of which Modena and the Lunigiano should form part—the Genoa of Eastern Sardinia.

Could Austria maintain her position against this assault? by what organization could she combat its operations? how oppose the spread of those opinions, which, more fatal than any other contraband, would soon over-run the whole Lombard kingdom?

It is not necessary to advert to that closer alliance which Sardinia would thus contract with England, nor to the strong ties by which this nation would thus be attached to our own. In the fortunes and welfare of Piedmont our interest would soon rise above the feelings of mere sympathy and good will. A vast opening to our commerce would speedily establish relations with the two countries which would unite us to her fortunes in weal or woe; and this fact alone would have its significance for Austria. Look on the map of Northern Italy and South Germany, and ask how long would it take ere Spezia, thus privileged, should darken the fortunes of Trieste, and the trade of the gulf obliterate the commerce of the Adriatic. We do not attempt to assert that this policy has not its own heavy cost, or that in adopting it, Sardinia engages upon a path without its share of sacrifices. The interests of Genoa would of course suffer, though not so largely as might at first be supposed. A large inroad would of course be made upon the financial receipts of the realm, and a deficit, which might be calculated at thirty millions of francs, at once incurred. The cause of protection, which to a considerable extent is maintained in Piedmont, would be also assailed in its most vital part.

These are all grave considerations, but they must be weighed against the benefits which would accrue from the plan; which, if successful, accomplishes a change in Northern Italy far greater than the most prosperous campaign of a victorious army could effect. Let Austria be made to feel her resources assailed, and her large revenue impaired. Let the power she now wields over contiguous states be weakened, as it will be by her inability to protect them. Let the cost of maintaining her Lombard possessions reach a point approaching the benefit she derives from them; and add to these considerations the risk of the opinions, thus broad-cast, spreading through the Italian Tyrol, over the Alps, and into Southern Germany; and we may confidently ask how long will she desire to possess an Italian province?

In the year 1848 she was willing, after a brief and far from decisive campaign, to resign the whole of the Milanais to Charles Albert. It was less the disasters of her armies that induced her to propose this immense concession, than the dread of "the worse thing" that she anticipated was to follow. Such has ever been Austrian policy. The artificial system on which her empire is based can resist no shock—can weather no hurricane. An incongruous association of states, held together by cleverly managed rivalries and intestine jealousies rather than by the ties of common kindred and family, admits of no appeal to its patriotism. The impulses of self interest will predominate over all other, as they have been shewn to do in that very portion of her empire where personal devotion to the House of Hapsburg was once a religion. In the Tyrol, where loyalty some fifteen or twenty years ago was the impulse of every breast, it has been almost effaced. A series of cruel enactments, oppressive to their interests, a heavy tax on the export of their wines, the one solitary article of foreign consumption, has sapped the devotion of those who were wont to place their faith in the paternal government.

We repeat once more the main facts; that Lombardy can be rendered too costly to keep; that the measures of defence can be pushed to that amount of costliness, that, independ-

ently of the grave thought of retaining in close connexion a rebellious province and a beggared treasury, will come the stern consideration that the struggle offers not one solitary advantage, and that it is a mere question of years, if not of months, how long the black and yellow banner should wave over the towers of Mantua. To accomplish this by force of arms would require a European war. Austria cannot be driven out of Lombardy by the unsupported strength of Sardinia. The aid Piedmont derived from Italy in the war of 1848 would no longer be present. Tuscany, the Roman states, and Naples have returned to all, some to more than all, their ancient traditions of oppression. Sardinia would be alone in the struggle, as regards the rest of the Peninsula.

To invite the alliance of France and England might not prove successful. It is indeed more than likely that these nations would not lend themselves to any aggressive policy, and that the very utmost of their efforts would be to protect Sardinia, if assailed. But supposing it otherwise; assuming that the western powers concurred in such a line; what proportions would not the war immediately assume! Russia and Prussia would soon find themselves in the ranks; and not Italy alone, but the banks of the Rhine and the Danube would re-echo the cannon of the engaged hosts.

It can no more be our policy than that of France to promote such a struggle. A great war of nationalities, and such it would be, would be the greatest disaster could befall Europe. All the energies of modern statesmanship, all the triumphs of modern science and skill have been directed to the object of obliterating the tracts which have divided nation from nation. More widely disseminated intelligence, more extended commerce, the railroad and the telegraph have already accomplished much; nearer intercourse between the different families of European race has shown how few were the real grudges, how unfounded the greater number of the prejudices which the crafty policy of

the rulers had so long fostered between them. Let but a few more years of peace prevail, and the difficulty of a European war will be much increased. Let, however, the spark of discord only evoke the dread question of nationalities now, and the wisest and most far seeing politician will be lost in his speculations as to what may ensue.

If it be therefore of greatest moment to us that the Italian difficulty be settled without a war, it is not less imminent that the question should have a speedy solution. The instinct that would deter a man to build his house on the slopes of Etna or Vesuvius would alike prevent the world of Europe from proceeding in their accustomed course in the present condition of the Peninsula. The light cloud over the mountain top, the muttered thunder within have told us that the terrible hour is approaching. As easily might we attempt to arrest the upthrown lava of the eruption, as the force of that dread contest which will flow over the high Alps, and involve all Europe in its ravages. Let us only defer the day, and while we wear out the hopes of that party whose moderation is now our stronghold, we shall also strengthen that dangerous sect who await the hour of impatient anger and uncalculating passion, to place themselves at the head of the people.

While France and England stand forward, while England alone stands forward, to aid the cause of good government in Italy, the efforts of Mazzini are powerless. Well is he aware of this fact, and every device of his ingenuity has been to thwart the influence which England is justly obtaining over the constitutional party in Italy. We can do now, therefore, what we may not be able to do hereafter. Meanwhile it is for Sardinia to give the initiative. If the counsels we have here tendered, if our views be such as to offer a well grounded hope of success, we shall be prouder in this our humble effort, than had we been selected by a great king or kaiser to aid in the oppression of his subjects and the subjugation of his people.

A DELINEATION OF THE PRIMARY PRINCIPLES OF REASONING.*

It might have been expected that a scientific art like Logic would by this time have been a thing so well settled and defined, as to take its place in the stationary parts of knowledge. Its matter lies wholly within the compass of every day's experience; and its form it was the chosen labour, for many ages, of some of the acutest minds the world has ever seen, to elaborate into complete perfection. Such a department of science and art seemed to hold out little promise of fresh discoveries; and in fact, we believe that the minds of thinking men had, until very lately, settled themselves into the persuasion that little more remained to be done than to use the excellent instruments which former manufacturers had provided for us; that the stock already in hand was, if faulty in any respect, only faulty in excess; and that while it was probable that we might do well *without* some of the curious old appliances of Burgersdick and Smiglecius, there could be no necessity for framing any new ones. The disgust created by the scholastic abuse of syllogising had disappeared as the nuisance itself abated; the alarm raised about the very foundations of the art by the Scottish metaphysicians was perceived to be a groundless panic, originating in the ignorance of the alarmists; and within the clear and distinctly marked boundaries which Archbishop Whately traced for it, the logic of Aristotle had as well recognized a province as grammar or geography.

But, within the last few years, the repose of the schools has again been broken—not by the enemies merely, but by the friends of syllogism; and important discoveries have been announced of a *terra incognita* which lay concealed in this often-traversed region. This announcement, we believe, came upon most hearers—as it certainly did upon us—with much the same startling effect as if they had heard of a new California or El Dorado discovered in the valley of

the Puddle. But the character of discoverers has been assumed in this instance by persons of such distinction in the literary world, as to place them beyond the reach of mere ridicule, and secure attention to the claims they have put forward. We refer especially to Mr. Mill, the late Sir William Hamilton, and Professors De Morgan and Boole. Such innovators as these were not persons to be treated with mere contemptuous neglect, and therefore we are glad to find that so able a champion as Mr. Kidd has come forward with a regular defence of the old orthodox Aristotelic faith, as it has come down to us through the tradition of our dialectical ancestors.

Logic may be regarded as both an art and a science; and, in point of fact, and notwithstanding some angry verbal disputes, has always been so regarded. Those stern combatants in a controversy now almost forgotten, who contended most earnestly that it should be ranked among the arts, maintained that conclusion upon the principle that things should be denominated *a majori parte*: and this point once admitted the case was clear in their favour, since the larger part of the matter of logic is manifestly technical. Their antagonists on the other hand, who were for calling it a science, rested their case upon another principle—that things should be denominated *a nobiliori parte*. The quarrel was a very pretty one for a scholastic tournament, but not sufficiently important for our utilitarian tastes. Those who preferred to style it a science confessed that it contained an art; and those who called it an art, allowed it to contain a science. The dispute was only about the propriety of a name.

Logic, then, may be safely regarded as both a science and an art; and amongst the innovations to which we have referred, some involve changes principally in the technical, and some in the scientific part of it. Those who, with Hamilton and De Morgan,

* A Delineation of the Primary Principles of Reasoning. By Robert Boyd Kidd, B.A., perpetual curate of Butley, Suffolk. London: Richard Bentley. 1856.

admit, more or less, the substantial correctness of the common scientific theory of logic, and only seek to perfect its analysis, and to express its formulas with greater generality and precision, introduce extensive alterations into its *rules*: while Mill, who sets aside the vulgar notion of its basis altogether, leaves the fabric of the *art* of logic precisely as he found it, and speaks with a lofty, and not wholly undeserved, contempt of the labours of the mathematico-logicians.

Indeed we are ourselves disposed to regard the achievements of Mr. De Morgan and Dr. Boole, as much more important in the way of shewing the powers of symbolical algebra by its application to a new subject, than in respect of any light they throw upon the science, or any accession they contribute to the art of logic.

The analogy between logic and arithmetic had been strongly felt in former times, and the ambiguity of the Greek term *λογος* is itself a witness of it. But Hobbes pressed the resemblance to absolute identity. "To compute," says he, "is either to collect the sum of many things taken together, or to know what remains when one thing is taken out of another. Ratiocination, therefore, is the same both in addition and subtraction; and if any man will add multiplication and division, I will not be against it, seeing multiplication is nothing but the addition of equals one to another, and division nothing but the subtraction of equals one from another . . . We must not therefore think that computation, i. e. ratiocination, has place only in numbers, as if man were distinguished from other living creatures (which is said to have been the opinion of Pythagoras) by nothing but the faculty of numbering; for magnitude, body, time, degrees of quality, action, conception, speech, and names (in which all the kinds of philosophy consist) are capable of addition and subtraction. Now such things as we add or subtract, i. e., what we put into an account, we are said to consider, in Greek *λογίζεσθαι*, in which

language also *συλλογίζεσθαι* signifies to compute, reason or reckon."^{*}

But modern symbolism does not confine itself to addition and subtraction. The symbols of mathematical reasoning were indeed until recently considered as indissolubly connected with quantity in some form or other; and to this exclusive meaning, which they were supposed to have, was referred the power of development of which they are possessed. Enquiries more extensive and more exact, however, have dispelled these prejudices, and shewn that their surprising capability of endless transformation and expansion is due (not to any necessary connexion between them and the *magnitudes* they are employed to express, but) to the independent operation of a few primary laws assumed at the outset for the purpose of regulating their use. Thus we are led to see that the quantities which had been regarded as *the* meaning of the symbols, were only *an* interpretation of them. Symbols accordingly have been latterly employed by mathematicians, under forms such as that the idea of quantity cannot enter; while others again have occupied themselves in extending the interpretation of the symbols of ordinary algebra. In both departments considerable progress has been made, and much light thrown on some obscure regions of analysis. And although the extravagant hopes of some enthusiastic admirers have been disappointed, yet this is a branch of enquiry from which no contemptible store of knowledge has been gathered, and more may not unreasonably be expected.

In the way of proving or trying the powers of this new and curious engine, we do not object to the application of it to logical formulas. It is a highly interesting sight to the mathematician to see "Victorious Analysis" thus exercising its forces upon a new region of human thought; and perhaps from this development of those forces he may learn to wield them hereafter with greater facility and advantage in a field where more can be effected by them. But we

* "It appears," says Hartley, "not impossible that future generations should put all kinds of evidences and inquiries into mathematical form." See the whole of this curious passage, *Observ. on Man*; part I. chap. iii. sec. ii. prop. 37, towards the end.

doubt, and more than doubt, the superiority of this mathematical method to the old common language which has been hitherto used in logical treatises, and which Mr. Kidd has judiciously retained. We must confess that, when we see the mathematician laboriously demonstrating with the aid of the functional calculus, through a whole page of intricate symbols, propositions which when expressed in plain English may be proved in three sentences to a child, we cannot help being reminded of the scientific tailors of Laputa, who took Gulliver's measure with a quadrant of altitude. Those who like a journey for its own sake may choose to go to Cork round the Capes of Good Hope and Horn, but we prefer the vulgar railroad.

Indeed, we greatly question the expediency of delivering the art of logic in a language so remote from ordinary speech as that of mathematical symbols, however concise and elegant. It appears to us that the more the technical rules of logic are so framed as to be directly applicable to the shapes which propositions assume in common talk, the more really valuable are such rules; and the more those rules are withdrawn from close contact with ordinary language, the more they tend to form a barren and unprofitable study. Nothing is clearer than an inference when once it has been put into logical form. Nothing plainer than the import of propositions when once they have been logically stated. But the difficulty is to bring the inference into form; to evolve the real statements contained in every proposition.

It is indeed necessary that, in order to do this correctly, we should first be taught to contemplate inferences and statements in their dry and general types; just as the artist who would represent correctly the human figure in its noblest forms of grace and dignity, must condescend to study the unsightly frame-work of that figure,—the ghastly skeleton of the bones, and the intricate ramification of the nerves and vessels. But as the anatomist is not an artist, so neither shall we become reasoners to any practically useful purpose, by even the greatest familiarity with the abstract type of inference. We

have not practically to deal with the skeletons of argument, but with reasoning, clothed, as it were, with the muscle of ordinary language; and we must apply to that the knowledge we have derived from the dissecting-table of the logician. There can be no more useful discipline of the mind than such an application of the principles and rules of logic, because it is in such concrete and inartificial language that reasoning is commonly addressed to us by others, and addressed to others by ourselves. The great serviceableness of logic is not so much in the exacter sciences as in the study of moral questions and the affairs of life. In the mathematics we have, as it were, logic ready applied to our hands—fixed definitions—simple abstractions—terms stable and unvarying—an uniformly full expression of every element of proof, together with a rigid exclusion of every tittle superfluous to the question. But these advantages we have nowhere else. To obtain them elsewhere we should purchase them at a dearer price than most persons would be willing to pay for them. We should banish all the ornaments of wit and rhetoric, and enforce the same patience of attention, clearness of thought, and precision of speech in the senate, the market-place, the drawing-room, and even the nursery, as were demanded in the schools of Euclid and Diophantus. A community steadily guiding themselves by such rules might perhaps command our respect as sage philosophers, but we fear they would pass for very disagreeable companions.

Certainly, common language as it now exists is very different from mathematical language; and if our technical forms required for their successful application that we should first translate ordinary speech into the symbols of a refined calculus, we believe the process would be one far too cumbrous to render us aid in those emergencies where we most needed its assistance. Sir Able Handy, in Morton's play, was "never at a loss," and had ingenious contrivances for all disasters—patent liquids for extinguishing conflagrations—and patent fire-escapes—and patent machinery of a thousand elaborate forms and high-sounding titles. But when the castle burst into a blaze, the pa-

tent liquid was not mixed, and the fire-escape was not fixed, and the inmates had no better aid than vulgar water-buckets and ladders.

It is a trite topic of complaint against mathematical studies, that they tend to unfit a man for all other kinds of reasoning; and some have taken a malicious pleasure in recounting the instances of gross error and even absurdity into which even eminent mathematicians have fallen, when they have ventured beyond the charmed circle of demonstration. And it cannot be denied that there is some foundation for all this both in fact and in theory. Mathematical reasoning does but in a slight degree bring into play the habits which are absolutely necessary in all moral reasoning. In passing from mathematical to other studies, a person who has pursued the former too exclusively, will find somewhat of the same difficulty in accommodating his mind to the conditions of the latter as those experience who, being long accustomed to the observation of *near* objects, cannot readily adjust the lenses of the eye for a correct view of *distant* ones. Such a person may contract a kind of intellectual short-sightedness, and commit very gross errors of reasoning from miscalculating the effects of that coloured and shifting medium in which his observations are to be made. Upon this subject Mr. Kidd has some valuable remarks in the note at the end of sec. v. p. 28. But we would add that the same objections which lie against the study of mathematics, in this view as a discipline of the understanding, lie also against the study of the technical formulas of logic. It is a demonstrative science of the same kind as mathematics, carried on upon a very much smaller scale, and within a very much narrower compass; so that those who disparage mathematics in comparison with logic, regarded in this view as a science in itself, are guilty not only of injustice but of self-contradiction. But logic was never intended to be cultivated thus for its own sake. It was designed for an *ORGANON*—an instrument—not, to be sure, for the dis-

covery of *new* truths, but for the security and development of old ones.

It is melancholy to reflect how little so serviceable an art has been turned to useful purposes, even in those places of education where men have been, for some centuries back, regularly drilled through all its technical details and their demonstrations: while the student, after spending much time in mastering what seemed to him a 'set of vain contrivances to make trifles difficult, was practically encouraged to throw aside all that he had acquired as all equally useless lumber. In all arts, exercise in the practice of them is a necessary part of really useful instruction. A child will soon rid his memory of the drudgery of the alphabet or rules of grammar, if the knowledge he has acquired be not diligently worked into the practice of reading, speaking, and writing correctly. Nor would any one say that a classical examiner, for example, had done his duty, when he had merely examined a candidate in the rules of grammar, without ascertaining whether he could apply those rules in translation and composition. It is so in logic too. If we would make any useful proficiency in that art, we must exercise its rules as we learn them; and taught from the first in this way, it will be from the first free from that disgust and contempt with which it is too often regarded. It has been well suggested that the comparison of two closely-reasoned books—such, for instance, as those of Knot and Chillingworth, which have the further advantage of being bound together—would furnish an exercise of this kind at once useful and entertaining. And such an exercise has some obvious advantages over the old plan of oral disputations, in which our feelings are excited by being ourselves engaged as principals in an intellectual duel, and of which the benefits are too often overbalanced by the evils. But these remarks have led us too far from our immediate subject. Let us return to it by observing that, though Mr. Kidd does not professedly deliver any *praxis* of applied logic,* that great portion of his work which is controversial—

* Very valuable in this view, but most valuable for the matter of it, is also the Appendix, No. VI. on Miracles, in which Mr. Kidd deals with Mr. Mill's remarks on Hume's argument.

against De Morgan, Hamilton, and Mill—affords incidentally a most useful exercise of the kind we speak of. The refutation of all three is, we think, complete; and, in reference to it, we may (borrowing an image from Robert Hall) say, that Mr. Kidd has not only levelled their walls, but ploughed up their foundations.

Into the thorny details of the mathematico-logical part of the dispute we do not feel ourselves at present called upon to enter, nor are they quite suited to the pages of this magazine. The reader who takes an interest in them, will find his attention amply rewarded by the fifth chapter of Mr. Kidd's work. It seems to us that the mistake into which Professor De Morgan fell in his "Ultra-total Syllogisms" was precisely the same as that into which poor Dr. Reid was betrayed, when he complained that such reasoning as this— A is equal to B ; B is equal to C ; therefore A is equal to C —was not reducible to the Aristotelic Syllogism. But the margin of a common Euclid might have taught Reid that the axioms are supposed at every step of mathematical reasoning, though it is not always necessary to declare them; and that the reasoning which he thought to be complete required an axiomatic premiss, and that in full form it stood thus: things that are equal to the same are equal to each other; A and C are equal to the same, therefore they are equal to each other. Precisely similar are the formulas which Professor De Morgan constructs for himself, and which only differ from Aristotelic syllogisms by omitting to declare the arithmetical premises which are necessary to make the validity of the inference self-evident. "Most of the apples on this tree are small: most of them are ripe. Therefore, some of the small apples are ripe." "This"—as Mr. Kidd truly observes—"is not a syllogism. The essential characteristic of a syllogism is, that it is a full statement of an act of reasoning. A syllogism is, and the above is not, unelliptical. The validity of a per-

fect syllogism, accordingly, is self-evident; while, in order to our perceiving the necessity of the above inference, the data require to be analysed. And a demonstrative analysis of the formula is given by Mr. De Morgan; but no one has thought it necessary to demonstrate the *dictum de omni*." We do, indeed, for convenience sake, commonly omit to state axiomatic or easily demonstrable premises; but, to take such abbreviated statements as a type of reasoning in its perfect form, is little short of what deserves to be called an egregious blunder.

Just the same mistake—of omitting to declare some things necessary to the inference—(the natural mistake of a warm and hasty speculator)—produces Professor De Morgan's second crop of syllogistic monsters—*Syllogisms of inference by contrary terms*. For these, by the author's confession, there is a little proviso necessary—that the middle-term is not (in his affected language) "the universe of the proposition," i. e. that the middle term must have some things excluded from the whole of its extension, which, when duly declared as a premiss, instead of being kept out of sight as an implication, restores them to their natural shape in the ordinary second figure. We believe that Professor De Morgan is, like ourselves, occasionally a reviewer. We trust that he does not manipulate books as he manipulates syllogisms, by keeping out of sight what it does not suit his purpose to declare.

The contributions of the late Sir William Hamilton to technical logic seem still more slight than those of Professor De Morgan. How far they suggested the Professor's more thorough-going system of quantification, is a question that we leave to be discussed in the pages of the Athenæum. We take but slight interest in these points of literary history. We should hardly have patience to investigate the rival claims of Newton and Leibnitz to the discovery of the doctrine of fluxions, and therefore shall not meddle with

It is to be remarked that, in his third edition, Mr. Mill shews much more openly than in the first a countenance hostile to revelation. Having made his way good to popular notice, he has expunged the sacrifices which he made to propitiate the religious feelings and convictions of his readers.

the pretensions of either the Edinburgh or the London sage to the origination of some very trivial formulas in technical logic.

The attack of Mr. Mill upon the whole scientific basis of the Aristotelic logic is a matter of much greater importance; and though it can hardly be said that he has brought any one new argument into the field of this controversy, yet such have been the courage and address with which he has rallied the broken forces of the Scotch metaphysicians, and brought them up again to the assault, as to rouse the maintainers of the fortress to very active exertions in its defence. But amidst the general blaze of the artillery, a few well directed balls from the distinguished person whom he had specially singled out, appear to have *told* with most effect; and we are happy to see that, in his second edition, Mr. Mill has not only erased (though silently) some of the most offensive part of his remarks upon Archbishop Whately, but has made concessions which appear to surrender the most formidable positions of his argument.

The grand fault of Mr. Mill's work appears to be, that it is an attempt once more to embarrass logic with those perplexing metaphysical questions from which the Archbishop had happily set it free. The felicity of the well-defined province which he has marked out for logic was this—that it is everywhere illuminated by the clear sunshine of evidence, unmingled with any of the obscurity

which hangs around the region beyond its boundaries. Into that region of theory and conjecture with respect to the first elements of our mental phenomena, and the primitive origin of human belief, Mr. Mill has, practically though not professedly, sought to extend its border. Against this we must earnestly protest. Logicians have to deal with the reasoning process in its perfect type, not in the rude elements from which it may be supposed to have been formed. Reflection hardly begins until the mind has been furnished in ways that we know not with a stock of information, and powers for using and enlarging it. The human mind is not at first what it is when we come to reflect upon ourselves. That great Author of being, who knows how the members grow in the womb, and who fashions our corporeal frame "secretly in the depths of the earth," He only knows by what laws and under what conditions the original framework of our knowledge is constructed. The utmost that philosophy can do in this case is to guess and conjecture the nature of that foundation which is deeply hidden in the long-forgotten consciousness of infancy; and a logic which should derive its principles from the theories which float upon such guesses and conjectures would hardly deserve the name of a stable science.* There is a physical truth wrapped up in the old fable, that souls in coming into the world quaffed a long oblivion from the streams of Lethe. It is true of that mysterious life we have

* Compare Mr. Kidd's remarks, p. 110:—"The principles of Logic are not dependent upon any metaphysical subtleties. In most departments of nature an outlying species of one class of things merges insensibly into a species of another; and so it is as to the mental operations of man and brute. 'It is a hard matter,' as is remarked by Locke, 'to say where Sensible and Rational begin, and where Insensible and Irrational end. And who is there,' he adds, 'quick-sighted enough to determine precisely, which is the lowest species of living things, and which the first of those which have no life? Things, as far as we can observe, lessen and augment as the quantity does in a regular cone; where, though there be a manifest odds betwixt the bigness of the diameter at a remote distance, yet the difference between the upper and under, where they touch one another, is hardly discernible.' We cannot nicely distinguish the borders of deliberate legitimate inference, of curtailed precarious inference, of mere belief, and of instinctive action. But in order to form the science and art of Reasoning, it is necessary, and it suffices, to take the several kinds of what is undoubtedly reasoning. It is enough, and it is requisite, that the logical analysis should represent accurately all human inferences that are performed rationally. We may, if we please, so extend our application of the term 'Reasoning' as to make it include all cases whatever of believing, and even the instinctive procedures which require the very minimum of intelligence. There does not appear to be any thing gained, but rather the reverse, by giving the appellation of reasoning to those inferior grades of mental operation: but, however that may be, still the logical analysis is the analysis of intelligent inference."

all led in our early childhood,—that wondrous discipline which we have undergone, and of which traces, indeed, remain of the results wrought, while the machinery is suddenly withdrawn from our view the moment we look back upon it. It is impossible that a reflecting being should have the experience of a non-reflecting one. Our past experience of infancy is behind us; but as soon as we turn our heads, the vision has disappeared, and is swallowed up in the depths of the unseen.

Apart from metaphysical speculations, which lie to a great extent beyond the proper province of logic, there is not much difference of any practical importance between Mr. Mill and the orthodox logicians. They mean by reasoning the process in which, if the premises be true, the conclusion may be certainly and evidently seen to follow; and such they say is the syllogism. Mr. Mill admits that all reasoning may be exhibited in the form of a syllogism, and that the syllogism is the most convenient form of expressing what is the only *safe* method of reasoning; but then he contends that unsafe processes, in which no adequate security is taken that the conclusion shall really follow from the premises, deserve equally to be called reasoning. There is, indeed, something ludicrous in the way in which, when proposing his own type of just reasoning, he falls apparently unawares upon the Aristotelic syllogism.*

"In the argument," he says, "which proves that Socrates is mortal, one indispensable part of the premises will be as follows:—'my father and my father's father, A, B, C, and an indefinite number of persons, were mortal,' which is only an expression in different words of the observed fact that they have died. In order to connect this proposition with the conclusion, Socrates is mortal, the additional link is such a proposition as the following: 'Socrates resembles my father and the other individuals specified.' This proposition we assert when we say that Socrates

is a man. By saying so we likewise assert in what respect he resembles them, namely, in the attributes connoted by the word man. And from this we conclude that he further resembles them in the attribute mortality. . . . Whether from the attributes in which Socrates resembles those men who have heretofore died, it is allowable to infer that he resembles them also in being mortal . . . is to be decided by the tests or canons which we shall hereafter recognize. . . . Meanwhile, it is certain that if this inference can be drawn as to Socrates, it can be drawn . . . of all mankind."—Vol. I., pp. 227-8.

Here we have the very syllogistic process through the general to the particular which the writer is attempting to escape. Why is it that the inference must be good for all mankind, if it be good for Socrates, but because we arrived at the conclusion through a combination of the "attributes of humanity" on the one side with the mortals A, B, C; and on the other with Socrates? In other words, these attributes of mortality are the "distributed middle" of a syllogism.* We must have abstracted from A, B, C, D, some view or notice of the respects in which they agree; we must have regarded them (not as so many unconnected individuals but) as the class man, and combined the attribute of mortality with their possession of those attributes which the term connotes, *before* we can draw the inference as to some new individual presented to our observation.

But then, it is said, even allowing that we proceed through a general major premise to the particular, and that, therefore, that process may be correctly described as syllogistic, by what syllogism is it that we reach that major premiss itself? How am I enabled to infer that, because A, B, C, D, have died, all men are mortal—syllogistically?

Now with one large class of metaphysicians—those who hold the existence of intuitional premisses, as

* We think it hardly worth while to notice Mr. Mill's revival of the old objection—commonly ascribed to Campbell, but as old at least as Sextus Empiricus—that a syllogism involves a petitio principii. Mr. Kidd has so thoroughly exposed this, chap. 3, sec. vii. that we shall probably hear no more of it. Mr. Mill is, we suspect, already half conscious of his error, and proportionably angry. Nothing but this can account for the insolence of his language, vol. i. p. 230 (third edition).

† Compare Mr. Kidd's remarks, chap. 3, sec. vi. pp. 113, 120.

serting the uniformity of the laws, or the permanence of causes, &c.—premisses not *collected*, but *given*—there is here, as Mr. Mill grants, no difficulty in constructing the necessary syllogism. Those who do not, must consider what account they can themselves give of the matter. The mind either makes the step from experience to the generalization, at once, and by an *unreasoning instinct* (in which case it is idle to bring the case under *logical cognizance*), or it forms a judgment upon the assumption that the observations made furnish (probably or certainly) a sufficient sample of the class. No man ever deliberately concluded any thing from *evidence*, without judging the evidence adequate. Here, therefore, again, there is a major premiss necessary to be interpolated. What seems to lie at the bottom of all Mr. Mill's system, is the theory that all belief is ultimately resolvable into the association of ideas. The notion, for example, of burning a sentient animal is linked to the idea of fire by actual experience of the connexion in some one instance. The tie between them becomes firm and indissoluble (like the tie which binds all associated impressions) by the vividness of the impression, and by repeated experiences similar to the first: just as the idea of a chair is connected with the image of my friend, from having seen him sit there in some remarkable circumstances which strongly affected me, or from having often seen him sitting there.

We are not going to discuss this theory; but we say that Mr. Mill's own definition of reasoning should have saved him from the misapplication of it to logic. *Reasoning*, he says, is "the inference of any *assertion* from the *admitted truth* of other *assertions*." Now the supposed association of ideas is not the inference of an assertion from an assertion previously admitted to be true, and in virtue of that admission; it is not even the *transference* of belief in any shape from one proposition to another—but the *creation* of belief, and therefore, by his own shewing, an unreasoning process. Association, or suggestion, or by whatever other name that potent deity of the sceptical philosophy loves to be invoked, may, for aught we care at present, be able to create this belief: but still our belief that

fire burns—that it burns wherever and whenever it exists under certain conditions—is something specifically different from perceiving a certain pain in my finger when I hold it too near the candle. That belief is more than sensation. It is a belief that the sensation indicates the presence of a cause which produces it, or, at any rate, predicts the recurrence of similar sensations under similar circumstances. It is not a belief, specifically the same, transferred from the admitted truth of one proposition to the other; but it is a belief rising out of a sensation. If it be produced by the preceding perceptions, it is a *chemical* product; not simply the sum of the elements, but a new modification. The mere *assertion* then by itself, of a number of instances of human mortality could not of itself so associate the ideas of man and mortal as to transfer belief from one proposition to another, if it were not for a previous experimental process by which such beliefs were originally *created*. The only way in which—even upon this theory—any one could legitimately infer that all men are, or any particular man is, mortal, from the *assertion* that A, B, C, D have died, would be by a comparison of the evidence stated in that assertion with some series of *observations* which he finds to produce full conviction of some truth. When we have abstracted from our experimental premisses some common expression, to serve as a canon or test or standard of other possible ones—then and not till then can we infer assertions from assertions. When, for example, from observing the practical evidence upon which we have believed other propositions, we frame this general one—What has always been observed to take place under certain circumstances always takes place under similar circumstances—then we may safely infer that, because fire has always been found to burn under certain circumstances, it always does burn under the like circumstances. We must by fewer or more media compare the asserted case of our propositional premiss with something which we assent to, not from reasoning, but from laws of our nature (whether those laws be intuitional, or instinctive, or experimental)—we must compare the proof tendered

with something admittedly true, and virtually ruling the conclusion sought to be established, before we can reasonably assent to that conclusion. This is in other words to say that we must substantially frame a syllogism, before we can legitimately infer the truth of one assertion from the admitted truth of another.

It is not, in short, a mere theory of the transference of belief that logic proposes to deliver, but of the legitimate transference of belief. Belief is not truth, nor is the strength of belief the test of truth. It is plain, then, that, in order to know that I transfer my belief correctly, I must have some rule or criterion of the legitimacy of the transference. Such a rule it may be hard to find upon the association-theory; the fault of which seems to be that, like the universal solvent, it destroys the very power of believing even itself. But still, it must be at least pretended to be found: and accordingly, after long discourse to shew that we do not absolutely need major premisses, Mr. Mill purposes finally to supply us with a new set of these superfluous articles, in the shape of canons of induction.* With these however, logic, properly considered, has nothing to do. It only delivers the *forms* of valid reasoning—the conditions necessary for securing that the conclusion shall *follow* from the premisses. It *supposes* our ultimate rules of truth *fixed*, and only shews us how to apply them.

We wish we had time to follow Mr. Kidd through what is undoubtedly the most original part of his book—the discussion of the Ultimate Principle of Induction—the Constancy of Nature's Laws—and the Analysis of Necessary Truth.

To what the Archbishop has said upon the form of Inductive Reasoning (and which seems to us sufficient for all logical purposes), Mr. Kidd superadds a most ingenious further analysis of Inductive Probability.

The further analysis of Inductive Probability, so far as is necessary for the purposes of this treatise, may be briefly stated as follows. Let us suppose that we have had experience of a few members of a certain class, each of which members we shall call M; and let

us further suppose, that every observed M has possessed attribute A. Now the occurrence of only a few instances does not decide whether A be *essential* to M, or only *accidental*: that is, whether A be, or be not, so connected in causation with the other observed attributes of M, that those other attributes cannot jointly occur without being accompanied by A. Let us suppose A to be *accidental*: then there is a probability, proportional to our experience of M, that M without A has been observed. Conversely, if no M without A has been observed, then there is a probability proportional to our experience, that A is not accidental; in other words, a probability that the remaining attributes of M cannot come together without being accompanied by A. Which is equivalent to saying, that there is a probability proportional to our experience, that every M is A.

Let us apply this analysis to an example of moral certainty. The death of a human being observed for the first time, or the observation of only a few instances of human death, would still leave it doubtful, whether mortality be *essential* to man; that is, whether the attribute mortality be so connected in causation with the other attributes of human nature, that the existence of these involves the existence of that. But every increase in the experience of human death infers an increased probability that there is this connexion of causation between the other attributes of human nature and mortality. Let mankind be indefinitely numerous; and it becomes a moral certainty, that if the causes which produce the existence of any human being were compatible with his possessing natural immortality, some instances of men naturally immortal would be known. Conversely, if no instance of natural immortality be known, then it is morally certain that natural immortality is incompatible with human nature: in other words, it is morally certain that all men are mortal.

We are not quite sure that we see clearly what Mr. Kidd has gained by thus importing the (to many) obscure idea of causation into the present question. What basis is there for the fundamental assumption itself that "If the connexion between M and A were accidental, M without A would have been observed," except the very instinctive anticipation of likeness, which Mr. Kidd rejects as an insufficient basis? The case, we take it, is this: If the connexion were essential, [causal, or invariable] M and A would be always combined:

* These canons, however, as Mr. Kidd remarks, are canons of experiment not of induction, unless we previously assume the validity of the Inductive Principle.

and the phenomena of the case, so far as it is known, resemble the demonstrable phenomena of the hypothesis that the connexion is essential; and from this likeness we are, more or less firmly, persuaded that the hypothesis is correct. We do not see the advantage of substituting this for the common account, that from the likeness of some of the circumstances of the event B, to the circumstances of the previously observed event A, we, without framing any scientific hypothesis at all, conclude that B will probably resemble A in the remaining circumstances. If we must fall back, at any rate, upon mere *likeness*, it may be said, the less circuitous the path by which we get to it, the better.*

But to pursue this subject further would involve us in longer and more troublesome inquiries than we have space or time to prosecute. Let us add, however, that though thus, in some points, compelled to hesitate about some of Mr. Kidd's speculations, we must have conveyed a very inadequate idea of our estimate of his work, if we have not shewn that we regard it as a most valuable contribution to logical science. It is the work of an acute, a patient, candid, and very clear thinker; and the style of it, without any vain display of ornaments or parade of eloquence, is forcible and direct—perfectly free from that flabby leprosy of mysticism which is the contagious disease of modern metaphysical writers.

CHAPTER IX.

FAMAGOSTA AND SALAMIS.

FAMAGOSTA is the chief sea-port of the north-eastern coasts of Cyprus. We travelled to it on horseback, across as bleak a succession of puny hills as could well be met with out of Africa. The road was not a bad one—resulting rather from the nature of the ground than any labor of man. A total want of any signs of such labor was apparent on all sides; nothing but a succession of bleak, burnt-up, hard-baked hills for many miles. These hills, which might perhaps be more accurately described as gentle undulations, form part of the plain of Messarea, and here and there, in their present bleak desolation, bear traces of ancient cultivation in ruined aqueducts and long dried-up water-courses, evidently conducted by the hands of man to the districts around.

The environs of Famagosta repaid us somewhat for the bleak monotony

of our long ride. Much silk is manufactured in the district, and there are therefore many mulberry trees scattered about; not any very large forest of them, but little groups here and there, sufficient to give picturesque variety to the scene. The carob-tree, (also called the locust tree, and St. John's bread), grows here too, bearing a long thin dark brown fruit in bunches, filled with a molasses-like gum, very palatable to the taste, with hard, oblong seeds imbedded in it. The foliage of the carob-tree at this period was of a delightful yellowish green tint, contrasting beautifully with the full bloom of the mulberry. The carob-tree is by no means uncommon in Syria and the Levant, as well as in Malta. Around Famagosta, however, it grows in great abundance.†

Another tree, almost peculiar to

* See what appear to us some very just remarks upon this subject in Stewart's Works (Hamilton's edition), vol. 1, pp. 608, 613. It seems manifest that when we predicate probability, we predicate a state of our own minds—a certain expectancy. No doctrine of probabilities, therefore, can account for this expectancy.

† The circumstance which has rendered this tree famous is the controversy whether it was not the real food of John the Baptist in the wilderness. Some of the fathers assert that the *ἀκρίδες* or "locusts," were a vegetable substance; and the *μέλι ἀγρίον* or "wild honey" the

the district, and not so well known in Western Europe, is the "Caicia," of which the fruit is much esteemed by the inhabitants as a luxury. I have been unable to discover its botanical name. Its fruit, of the size of a small orange, is red and white on the outside, and full of juice within. Nothing can be more agreeable than the beverage produced by this juice with a little water added to it; no wonder the Cypriots are so fond of it.

The *mastich*, which is used so much in the manufacture of raki, is also an object of cultivation in the neighbourhood of Famagosta. Although the name *mastich* is applied to the tree itself in Cyprus, it is used in Western Europe to designate only the gum or resin obtained from the tree—the *pistachia lentiscus*. An incision is made in the bark; a thick whitish juice exudes, which, on exposure to the air, becomes yellow and granulated. Its odor and taste are not unpleasant. It is sometimes used to burn as a species of incense. They were busy gathering the juice on our arrival in Famagosta. As we rode through the gardens in the suburbs, we watched the process of collection with considerable interest. The scene was new to us; and—for Cyprus—it was a busy one.

Famagosta presents to the traveller, whether approaching it from the land or sea, the aspect of a strong fortress, and such it was in the Venetian days. Its circumference is about two miles; the walls are thick and in repair; its twelve large towers were, doubtless, once formidable, and are still picturesque; whilst its two gates, one to the sea, and one to the land, are of great strength. A light-house, and a citadel with three lofty bastions within the walls, still further tend to give to the town the appearance of a fortress, for the light-house rather resembles a tower than a simple guide to mariners.

Famagosta was originally called Arsinoë, from the name of a sister of Ptolemy Philadelphus, who founded it. Its present name is a corruption of Amocusta, *built on sand*. It was

first fortified in 1193 by Guy de Lusignan, and two centuries after was taken by the Genoese, who suddenly surprised it. The Venetians took it from their rivals in 1490. The history of its fall into the hands of the Turks is one of the strangest chapters of the annals of Cyprus.

Mustapha, the Turkish general, having taken Nicosia, encamped against Famagosta in September, 1570, his head quarters resting upon a hill that overlooks the town, called Adam's Apple. The Turkish forces were one hundred thousand in number. Mark Anthony Bragadin, the heroic Venetian governor, had but four thousand soldiers to defend it. Summoned frequently to surrender, he refused, confident in his own resolution and fortitude, and relying upon aid from Venice which never came.

For eleven long months did the heroic defenders defeat every assault, and frustrate every effort of the Turkish host to take the town. The defence was of the noblest and of the most determined, but at length famine stalked amongst the garrison. No Venetian succors came—a few Turkish ships cut off all supplies by sea. Bragadin would still have held out, but his followers declared they could do so no longer. The noble old man was forced to capitulate.

The terms granted to the garrison were favorable enough. Bragadin was himself to deliver the keys of the city to the conqueror, and then he and his followers were to have a safe conduct to Venice. In compliance with the terms of the treaty, the old man, bare-headed, unarmed, carrying the keys, and attended by twenty or thirty officers, walked from the Land Gate to Mustapha's quarters on Adam's Apple. It was the fourth of August, 1571.

Mustapha received his fallen opponent with the haughty insolence of a savage. When the keys had been deposited, and the gate was in the hands of his troops, he turned fiercely upon the white-headed soldier, and upbraided him with putting to death some Turks during the truce—a false accu-

saccharine matter of the pod. The Arabs call it *kharrub*. Its botanical name is *ceratonia siliqua*. The saccharine matter which the fruit contains is a common sweetmeat in the bazaars of Constantinople and Alexandria.

sation. Bragadin folded his arms, and stood prepared for the worst. Mustapha's eye quailed before the earnest gaze of the indignant old man. But Mustapha could see nothing but his enemy in the spectacle before him—his enemy in his power—and, tiger-like, he fed fat his hatred and revenge.

The old man was thrown down; and then and there horribly, barbarously, cruelly mutilated. He was stripped of his own raiment, and the scanty rags of the lowest of the laborers were put upon him. In this condition he was ordered to join a gang of convicts who were working upon the fortifications. His followers were more mercifully treated, for they were beheaded on the spot. The remnant of the four thousand brave defenders was slaughtered, whilst their families were reserved for a worse lot—slavery in a Turkish camp.

Bragadin's cup of bitterness, however, was not yet full. Mustapha was indignant that he bore his punishment so well. He watched him once working with his gang, and his savage hate burned furiously in him. The poor old hero was seized again, tied to some trees in the neighborhood, and, in Mustapha's presence, flayed alive.

Human nature could not stand this refinement of torture, this most exquisite of sufferings. Bragadin happily died whilst his skin was being cut and torn from him. This, however, did not satisfy Turkish barbarity. The spirit had fled; they could inflict nothing more upon the man, but the carcase remained. The skin was stuffed, and, with the head, was sent to Constantinople, an acceptable present to the Sultan. The limbs of the bravest of the Venetians were exposed upon the gates of Famagosta. Such was the fate of Mark Anthony Bragadin! For such heroism as his, one man obtains honors, wealth, an old age of respect and fame, together with the grateful reverence of a nation—whilst another is mutilated, condemned to work as a felon, flayed alive! Truly the enigmas of this life are great and manifold, and, to us, inexplicable.

Walking through the streets of Famagosta is like journeying through a city of the dead. Ruins are on all sides, broken aqueducts, dismantled churches, desecrated monuments, overthrown statues, dilapidated houses. In the Venetian time, Famagosta con-

tained between twenty and thirty thousand inhabitants. At the present day it may possibly number four or five thousand. It is still the second sea-port in Cyprus.

The Cathedral of St. Nicholas, the finest building in the town, is now a Turkish mosque. It is a large and shapely pile of white marble, but wanting in height. The minarets which have been added to it are incongruous with the rest of the building. The citadel is the great state-prison of Turkey, and may not be entered by the "unbelievers"—a sort of Moslem bastille. The inhabitants are profoundly ignorant, as well of the rank as of the names of the prisoners contained within its walls; and as indifferent as ignorant. Members of the family of the Sultan have, at various times, it is whispered, been incarcerated here for life.

The Pedicus, which formerly emptied itself into the sea in the neighbourhood of Famagosta, now forms a lake in winter and spring, called the Lake of Constance—a marsh in summer and autumn. Miasma is rife in the district, in consequence of this. The only illness which any of our little band endured in Cyprus resulted from our inspection of the lake. It was an intermittent fever and ague, which was not thoroughly shaken off until the voyage to England on our return was half accomplished.

It is worthy of note that the body of Saint Epiphanius, once Bishop of Salamis, was removed to Famagosta on the destruction of Salamis. People in those days had faith in bones. It is probably buried beneath the Church of Saint Nicholas, although its exact position has been long forgotten. The Turks doubtless paid little respect to the worthy bishop's ashes.

Six miles from Famagosta are the ruins of Salamis. It was founded by Teucer, when driven from the Isle of Salamis in Greece by his father Telamon.

*Nil desperandum Teucro duce, et auspice
Teucro;*

*Certus enim promissit Apollo
Ambiguum tellure nova Salamina futuram,*

sings Horace in the seventh ode of his first book, with reference to this expulsion and the foundation of the Cyprian Salamis.

The historian Aristo was born in Salamis; and for its king—called Philocyprus (the friend of Cyprus) by the poets—Solon, the law-giver of Athens, compiled a code of laws. Cleobulus the philosopher, and Neocriton the admiral of the fleet of Alexander of Macedon, were both of Salamis—the philosopher indeed was son of the king Evagoras II. From all which it is apparent that Salamis was once a place of distinction in Greek history and annals. Its bishops were by no means undistinguished in the early history of the Church, and the fact that St. Catherine was born there—the daughter of King Costa—is sufficient in itself to invest its ruins with a certain sacredness in the eyes of the saint-loving communities of the present day, whether Greek, Latin, or Protestant.

When the town was destroyed by the Saracens in the reign of Heraclius, its bishop was transferred to Famagosta, where his successors have ever since resided. Of the existing representative of this venerable line we were permitted a closer inspection than we found pleasant. He was smoking in a dignified, episcopal sort of way, when we were introduced; but before our departure he contrived to hint, through our interpreter, that he would be glad of so many little European articles with which he was sure we could supply him, that we had no wish to prolong the interview. He was a grand, solemn, dignified-looking old man—with a long white beard after the manner of the Greek clergy. He seemed more hopelessly ignorant of the world than the uncouthest village schoolmaster in the United Kingdom would be—and he was a bishop!

To return however to the ruins of Salamis. Like almost all the others in Cyprus, they are partially buried beneath the accumulated soil of centuries. Enough remains, however, to prove the importance of the town in earlier times. Many of the columns, portions of which are still left standing, are finely proportioned, the cutting on them still fresh and clear. They all belong to recognized types of Grecian architecture. The most interesting remains we discovered were the ruins of a temple of sufficient magnitude and importance to form, even still, a very conspicuous and

prominent object in the surrounding landscape. The temple was probably dedicated to Apollo, for we saw several sculptures in the vicinity, all of which were more or less remotely connected with the legends of the Sun-God's life, as handed down by the early poets.

The aqueducts which formerly conveyed the waters of Cerinnes to Salamis are still in a wonderful state of preservation, considering how many ages have rolled away since they were constructed. Even the reservoirs are still plainly distinguishable, overgrown though they be with brushwood and creepers. I doubt if the Turkish government in the island would be able, without foreign assistance, to restore these works, were there any necessity for so doing, so vast and magnificent were they.

The plain of the Messarea, on which Nicosia is built, may be said to commence at Salamis, or a few miles from it, stretching away to the west farther than the eye can reach; whilst to the east, the long narrow neck of land called the Carpassé looks eagerly off towards Syria, eagerly and vainly. The Carpassé was once fertile in cotton and mulberry trees. It is now an uninhabited wilderness.

Four miles from Salamis, on the borders of the great plain, stand the ruins of the church of St. Barnabas, once connected with a large monastery dedicated to the same saint. It is said that the body of St. Barnabas was, in the first instance, buried in that church, but was subsequently removed to another smaller building in the immediate neighbourhood—for what reason we are left in ignorance. Possibly the bones themselves might be ultimately discovered by a diligent search.

The connexion of Salamis and Paphos with sacred history renders these places more than ordinarily interesting to the Christian tourist. There can be little doubt that in the very earliest age the gospel had been successfully preached in Cyprus—even antecedent to the arrival of "Barnabas and Saul." "Now they which were scattered abroad upon the persecution that arose about Stephen, travelled as far as Phenice, and Cyprus, and Antioch, preaching the word to none but the Jews only. And some of them were men of Cyprus and Cyrene, which,

when they were come to Antioch, spoke unto the Grecians, preaching the Lord Jesus."—*Acts*, xi. 19 and 20.

The memorable expedition of St. Paul and St. Barnabas to the island, however, two years afterwards, has for ever given Cyprus an important place in the early history of Christianity. Doubtless, when they arrived, the worship of Venus was still continued in all its flagrant debauchery, and, at Paphos particularly, the first missionaries to the Gentiles must have been witnesses of much that would wound them to the soul. As we stood upon the ruins of the temple of Apollo, we thought that perhaps the great Apostle of the Gentiles had himself addressed the mercurial Cypriots from its immediate neighbourhood—possibly from the steps of the temple itself. The square in the midst of which it stood was unquestionably favorable for the collection of a multitude together. The account given us, in holy writ, of this memorable event is contained in the following words :—

As they [the Church at Antioch] ministered to the Lord, and fasted, the Holy Ghost said, 'Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereto I have called them.' And when they had fasted and prayed, and laid their hands on them, they sent them away. So they, being sent forth by the Holy Ghost, departed unto Selencia; and from thence they sailed to Cyprus. And when they were at Salamis, they preached the word of God in the synagogues of the Jews: and they had also John to their minister.—*Acts*, xiii. 2-5.

Although it is stated here expressly that they preached in the synagogues of the Jews, it is not to be understood, I apprehend, that they confined themselves to the synagogues; for at Paphos we find them preaching before the Roman Proconsul, Sergius Paulus.

Before leaving Famagosta, I must introduce my readers to a description, from another publication, of a feast on the sepia or ink-fish, which is plentifully caught on the neighbouring coast :—

During our stay the Greeks were observing a fifteen days' fast; and the master of the house where we lodged, being of the Greek persuasion, rigorously adhered to the observance, though he ate at the same table with us, and our palates were tempted with more desirable food than the meagre fare daily set before him. We had turkeys and ducks and mutton, dressed in twenty different styles, and an endless variety of pastry, which the poor man helped us to unsparingly, whilst obliged to content himself with a few miserable olives, a crust of bread, and a glass of wine; or a still less enticing mixture, composed of rice and oil and red chillies, mashed up with onions.* But one Friday morning there was a dreadful commotion in the house; the Patriarch had granted a permit for the Greeks to feast on a peculiar species of fish on this favoured day; so that there was hardly a Greek in the town who had not been out all night, and up to his neck in water, hunting for the desired luxury. This they had fortunately obtained in great abundance; and when we sat down to breakfast, the whole atmosphere was impregnated with a fishy smell. The lady of the house and all the servants were busy making ready the longed-for repast; the host sat smacking his lips, impatiently hurrying on the servants, with alternate threats and beseechings, and when at length a huge dish, all smoking hot, was placed upon the table, to our dismay all that we could discover was a detestable-looking inky mixture, on the greasy surface of which onions were floating indiscriminately with parsley. Being pressed, however, to partake of this dainty, we could not well, without causing great offence, refuse; so we tamely submitted; and we must confess that we were most agreeably surprised by the flavor of the unsavory looking dish. The natives call this fish *sepia*, and it is well known in the Levant under the sobriquet of the ink fish.

CHAPTER X.

THROUGH THE ISLAND TO PAPHOS.

We left Famagosta in order to travel along the shore to Larnacca, intending to see Paphos, or at all events its site, before leaving Cyprus. The road

was far more unpleasant and uneven than any we had yet travelled. Ruins, ruins, ruins continually. We had not long left Famagosta, for instance,

* By no means an unsavory compound, as any one with Indian experience of *blurtha* will acknowledge.

when we came upon the remains of Trapeze, with its two fine churches, silent witnesses of present depopulation and former prosperity. The rich marble pillars of the larger of these two churches are still noble monuments of art. It was sad to see these fine buildings invaded by diminutive flocks of sheep and goats. In a place that had formerly contained thousands of inhabitants, we saw but three shepherds. As well as we could discover, from their somewhat unintelligible account of themselves, they lived, either usually or for the larger part of the year, at a small village further inland, the unpronounceable name of which I had forgotten before our day's journey was concluded.

It was in the neighbourhood of Trapeze that we first witnessed something of the devastations of the locusts. We did not see a vast cloud of them darkening the air and hiding the sun, as we were informed was sometimes the case, but we saw sufficient to convince us that the plague of locusts must be almost intolerable when they abound in greater numbers. They were ugly, huge, gnat-like insects, about an inch long, and came scouring along in great numbers, knocking against our faces and persons, then falling, then rising, and scouring away again as if nothing had happened, in a way extremely uncomfortable to us.

At length we were obliged to find shelter behind the ruined walls of another church, until the long irregular flight of the indomitable insects had passed away. Our horses were even more put out by the advent of these unwelcome visitors than we were, and expressed their disapprobation in every possible way. One of them fairly took to kicking vehemently, as if he would kick all the insects back into the sea whence they appeared to have come.

There is nothing, we were assured by the inhabitants, more thoroughly desolating to the country than these assaults of the locusts. They devour, in a few minutes, every green thing on which they alight. "The country is as the Garden of Eden before them, but behind a desolate wilderness." The Greeks turn out manfully on such occasions, making every description of noise to scare off the destructive intruders. Shrieks, shouts, cries, beating of pots and pans, barking of

dogs, squalling of children, all are tried, and sometimes with success, to prevent the devastating shower from alighting: just as the Chinese do, or did, when an eclipse took place, to prevent the great dragon swallowing the sun or moon. The difference is simply that the Chinese are always successful, not so the Cypriots.

The Greeks only will thus exert themselves to save their property. The Turks exclaim, "It is the will of God," and resign themselves to their fate. They would not oppose what must be, although they by no means hinder the Greeks from making these frantic efforts to avert the danger. For their parts, they are too pious to oppose the fiat of the Almighty; but the ignorant Greeks—what can they know? Let them drive off the locusts if they can, poor souls.

The number of ruined villages, and particularly churches, to be met with on the entire route from Famagosta to Larnacca, is remarkable—more than remarkable, extraordinary. It is evident that the whole district, now almost totally uninhabited, was formerly densely peopled, and all the natural advantages which caused that dense population still exist now as then—a fertile soil, a genial clime, a situation favorable for commerce, and water enough to supply the entire district with irrigation, if properly used.

We travelled by the side of the lake or salt-marsh at Salina, formerly mentioned. It is said to have been originally twelve miles round; it is now about two; separated from the sea by a narrow ridge of sandy land hardly a hundred and fifty paces broad. The manufacture of salt from this marsh is exclusively the right of the Governor. A great pyramid of the manufactured salt was being constructed as we passed by the lake. There could not have been less than two hundred men at work. It was altogether quite a novel and an animated scene for Cyprus.

A beautifully proportioned mosque of an octagonal form stands on the shore of the lake, erected by a pious pasha of olden times. The traders call it *le Tichet*, but I could not discover the origin or meaning of the appellation. The rich decorations of *le Tichet* form its most peculiar feature, whilst the contrast between the ruined

churches and the carefully preserved mosque is not pleasant for Christian eyes to contemplate. Tradition would have us believe that Amina, the mother of Mohammed, was buried in *le Tichet*; but tradition is in this instance more than usually at variance with probability.

Continuing our journey to the south and west from Larnacca, we came to the village and ruins of Arpera, five or six miles distant from Salina. The destruction of the original town is ascribed to Richard of England, as usual. It was evidently once a place of considerable importance, although now as deserted and squalid a village as may be met with even in Cyprus. Its Greek church, with a celebrated statue in mosaic of the Virgin, is still in repair. The statue—a strange adjunct to a Greek church—is reported to be of extraordinary sanctity, and pilgrimages from distant towns to pray in the church which it hallows are by no means unfrequent among the Greeks.

Our ride from Arpera to the west and south by the sea-shore was a delightful one. The sea was spread out like a vast silver carpet on our left, dotted here and there with small fishing boats or trading vessels—the sails white or dark, as they caught the rays of the sun or sank again into the shade. On our right in the distance rose the mountain chain which stretches through the island, its nearer declivities dark with cypress trees, whilst all around us luxuriant vegetation covered the earth, sown with flowers of the most variegated tints. As the delightful breeze came ripping along over the sea, we turned instinctively to enjoy it. Nothing could be more refreshing or exhilarating.

There is little, however, except natural beauty to delight the traveller who rides from Larnacca to Limassol. The few villages through which he passes are all of the same character; squalor, idleness, and filth their most prominent characteristics. If he enters into conversation with the *ketiah*, or local head-man, he hears nothing but complaints of the excessive exactions of the island government. This branch of industry and that have been tried ineffectually, he assures you, flourished for a year or two, were taxed heavily afterwards, and perished. The story is the same in all parts of

island, wherever the Greeks alone abound. I do not say the island government is blameless, far from it; but this is to be remarked, that where the Turks abound there is more energy and commerce—less idleness. I do not think, therefore, that the complaints of the Greeks are to be literally received as just or well-founded.

Having rested at the village of Mazatos, beautifully situated at the base of a mountain looking out upon the quiet waters of the Levant, we entered a rich, but, for the most part, uncultivated district, which has given its name to the best wine the island produces. This district, which stretches westward from Mazatos to Paphos, and northwards to Olympus, was originally called the Commandery, because it was governed by the Knights of Malta, their chief being a knight-commander. The best Cyprus wine was formerly exclusively produced in this district, whence its title of *camandria*, a corruption of the Commandery wine. At the present day, however, it is by no means confined to this district, although the neighborhood of Limassol and Paphos still yields the best.

The grape from which this wine is manufactured is small and of a red color; the vines too are small, and are not allowed to attain any considerable height. When the juice has been expressed, it is also of a reddish tint. It is then put into large earthen jars, half buried in the earth. A scum rises to the top, which is diligently skimmed off, and after standing a year the red coloring matter is entirely precipitated, and the *camandria* remains clear, amber-colored, limpid. Every year that it is kept it becomes clearer and more limpid. The lees are highly esteemed for their purifying and medicinal virtues. The Cypriots, indeed have persuaded themselves that their highly-prized wine is a preservative against all illness and a cure for every disease. If a man has been attacked with the usual fever and ague, it is because he has not drunk sufficient of the *camandria*. If he has not recovered from his attack, the reason is equally plain—*camandria* of good quality has not been administered in sufficient quantities. Their faith in its virtues is indomitable. An inferior description of wine produced from a different grape, in

the extreme west of the island, is now largely mixed with camandria; so that it is by no means easy in these days to obtain the superior description pure. This inferior kind is called Amodosia.

Game was more abundant in the district we were now traversing than I have seen it anywhere else in Europe. So unfrequented was the path, that birds and beasts seemed scared by the approach of our cavalcade, and rose into the air or rushed madly over the ground, as if the presence of human beings and horses in their neighbourhood were a complete novelty to them. It was lamentable to see so rich and fertile a country left to their sole occupation; still more lamentable to think that this glorious district had once been full of smiling faces and happy homesteads.

About twenty miles from Larnacca we came to the river rendered famous by the landing of Helena, the mother of Constantine, at its mouth. It was anciently called Teze; but, from the circumstance mentioned, its name was changed to the *royal river*, Basilopotamos. Travellers now-a-days, however, careless of propriety, usually style it St. Helen's river. The carob-tree grows wild upon its banks.

Twelve miles from the Basilopotamos we passed by the ruins of old Limassol—once a neat picturesque little town by the sea-shore; now deserted, but still picturesque. Like the rest, it was destroyed, they say, by Richard of England. The ruins are by no means imposing, but they harmonize well with the perfect desolation of the surrounding country, where all is bleak rock, deserted wilderness, distant mountains, cypress-clothed, and a sailless sea.

Further on we passed the Mathonte, (anciently Amathonte) on the banks of which was a temple to Venus and Adonis. We searched in vain for its ruins. The mines of copper in the vicinity were once celebrated.

Gravidamque Amathonte metallis,

said Ovid, and these mines probably gave its name to the island. They were worked continuously up to the expulsion of the Venetians from Cyprus; but, with the heavy exactions of the Turks, their successful working ceased.

The modern Limassol, at first

styled Nemosie, was founded by Guy de Lusignan, the great repairer of the devastations of our English Richard his patron. Nothing can be more delightful than the situation and pleasant balmy air of Limassol. The very aspect of the inhabitants bears witness to the healthy situation and balmy breezes of the district. At Larnacca diseases of the eyes and skin, withered, wasted forms, spiritless enfeebled frames are but too common; as the tourist advances further west, however, he finds both man and the country gradually improving. At Limassol there is health, a becoming decent regard for cleanliness, and a degree of activity great for Cyprus; whilst, as we advance still further west to Baffa, the ancient Paphos, we find the people sprightly, active, interesting, and cheerful.

Nor is it only in the disposition and physical condition of the people that Limassol and Baffa present a contrast with Larnacca and Nicosia. Their habits are more natural also. The female members of the Aga Governor's family at Limassol will mix with his guests freely; asking and answering questions, looking at and being looked at, without a thought of wrong. In the street, too—for there is but one long street in Limassol—the Turkish and Greek women pass you by unveiled, or reply to your queries with unaffected civility.

Nowhere in Cyprus, or indeed in the Levant generally, have I witnessed so pleasant and cheerful a sympathy between rulers and ruled as in Limassol. The old Aga, Izil Osman by name, seemed equally disposed to be friendly to Greek and Moslem, to Latin Christian and to Protestant; whilst, on the other hand, Greek and Latin equally looked up to him as a common father and protector, whom it was their duty to obey, their pleasure to love and revere. Such sympathy is not common anywhere. In Turkish provinces, however, it is peculiarly uncommon, and hence the harmony which we found reigning at Limassol had all the effect of a delightful and refreshing rarity to us—somewhat resembling the pleasant energy inspired by a cool sea-breeze when the frame has been worn out by heat and exhaustion.

There may perhaps be between two and three thousand inhabitants in Limassol, so that for Cyprus it is a

considerable town. The commerce, of which it might be the centre under a more judicious system of management, would probably suffice to maintain from twenty to thirty thousand. The best wine in Cyprus is manufactured in the vicinity; cotton, wheat, barley and mulberries are also objects of cultivation. The sugar-cane was introduced by the Venetians, but has long disappeared from the soil. There can be little doubt, however, that the district is admirably adapted for its cultivation.

Cures, the first village passed by the traveller on the road from Limassol to Baffa, is little better than a heap of ruins; yet it is situated in one of the few tracts of country which display evidences of cultivation and labour. The alternation of the vine plantations with those of mulberry and cotton was very pleasant to contemplate; whilst, as we rounded some bluff, we had often before us bare masses of rock surrounded by miniature forests of cypress-trees and dwarf-oaks, in the most picturesque contrast. At one moment we were shut out from all prospect of the sea by abrupt hills and steep irregular rocks, whilst the mountains, which we knew to be far distant, appeared in the clear blue air to be drawing ever nearer and nearer to us; at another, the distant hills were quite excluded from our view by overhanging trees, whilst the broad waters of the Levant washed the very pebbles at our feet. The heat was great, but by no means oppressive, whilst the frequent thunder-storms which burst over Cape St Andrias and Cape de Gotta were rather welcomed than dreaded, so clear and refreshing was the air subsequently.

The approach of one of these numerous thunder-storms is strange and somewhat portentous. A dark heavy cloud rises over the horizon to seaward, spreading its deep black shadow over the silvery waters. A faint ripple travels regularly over the ocean, to be succeeded by a threatening heaving of the sea, as if its mighty bosom were oppressed by throes of an-

guish which it would shake off by sighs. The tops of the trees all around quiver, although there is as yet no breeze; the birds scream and flutter irresolutely about; the distant mountains lose their blue panoply, and put on a robe of dusky brown, or envelope themselves altogether in dark clouds. All nature is aware of the impending tumult, and awaits trembling. Every animal has sought shelter, and where in Cyprus may not ruins be found to yield it? The hoarse rumbling of the distant thunder is heard now, above the screaming of gulls and the sharp cawing of the rooks. A dark cloud overshadows us, and a few large drops prelude the coming deluge. Two or three vivid flashes of lightning, distinctly visible on the dark back-ground of the clouds, are followed by the roar of heaven's artillery in rapid succession, whilst a whole cataract of water is poured out of the black reservoirs above. The sea dances uneasily, every little wave capped with foam; the wind howls through the trees, or amid the ivy-covered ruins—howls mournfully—the lightning flashes—the thunder roars.

And now a gleam of sunshine bursts over the grass around. It is but momentary, but it is a certain harbinger of calmness coming. Another gleam. The rain dies away into a mist; the mist gives place to a flood of sunshine. The drops on the leaves and on the blades of grass and on the wet flowers glitter like gems. The sea calms itself with many a rough shake, like some rude animal. The distant mountains throw off their dark coverings, and put on their blue mantles again. All nature is joyous. From a thousand tiny throats a song of praise bursts forth—the animals emerge from their hiding-places. The beams of the sun soon dry up the abundant moisture, and, amid a cool, clear, bracing air, the travellers go on their way rejoicing.

Such are the storms that burst over the rocky bluffs of Cape St. Andrias and the low-lying sands of Cape de Gotta.

CHAPTER XI.

PAPHOS AND THE SPONGE FISHERY.

"AND when they (Barnabas and Saul) had gone through the island unto Paphos, they found a certain sorcerer, a false prophet, a Jew, whose name was Bar-Jesus : which was with the deputy of the country, Sergius Paulus, a prudent man ; who called for Barnabas and Saul, and desired to hear the word of God. But Elymas the sorcerer (for so is his name by interpretation) withstood them, seeking to turn away the deputy from the faith. Then Saul (who is also called Paul) filled with the Holy Ghost, set his eyes on him and said, O full of all subtilty and all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord ? And now, behold, the hand of the Lord is upon thee, and thou shalt be blind, not seeing the sun for a season. And immediately there fell upon him a mist and a darkness ; and he went about seeking some one to lead him by the hand. Then the deputy, when he saw what was done, believed, being astonished at the doctrine of the Lord. Now when Paul and his company loosed from Paphos, they came to Perga in Pamphylia." Such is the wonderful record in the words of Holy Writ, of the visit of the apostle of the Gentiles and his companions to Paphos. They had travelled through the island from Salamis, probably by the coast, along the very same road as that by which we had journeyed—past the salt-marsh of Salina, the Teze, the Amathonte, and the ancient Limassol. They had probably forded, like us, the torrent called Lycus by the ancients, at the entrance of the district of Episcopi embowered in gardens. They had probably crossed the mountains between Episcopi and the region of Cythera and Paphos by the same rugged, uneven road, leaving the orchards of citron, orange and olive trees behind them, which doubtless then as now made Episcopi the garden of Cyprus. They had passed too the celebrated temple of Cythera, then standing in all its glory, now so utterly destroyed and covered with vegetation that its very site is difficult

to determine, and, at last, wearied doubtless and physically depressed, tho' mentally vigorous, they had arrived at Paphos to strike the sorcerer with darkness and open the mental eyes of Sergius Paulus.

However neglected Cyprus may be by Europe, however neglected too at Constantinople, this memorable visit of the most active of the apostles will ever render it an object of interest to the Christian world. It has its own claims on the classical student—it cannot but be interesting to any man that has loved ancient Greece ; whilst to the student of modern history it presents as strange a lesson of flourishing prosperity followed by commercial paralysis and depopulation as any island in the world. But, however interesting to the classical reader or the student of history, the visit of "Barnabas and Saul" must ever remain as the great fact which connects the island with the struggling Christianity of the first century, and must ever render its claims great upon the sympathies of Christendom—to say nothing whatever of Richard and the crusaders, considerations through which it more particularly appeals to British notice.

The ancient Paphos was situated on what appears to have been a rocky ledge close by the sea shore. Its position, like that of all the temples to Venus in the island, was peculiarly picturesque and delightful. The blue waters of the Mediterranean must have spread out before its base like a vast plain—and even when agitated with storms could not but be an object of supreme interest. Behind, an undulating, well-wooded country, terminated in the mountain range which traverses the island ; so that there was every feature of nature within view which could charm and interest.

Ancient Paphos, however, exists no more. The temple of Venus, the deputy's palace, the town itself, have all equally disappeared. An earthquake, which must have happened within the first four centuries of the Christian era, swallowed up alike the scene of the debaucheries of the vota-

ries of Venus and the labours of the apostles. Not a vestige of buildings is to be seen. A few excavated rocks, doubtless tombs originally, alone indicate the neighbourhood of its site to the inquisitive tourist. It was on the shore in the immediate vicinity that Dido's armament seized seventy Cyprian damsels, the mothers of the future Carthaginian race. Justin (xviii. 5) tells us, indeed, that it was the custom of the island virgins to wander by the sea-shore, "*pro reliqua pudicitia libamenta Veneri*," &c.

A lake exists in the neighbourhood of the ancient Paphos, or rather, in the neighbourhood of the site of ancient Paphos, which, like all the lakes of the island, is a miasmatic marsh in summer. Doubtless this could be remedied by introducing supplies of water artificially, for there is no want of water; Cypriot supineness and Turkish misgovernment prevent all improvement. At Famagosta, at Larnaca, at Paphos, the lakes are the fertile sources of the fevers which desolate the country, and to which the poor, debilitated by scanty and unwholesome diet, are particularly liable.

On the western side of this lake lies the modern Baffa, once the seaport of ancient Paphos. It must originally have been a town of considerable extent, for its ruins indicate the fact; but at the present day it contains only a few hundred inhabitants—perhaps between two and three hundred—including the guard of soldiers which occupy a tower, erected on a cliff adjoining. If one wishes to obtain a lively idea of the desolation of Cyprus, let him visit Paphos.

The Aga who governed the district and commanded the soldiers was a fierce, brigandish sort of man, a perfect contrast to his brother of Limassol. He spoke with contempt of the Cypriot Greeks—a contempt approaching to disgust. He spat as he spoke of them. And he was the governor of a district containing perhaps a thousand or fifteen hundred of these much despised people!

The ruins of the ancient gardens of Baffa, together with its amphitheatre, are striking and remarkable. Yet this was but the seaport to the town proper. If the port then had its temples and its gardens, its amphitheatre, capable of containing more

than a thousand spectators, and its massive mole to protect the shipping in the harbour, what must the city have been to which it was but the outlet?

Beneath the tower which occupies, as I have mentioned, a projecting cliff, there is a strange excavation, evidently artificial, for which we were at a loss to account. We needed no *Œdipus* to tell us that it had been cut out before the Turkish occupation of the island; that was plain enough from its magnitude and importance. The question was, to what use was it applied by the ancient Greeks. The only probable answer to the question was, that it was intended as a refuge for a few ships before the mole was constructed, to defend them against the surf of the Levant when agitated by storms. The excavation is probably a hundred feet long by fifty or sixty in breadth, and descends to a considerable depth. It might have been partly natural in the first instance.

We had not much time to devote to the inspection of the neighbourhood of Paphos, for we had heard that an English vessel at Larnaca had almost finished her lading, and would, for a few days only, await us. Except the ruins of Baffa and the remains of Venetian sugar factories, however, there is little except wild natural beauty in the neighbourhood to detain the tourist.

We were determined, however, before our departure, to see the sponge fishery, which is here extensively carried on by Arab divers. For this purpose we hired a boat, and rowed out early one morning into the bay. Three Arab fishing boats were at the moment engaged in the search for sponges. Four divers were attached to each boat, whilst two seamen took care of it. They were courteous and friendly enough, looking forward to the invariable *bukshceesh* of course on the termination of our inspection. Each diver, preparatory to descending, divested himself of his clothing, armed himself with a knife and a string, put his feet on a large stone attached to a rope, and was let down instantaneously into the water. The sea at this place might have been two or three fathoms deep. It was clear almost as crystal, and we could distinctly discern the divers moving about at the bottom in search of the

sponges. They found these attached to rocks or large stones, cut off the bunches or clusters with their knives, passed a string through them, and then rose to the surface. Sometimes, by a vigorous spring from the bottom, the diver would reach the surface in an instant, in the immediate vicinity of the boat. When he happened to have a large quantity of the sponge, however, this could not be done. He then stepped on the stone, shook the rope, and was hauled up forthwith by the men in the boat, who were only awaiting the signal. Only one left each boat at a time, the four following each other of course in regular and rapid succession; so that, after each dive, there was an interval of about ten minutes before the same diver descended again.

It seemed to us that the labour of the two men left in the boat was far greater than that of the divers, for they were obliged constantly to be on the alert, and frequently to exert themselves considerably, in order to bring up the others rapidly. We observed that each diver had his own rope with the large stone attached. They did not all use the same. Doubtless, the weight of each bore some relation to that of each diver.

The noiseless, business-like way in which the whole matter proceeded was interesting and curious. Some of the divers threw themselves at full length at the bottom of the boat on emerging from the water, as if thoroughly exhausted, covering themselves with a thick piece of coarse blue cloth. Others threw the piece of cloth over their shoulders, and squatted, tailor-fashion, in the bows. Every five or ten minutes the position of the boat was altered by a few strokes of the oar, and that apparently without reference to the success or want of success of the divers. Sometimes, though rarely, three of them would descend in succession from the same boat and bring up nothing. On such occasions they usually sprang from the bottom without the assistance of the rope or of the men above. The fourth again would bring up a large bunch, partly sea-weed, partly shells, partly sponge. It was thrown into the stern with the rest, usually without a word. This silence surprised us, for the Arabs are of the noisiest when working on shore. We

were told by the Aga that they were silent in order that the sharks might not hear them; and probably there is some superstition connected with the fact, although they themselves would not enlighten us on the subject, simply remarking in answer to our inquiries, that they had nothing to talk about. Once only, on a magnificent piece of fine sponge being borne to the surface, did an exclamation burst from the lips of those in the boat to which we had attached ourselves.

Monotonous enough, one would suppose, such a scene must have been, and it was certainly not without monotony, but it was interesting and curious too. We watched it all day. The sea was perfectly calm and smooth, a gentle swell giving the boat a heaving undulating motion. The sea was not only calm and smooth but clear. We could see the shoals of small fish disporting at its bottom merrily. Sometimes a diver was let down into the very midst of such a shoal, and then the bounding off as from a centre, the flutter and agitation, the scampering terror of the tiny denizens of the deep were curious to witness.

The divers usually remained beneath the surface from half a minute to a minute and a-half. Some of them, it was said, could remain below three minutes; but we deprecated any attempt to exhibit the feat, being anxious to see their usual practice, not to have them torture themselves for our satisfaction. They are not usually long-lived. Their method of living is unnatural, and the vital organs will not stand with impunity the constant playing upon them. Few of them pass their fortieth year; none of the habitual divers reach their fiftieth. Such at least was the information we received on the subject from those who ought to be well acquainted with the facts.

The whole of the western coast of Cyprus is an excellent fishing-ground for sponges, whilst, strange to say, they are not to be found at all upon the eastern. It is not usually, however, the finer descriptions which are found on the coasts of Cyprus, but rather the coarser and the least valuable. From our inspection of the pieces brought up by the divers, we should say that the nearer to the

rock to which it is attached, the coarser the sponge; the further from the rock the finer. This, we were told, is not an invariable rule, but it certainly was the case in all the specimens we saw.

The divers themselves speculate in the proceeds. They divide equally the value of the week's or the month's fishing, taking care of course to associate themselves with as skilful a band as possible. The boatmen are paid by them for the use of the boat and their own attendance.

We remained with the fishing-boats all day, interested and amused. When the muezzin's voice was heard, towards the evening, calling the faithful to prayers, all the diving ceased. A solemn silence pervaded the bay, as the voice from the minaret came booming over the waters. All prostrated themselves towards Mecca, and were at once engaged in fervent prayer. Surely there is something more than a vain form in this solemn prostration and earnest outpouring, periodically, of devotional formulæ. Why

is it that all over the East man is ever so attached to his creed, so ready to put himself to any sacrifices in order to fulfil its requirements, whilst in the West religion *seems* to be rather a troublesome external, a thing of custom and convenience, not a heart-felt want and an inward conviction? Pondering much on this, we made our way silently to the shore, as the muezzin's voice still rang clearly from the minaret, proclaiming that there is no God but God, and that Mohammed is the prophet of God.

The next day, having previously sent our mules back to Larnacca we sailed in a Greek ship for Salina. The wind was propitious, the sea smooth, the voyage pleasant and prosperous. The English ship was ready for departure the day after our arrival. Our horses and mules were disposed of at the usual sacrifice; *bukshceesh* was plentifully administered amongst our servants, and we were soon on our way to old England, mourning over the desolation of Cyprus as we went.

JOHN TWILLER.

BY GODFREY MASSINGBERD.

CHAPTER I.

THE ORIEL WINDOW.

"There was once a poet, who wrote—
—for fame. But it came not.

"He toiled on—suffered—loved—
married—grew in years—became
poor—was forced to work with his
hands; but continued to write.

"He met with no support—no
encouragement—no praise. Men
laughed at him. It is no new thing.
Poets a hundred, nay, a thousand
years ago, were thought to be behind
their time, too childish for the day
they lived in,—and were treated
accordingly. And indeed he was
childish, as it might be called: he did
many silly things, and left many wise
things undone; and though some
loved him, none looked up to him.

"He wrote; his heart fainted, but
he wrote—poetry. He spread the
sails of his soul on a dusty desert.
They failed to advance the helpless
bark over the sands of life.

"He gave his genius over unto
death.

"He hoped to be understood some
other time; thought that to die might
mitigate the rigor of a just censure,
and bring asperity softened to his
grave. But even a grave was grudgingly
afforded him. A few sods were
cut, laid over the mound his body had
presumed to raise in the churchyard—
and trodden down.

"His family had loved him, and
wished to think his merit great. But
with his family his name ceased. His
son had no son; or, if he had, he was
down among the poor, and lost sight
of.

"Times went by. Revolutions
uprooted empires—and did more:
they shook the minds of men. New
systems and new sentiments arose
with new races. There was a feeling
for and with genius.

"And then some one stumbled upon the writings of the poet; and pored surprisedly over them—and wept; and showed them to others, who wept also. And there was a wonder where they had been hid all this time. And then enquiry after the writer was set on foot; and all marvelled that so little information could be collected concerning him. His grave was discovered at last—with difficulty; for it was nearly trodden out: and people flocked about it, and whispered. And pilgrims—great intellects—came from afar, and knelt upon it. And his haunts—the little chambers of the anguish of his soul—were entered on tiptoe, and the lips of the gifted and of the beautiful pronounced his name with rapture, and strong men trembled before his memory. And people found in his poems some words descriptive of himself—obscure, humble, and vague enough; for indeed he had no outward comeliness; but on this hint they wrought out an imaginary portrait, a model of manly beauty; and ideal statues were raised in his honor, of godlike proportions;—for art insensibly adopts the outlines of the soul to reconstruct the body upon, forecasting the resurrection of the dead. And his nation entered his name on the muster-roll of its glory; and other nations envied it on that account. And his writings spread to the ends of the earth, and sunk to the depths of the heart—and wrought miracles.

"And it was given to the patient spirit of the poet to look down—and be satisfied."

In the above rhapsody, John Twiller had obscurely shadowed forth his idea of his own position at the present, and his aspirations for the future.

Meantime, youth had come—and gone; and advanced manhood found the work of life still to do.

Such fragments as the foregoing were the balm with which he used to salve his heart's wound. They afforded him the consolation man has ever derived from casting his own horoscope, in the mingled characters of aspiration and inspiration.

True, as life had worn on, and the chances against him multiplied, these little ebullitions of fancy and feeling had become rarer and more evanescent. Still, each of them, ere it burst in

Twiller's mind, manifested itself as the nucleus of a vast design, intended in its subject to immortalise the disappointment of his hopes, but in its object to promote the realization of them. For convinced John Twiller was that the world could not possibly come to an end, without arriving at some period of intelligence in which his works and name should be accorded those honors to which he was so continually making ineffectual claim.

They had been absent from home—his wife and he—for some days in the neighbouring metropolis. It was very late when they arrived at their quiet abode; and, having allowed his fatigued partner to retire to rest, the melancholy humorist had placed himself in an oriel window overlooking the sea, and become entranced. His gentle and affectionate wife agreed with the doctor in the opinion that rest was the business of the night, as business ought to be the rest of the day. John Twiller argued rather after the fashion of those melancholy temperaments which prefer baying the moon at that season.

Well, after all, the temptation was strong. Gas-light, smoke, mud, rattle and roar, exchanged for the holy calm of nocturnal nature. The moon was now just withdrawing, like a deposed queen, leaving upon the surface of the rippling ocean the last bright tokens of her presence, like the Maunday silver distributed to the waters of earth, at the gate of the palace of night. On the other side, ambitious morning was on the rise. Already had she unclothed herself of her humble grey shawl; and the hours were casting about her a roseate gossamer of glory. She looked at her face in the ocean, and smiled; whereupon every obsequious billow clothed itself in her livery, and passed on an ambassage towards her chamber, to tell her that the world was ready to offer her the crown of day.

One star was there, a gem upon her forehead. That gem would remain; but the brow of the wearer was soon to wax too dazzlingly radiant to enable mortals to see it. Thus it is—so thought John Twiller—that those tinsel honors which are our chief pride while we have nothing really our own to be proud of—birth, rank, fortune—are extinguished and disap-

pear as soon as the transfiguration of genius bathes us in its light.

The scene from that window was at all times a refreshing one. The observer commanded three points of the compass. And, at each of these points, the sea formed a feature of the view, bounding the prospect by its level line to the eastward. Opposite, the bold shore of a rocky promontory raised itself at some miles distance, its huge sides hollowed out and tormented into caves by the endless persecution of the surge, as the buffetings of disappointment will in the end wear dark fissures in the human brain, from which night-preying thoughts wing forth. Near at hand, and forming the foreground of the picture, a little cultivated patch sloped to the water's edge, which was breasted by a rampart, half natural, half artificial, of great stones; and to the westward, though at a considerable distance, rose numerous roofs, and a few church towers, beyond which hung a monotonous canopy, curtaining out the city then, as at all times, from its country acquaintance.

John Twiller was, as has been already remarked, a disappointed man. That is, he deemed himself an ill used one, and hung out the ensign of it on his face. He was certainly not destitute of talent; and he was full of the most genuine, though the most troublesome sensibility. It had been his fortune—or misfortune—to get the credit early amongst his intimates of being “a genius.” Whether he really was so or not, perhaps no one living could or can say. His own ideas on the subject were peculiar. He held that various causes are in operation to produce what men call talents in different individuals. In one, the mind is constituted to act within a certain range, the physical organ being in perfect order; so that nothing short of a constitutional revolution, expanding the natural capacity of the mind, (a circumstance which he thought never took place,) can render the development of new talent and powers possible. In another, the range of the intellect may be vastly more comprehensive, yet a functional derangement of the system—a want of constitutional energy, for instance, or of sustained energy, or a feeble condition of the memory, or

some such cause—may render the limit less easily reached; and the result will be, perhaps, that the world gives the individual so constituted and so restrained, credit for a less expansive intellect than the *esprit borné* in full working order.

The majority of men in sound health and of cheerful, satisfied dispositions, he held, belong to the former class; numbers of unnoticed individuals, as well as some more distinguished, will be found in the latter. But rarely are these perfectly easy or contented in mind. The consciousness of there being unexplored recesses within;—unexplorable without a labor beyond their own strength—the evidence of a rich vein which they have neither implements nor sinews to work—the glance of the distant summits of a range, whence the whole world would be at their feet, yet the conscious inability to scale it—the occasional soarings, perhaps, to regions of light, and harmony, and truth, and power, and the hopeless fall back into their own impotence,—all this saddens and overlouds. Such men may be resigned—they can seldom be happy.

John Twiller considered himself as belonging to this latter class. He felt within himself Alpine elevations of sublimity; cavernous recesses of passion and gloom. He could define their proportions, and occasionally visit them; but a leaden weight habitually clogged him. He dragged a chain—he was a prisoner in the palace of his own nature. He saw and understood those who were more at large in an humbler precinct,—who had the freedom of the city, of which some even arrived at the mayoralty, their breasts being swelled to bursting under the civic chain. They did not see him; or, if they did, they thanked God, &c. Well, the difference, he reasoned, was this. If ever the entanglements of the flesh were to be removed, he would be the one to gain; for in all directions his hampered spirit would spring to its natural boundaries, rushing, like a crowd into an opera-house, in haste and strong curiosity to see the sights its admission-money entitled it to witness. They would continue as they were—except that they would *know him*.

“John! John! What an hour! It is broad day!”

"In a few minutes, Agatha. Then besides—well, that the current of my thoughts should be interrupted at such a moment! There, I positively cannot take up the thread again! and I do declare it is very like day! I

suppose we must undergo the humiliation of sleep, lest we should fancy that we could not die. Chilly enough, too. Come, I believe I had better —"

And John Twiller retired to rest.

CHAPTER II.

PSYCHOGRAPHY.

"An architect once built a church in a city; he had not been given the choice of the site. It stood in a choked labyrinth of damp brickwork. It was finished. The architect died, and was buried in the churchyard. It grew old. Generations passed it by, in two ever-meeting streams through the narrow thoroughfare, and saw little more than the bill-bestuck foulness of its foundations, which abutted at an awkward angle on the street in its fidelity to the cardinal points, and were voted a nuisance by all business-like men.

"I have often passed by that church in my younger days. Ugly things were chalked upon its walls. A stand of oysters filled one recess. An eternal lump of rags and mendicancy haunted another. It rose high, and hid the light, and the street was cold and gloomy under it, and the pavement was never dry. I used to feel uncomfortable as I hurried out of its shadow, and thought of the dismal organ, and the awful echoing pavement within, and the vaults underneath, and wondered why God must be worshipped in a place that frightened children.

"Since that time, the corporation of the city thought proper to open that neighbourhood. They threw down houses, projected streets and squares, and built, at ample distances, noble and convenient edifices;—but left the church standing as before.

"Then for the first time men began to see the church, and to form some conception of its design. And they agreed that it was grand.

"The oysters were removed, the beggar set to work for his bread, and the walls cleared of bills and ribaldry.

"As I stood at the opposite side of the spacious street the other day, looking at the majestic and varied outline of that building, I perceived the fresh leaves of a tree touched by

the sunshine, coming from over the churchyard wall. It was the only tree there; and I found out afterwards that it marked the spot where the architect was buried."

The Twiller style will be easily recognized in the foregoing fragment, which was vehemently committed to paper about this time.

A character such as this could not be interesting to society.

John Twiller had very few friends. But he had one favorite, who loved him as a brother. Eusebius Bland was the vicar of a parish he had himself resided in a few years before. He was a kindly-looking bachelor, inclined to a full habit of body, with a disposition almost too rich in the native charities of life to look with sufficient rigidity of reprehension on the faults and follies he did not share. He was diffident of himself, and rather too backward perhaps in asserting his position, especially with Twiller, for whom he had not only an admiration but a sort of reverence, which had disabled him from the performance even of his more immediate duties in relation to him, at a time when Twiller and his family were his parishioners. We have said that he was a bachelor. He showed every symptom of remaining so for life—for, if there was a point in his character which did not harmonize with the rest, it was a sort of impassiveness as regarded the softer sex, not actually amounting to indifference, but which belied the possibility of his ever making any progress towards their favor, though it was so well known and so well understood to co-exist with true Christian amiability and kindness to every soul he met, that his female friends were always ready to take him as they found him, and make the largest allowance for what they doubtless attributed to severe self-denial.

Twiller liked—indeed he loved—Eusebius Bland. He resembled himself, he fancied, in his fondness for winding along the alleys of desultory speculation, instead of toiling through the stages of thought. This was not quite true; though he possessed a delightful facility of following unresistingly the course of meditation pursued by those he came in contact with; just as some men cannot resist the arm of a friend put within their own for a saunter; from whence he appeared to Twiller to possess those tastes and that turn of mind into which he fell so easily under his own influence.

Then again, the circumstance of his having once been minister of his parish had given him an importance in Twiller's eyes, which he did not lose when he quitted it. Twiller indeed considered the mere frequenting the same church to be a sort of bond. The man, he used to say, who has for years sat in the next pew to me, who has listened to the same sermons, joined in the same responses, quavered over the same psalmody, and placed his alms in the same plate,—is a friend whom I cannot think of with indifference. Should I meet him at the antipodes, I should shake hands with him as a brother. If he has been absent, I feel anxious; if he is prayed for, I join with alarm; and when his seat is finally empty, and the bell has been tolled, I feel that something is gone that cannot be replaced.

It may well be supposed, then, that Bland was a favorite. But still he was a rare visitor. Much fonder was he of getting over his old parishioner to spend a day at the vicarage; when they would probably wander about the fields, talking of everything in the world except what the world was talking about; and even stopping to enjoy such silly things as the whistling of the wind through the trees above their head, or the gurgling of the stream among the stones at their feet.

Twiller knew nothing of his

friend's early life. Bland did not care for talking of himself or his own concerns; being, as has been already remarked, diffident with every body, and, besides, standing a little in awe of Twiller, which made him afraid of drawing unnecessary attention towards anything personal to himself. There are humble people of this sort to be met with every day, who will not venture to bring much luggage with them into society, but stuff their private concerns, their interests, wants, and sorrows, into the very smallest compass of their hearts, as into a travelling-bag, at the risk of bursting it; lest they should incommode their fellow-travellers in the stage of life.

Bland, as Twiller found out indirectly, was a distressed man; always embarrassed, like himself. This, too, was a bond of union. His charities were, in fact, too liberal for his income; and he would often, culpably enough, send away a tradesman's bill from the door to spend the money on a pair of blankets or a bag of meal for a poor neighbour.

As for Bland's ministerial duties, they were performed willingly and cheerfully, though they did not prevent him from indulging occasionally in the sports of shooting and fishing, to both of which he was decidedly addicted. The fact is, he was not what could be called a devoted Minister of the Gospel; at least, in the sense in which it is usually understood amongst strict religionists; nor could Twiller always reconcile himself to his easy and *nonchalant* ways, which he liked to attribute, however, to the constitutional idiosyncrasy of the man, his gouty plumpness, sanguine temperament, and twinkling eye.

Perhaps Bland's views on the subject of religion may be as clearly seen in a few stanzas of his own, which he repeated to Twiller one sunny day, as they sat on a tombstone in the churchyard, as they could be by the most elaborate details. They ran as follows:—

MY PARISH CHURCH.

I.

I love my peaceful parish church,
With its ivy and its tombs,
And the cheerful peal of the Sunday bell,
And the eloquence of the quiet knell,
As the village funeral comes.

II.

I love my humble parish church,
 With its antique doorway wide,
 And the plain old oaken pulpit there,
 And the oaken stool of ancient prayer,
 Which the widows stand beside.

III.

I love my decent parish church,
 And the yeoman's veteran age,
 As he turns with reverential eye
 Unto my wholesome homily
 From Jewell's precious page.

IV.

I love my simple parish church,—
 And a tear my eyesight dims,
 As the whole assembly, old and young,
 Sing o'er the strain their fathers sung—
 The same old psalms and hymns.

V.

I love my holy parish church,
 With its churchyard's growing bed,
 O'er which the neighbours, now alive,
 Each week in serious groups arrive,
 And will be borne when dead.

VI.

Give me my own old parish church—
 'Tis better for the knees
 Their bones upon the boards to bruise,
 Than press the velvet in the pews
 Of chapels styled "of ease,"—

VII.

Where sun by day, and lamp by night,
 Blaze with untempered glare
 On dressed enthusiasts, droning loud,
 Or quavering wildly o'er the crowd,
 To make poor people stare.

VIII.

Where some pert favourite goes aloft,
 And makes the roof-tree roar,
 Till nervous females fall in fits,
 And sober men misdoubt his wits,
 And look towards the door.

IX.

No—be my haunt my parish church,
 Embosomed in its glade :—
 Within its courts my days I'd spend,—
 And when I'm dead some village friend
 May lay me in its shade.

This, it will be admitted, exhibits more of sentiment than sense. We fear it must be confessed that the Reverend Eusebius Bland was formed after the pattern of those steady but not over-active divines, who administered their parishes in peace and quiet before the uncompromising energy of evangelicism had excited an equally uncompromising activity on the side of the Anglican Church, and galled the sleek flanks of the country clergy, with a spur that made the willing wince and the stubborn kick.

On the night following that on which this memoir has commenced, John Twiller set himself down to reply to Eusebius Bland on a controversial question, which the world had long ceased to think about, but which had formed the topic of a vehement discussion with him at their last meeting. He had scarcely begun, however, when he paused, and said to himself,—“In what would I have Eusebius Bland different from what he is? I have been all along endeavouring to vanquish him in argument, but without success. That is, I have always beaten him, but never changed his opinions. The same old questions remain like shuttlecocks between us; and, strike as hard as I may, if he misses his blow, he picks up the argument, and gently tosses it in my face again.

“If I should succeed, the game would be over—no more battledore.

“Were the steel to make the grindstone as smooth as itself, there would be an end of grinding.

“Let me leave Bland as I find him, and believe that nature has fashioned his opinions as his form, round, yielding, soft, yet ever returning to the original model, however I may indent them for a moment.

“Strange, the fixedness, yet the impressibility of character! Everywhere about me I am met by individuality permanently stamped; while my lightest word or act will mould or warp that character in the direction of its impact.

“Is there any use in my labouring to alter my own character? Are we not all fashioned from without? Are we a whit more accountable for our own angles than a basaltic column? The shafts that press us on every side mould us into what we are. What fruitless trouble we all take! What

more than trouble have I not gone to, myself!”

He was off, in short, on the favorite theme.

Pity for him, poor fellow! that in his vigil he did not fall to thinking—for reverie is not thought—the one being to the other as the drifting of a spar to the “way” of a vessel. Musing is the dimpling of the stream of thought upon itself; and, like it, generally busies itself with dead sticks and withered leaves.

Pity for him: for if ever there was a man who had no business to dream, and every business to think, it was he. He had managed to collect about himself all the responsibilities of life, without having made any corresponding provision for the due discharge of them. To work upward was absolutely necessary, if he would obtain true independence for himself, and secure his family against ultimate penury. It would not do to keep his level. He had contrived matters so, that even that would be ruin; yet he was unfortunately one in whom action was an effort; whose hands dropped to his side the moment the effort was made, and whose ceaseless aspiration was towards that blessed hour in which he might sit down and do nothing.

Why then, it may be asked, was he found, night after night, out-watching the Bear? The intelligent reader needs scarcely to be told that there is a form of indolence which consists in a distaste for regular recreation, as much as for regular exertion. He will at once recal individuals who recoil from pleasure itself, when it is prescribed as a duty and must be enjoyed periodically; and who prefer the luxury of self-annoyance to the disgust of submitting to a cyclical regimen of happiness.

Poor Twiller, without exactly embodying in himself the full inconsistency of this class, nevertheless owned a lamentable desultoriness of purpose in this world's affairs. Nor was he to be unhesitatingly condemned. It is impossible for any acuteness of vision in the nearest observer to penetrate the mysteries of another's mind; and so, there being no adequate materials for forming a judgment, it is presumptuous to attempt to do so. “Judge not” is a precept to be taken not so much as the restriction of the

liberty we possess, as the announced recognition of a law of our nature, which seals heart against heart, waxed like the cells of a honeycomb, each against the curiosity of its neighbour occupant, and only to be commanded by an eye directed from a plane outside and beyond the range, and placed in a position from which the whole system of hidden and individual organization is displayed to the very bottom.

The secret of Twiller's failure was, that his abilities did not lie in the line of his profession. The consciousness of this, too, was the great foundation of his self-extenuation. Urged incessantly forward in the beaten track by the goadings of embarrassment and the consciousness of the anxiety of others who had no notion of such a thing as *natural bent*, he made for conscience and his family's sake ever renewed efforts to be steady, as it was called. And this much might be said for him, that had he been able to discover within himself the faintest indications of those powers which he saw to exist around him, in men of moderate and limited intellect, and which enabled them to *plod*, he too would have cast his wings, and been content to crawl to an obscure but honest competence; for, if he had once been vain, he had lost that pride; it had withered in life's east wind; and he was ready to enter with more than content with cheerfulness, upon any course of honorable utility.

But alas! nature, in conferring on him the imaginative faculty, had cleared the way for the wild luxuriance of the fancy, by rendering the soil incapable of supporting a marketable vegetation. This he felt; he knew it, by a thousand humiliating proofs.

Was this a defect he could parade to the world? Could he assign inability as a plea in bar of society's sneers or reproofs? The evidence of his powers in various other walks would he set down as conclusive against the validity of such an excuse, and he would incur the additional obloquy of seeking to depreciate his own faculties for the purpose of extenuating his remissness in the use of them.

As he now looked abstractedly out of the Office Window, thinking of himself, his eyes were brought unconsciously to bear upon a child's toy, a

little windmill-cart, lying in the dew and dusk of the morning upon the humid grass-plot, below him. By degrees, the whole little flock was gathered about it. He fancied he heard through the silence of the night the echo of their daily sports, the ring of their light-hearted laughter. Nobody could say that he did not love his children. They were to him the reflected miniatures of that great love of his life which had formed so much of his trial and so much of his happiness,—the scintillations of those rays that shone from the concentrated focus of conjugal affection. They were more than that. They linked earthly affection with heavenly. There was something in the cord which bound him to them in which he thought he could discover a celestial strand. A little more would make them angels—a little more would make *him* above the angels—above, that is, in guiding and counselling power—above, as cherub above seraph—only equal, if indeed equal, in the matter of the heart.

Now, on their play-ground in the hazy dawn, they came back, in fairy and visionary sportiveness; and peopled for him the accustomed scene of their frolics, as at that moment, per-adventure, fancy was driving its tiny team through their own slumbering brains, quickening recollection into reality, and flashing from its axletrees the light and laugh of yesterday's gambols.

Twiller had often stopped, in the midst of a brilliant flow of thought, to study the character and disposition of one or other of his children, as some word or act struck him as peculiar. He was altogether opposed to those who hold that education is the groundwork of character, no matter how far back they placed its commencement. He was perpetually discovering points of characteristic difference, arguing, according to his theory, an innate diversity of mental as well as bodily organization. Not but that he believed all to be within the reach of education—all susceptible of the bad and good influences of teaching, whether by precept, example, or experience. But he used to hold up his own children—so similarly circumstanced in other respects—as in themselves forming a living refutation of a wholly plastic nature.

They were as crisply distinct *ab ovo*, as if, like the offspring of Leda, their parentage were dissociated by the distance between the earthly and the heavenly.

There was the little Ella, for instance, the first-born of his love. Had she a trace of resemblance in feature or disposition to the two noble, yet unressembling boys with whom she had been brought up? Was she cast in the same mould with the vehement, restless Jessica, her only sister? Twiller, be it observed, liked fine names. Not what the world calls fine—betokening high connexion, or illustrious descent; but full-sounding, poetic, romantic, ringing names. The two boys were Demophon and Rollo. Ella's was the quietest name among them; and so it ought to be. It would have violated every idea of fitness and propriety to have had to call her Augusta or Adeliza.

For she was, in every possible way, an unobtrusive, domestic, humble, simple, loving little body. Without regularity of feature or symmetry of figure, she contrived to inspire those who knew her long and saw much of her at last with the idea that she was the beauty of the family—so transparently did her heavenly little mind shew through the homely exterior. One outward charm she possessed—a complexion of a happy freshness; so eloquent, Twiller would say, that it spoke in colour what most people have to say in words. Never did he come into the breakfast-room of a morning, but a new rose sprung to her cheek, as she danced affectionately forward to greet him with the accustomed kiss. Seldom did he announce an anticipated absence of a day's longer duration than usual, and never did he look gravely in reprehension of some casual fault or failing, without observing a momentary paling of the hues of life there. It seemed as if the little Ella's blood was kept flowing only by kindness and affection; and that, instead of the pulse being the involuntary motive power of the vital stream, there needed a super-added force from without, and from above, to maintain its regularity and permanence. Ella had arrived at her eleventh year; that is, she had passed her tenth birth day, without having made much progress in her learning. She studied hard, too, in her own

way. Too hard, it might be said; for her anxiety to master an appointed task was often so great as to distract her mind from the task itself. A conscientious scrupulosity pervaded everything she did; and the idea that the favour of her teacher, or of her parents—to say nothing of a higher Preceptor—depended for that moment on the discharge of this duty, actually disturbed her in its performance. Indeed she had more than once confessed to her father her uneasiness—she called it unhappiness—at not finding herself always what she would wish to be. At such times she would magnify scarce perceptible failings, until she had filled herself with the impression of her own unworthiness, and tears came to her relief; so that Twiller, with all his convictions as to the doctrine of the depravity of human nature, felt himself under the necessity of elevating his child in her own estimation, to restore her to tranquillity. Poor child, she seemed to want natural quickness, sadly—that is, quickness of head. Quickness of heart she possessed beyond her years; and hence at times a slight impatience of misconstruction, and a hasty vindication of her own motives, as well as those of others, which troubled and disturbed her own mind when she thought of them afterwards. Nevertheless, she was as cheerful as even he could wish, except at such moments. Indeed, she was the life of the house; besides which, her usefulness was beginning to shew itself in innumerable little acts calculated to relieve others either from trouble or responsibility. She was for ever up and down stairs, with her hands full. Did you come unexpectedly into a room, you were sure to find that she had been there before you. Your book was open at the right place; your chair drawn comfortably to the fire; your footstool ready; your screen to your hand. But it was when there was sickness in the family that she shone forth. A physician once said, finding how well his patient had attended to his prescriptions, “Madam, you deserve to be ill.” It was worth any one's while to be ill in the house with Ella; to experience, for once, the comfort of being properly attended. She was always near, yet never in the way. She seemed to anticipate the wishes and wants of the

invalid, by some finer sense than that of instinct. Yet she made it appear that what she did was just what she would have done had there been nobody to claim her services. She would take up her needle, or her pencil, or her book, or even a doll (for she had not outgrown dolls), and no one could guess that she was not absorbed with them, until the slightest rustle in the bed caused her to become motionless, listening. She had many little arts—must we call them arts?—to explain and account for her being always by. But such reminiscences are for those who did not know her. To those who did, they are needless.

That eldest boy, Demophon, was a poet, if ever there was one. He might be proved so by an argument of remoteness; for he was nothing else. A chiselled, melancholy, sallow visage was furnished with a pair of eyes which seemed perpetually to burn blue lights, like signals of distress. Any annoyance—and it was not difficult to annoy him—threw his countenance into the expression of a contemplative despair, which fitted him at once for the character of Hamlet. Whether it was by design or accident it cannot be said, but his dress was usually sombre in hue—generally black; and as his hair grew low upon his forehead, and shone blue across his thoughtful temples, it was not difficult to anticipate that cares and distresses might in the course of life gather to that brow, and turn the moonlight gloss of those locks to silver.

Alternating with the tragic expression was that of humour. Humour very commonly haunts the steps of Melancholy,

Scoffing its state and grinning at its pomp.

It is surprising to see how few changes in the muscular action are sufficient to metamorphose sadness into mirth. The only muscles proper to the countenance of man, and not found in any of the lower animals, are those which contract the forehead, and those which draw down the corner of the mouth—in other words, the indicators of anguish. But man also is the only animal that laughs. The gift of melancholy, Twiller believed, necessitates the possession of the opposite quality, and—as an *a fortiori* argument for the rest of the

world—he always said he had observed that those writers who had succeeded most powerfully in the pathetic, were preeminently distinguished by their subtle sense of humour—witness Shakspeare, Goldsmith, Sterne, Scott, Dickens. Nor would he ever allow that the professed humourist as thoroughly understood his own calling, or as happily exercised it, as the sublime or melancholy genius who descended unexpectedly upon it from his dark habitat on high, like an eagle upon a magpie's back, or Cowper upon John Gilpin.

The little Demophon, at eight years old, was, however, more than a poet; he was a student. He read everything—books being the smallest portion of his reading. He read actions, objects, countenances, characters. He read the earth and the stars, nature and the soul. He read his Bible; and compared all the rest of his reading with it, and studied them both till they harmonized. His mind was ever questioning and contemplative, rapt in its questions and contemplations out of the waking world round him, from which state the descent to the level of things was a fall that hurt him. Strange to say, young as he was, this peculiar temperament inclined him to satire. A want of engrossing earnestness about what absorbed other people left him a calm observer of actions and passions in others, like a person looking upon a crowd out of a window; and a smile and a curl of the lip betokened that he felt himself safe, and felt besides that other people might be so too, if they had but the energy or strength to ascend to the region he had reached. Eight years was a short period in which to have acquired all this; but they were the eight first years of Demophon's life. In no subsequent bilustral period could the spirit have accomplished so much for the body.

Demophon's hair was dark; Rollo's was sandy, sleek, and sunny.

It is a strange and staggering circumstance in nature, Twiller would say to himself, that certain outward indications, seemingly arbitrary, and yet intuitively understood by the mind, argue internal organizations. That the skull, indeed, if it receive the impress of the brain, should indicate character, is not so inexplicable. Whether we believe it as a fact or

not, we can at least understand that it might be so. But why a cheerful color of the hair should argue a sunny disposition, it baffles my philosophy to divine. Yet everything involving the question of the connexion between the mind and body is equally staggering.

This little Rollo—he of the sunny hair and heart—is a sphinx. I, John Twiller, am no *Cædipus*; though scarcely a *Davus* either; and since *Ὀιδίποδι μὴν* was the oracular answer, I must be content to leave Rollo the sphinx in the desert of my difficulty, only digging about him, and endeavouring to ascertain how much of him is human, and how much feline. After all, we are most of us chimeras, of one sort or another. What is your sportsman or your trooper but a centaur,—to say nothing of the dismounted squadrons, who ride their more visionary hobbies? Your dogged, sturdy Englishman, with his marching intellect and his flapping ambition,—you have him forefigured in the winged human-headed bulls keeping subterranean watch through successive milleniums at the gates of the palace of Nimrod. I have seen things which serve as spouts—gargoyles, an architect would call them—at the corners of cathedral towers, amazingly like French counts. Fauns and satyrs have quitted the woods, and exhibit the cloven foot and bestial tail in gas-lit colonnades. Syrens sing Italian canzonets, and wreck unhappy sea-farers against the walls of the Marshalsea. Mermaids dye their green hair, and comb it into the latest

fashion. Some of the last might claim the Gorgon kin, when they happen to cast their eyes upon the vulgar herd. Have we not recognized in our daily walks the bird-face with the basket, which the alabastrine sculptures of Nineveh have adumbrated? For my own part, said Twiller to himself,—with reverence be it spoken,—I have come across every one of the four beasts of Daniel in a morning's walk. And why should not my little Rollo be a sphinx? It is, after all, a highly respectable monster,—a very moderate extravagance,—a remarkably simple mystery. Poor, rollicking Rollo! with all thy glad-heartedness, how easily art thou moved to tears! With all thy levity, how easily won by a caress! With all thy recklessness, how quickly and keenly dost thou repent of thy little misdeeds!

Twiller had not done musing. He had Jessica, Rodolph, Hotspur, and the baby to muse about, still,—and it was three o'clock, A. M. No danger of disturbance for some hours, either to himself in the Oriel Window, or to the cart in the garden. Yet, somehow, the increasing light began to act as a disenchanter. The cart got too distinct. It was not now the shadow of a cart, for the substance of his children to cohere about. It was the substance of a cart, and his children it was which became shadows. It shook itself, as it were, woke, and got up on its wheels. Twiller felt that he had for that morning performed his mission—and went to bed.

CHAPTER III.

IN THE VEIN; BUT INTERRUPTED.

For three days John Twiller was missed from the Oriel Window. Though indeed, on second thoughts, who was to miss him? Nothing embodied. Nevertheless it would be a bold thing to affirm that he was not missed. As there are night-fliers and night-crawlers and night-preyers, why not night-haunters? Night-peoplers? Twiller himself was of opinion that there are existences, worlds of existences, peculiar to each season of the day and night, as there are fish belonging to certain depths and

certain temperatures; and that for these dusk hours especially there is a race of Protei, not less curiously organized than those which the Philosopher of the Lamp has so strangely discoursed about, nor less admirably suited for the mysterious functions they are called upon to perform.

Twiller had left the Protei for three days. How did this happen? There was good reason for it. He had been called out of the ideal into the real world. He came back with

experience, wearing a certain solemnity of visage, like one who has trailed his chain out of a dungeon, and basks thoughtfully against the south wall outside.

No matter how he had spent these three days : here he was again, with night above him, the fresh ocean at his feet, the free sky on three sides of him, and the slumberous sound of quiet rest humming from the chambers overhead.

What was the matter with him ? Alas ! nothing. If there had been, there would have been more hope. He was his own enemy. Still engaged in the life-long cause of Twiller against Twiller, he pressed the suit, though nothing seemed to be advancing but the costs.

He was in bad spirits at this moment. At the best of times Twiller was not of a very buoyant nature. He swam through life low. Swimmers are seen, who cleave their way with shoulders out. With him it was as much as he could do to keep his head above water ; and a ripple made him gasp for breath. Besides, he was too fond of looking back. Though he had not passed the time of life in which, with most people, hope still constitutes the guiding and cheering star, yet with him the shadows had begun already to be cast forward. He was learning that the goal of life was not its termination, but its summit. That it stood in the middle of the course, instead of at the end. He felt that that goal had been reached, and passed—that his future was behind him. The great dreams of anticipation had gone off in the dust of the road he had toiled over. His greatest pleasures had been enjoyed ; his greatest actions performed ; his strongest passions felt, and burnt out ; and his life—yes, his life, he shiveringly discerned, was on the wane.

Herein he was right. In the consciousness that it was so, lay the fact. Nevertheless, so far years had to do with it, that there was life enough left in him to restore him to his prime, should other and outward things conspire to bring it about. He was not too old for rejuvenescence ; he was only too regretful. That was the habit and temper of his soul. It turned the hairs of his heart white, without fever. Yet since the retro-

spective attitude was his choice, there was no arguing about it. It was of no use. The river of his life flowed to ocean—but the sublimation of remembrance was ceaselessly going on. Ever out of the wide and weltering sea, drops that had flowed down long ago would be drawn up under the heaven, wafted back by the first landward breeze, and dropped once more high up amongst the valleys of childhood—to retrace their course down the channel of his life. These drops were tears.

Poor fellow, this was a circuit that never ceased ; it made him a mystery to the million ; though, for all the happiness it gave him, his river might as well have run itself out, and have let the clown across.

But, for himself, this second flow of life it was which most sweetly nourished the flowers on its banks. The water had gained a virtue by the alchemy of the elements, and had become an elixir. The further into ocean they had voyaged, and the higher drawn mountainwards before they had fallen, the purer and more potent they seemed to him. He felt, like the rhapsodizing philosopher of the New World, that “the actions and events of childhood and youth are matters of calmest observation. They lie like fair pictures in the air. Not so with our recent actions—with the business which we have now in hand. On this we are quite unable to speculate. Our affections as yet circulate through it. We no more feel or know it, than we feel the feet, or the hand, or the brain of our body.”

“The new deed is yet a part of life—remains for a time immersed in our unconscious life. In some contemplative hour it detaches itself from the life like a ripe fruit, to become a thought of the mind. Instantly it is raised, transfigured ; the corruptible has put on incorruption. Always now it is an object of beauty.”

In proportion as past things grew beautiful, did Twiller like to contemplate them. The moment they attained their butterfly state, he set himself to gaze and chase after them, and trod down many a trim garden-bed thereby.

One advantage this propensity of his proved to him—if advantage it might be called. It enabled him to strike out plots for innumerable

stories. Nobody who does not look much into the past can write stories. It is out of the caves of memory you bring these fossils that look so like life. And so Twiller, on this occasion, unconsciously almost, took his pen, which the increasing light enabled him to use; and commenced a tale, intended obscurely to figure some passages in his own life. It was thus he introduced it:—

“No man who feels, can at the time set about recording his feelings. Hence the idea that the poet or novelist is driven to his pen in desperation of heart, survives only in the heated atmosphere of the boarding-school. We know better. He has, indeed, experienced what he describes so vividly; but it is a bygone experience. The picture is drawn from memory—not from a visible original. The colors of the rainbow are had from the sun only after reflection. All the casts we have of passion are taken off after death, though the features may be represented to the life. Over the heart’s struggles and agonies the poet may ponder, and reconstruct romance for the amusement or edification of the public. But if the proper angels and demons were alive within him, he dare not evoke them. Whilst they possessed him, they kept him to themselves. They took up their habitation as his tenants, to render account to him alone. They mastered, they racked, they rent him; but he made no sign. The stranger was not to intermeddle with his joy or his sorrow.

Now, let all this have passed by; let an interval have been interposed; let this restless community have died out one by one, and been buried in the dust of the heart that produced them—then the poet may reproduce them, as

it were; divested of their ferine impatience of the human eye. He may look at them himself, and can endure to shew them to others. Lifeless and cold indeed they come up—the skeletons, the anatomy of what hath been. They are like the impressions of organisms—the fossil traces in the rock. They rather point to power, intelligence, and beauty than constitute it. But herein are they distinguished from first-hand passion; they seem to reveal a more mighty structure, a more magnificent development, than exists now. They offer grander forms, vaster dimensions. They speak of the luxuriance of the tropics—of the sun of the torrid zone. Thus they not only affirm that they have been, but imply that they are not. They become exposed, massed shapelessly together, as they have been submerged in the ocean of time, “whose waves are years,” and again, in the vast cycle of events, upheaved by the convulsions of memory, to the gaze of the one who will not, and of the thousands who cannot comprehend them.”

“This,” thought Twiller, “will never do—I wish I could understand why.”

“Because,” said something within him,—“it is not in reason.”

“Because,” said something else, “it is not in rhyme.”

“Well, that last defect, at least, is not beyond remedy.” And Twiller set himself to work to turn what he had been writing into verse.

This was not quite so easy a matter as he supposed. He made two or three attempts, each departing more widely from the original than the preceding one—and at last produced some desultory lines, linked by no connexion with the first train of thought, beyond that of some geological imagery.

Time! Time! that sweep’st away uprooted years,
With every flower and fruit their vigour bears,
To gulf them in eternity! Rush on!
Split with thy stunning breakers stock and stone,
And gather strength from Ruin! ’Tis decreed.
Rise in thy might; and when with fatal speed
Thy foamy crest comes thundering to the shore,
Burst! Thou wilt overwhelm a little dust—no more.
There ends thy power.

Henceforth another fate
Clings to the nameless atoms. Mute they wait,
Stored in abysmal caves; in time to come
To rise in glorious continents, a home

Perchance for habitants of heavenly birth,
And steadfast as the heart-strings of old earth.

Thus wrecked, and thus preserved, the immortal soul,
Freed from the grovelling body's weak control,
Is swept—nor man nor angel kenneth where.
But yet, this particle of heavenly air,
When the catastrophe of nature's come,
Hath, marked and ordered, its eternal doom ;—
For what swift mission must its feet be shod,
Or whither winged to work the work of God.

By the time this burst of alliteration
had been penned, a dew had broken
out on Twiller's forehead, which seem-
ed to steep his thoughts as in a pure
and holy fountain : and when they

next rose, they appeared to him divine
as Aphrodite from the wave—"to
gulf them in Eternity." Here a branch
had struck off to the left. He now
followed it.

Gulf of Oblivion ! into which doth pour
The cataract of things for evermore,
While from the beetling cliffs, in stony rest,
Hope's symbol flings its visionary crest
In mockery ! Say, thou unattempted void,
Will man survive the plunge, and be upbued
For torture or for bliss ?

No voices rise
Up from thy gloom, profound of mysteries !
I bend, affrighted, o'er—and hear below
The shoreward surge of multitudinous woe.

Just at this moment Twiller heard a
step hastily ascending the stair ; and
before he could rise from his seat,
Hetty the housemaid had burst, half
clothed, into the room, exclaiming—
"Oh, sir ! oh, sir ! the back door !"

Now, Twiller's house was situated
in a lonely district, and moreover
there had been rumours of nocturnal
prowlers in the neighborhood, which
had so far affected the two female
domestics, that, although from mutual
disdain and grudge they had at first
repudiated the idea of occupying the
same bed, they now by common con-
sent accommodated their differences,
and garrisoned together a sort of for-
tress in the safest sleeping-room on the
basement story, in which they had
thrown up numerous defences in the
way of boxes against the door, crock-
ery within the shutters, alarm-bells,
and a ghost-proof heap of bed-clothes.

Hence, that Hetty should have
made so sudden and decisive a sortie,
was evidence of the proximity of a
powerful and vigorous enemy. "The
back door !" she repeated in a voice
scarce articulate with terror—and
sunk upon the nearest chair.

Twiller got up, effectually awaken-

ed from his poetic trance, and looked
his domestic in the face.

This being illegible, he thought it
best to descend to the quarter indica-
ted, and examine for himself. Accord-
ingly, down he scrambled, as noise-
lessly as he could, considering the
number of boots, plate-baskets, rock-
ing horses, and sweeping brushes he
encountered in the descent. He was
closely followed by the trembling
domestic, who was at the same
moment urging him forward, and
cautioning him as to the magnitude of
his peril.

Arrived in the pantry, sure enough,
there was a violent shaking of the
back-door upon its hinges, repeated
with renewed vehemence after every
ejaculation of Hetty. "The devil !"
muttered Twiller, "this is too bad,—
who's there ?"

A vehement shake.

"I say, who are you ?"

Shake—shake.

"Hetty, stand by me, and hand me
the poker. We are prepared for you,
whoever you are, I'd have you to
know. Now then, to open the door."

The bolt was drawn—the latch lifted
—the door was opened. Nothing

appeared, on a level with the eye; but, past their legs, brushed in a great tailless cat, and at once plunked its unfurnished extremity on the warm slab before the fire grate.

"If it had had even the usual appendage," muttered Twiller, as he fell over the various impediments in reversed succession, in ascending the stairs—"but a docked cat, of all monsters!"

It is surprising how small and contemptible a reality will put to flight whole phalaxes of lofty thoughts.—Writing now was out of the question.—To Mephistopheles the charm was dissolved, when the rat gnawed through the pentagram. In Twiller's instance, it was the *felis resectus* that accomplished it.

But it was as effectual; and accordingly Twiller went to bed.

THE RETREAT OF THE GLACIERS.

A trip to the Alps is now as fashionable as was a journey to London by a Northumbrian three centuries ago. Geneva is about to be connected with Calais or Cologne by a continuous line of railway; and, even now, all who can muster a dozen pounds, and as many days' leave of absence, may have the luxury of plunging into the deep blue waters of the lake of Geneva; of visiting the city of Calvin; of snuffing the breezes from the flanks of Mont Blanc, or of sitting in the presence of the great monarch himself, clothed in his snowy vestments, and rising majestically above his attendant satellites. Oh! one glance of Mont Blanc from the crest of the Jura more than repays the traveller all the trouble it may have cost him. That first glance remains with him for life, and floats before his fancy like some beautiful dream of heaven.

If the sky be propitious, the finest view of Mont Blanc is confessedly that which is obtained on crossing the Jura range from Dijon or Dole to Geneva. From a bend in the road you find yourself fronting the whole range, with the Great Valley of Switzerland intervening at a depth below of two thousand feet; while the precipitous cliffs of lime-stone, rising like the battlements of a fortress amid the dense foliage on either hand, form an admirable foreground to the panorama.

From that position you command at one view the Alpine range with an elevation of thirteen thousand feet above the Valley of the Rhone;* and

thus you can trace for many miles its three great zones, stretching in horizontal lines along the flanks; the lowest extending upwards to the limits of the pines, (6,300 feet); the next—that of the Rhododendron, (*Rose des Alpes*)—reaching to the snow line (7,600), rendered almost black by the nearly transparent whiteness of the region of perpetual snow, which forms the third and highest zone.

To this region we beg the company of the reader; and if he has not already become familiar with the nature and effects of Glaciers in ancient and modern times, he may find that the subject possesses more of interest and novelty than he anticipates. It is to be regretted that, out of the hundreds who annually visit the Mer de Glace, and other Glaciers of Switzerland, but few are in the least acquainted with their nature, or with the astonishing results they have accomplished in the production of the scenery and characteristic phenomena of the Alps.

There is no Glacier in Savoy which has attracted so large a share of attention as the Mer de Glace, the finest of several streams of ice which debouche into the Vale of Chamounix. It was the Mer de Glace which our countryman, Professor J. Forbes, selected as the site for the elaborate series of observations which enabled him to propound the true theory of Glacier motion. Not the least valuable portion of Professor Forbes's work† is the large map of the Mer de Glace, embracing the summit of

* Mont Blanc is 15,744 feet, the crest of the Jura about 5,200 feet, above the sea.

† Travels in the Alps of Savoy.

Mont Blanc, the "*Jardin*," and part of the Valley of Chamounix, which enables us at a glance to form some just conception of the magnitude of this great Ice-stream; and of the exhaustless reservoirs of snow from which it is fed. The *river-like* nature of the Glacier becomes apparent; and the junction of the two tributaries which combined form the *Mer*, each with its lines of moraines, at once produces the impression—which is the true one—that the Glacier is a river of ice, flowing down, though so slowly as to be imperceptible, from the heights to the plain.

The *Mer de Glace* is generally viewed and crossed from Montanvert, a chalet 6,242 feet above the sea, at the upper limits of the Pines. From this point you look down at the Glacier, 500 feet below, appearing like a vast torrent which had suddenly become congealed while careering headlong down the gorge. The surface is broken into innumerable wave-like ridges, with their bounding fissures, called *crevasses*, traversing the sea diagonally in curved lines. Through these fissures the deep blueish-green of the ice may be seen, and you can hear the roar of the torrent below the ice, probably at a depth of several hundred feet. Indeed this roar can easily be heard at a thousand feet above Montanvert. Precipitous cliffs of slate line the chasm on either side, which contracts farther down into nearly half the width of the *Mer de Glace* at its widest part. This narrow portion is called the *Glacier des Bois*. At the foot of these cliffs, on either side, are accumulated huge irregular walls, or *moraines*, formed of blocks carried down from the upper regions by the ice, and left stranded at the sides. Other irregular lines of rock may be observed on the surface of the Glacier itself, stretching away upwards as far as the eye can reach; these are *medial moraines*, and have their origin in the masses of rock, which every year's frost and snow detach from the cliffs, even far above the limit of perpetual snow. Some of these blocks are of huge dimensions—from twenty to thirty feet in diameter—and are generally composed of gneiss, or granite—the rock of which the highest

parts of the Mont Blanc range are formed.

The upper part of the Glacier, the *Mer de Glace* proper, is nearly a mile in width, and is formed by the junction of the *Glacier de Lechaud* and the *Glacier de Tacul*. At the angle rises abruptly the majestic *Aiguille de Tacul*, like the spire of a Gothic cathedral amidst several smaller pinnacles; and the Glacier can be traced some distance from its base till it is lost in the desolate regions of snow beyond.

The surface of the Glacier is covered with gravel and dust, as well as by the moraines already alluded to, which greatly detract from its beauty. The blocks of the moraines are often of astonishing magnitude, and bear testimony to the great transporting power of the Glacier. They are occasionally found in the most fantastic positions; as when they are perched on pedestals of ice, and hence called "*Glacier Tables*." A tinted lithograph of one of these, seen by himself in 1842, is given by Professor Forbes. During summer the surface of the ice melts with rapidity, especially when under the direct rays of the sun; and when a block or slab screens these rays, the exposed surface beyond its influence gradually sinks, and thus the block becomes apparently elevated on a pillar of ice. Mr. Darwin mentions a glacial table of another kind. On crossing the Andes of Chili, considerably above the snow line, he observed an object which excited his curiosity. On approaching, he found it to be a glacial table; but in this case, the upper part was formed of the carcase of a horse, lying on its back, with the legs stuck up into the air.*

One is not to suppose that the Glacier is formed of snow, for in its texture it is very different from the snows by which it is fed. Its nature is rather that of ice in a viscous or semi-fluid state, in which layers of porous ice alternate with others of a more compact texture, and deep blueish-green color. Professor Forbes has shown that, in its motion, the Glacier obeys the laws which regulate the movements of rivers; that it moves, by virtue of its own gravity,

* Journal of the Voyage of the Beagle.

down the slopes of the valleys; that its motion is more rapid in summer than in winter, and in the centre than at the sides; and that the velocity is also inversely as the sectional area. Thus the velocity of the centre of the ice at the Mer de Glace is about half as fast as at the Glacier des Bois. So slow, however, is the rate of travelling that a boulder of granite, which was detached from its parent mass above the Glacier de Tacul when William III. landed on the coast of England, may only now be arriving at its final resting place in the Vale of Chamounix.

But there is, perhaps, no part of a glacier more interesting than its lower extremity, where it mysteriously terminates, though, like the tide, ebbing and flowing within certain limits marked by terminal moraines. As already remarked, the Mer de Glace is contracted into a narrow channel near its termination, by cliffs clothed with pines which cling to the sides as if fearing to be precipitated into the icy torrent below, which now takes the name of Glacier des Bois. Its slope is here about twelve degrees. Lower still, its eastern boundary cliff gives place to a precipice of nearly a thousand feet, down which one of the sources of the Arve is precipitated in a fine cascade which increases sensibly in volume with the heat of the day or of the season. From below, the shattered walls of the glacier may be observed crowning the precipice, and thence descending, with a steep inclination, to the great terminal moraine.

In order to visit the extremity of the Glacier des Bois, it is necessary to strike to the right off the road, about a mile above Chamounix. On entering a grove of pines, you find yourself on the verge of a huge mound of granite blocks of all sizes; most of them utterly bare, except for the presence of a small but handsome *epilobium*—the first plant that finds a habitation there. After climbing to a height of about four hundred feet over this moraine, you find yourself in presence of the glacier. The first feeling is that of surprise at its majestic appearance even at the point of death. Instead of dwindling down imperceptibly, the ice stands before you in the form of one or more stately walls, stretching from left to right for several hundred

yards; and rising to heights of from fifty to one hundred feet. Several of these walls, separated by wide crevasses, rise in succession, and are pierced by caverns, from which a muddy torrent issues forth pursuing its way towards the Arve, over the rocky bed of the moraine. The summits of the ice-walls are jagged; in some places rising into pinnacles; in others, carrying blocks of rock, which, as the melting of the ice proceeds, fall headlong into the crevasses, and find a resting place after a march of a century! The whole appearance of the glacier is that of a desolating torrent, which had suddenly been arrested in its course by that voice which hath said to the ocean, "hitherto shalt thou go, and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." The blocks of the moraine are frequently from sixty to eighty tons in weight, generally presenting smoothed or polished surfaces from friction along the bed of the glacier; and are nearly all of the granite or gneiss of the higher Alps. Lying about in such profusion, they declare how that ice is the most powerful agent on the face of the earth for transporting masses of matter.

But it is necessary to notice the effect of glacier-motion on the surfaces of rocks *in situ*. When opportunities for observation are afforded, it is found that the rocks which form the sides of the glacier valley are polished, striated, or worn into series of flattened domes, or oval forms, known by the term *roches montonnées*.

This form of surface when once observed can never be afterwards mistaken. It is peculiarly characteristic of the action of ice, either in the form of glaciers or of floating bergs. The surfaces of the *roches montonnées* are frequently found scratched or grooved in lines corresponding to the direction of the valley, and produced by the friction of rocks imbedded in the moving ice.

The last effect of glaciers which we shall notice here, is to place rocks in critical or unnatural positions. Thus we find blocks of granite resting on the rounded surface of a *roche montonnée* composed of slate; or collected round the base of a pinnacle, or in other positions involving physical impossibilities without the interference of a transporting agent. Blocks

in these positions are known as *roches perchées*. If a glacier freighted with boulders be dissolved from an amelioration of climate, the blocks will be left stranded, or perched in positions already indicated. The same effect may be produced by the melting of an iceberg; but though from their very nature we do not meet with examples among glaciers in actual motion, yet when we meet with them in valleys of Alpine regions, we feel confident that they indicate the former extension of glaciers to these regions.

We have considered it necessary to enter into these details of the nature and effects of existing glaciers, in order that we may be able to recognize the evidences of their former existence in regions from which they have entirely disappeared. These effects may be briefly summed up under the following heads: First, moraines—both lateral, medial, and terminal; the last being frequently found protruded across a primary valley by a glacier entering from a secondary, and forming embankments for lakes. Second, *roches montonnées*. Third, *roches perchées*. Fourth, polished, grooved, and scratched surfaces. These results of glacial action are co-extensive with glaciers themselves in all parts of the world where they exist, as in the Alps, Pyrenees, the Scandinavian highlands, Greenland, the Himalayas, and Andes of Chili.

In the year 1821, M. Venetz announced his opinion that the glaciers of the Alps formerly extended far beyond their present limits. This assertion was subsequently corroborated by the accumulative testimony of M. M. Charpentier, Agassiz, J. Forbes, and a host of observers. On descending the Alpine valleys from the limits of present glaciers—for example, along those of the Rhone and the Arve—the rocks by which they are flanked may be observed presenting the phenomena already mentioned as produced emphatically by glaciers. The valley of the Rhone presents us with several fine examples of terminal moraines, at different levels thrown across the valley; while, as in the

case of that of the Arve, the rocks are in general worn into *roches montonnées*, which are grooved and scratched, with large boulders from the higher Alps resting on their rounded backs; and these appearances may be observed nearly a thousand feet below the limits of the existing glaciers. The Vosges and Pyrenees also present numerous and striking examples of a similar description, though in the case of the former range there are no glaciers actually in existence. Nevertheless, glacial phenomena are not the less positive in this range; in proof of which, we refer to the beautifully illustrated work of MM. Hogard and Dolfuss.*

But there is no country where the evidences of more extended glacial agency than the present are more abundantly manifest than amongst the mountains and fiords of Scandinavia, for very full illustrations of which we are indebted to the pen and pencil of Professor J. Forbes.† Although in that country there is but one glacier which empties itself into the sea, nearly all those characteristically Norwegian features, the fiords, are ice-marked down to the water's edge—the polished and rounded surfaces, perched rocks, and grooves becoming more strongly engraven as we ascend towards the higher parts of the valleys which now form glacier-troughs. In these positions a series of two or more terminal moraines, thrown like embankments across the valleys, may frequently be observed, marking pauses in the retreat of the glaciers upwards. The history of these remarkable objects resembles that of some race of savage mountaineers, which, at one time descending from their native fastnesses, invaded and laid waste the plains. Being at length repulsed and pursued up their valleys, they have turned at intervals upon their pursuers, and every terminal moraine marks the spot of each deadly struggle.

As might be expected, the loftiest mountains on the globe present us with glacial phenomena both of ancient and modern times, on a scale

* *Coup d'Œil sur le Terrain Erratique des Vosges, accompagnée d'un Atlas de 32 planches*, par Dolfuss. Ausset, 1851.

† Travels in Norway.

proportionate to their own magnitude. The snow line along the southern flank of the Himalayan range is about 15,000 feet above the sea, while glaciers descend about 1,000 feet lower; yet Dr. Hooker describes huge moraines at heights of 10,000 feet, that is, 4,000 feet below the present limits of glaciers.* The action of ice must indeed have been on a gigantic scale, when these mountains were enveloped in snow and ice in one broad mantle 19,000 feet from their summits; and consequently the magnitude of the terminal moraines and of the transported boulders of which they are formed is truly astonishing. In several instances the terminal moraines have formed embankments for lakes, which, according to the levels at which they stood, have arranged the erratic materials into terraces, as in the Yangma Valley; while in others, as in the case of Pambachen Valley, several of these moraines succeed each other at intervals, attaining elevations of 1,000 feet, with blocks from 100 to 200 feet in diameter. What other earthly power but ice would be capable of moving such masses?

In the regions we have been hitherto considering, glaciers are associated with the most sublime natural scenery, where the savage grandeur of the snowy regions is contrasted with the beauty and luxuriance of the lower mountain masses. This is remarkably the case in the Sikkim Himalaya, where the snow-clad heights of Nango and Kinchingunga, with their radiating streams of blue glaciers, appear at a distance as if rising from an interminable sea of hill and valley, clothed with zones of dense and luxuriant vegetation; but over the peninsula of Greenland the savage aspect of nature predominates, and from the 72nd parallel northward eternal snows and ice shroud the whole continent like a winding sheet. South of this line the coast is indented by fiords which ramify far into the interior, the sea frequently washing the extremities of glaciers which send forth fleets of smaller icebergs. North of this, however, the fiords form channels for glaciers which protrude into the sea and are filled with

ice to a depth of a thousand feet, as is proved by the length of the lines used by the natives in halibut fishing! It is from these outlets for the snows of the interior that the great icebergs of Baffin's Bay originate, some of which are from two to three miles in length, rising 200 feet above the surface, and reaching to a depth below five or six times that amount.

It is also certain that in Greenland glaciers had formerly a much greater range than at present; but as the evidence of this fact is precisely similar to that stated with regard to Norway, it will be unnecessary to enter into it here.

Glaciers are by no means confined to the northern hemisphere. The Andes of Chili and Patagonia afford fine examples of them, as described by Mr. Darwin. Southward from the southern extremity of Chili the snow line, which is there at 6,000 feet elevation, gradually descends, till at Tierra del Fuego it reaches to only 3,000 feet above the sea. Amidst the desolate fiords of this inhospitable region, glaciers descend to the brink of the sea, surrounded by dense woods which extend upwards to the snow-line. The formation of icebergs here is remarkable. The glaciers frequently stand in lofty walls above cliffs whose bases are washed by deep arms of the sea. Enormous masses of ice occasionally fall from the cliff with a noise like that of a "broadside of a man-of-war," which reverberates through the lonely channels. Waves of great size are thence produced, which burst on the adjoining coasts and hurl upon the beaches boulders many tons in weight.

It must be evident that when bergs of ice are launched, bearing on their surfaces blocks of rock and gravel, these latter will be strewn over the bed of the ocean as the ice melts; consequently, were the Greenland seas converted into land, the surface would be found overspread with gravel, and large boulders of transported rocks imbedded in the finer sediments deposited by the waters. This would also be the case with the sea-bed surrounding Tierra del Fuego and the Antarctic circle, as large icebergs laden with rock crowd the seas which

* *Himalayan Journals* second edition, vol. 1, p. 221.

wash the ice-bound coast of the Antarctic continent.

When, therefore, we observe large tracts of North and South America, Britain, and Europe overspread by an *erratic* covering, such as that to which we have referred, we are driven to the conclusion, that they have at a former period been placed under physical conditions similar to those of the Arctic and Antarctic seas of the present day. But waving for the present this point, we must return to one more immediately connected with the subject in hand.

When Dr. Buckland and M. Agassiz, in 1840-1, announced their conviction of the former existence of glaciers amongst the mountainous districts of Britain, their hypothesis obtained a reception by no means new in the history of scientific discovery. It was comparatively easy to grant the lower extension of glaciers amongst the Alps and Pyrenees at a former period, for they were there already, though at higher levels; but the theory which converted Ben Nevis and Mac Dhuil, Snowdon and Carnedd Llewellyn, Maggillenddy's Rocks and Mangerton into miniature Mont Blancs, and transformed their beautiful valleys and coombs into mers de glace, appeared almost as wild as any ever broached by a Gafilo, a Columbus, or a Fulton. But what was at first considered a dream of the imagination was soon after received as the sober deduction of scientific reasoning; and the hypothesis is now considered as certain as the revolution of the earth round its axis. Nearly all the well-known marks of glacial agency, as *roches montonnées*, *roches perchées*, scratched and grooved surfaces and blocks, lateral and terminal moraines—the latter sometimes forming embankments for lakes—have been shown to exist in a very marked manner and in great abundance by several naturalists, amongst whom we may mention the names of Forbes, Chambers, Mac Laren, Ramsay, and Darwin.*

Loch Lesh, Loch Long, and the lakes which surround Loch Lomond and the other lakes of Scotland afford instances of *roches montonnées*, as stri-

king as any in the valleys of the Ithone and the Arve. When the water surface of Loch Lomond is low, or when the turf has lately been removed from the rock surface of the islands, grooves and scratches, generally parallel to the valley, are found to be very deeply graven. With regard to this valley, however, taking into consideration its great width, it is more probable that these groovings have been produced by the friction of small bergs floating in an arm of the sea, which washed the flanks of the surrounding mountains contemporaneously with the glaciers which glided down their valleys.

In Wales, the phenomena of *roches montonnées* with polished and scratched surfaces are common amongst the valleys which flank the loftier hills, amongst which are those of Llanberria, Nant Francon, and the neighbourhood of the Peuryn slate quarries. They also exist amongst the Cumbrian valleys; but what is more remarkable, considering its more southern position, these glacial evidences are magnificently exemplified amongst the Killarney mountains. Along the Black Valley and its tributary gorges these well-defined rock features may be observed reaching from the bottom of the valley to several hundred feet up the mountain's side, marking the height to which the ice extended. The rocks of the upper lakes, together with those numerous and luxuriant islets which form so charming a feature of the landscape, often by their smoothest elongated surfaces at low water appear like the upturned hulls of ships; and it may be noticed as an invariable rule, that the longer axes of these *roches montonnées* are parallel to the valley which encloses them. Perched rocks and rude mounds may sometimes be seen; and all these features follow the course of this range of hills to Bantry Bay, proving that at a former period the loftier elevations were covered with perennial snows, which gave birth to radiating streams of ice down the valleys.

It might at first sight be supposed that a lowering of the temperature which admitted of the formation of

* For a more particular account of the localities of glacial phenomena, see New Edn. Phil. Jour., vol. 18, p. 320 et seq.

glaciers in the British Isles, the Vosges, and regions of North America where they have long disappeared, would be accompanied by a great elevation of the land of *those districts*. But there is nothing more certain than that the reverse was the case, and that the land of Europe was from 2,500 to 6,000 feet lower than at present. The flat districts which border the Killarney range are covered deep with gravel and great boulders of rock which must have been strewn over the sea by bergs floating out of the glacier valleys. The central districts of England are strewn over with granite boulders derived from Cumberland; the lowlands of Scotland with blocks from the highlands; northern Europe, from the north of France eastward into Russia, with blocks from Scandinavia, some of huge proportions; North America, as far south as lat. 38 deg., according to Sir C. Lyell, with boulders all of northern origin; and the plains of Patagonia, according to Mr. Darwin, with boulders from the Andes, as far north as lat. 41 deg. S. But the erratic phenomena of the Alps are of so interesting a nature that we may refer to them more particularly. The great valley of Switzerland is bounded to the N.E. by the range of the Jura, and along the opposite side by the range of Mont Blanc. The flat bed of the valley is formed of a deposit of Alpine gravel, containing large boulders of granite from the high Alps, two of which rise several feet above the surface of the lake near the Geneva shore. But the most remarkable fact remains. On ascending the flanks of the Jura, we find huge boulders scattered at intervals, or arranged in rude lines at heights of a thousand feet and upwards from the valley of Geneva. These blocks are often many tons in weight, angular, and are composed of granitic and other crystalline rocks only found amongst the higher ranges of the Alps. One of these, called the *Pierre à Bot*, is figured by Professor Forbes in his work on the Alps. It is no less than forty feet in diameter, and, together with many others in the neighbourhood, must have been carried right across the intervening valley for a

distance of nearly fifty miles! To account for the transportal of these erratics, M. Agassiz, supported by Professor Forbes, suggested that the valley of the Rhone was filled with ice from the Alps to the Jura, across whose surface the blocks were drifted. But upon viewing this great valley, the mind recoils from so alarming an extension of the glacier theory, and we prefer adopting that of Sir C. Lyell, who considers the valley to have been filled with water as an arm of the sea, across which these blocks were carried on rafts of ice derived from the glaciers of the Alpine valleys.

We have similar instances in our own country, but we shall only mention one referred to by Sir C. Lyell.* The Grampians of Perthshire and Forfarshire are from 3,000 to 4,000 feet high. To the south lies the broad and deep Valley of Strathmore, to the south of this again rise the Lidlaw Hills to the height of 1,500 feet and upwards. On the highest summits of this chain, which is formed of sandstone and slate, and at various elevations, are found huge angular fragments of mica schist, some three and others fifteen feet in diameter, which have been conveyed across the Valley of Strathmore, a distance of at least fifteen miles. This is an example similar to that of the Jura blocks; and similar effects are in course in the Greenland seas, those of Tierra del Fuego, South Georgia, and the Antarctic continent.

How wonderful the change which has come over the surface of our earth since this glacial period! At that time the higher portions of the British Isles alone were above the sea, and these were covered with perpetual snows, producing glaciers and icebergs. Europe was submerged to a depth of 5,000 or 6,000 feet; the Alps, Pyrenees, Vosges, and the mountains of Norway forming islands with snow-crowned peaks, sending down glaciers to the water's edge. Nor is it improbable that the Himalayan ranges presented a similar aspect; great bergs of ice floated over the submerged Continent of North America, stranding upon, graving, and polishing its more prominent points; while the Andes formed a

* Elements of Geology, 5 edit., p. 131.

lofty reef of snowy mountains, icebergs from which drifted over the water-covered plains of Patagonia. We may not enter upon the question of the causes which produced these changes, and the great refrigeration of of the earth's temperature. Suffice it to say, that Sir C. Lyell has pointed out that the latter may be fully accounted for by relative changes of land and sea.† The period itself is

known to geologists as the *Glacial Epoch*, and as one which immediately preceded the present, marked by the introduction of the human race. The all-wise and gracious Creator reserved man for happier times; when, as in the present time, the temperature of our globe is a medium between two extremes of heat and cold, which different configurations of the surface are capable of producing.

MY OWN FUNERAL.

A TALE :

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOVE IN CUEL PAPERS."

"MUNICH!" exclaimed old Mr. G——, as we were talking of my recent travels in Germany, over the port and walnuts, "ah! how many a strange memory does that one name call up! It was there that life—that is the life of cities—first broke upon me in all its brilliant hollowness; and yet what do I know? Is there more real honesty beside the plough or in the vineyard? Well, no matter, man is man all the world over, but it was not at Munich that I first learnt all the treachery of which man is capable. It was there that I passed some of my happiest hours, and there too that I died."

"Died!" I exclaimed, doubtful whether I heard aright.

"Yes, died," replied the old gentleman in a calm matter-of-fact tone, so that when I had opened my eyes to the full extent allowed by the School of Design to depict the passion of wonderment, and had asked myself two or three times whether he could possibly mean that he had dyed his whiskers there, or had really talked himself into such an autobiographical state, that he thought it necessary to bring the narrative down to his own decease, I came to the conclusion that my old friend was doting.

"I suppose you speak metaphorically?" I suggested.

"Not a bit of it. I can understand that you should be surprised when I

say that I died. But it is a fact, literal, positive, and unqualified, at least —; but, not to spoil a good story, suppose I begin at the beginning."

Now is it not pleasant to hear an old man talk of his youth? Is it not good for us who are entering on life, to learn from one who is leaving it? With one foot in the grave, how calm is the far view he can take of the days of his strength, with all its self-satisfaction, its worldliness and disappointments. How complete is his experience—how valuable the lesson long since drawn and followed, now recalled and preached.

So then I listened.

"It is forty years since I went to Munich. I was *attaché* to the embassy of that dear Lord E——, the most popular, because the most amiable and liveliest minister that Bavaria has, perhaps, ever known. I had been turned out into this post from Oxford, at one-and-twenty, and had not so much as seen a single London season. My father's seat, Eton, and the University was all I knew of life, and how little is that! I can say now without vanity, that I was handsome and distinguished. Besides this, I was very ardent and rather romantic, and I had not been three months in Munich before I was in love, yes, desperately in love, with Ida Von Frankenstein, a young countess with a large fortune, and justly the Queen of Beauty in the Bavarian capital.

† See Lyell's *Principles of Geology*.

Ida was not vain, but she was a flirt, and *therefore*, by a common rule of the heart, when she learnt from my silent devotion that my attachment was no mere admiration, of which she had so much, and more than enough, in the ball rooms of the gay capital, she conceived for me a deep passionate affection. But Ida, being a flirt, never showed it. By no act, word or look could I ever discover that she gave to me one thought more than to the most insignificant of the numberless young *fats* who laughed and danced and flirted with her. She was a queen in every respect, and she was determined that I should offer my homage submissively. Besides this, she was very clever and full of a brilliant, satirical wit, which sometimes wounded, though I am certain that her heart was too generous and good to hurt another's willingly. Like all monarchs, she felt herself privileged, and believed that it was as easy for her to heal with a mere smile, as to wound with a mere word.

I say I never guessed that she cared the least for me, but had I been more than the simple boy I was, I might have discovered it, for by a series of artifices she contrived to draw me on first into a deeper passion, next into jealousy. To do this without repulsing me entirely, to excite my fears without destroying my hopes, she selected a young officer, of whom certainly I had little cause to be jealous; for, though rather handsome, and very fashionable, he was so intensely vain, and so tiresomely heavy, that often she had delighted me with her clever mimicry of his absurdities. And yet I *was* jealous, even to hopelessness—but then was I not jealous of the very rose she held in her fair hand?

It was a terrible winter at Munich, where every winter is frightfully severe, and I was not strong. I was beginning to suffer from the intense cold, and Ida's conduct brought suffering of another kind: I was growing rapidly ill; I lost my buoyant spirits of yore, which the novelty of this brilliant life of the Carnival season had brought out and elated beyond nature's bounds. My love had taken a firm grip of me. I had but that one idea—that one face only haunted me by day and night. I never slept.

I was never calm for ten minutes. My morning walks were all taken in that quarter where I knew—for love knows so much by instinct—that she would be. My evenings were devoted to meeting her, whether at ball, *soirée*, or common reception. It is true that she always kept a place for me by her side; that while the heavy Stockenheim was occupied with elaborating some stupid compliment on the other side, she would turn to me with some flow of wit, which the officer strove to catch, and when caught, passed ten minutes in attempting to understand. It is true that I saw and knew all this, and yet I was jealous—and the more so because I adopted the world's narrow reasoning, and said to myself, "This very conduct is a proof of her indifference. If she cared one atom for me, it is not in this way she would show it." And she did not show it. She seemed to keep me, as it were, for her companion, because I was cleverer and quicker than the rest—but I knew that the heart has no rules, and that a woman may be fascinated by mind, but is bound by some sympathy which she cannot explain.

Thus I went on for some time. Beside her I lived, but when away from her one moment a strange depression came over me, and the idea daily grew upon me, that I should soon sink under the excitement of this terrible passion. It was, therefore, that I dreaded more than death to disclose my love. I felt that a refusal would kill me at once, and this dread grew upon me so fearfully that for hours I would lie on my sofa or my bed listless and unable to move. Of course I went to a doctor, for I would not confess to myself that there was no other disease in me than my hidden passion. The man of drugs shook his head, saw through me partly, and recommended change of scene. I never went near him again.

One evening I met Ida at the Duchess of D——'s. I had grown daily more excited, and every day I had imagined that she seemed to understand me more. I was now almost beyond self-government, and she was wonderfully kind. Though Stockenheim was there, she danced with me only, and we roamed through the rooms together, and I talked rapidly and excitedly, now about the world in

which I mixed, but which I hated, and now about myself, and my own awful presentiment of death.

At times she listened seriously, I almost thought, sadly; but then when she had drawn me on to speak still more fervently, she would burst out into a laugh, tell me I was mad or a dreamer, or ask me if I had made my will and left her anything.

Once as we quitted the ballroom, I saw her turn, and throw a glance to Stockenheim, who was watching her, as a dog watches his master eating, with a strong appetite in his great unmeaning eyes.

We strolled from room to room, and I did not see that the officer was following us. At last, in a little boudoir, I stopped her short.

"You have laughed at me long enough," I said, and my whole soul was in the words. "You must listen seriously for one moment, and then—then, when you have killed me, you may laugh as you like—I cannot help it. I know it will be my death-blow, but I must speak now. I love you—love you more than —"

"How very amusing! How delightfully absurd! Monsieur Stockenheim," and here like an apparition he appeared in the doorway, "do come to my rescue. Here is Mr. G—— making me an offer. Ha, ha, ha."

"Enough," I muttered. "Laugh now. It is your last chance."

And with that I fled.

For a week I lay on my bed, more dead than living; I nursed my grief, my rage, my despair, and every hour brought me lower. One or two friends came to see me, and one of them—one of those kind, charitable beings who always take care to tell you the news you least wish to hear—brought the intelligence one morning that Ida was engaged to Stockenheim.

"I will not believe it," I cried, hoping against hope, and roused from despair by this new blow. "I will go and judge for myself."

My vehemence gave me an unnatural strength. I dressed rapidly, and in spite of the entreaties of my faithful valet, who seemed truly attached to me, and had nursed me carefully during that terrible week, I rushed out and arrived at the door of the Frankensteins' hotel. I asked for Madame la Comtesse first, and

when she was denied, boldly demanded admittance to see her daughter. The astonished porter assured me—and I thought I saw a lie in his face—that not one of the family was at home.

I turned away in misery, and, by one of those fatalities so common in life, Stockenheim at that moment lounged listlessly up; I bowed stiffly to him, and crossing the street, watched him. He was admitted, and there was now no doubt.

That day I lay in a fearful state. For hours I was unconscious. I was afterwards told the doctor had come and pronounced me in danger. I knew it well myself. I felt so powerless, so down-stricken, that I could not hope to survive.

Towards night, however, I recovered a little. I became conscious. But I lay without a movement, with one hand stretched upon the counterpane, cold as ice. The first thing I recognised was something warm beneath this hand. It was the broad muzzle of my dear old dog Cæsar, who had watched beside my bed, fearful to disturb me, and now, by that wonderful instinct which God gives the dog that he may be man's friend, had perceived that I was conscious, and quietly assured me thus of his presence and love.

I tried to speak, and in low, gurgling sounds I bade my valet be kind to poor Cæsar.

"I am dying, Karl," I said. "I know I cannot live over to-night. You have been a faithful servant, and to you I leave all that belongs to me in the way of personal property. In return, you must take care of the dog. Never leave him; promise me you will not. And—and when I am gone—you must write home and tell them all."

I could say no more, for I felt death was stealing fast upon me.

The man bent over me, and wept like a child amid his promises.

Then came the awful thoughts of death. From what a life of careless worldliness was I passing into eternity. I had been gay, indifferent, thoughtless. I had lived for the world, and with it. How many a vice or sin, which I had once thought trivial, now reproached me with its glaring wickedness; and as eternity seemed to open upon me, and the

awful judgment threatened, how vain, how wicked did all my life seem. Even that treasure, that one thought to which I had now long devoted my whole heart and soul, was a trifle, a folly, a vanity before God and that awful awakening. I was too weak to pray—I could only dread—and gradually my thoughts grew dimmer and dimmer. My memory passed; I felt that life was going from me. It was dreadful. I struggled to keep it. I drew a long breath. It was in vain. The breath came quick and thick; I felt it growing weaker and weaker. My head, my brain seemed to melt even, and then the last breath rattled up through my throat, and I was—dead.

* * * * *

You ask me what were my sensations in death. I had none. If death be what I suffered, or rather underwent, then the soul must be asleep or unconscious. I know not. I am a Christian and not a Sadducee, and yet that strange experience has a right to have shaken my faith.

What I did feel, however, when feeling returned, I will tell you. At first it was an icy coldness, far surpassing any winter chill that you can imagine; no outer cold, but a complete absence of warmth, within as well as without, even in the breath of my nostrils. Still I felt it most in my hands and feet. My next sensation was one of utter powerlessness, and that too of will as well as of muscle. I lay—I was conscious of existence—but there was no thought in my mind, no movement in my body. My heart may have beat, probably it did so, but I knew it not. I scarcely even felt the breath pass through my open mouth, and as much as I did feel was cold and heavy. I say I was conscious. But that was all. I might have been dead. This might have been the grave. I knew not. All thought—all memory was gone.

Then little by little my feeling grew sharper. I felt the cold more keenly still, and it was frightful agony. Then, too, I felt a strange pain in my stomach, as if it was shrivelled up.

I know not how long I endured this, but it seemed to rouse my dormant will, and as that returned, the use of my other senses returned likewise. My eyes were closed, but

I knew that I could see, for I perceived a weight of darkness above the shut lids. Presently, too, I grew aware that there was something in my right hand, and as my senses grew keener and keener, and the agony of cold and weakness became still more unbearable, my will grew stronger, my thought returned dimly, though my memory was utterly gone, and I determined to make an effort to move. I had no idea that I was dead, for I had no memory that I had ever been alive, but I was conscious of existence, and instinct, I suppose, prompted self-preservation.

My first attempt was to open my eyes, and in this I at length succeeded. But I saw nothing. All was dark. Only when I had lain for some time, gazing upwards, did I know that there was a space of dark air above, and that I was not shut in close.

My next effort was to feel what was in my hand. Whatever it might be, I knew that it was smooth, and somewhat warmer than the icy flesh that held it. Then I strove to raise this arm. But in vain. Again and again I tried, till suddenly with an unexpected jerk it bounded up, the muscles not being wholly under my will, and as it did so, I felt some hot drops fall on my face.

It was this that saved me; this, as it were, that awoke me. These drops brought the blood more quickly through my icebound veins and thawed me into life. Then I knew at once that I held a bottle in my hand, and in my frightful gnawing hunger, instinct guided it to my mouth. I poured half the contents down into my throat, and oh! how fearfully they burned, yet how completely they restored me.

It was brandy, and my memory returned sufficiently for me to know that it was so. Yet I guessed nothing from that. My mind could not do more than perceive. I was too powerless to draw an inference.

But now the pain was lessened, my blood was warmed, I felt that my heart beat. I was conscious that I was alive. And now, too, though I was still unable to move, I could feel that I was shut up in some narrow casing. My feet touched something upright below them. My arms were laid close to my sides, and my fingers

and elbows found something upright and wooden on each side. I was frightfully cramped, and this was a new pain, and a source too of a vague fear. I felt my strength returning, and longed to be free. Yet I could not move. I felt as if imprisoned, and this feeling was almost worse than the rest.

I raised my arm again with an effort and swallowed some more brandy. Then my sight became clearer, and I discovered a dim, grey light, as of the morning twilight, stealing upon the darkness.

Presently I could move my arms. I passed them about my body, and felt a number of brass buttons, and the smooth cloth of a coat, and the smoother satin of a large embroidered waistcoat. This taught me nothing. I thought it quite natural, but that was all. I remembered nothing at all.

Then I tried to pass my arms over the wooden casing that held me, and when I had succeeded in doing so, I found something crisp and flimsy, which reminded me of muslin, and something limp and smooth, which my returning memory told me was ribbons.

I asked myself what all this meant, whether I was alive or dead, dreaming, or awake. In vain I tried to remember anything about myself: my memory seemed bound up beyond those simple limits. But I could bear it no longer. I made a great effort, and by the aid of my arms, raised myself into a sitting posture.

Oh! how dreadful was the scene. I was surrounded by dead bodies in coffins in every direction, and corpses, too, not in a natural state for corpses to be in, but decked in fine clothes, and surrounded with flowers—sham flowers, made of crape or muslin, and gay ribbons,—corpses in marriage garments.

I knew not what it meant. For some minutes I gazed in simple unconsciousness. Next to me was an old man with white hair, his cheeks sunken in on both sides, his jaw broken down, as it were, from his face; and he was in the blue and red uniform of a general, and a star—mockery!—upon his breast, and around his coffin, roses and tulips of every gaudy hue. His eyes were

closed, but on his face was a look of pain.

On the other side of me was a fair girl, of nineteen perhaps. She was in a ball dress of white; and oh! how that brought my memory back. I remembered that I had often seen such a dress. I knew not where or on whom, but the memory seemed painful to me.

This girl was lovely. Her face was still round; her white lips parted in a gentle, heavenly smile; her white shoulders still smooth, but the young bosom that had once, perhaps, throbbed with love, now cold, sunken, still. I looked long at the face. It was beautiful. It produced pleasure in me. I did not remember it, and yet as I gazed I thought I had seen it somewhere—in some dream. There were many other bodies, and I stared at them all—at least all that the dim light allowed me to see;—but suddenly I shook, shuddered, and trembled. I had at last remembered that this must be death, and then I knew that I was really alive, and the thought of being alive amid the dead was awful.

I made a desperate effort, raised myself on my sinking legs, and crawled from my coffin. Before me was a large glass door. I remembered it must be a door. I crawled to it in agony—fearful agony,—the pain of longing to escape, and the impossibility of doing so from weakness. At last I reached it, and by another effort stood up and looked out, and in the grey moonlight—for such it was—I saw a vast grave-yard. Oh! even that sight, all alone as I was, was cheerful compared with what was behind me—the dead. I sought to open the door. I felt and found a handle, but it was useless. I tried to scream, and my voice fell almost without sound back into my lungs. Yet even its slight sound terrified me. I feared lest it should wake some of those bodies behind me, and this terror lent an unnatural force to my weak, wasted limbs.

I shook the door with all my might. I thrust my fist through the glass, and then I uttered a wild piercing shriek.

Oh! how terrible was that solitude. The sound echoed through the dead-house, and passed over the white, quiet tombstones, and there was no

answer. I shrieked again and again, and then, utterly weakened, I clung almost senseless to the door.

It seemed an age that I hung there, shrinking close up to escape the horror behind me—an age of agony.

At last a light gleamed close by.

Oh! how it cheered me. I called for help, and no longer feared my own voice. Still there was no answer; but in a moment or two, a figure advanced slowly and cautiously, and, by heaven! I thought it was the figure of a dead man—so white, so full of dread was the face. It advanced, step by step, holding the light before it high up with a trembling hand. I cried, but still it answered not. I cried "For God's sake let me out. Are you a man or a corpse?"

He answered not, but came on slowly, and I could see him tremble. At last he came almost close up, but stopped and turned the light full upon my face. For some minutes, at least, he stood thus, and not knowing who or what he was, whether dead or alive, I could only cling to the door and gaze at him madly.

Presently I heard a jingling as of iron, next a grating in the lock of the door, and then the door was opened, and I fell insensible upon my face.

When I revived, it was with a feeling of pleasure about me. I was very warm and comfortable. Somebody was rubbing my feet—somebody else chafing my hands. Some time this lasted, and then I sat up.

I was in a small room with a fire and a lighted candle, and the man of the lantern, whom I gradually recognized, was rubbing my feet, while another man, whom at last I recognized too as my own doctor, was standing beside me, clapping the palms of my hands violently.

"Thank God!" I heard him exclaim, and the sound of this voice cheered me.

At length I was alive again. They gave me food which I devoured ravenously; they gave me a warm drink, which made me feel fresh and hearty, and after an hour's time or so, I was sitting up talking almost sensibly to the doctor.

It was then for the first time that I discovered that I was dressed in full diplomatic costume. What absurdity!

And now you will be asking what all this means, and I will give you

the key of the wonder, to set your mind at rest.

Of course you have guessed that I had been in a kind of trance; fortunately, however, of a slight kind, and one which only lasted two days. You must know, then, that at Munich and in many other Continental towns, the plague was once a terrible guest. In consequence of this, it is imperative to convey every dead body, an hour or two after death, to a public dead-house, where they lie in their coffins till all is ready for their interment. But as trances occasionally happen, and people have been known to come to life again, the friends dress them up in their clothes of state and surround them with flowers, in in order that should they awake they may not be shocked to death again by finding themselves in a grave-cloth and a hard coffin. It is a pretty idea, to make death look so gay; for, after all, is not death a wedding, a marriage of the soul to its Maker, which brings us into the blessedness of eternal life? So then they deck them for a wedding, and they place in the hand of each a bottle or flask of brandy, that they may not die of exhaustion.

Of late years they have had recourse to another expedient, which unfortunately for me was unknown in my day. They attach to the fingers of the dead body a ring, to which is fastened the wire of a bell which hangs in the room of the guardian of the cemetery. The slightest movement of the limbs suffices to ring this bell, and the watcher, prepared with cordials and restoratives, rushes to the place, and rescues the wretched creature from the awful position. But in my day the instances of trance had been very few, and, as I afterwards learnt from the watcher, he had never known one before, which accounted for the alarm he was in.

Is it strange or not that my first thought, when I recovered my memory sufficiently to know that I had thus woken up from death, was thankfulness for this return to life, and a horror of death, an awful dread of dying again? The fact was, that my memory went no further. Up to this time I remembered nothing that had taken place before the trance. All my past life was a blank, and I only remembered with a shudder the

scene of death that I had lately gazed upon.

But gradually the sight of an old face—that of the doctor—recalled a faint glimmering of the far past, far indeed as it seemed to me. The doctor, by good chance, was an old friend, and moreover, a clever leech and a discreet man.

“And what?” I asked him, “is the meaning of all this?”

“What? my dear friend. What else should it be except that you have been very ill, and I had you brought to my own house that I might nurse you better.”

I was silent for a time. This answer did not satisfy me, and at last a bright thought struck me, and looking archly at the wary disciple of Galen, I said: “Ah but, doctor, how does that man come to be here?”

“That man,” said he, smiling in spite of himself; “why, my dear friend, that’s my servant John; don’t you remember him?”

“Ah, doctor, doctor, I’m afraid you are trying to make a fool of me. Your John had red hair, and besides, I know that man. He belongs to the—the cemetery.”

“Oh! nonsense, you’re dreaming. Well, how do you feel now?”

I certainly felt a new man. Though weak and depressed, still I was free from the dread and agony I had suffered, and, as I sat up in a large chair near the cheerful fire, and looked at the doctor’s well-known and now cheerful little face—for he was delighted to find me recovering, though he would not leave me—the memory of the past stole back by fits and starts.

At last I took a strange resolution.

With a great deal of trouble I persuaded the doctor to keep my resurrection, as I called it, a profound secret for a few days. I told him it was positively necessary to my happiness, and he probably thinking that I required great care, at last consented on condition that I would go back to his house during that time. I then addressed myself to the man, and by liberal promises of payment, I learned from him that I was then in the watch-house attached to the cemetery; and further, that my funeral was to have taken place the next day, for I had been dead two days. I induced him to keep the secret, too,

and that I might carry out my plans, he was to take the clothes I then had on, to nail up my coffin in the morning, and to prepare everything for the funeral, as if I were really dead.

When all these arrangements were made, I retired to the doctor’s house.

The next morning I sent out the doctor’s servant to buy me an enormous pair of false moustaches and a light-coloured wig, shaved off my pet whiskers, which were very large and silky, and having donned a suit of the doctor’s sombre clothing, so unlike my usual well-made London attire, I promised myself an amusing campaign.

At eleven o’clock I attended my own funeral! The mourners were not very numerous, consisting of Lord E——, who came in earnest, the two other attachés, who came for the sake of decorum, and a few German friends, who had been more or less intimate with me, and came to pass the time.

They assembled at my lodgings, but I had not courage to go up there, and waited till they had come down and the three mourning carriages were filing off. I jumped into the last of them, in which were already seated the two attachés, and, by a strange coincidence, my rival Stockenheim.

I had not noticed his being there, and, I confess, when I found myself by his side, I trembled like an aspen with emotion, and it demanded all my power over myself to prevent a revelation of my real character. But still greater was my amazement when I saw the real sorrow on the face of the heavy conceited German, so strongly contrasted with the indifference of my two countrymen, who had not only not been my rivals, but had always professed a tender friendship for me. I could not understand this. Stockenheim, at least, had a right to rejoice at my decease, but there was no doubt about the reality of his grief.

At first, they all three looked at me with some interest; but my disguise was so complete that they could discover nothing more than an accidental likeness. I was so completely German in appearance, that the two Englishmen began talking to one another in English.

“Devilish like poor G——; isn’t he?” said the younger one. How

completely I saw the common-placeness of that "poor."

"Yes; but he's evidently a German—can't be any relation. Besides, there has been no time for his friends to hear even of his first illness."

There was a pause.

"D—d stupid thing a funeral is!" began the younger one again.

"Think so? For my part I rather like it. The churchyard is always to my mind the most cheerful place going. But then it is not every day one gets a senior moved from over one's head."

"Ah, my boy, and you think you will step into G——'s post. I wish you may get it, especially as I have been promised the first paid attaché-ship this six months."

"And I have been stuck down in this cursed place for the last three years. It will be a gross shame if they give it you."

"By Jove, how savage G—— would be if he could only hear us fighting for his empty post on the way to his funeral. Ha! ha! and he, too, so devilish proud as he was—ha! ha!"

I noticed here that Stockenheim looked thoroughly disgusted at the merriment, and my heart melted towards my rival.

"Yes, and he was one of those terribly affectionate men, who always want to make a bosom friend of you, *volens, volens*."

"Ah," thought I, "I shall not attempt that a second time with you, my boy. Make your mind easy on that score."

"Yes, a good fellow, very," answered the younger. "But a thorough ass, so awfully romantic and spoony."

"Ah, talking of that, I wonder how the fair Frankenstein stood the news of his death. But Stockenheim can tell us more about that."

I could feel my heart thump like an earthquake within me as he said this.

The speaker turned to Stockenheim, to whom he spoke in German.

"Have you seen Madlle. Frankenstein since the unhappy event?" he asked, with profound misery in his voice.

"Alas, no," answered the heavy officer. "She has shut herself up; she accuses herself of being the cause of it. She is quite mad with grief,

they say; and indeed they will not even admit me to the house, though I was—"

"—quite her cavalier servant," suggested the elder attaché.

"No, not that. I always had an idea that she was attached to this young Englishman, and now there can be no doubt of it."

Good heaven! I was beside myself with joy. I longed to leap from the carriage, and rush to the Frankensteins, and clasp Ida in my arms. But I had deeper plans, and dared not yet. I longed, however, to question him as to the proofs of this; but then my voice would have betrayed me, and there I sat, oh! how happy, straining my ears to catch every syllable.

"But really," resumed the elder of the two attachés, "I am very much astonished at what you tell me about Madlle. Frankenstein. Of course I do not mean to say that our poor dear friend was not worthy of all her sympathy and affection. Undoubtedly he was a young man who not only deserved all our esteem, but engaged all our affection." (I could scarcely keep my countenance at this flagrant hypocrisy, after what he had just been saying in English.) "Then, too, he was very good-looking, poor fellow, and so engaging and agreeable in his manners. But no—; I meant to say that I had always observed about the young lady in question a decided indifference to our poor friend, at least in all matters of the heart; though, I confess, she seemed to enjoy his society and superior talents."

"Just so," answered the officer. "Just what I always felt myself; and without appearing vain, I may say that the young countess seemed to show a decided preference—"

"Yes, you lucky dog; she was always making *les doux yeux* at you, even while talking to G——."

"But I grieve to say that this death," continued Stockenheim (and there were tears in his voice), "has not only deprived me of a man for whom, as a constant rival, I had nourished a real friendship; for, after all, although my rival, you may say, did he not also at the same time advance my interests—at least I thought so then—by affording a blind to society? However, I was saying, I

have not only lost an excellent friend, but this event has disclosed many very bitter truths to me. I confess, gentlemen, that I can now have no doubt that this lovely girl was making *me* the blind, and was really attached to this unfortunate Englishman. And do you know why she acted in this strange manner?"

"Not the remotest, except that young ladies *will* flirt occasionally; and I believe making love to one man, while you feel it for another, is one of the first rules of the charitable art of flirtation."

"Well, however that may be, even admitting, as I fear is the case, that the young countess *is* a flirt —"

"*You*, at least, ought to admit it. Eh?"

"Ah, you are cruel —"

"Forgive me, only just to you."

"Well, in this case it was otherwise. I have learnt that her parents were, and still are, most anxious that she should marry the young Duc de P—, who, as you know, is no less wealthy in lands than in rank."

"Ah, I see; and so the young lady concealed her real preference by making you the pretext."

"Alas, I fear so."

At this moment, fortunately for me, the carriages, which had been moving along at the slow pace which is supposed to be agreeable to grief, during this conversation, stopped near the cemetery, and we all adjourned to the grave.

Near it was the empty coffin covered with a black pall. I stood by while the funeral service was going on, and really, at first, there was something so ludicrous in all this pomp and ceremony and well got-up grief over nothing but deal boards and brass nails, that I could scarcely refrain from laughter.

But when Lord E—, the tears really in his eyes, came forward when all was done, and in a hoarse voice said: "We have lost a good friend in the very flower of his youth—one whom I had learnt to love, and who can never be replaced to me—a diligent and hearty assistant, a true gentleman, and a man of heart," then I felt almost sorry that I was not really dead, to merit such kindness—kindness never shown to a man till he is stiff and cold, and, you may believe me, I felt thoroughly ashamed of my-

self for thus befooling an honest friendship.

I looked round on those present, and from that moment, for the first time, I could detect who were true, who false friends, for grief is perhaps the most difficult passion to simulate.

We dispersed, and so far I was delighted with my adventure. My death had not only revealed my true friends, but, far more glorious, had given me the heart that I prized above all. Still, with a perversity peculiar to my nature, I doubted of the whole truth of what I had heard, and, to be brief, I resolved to judge for myself.

The day passed, and when evening came, I had made up my mind to go and call at the Franksteins in my disguise, and announce myself as a friend of my deceased self, charged by myself to carry some message to my own lady-love. The scheme was bold, but I determined to try it.

As I went, however, I thought I would just look in at the cemetery. You probably know that it is the custom abroad, to decorate the graves of your friends and relations with flowers and *immortelles*. Now I had no relations in Munich, and very few foreign friends who cared sufficiently about me to undertake this. Still, I thought that my faithful valet, whom I had been astonished not to see at the funeral, might possibly bring his little token to a master he had loved so much.

I determined at any rate to see if any one cared about me.

Just as I was entering the graveyard, I saw two figures before it, one of which, clothed in deep mourning, I instantly recognised as that of Ida. I was amazed. What friend was she going to weep and pray for? I remembered that her grandmother was buried there. This possibly explained it. But full of a vague hope that this was not her object, I followed her. She went first to the keeper, and presently I saw him conducting her—yes, oh! joy!—to *my* grave.

I slipped from monument to monument, and finally concealed myself behind one from which I could watch her movements. The other figure, which was her maid, carried a basket of fresh flowers. Ida took them from her hand, and scattered them over the

fresh-turned earth. Then bidding her retire a little, she knelt down beside the grave.

Oh joy! oh joy! why was I not dead to drink her tears as they flowed—for I saw them—upon the sod? Why was I alive to turn her grief to foolishness?

But I could no longer endure this restraint. The joy was too great for me. I stole quietly up, and stood near her. I heard her bitter sobs for awhile, and—yes—her prayer, her fervent prayer—that she too might follow me soon.

Then she rose slowly and sadly. She turned and saw me, and at first her face was deadly pale. Then recovering herself, she looked strangely at me, as if to ask why a stranger intruded upon her grief. I made a great effort to conceal my voice and my emotion, and then spoke.

"Mademoiselle," I said, bowing respectfully, "pardon my intrusion. This is the grave of my best friend. You can guess why I came hither. But when I found you here, knowing as I did that my poor friend had no relations in Munich, I immediately guessed that you must be Mademoiselle Frankenstein. Am I right in my conjecture?"

She coloured violently, even in spite of the deadly whiteness of her sunken cheeks, and replied with dignity, "You are right, sir; but permit me to ask what reason you had for this strange conjecture?"

"I will tell you. You may not perhaps be aware that I was present at the death of my poor friend. I was the only person there besides his servant. He charged me with a message to you—"

"Oh! (she pressed her hand to her heart) is it true? Oh! tell me, tell me, what he said."

"This message I should have delivered before, had I not learnt that you were in affliction. I scarcely dared to hope that the death of my dear friend could be the cause of your sorrow, but I learned it this morning by accident, and I need scarcely tell you how rejoiced I was to hear it, for you must be fully aware that he was deeply—deeply attached to you."

"Oh, me!" she exclaimed. "If I had been certain of that. Alas! But tell me now his message—quickly."

"It was a strange one. He imagined—I know not whether rightly or not—that you were attached to another person. But such was his devotion, I may almost say his madness, that he bid me warn you, for your sake, that he felt certain—that he knew it by an inward instinct—that he should be with you after his death."

I was so fervent in uttering these words, that my voice resumed its natural tone in spite of myself. She started as she heard it, and her pale cheek grew paler yet. She stopped and looked me steadily in the face, and as she gazed, her own became more and more troubled. I felt I could not endure it much longer.

"You would be happy," I said, hurriedly, "to see him once more, would you not?"

"Yes, yes," she cried. "But, oh! how your voice resembles his, and though it is dark, I seem to see some likeness even in your face. You are an Englishman. Tell me if you are not his brother, or some—"

She stopped still, gazing on me intently, with a look of uncertainty and almost of dread. I felt a tantalizing desire to tear off my disguise, to reveal my living self and throw myself at her feet, but no—I saw the ravages grief had made. I knew that this shock would be too much for her, and in gratitude for her love I made a strong effort and restrained my eagerness.

"You are not wrong," I said, again disguising my voice. "I am a relation, but I cannot now explain how. I have still, however, to complete my message to you. It is a strange one, prepare yourself to hear it."

"I am prepared; go on," she replied, but in a voice so tremulous that it belied her words.

"It was this: he bid me say that death is a strange thing, a deep mystery which none of us understand. He felt that he was dying, but he knew he might live again."

"Yes, yes, and I shall see him again, I know, but—"

"You will. You have only to name an hour to receive him, and he will be with you alive."

"Alive! What do you mean, sir? You are jesting on a sacred subject. How dare you, sir, come here to mock me? Leave me immediately."

"I will leave you if you wish it, certainly. But I am bound to warn you. To-night you will see him."

I turned hurriedly away. She called after me, but I did not return. I felt that this assumption of mystery and this excitement of a vague hope was the best way to prepare her.

When I had gone some distance, I looked back. I saw her standing over the empty grave, with her head sunk upon her bosom. What prayer, what wish was she uttering?

I now made haste to get back to my own lodgings, so as to resume my real character, and prepare for the evening. I had scarcely entered the *porte-cochere* of the large house in which I had lived before my death, when I heard a joyful, uproarious barking in the yard. It was Cæsar, my own dog, my best friend. "Ah!" thought I, "what is human friendship compared with this? All my friends, even Ida herself, have been deceived by a mere wig and moustache; but the dog we kick and beat and despise knows even the sound of my distant footsteps." I went to him, found him chained in the yard—he had never been chained when I was alive—received his wild caresses, and unloosed him.

"Ah!" I thought, "this is a strange way of fulfilling my dying injunctions. What does Master Karl mean by chaining the dog up?"

I was not long left in doubt. As I mounted the stairs, I heard a noise of most unwonted merriment in my own apartment. I knew the reputation possessed by undertakers all the world over for joviality, but still I thought this going a little too far.

I found the outer door open, and, walking in, opened that of the dining-room; and there, to my amazement, amid an uproar of intoxication, with glasses rattling on the table, and the room filled with a dense smoke from some dozen pipes, stood my faithful valet, addressing a speech to some ten or twelve grooms, couriers, butlers, powdered mercuries, and sleek French cooks from the embassy and the houses of the nobility. I was certainly more amused than annoyed, and thinking it just possible that it might be the custom in Munich to hold a wake after a master's death, I bowed to the company.

"Don't let me disturb you, gentle-

men," I said, very blandly, "my business will do at any time."

"I'm glad to hear it," cried Karl from the end of the room, and more than three parts drunk, "I'm not much in the humour for business just now. But don't go away, my friend. Come in, bring yourself to anchor, and take a glass of port—dayvillish fine port—too."

I took a seat meekly, and a "gentleman" in plush and powder did me the honour to pass me the decanter which contained my own superb wine, which had been bottled in 1795, and which these rascally varlets were pouring down their throats in tumblers! No wonder they were *rather* unsteady.

Meanwhile I was observing my very faithful valet. He was certainly magnificently got up. He was not content with having arrayed his person in the very cream of my wardrobe, in the most "chaste" of my "continuations" and the most delicate of my vests, but he had gone to the extent of mimicking my "get-up" in every particular. By dint of a liberal supply of my macassar, he had given to his naturally stubborn hair all the elegant twists and curls of my own *negligé* locks, a style which was then just coming into fashion. The lace frill, the most *recherché* I possessed, was disposed in the same careful, careless manner which it was generally supposed I was wont to study; though with my dying breath I will assert that I never spent two minutes over its arrangements. Then he had drawn on with considerable difficulty a pair of my Paris gloves of the most delicate lavender hue, which I kept expressly for the purpose of going to court; in and in his hands thus reduced—(he had not succeeded in bringing the buttons to meet)—he waved with all the *abandon* of a young exquisite, a handkerchief of the choicest cambric, which—tell it not in Munich—I had stolen from Ida herself. This was too much for me. But I was now accustomed to restrain my passions, and I bore it all with the most Christian humility.

In the other hand he waved one of my sixty-shilling Havannahs, took a slight puff at it, and then throwing it down with an inimitable air of disgust, exclaimed, "These cigars is not

worth a farden," a jest and phrase which elicited the admiration of all his compeers.

"Gentlemen," he then began, still waving the sacred cambric, and with his eyelids evidently weighed down by the fumes of my old port, "I will resume my observations. I was saying, gentlemen, that our departed friend, Mr. G——, regarded me in the light of a brother—a brother, did I say? Gentlemen, I should rather say a [hiccup]—a thingimbob—you know what I [hiccup] mean, gentlemen—in the light of his buzzom friend. You will understand, gentlemen, that it was impossible for him [another hiccup] to leave his property to any one else; and in my hands, you will admit, gentlemen, that it is better lodged than in his own. As long as it lasts, gentlemen,—and there's wine in them cellars down stairs as will keep us going many another night like this—as long as it lasts you will always find in this house, gentlemen, that beverage which inebriates, though it does not—I mean to say—. Well, gentlemen, I will not detain you. I have only to propose a toast, in which I am sure you will all unite, 'To my late friend, Mr. G., and may he rest in peace for ever.'"

For about ten minutes after this lively discourse, there was a continuous uproar of applause and health-drinking, mingled with numerous epithets applied to myself, which were neither choice nor flattering, and one individual near me remarked that "he was doosed glad the old boy was under the ground, and he hoped a certain gentleman in black would take care of him," to which I replied, "Indeed, are you?"

When the uproar had subsided a little, I got up.

"I rise to return thanks," I began; but here I was assailed with an indiscriminate clamour, and cries on all sides of "Shut up," "Turn him out," "Hold your jaw," and "Put his nose in a bag, do," from the Englishmen, while phlegmatic "Donnerwetters" and "Potztausends," from the Germans, kept me silent for some minutes. At length I began again:—

"I am sorry, my good men, to disturb your very innocent amusements, and put an end to the agreeable position of Mr. Karl, over there. But

unfortunately the gentleman over whose death you are now so amiably rejoicing is not dead at all."

Another volley of interjections now stopped me again, but at length the majority seemed interested in what appeared to them the originality of my remarks, and silence was restored.

"The best proof of what I say," I continued, "will be to introduce him personally to you. I believe most of you know Mr. G—— by sight." Here, to the utter amazement of all present, I pulled off the wig, "and most of you would know him again, if you were sober enough to have your senses about you;" and this time I pulled off the false moustachios, and stood in *proprüd personâ* before them.

My faithful valet reeled in horror and fell back. The other servants, most of whom had seen me often enough to recognize me at once, turned pale as death, and jumping up from their seats, pushed frantically, tumbling one over the other, to where their quondam host lay gasping, and shouted, "Fire! robbery! it's his ghost, it's his ghost!"

It was as much as I could do to keep my countenance at their dismay, but the tables were doomed to be turned. Two or three of his associates helped the luckless Karl to his legs. He stared at me in bewilderment for a moment or two, and then, seizing a decanter from the table, flung it at my head with all his might.

I bent down and avoided the blow which would certainly have killed me. But the next minute the rascal shouted with exultation, "Never mind him, you fools, it's all a hoax, it's a flam; some fellow as wants to frighten you. It's not G—— at all. He's made a mess of it this time, for he's forgotten the whiskers, and G—— was too fond of his to come without them."

This was certainly a "stumper" for me, for I had quite forgotten that I had made a sacrifice of those favorite appendages that very morning. I was now in the midst of a dozen infuriated drunkards, and the position was embarrassing, for I was in a hurry to get dressed to go and see Ida. Luckily I remembered that Cæsar had slipped into the room after me when I came in, and I now saw him lying at my feet. He might help me.

"Now, you scoundrels," I cried, "you pretend to doubt my identity, but I'll show you that I am really myself, and the dog shall put you to shame. Here, Cæsar—here, boy."

In a minute the faithful beast jumped up, and, putting his paws on my shoulders, poked his broad nose into my face.

"There, you rascal," I cried to Karl. "Do you remember what you promised me on my death-bed? and instead of performing it, while you get drunk off my wine two days after my death, you chain up this poor dog that never had a collar round his neck before. Are you not ashamed of yourself?"

"Ashamed of myself!" cried the scoundrel, emboldened by a fresh tumbler of old port. "Ashamed of myself to you! Who are you? I should like to know. Why of course you have been making friends with the dog down stairs."

"Of course he has," cried the others, with one voice. "Let's duck him—let's take him down and pump over him. Serve him right."

I tore off my coat, and then, with all the coolness I could muster, turned up my wrist-bands, and prepared for fight.

"Now, then, you rascals," I said, showing a practised fist. "The first man that comes a foot nearer me will feel the weight of this."

Another uproar succeeded to this invitation. Chairs were knocked over, glasses rattled down, decanters smashed, candles thrown over, and a general scramble and pell-mell ensued. One or two of the younger Englishmen showed fight like Britons, but I had the advantage of being sober, and sent them reeling and rolling among the dead men. The din and uproar, the oaths and shouts, were deafening, and a general rush was made at me, and, being in a corner, and assailed by half a dozen at once, I was just running the risk of being smothered, if I escaped being murdered, when the door was burst open, and, pale and breathless, the porter of the house rushed in.

The moment he saw me, he pointed at me, and gasped out: "There, there he is; there—there. Oh! Karl, Karl, it's your master, man; he's come to life again; he's risen up; he's never been dead. Oh Lord! Oh Lord!

Fritz at the cemetery told me it himself."

I cannot and will not describe the scene that followed. My resurrection was fully confirmed, and the convicted rascals hung their heads in despair. I had better pass over the disgusting servility of the faithful Karl, who swore that it was all unintentional, that "it was the drink as had done it," that "Oh! he was so delighted to see me again," and so forth. I contented myself with taking him into my room, and making him strip off everything that belonged to me, and then quietly informed him that his services were dispensed with. It was in vain that he went down on his knees and implored forgiveness, and begged me to keep him in my service. I forgave him his conduct, but I told him that I wanted a faithful servant, and I was afraid he was too much attached to my memory to be sufficiently devoted to myself.

I soon found that the news had spread like wildfire through the town. The man at the cemetery had not been able to keep the secret from his wife, and she, of course, had published it widely abroad, so that when I was ushered up into the drawing-room at the Frankensteins, I felt a pair of the softest, roundest, dearest arms thrown round my neck, and hot tears of joy poured thick and fast upon my bosom. Ida was mine, and three weeks afterwards the worthy, heavy, conceited but good-hearted Stockenheim officiated as my bridegroom's man.

But the best part of the joke is to come. The faithful valet, when he found that nothing would induce me to take him back into my service, in spite of all his protestations, actually sued me in court for the recovery of the personal effects which I had left him by word of mouth on my death-bed. At that time the German law was in a fearful state of complication, and though the case was as clear as daylight, I found that in all probability it would either go against me or the cause would continue for some six or seven years, and ruin me in costs. I therefore offered to make a compromise, when the devoted Karl quietly bearded me to my face, and told me he was not to be done out of a penny of his own. This happened just after my marriage, when I was in all the glow of perfect happiness, and wished

to be at good will with every living creature; and you will laugh to hear that rather than go on squabbling about the matter, I handed every single thing out of my wardrobe and dressing-case to the rapacious scoundrel, and actually paid him five pounds for the cambric handkerchief which I valued so much as an old token.

"And now," said Mr. G——, with a deep sigh, "forty years are passed, and Ida is gone to a fitter home, and I am longing for the day when I shall be called to follow her; and yet, somehow, I dread the thought of death, for I feel that the next time it will not be so amusing to attend my own funeral."

MR. EMERSON'S ENGLISH TRAITS.*

THE year 1856 has witnessed the publication of three new works peculiarly interesting to Englishmen. M. De Montalembert's *Political Future of England*, M. De Tocqueville's *France before the Revolution of 1789*, and the American work which stands at the head of our article. M. De Tocqueville, while shewing us how the liberty of France was destroyed, sheds a broad light on the customs and institutions by which the liberty of England has been preserved. M. De Montalembert, doubtless inspired by the same lessons as his countryman, and seeing in the English constitution the nearest approach to his ideal of good government, has devoted much anxious thought to the question how that freedom may still combine development with security; while Mr. Emerson has more especially directed his attention to the causes which underlie the prosperity of England, as well as those phenomena which may possibly contain the seeds of her decline. The first-named author bids us reflect on our political institutions, the second on our political conduct, the third upon our national character. Of course these divisions will occasionally run into one another, but the classification is correct in the main. Within the limits, then, of these three volumes, an Englishman may find his entire self and country dissected and lectured upon with admirable penetration, comprehensive wisdom, and some not unwholesome severity. We do not mean to say that the conclusions of these writers are always correct or their opinions always fair; for, notwithstanding the proverb,

we do not think that other people, as a rule, know us much better than we know ourselves. They see things in us which we do not see, but there is much also which is out of their power to discover. Generally speaking, in the case of an individual, he knows one half of himself best, and his acquaintances the other. Neither know the whole man. So it is with the character of a nation; and we believe we shall be as near the truth as possible, in saying that just about one-half of Mr. Emerson's volume is reliable. He sees about half way through our character with sufficient clearness, but the rest is beyond his ken.

Whether, however, the mistakes of Mr. Emerson be few or many, they are in one respect less excusable in him than any into which his two Gallican contemporaries may be supposed by some persons to have fallen. He maintains throughout the attitude of an unconcerned spectator. The French authors write with a certain stern, and ardent, and, as it were, gesticulative earnestness, characteristic of men deeply, practically, and immediately interested in the correctness of their own theories. But about Mr. Emerson there is all the calmness of secure contemplation—of one who seems to feel that in the vastness of American life there is safety for all who choose it—and who, therefore, treats the spectacle presented by this country as a subject for curious and unimpassioned disquisition, but with no more bearing on his own future prospects than the skeleton of a mammoth, or the traditions of the Pharaohs.

* *English Traits*; by R. W. Emerson. London: Routledge and Co., 1856.

But to concede the question of partiality or prejudice, we might at least have expected that in a work so free from perturbations, and so little affected by the pressure of surrounding circumstances, care would have been taken to ensure unity of design, and to avoid confusion of statement. Such, however, is not the case, and we have seldom, within the same number of pages, encountered such numerous inconsistencies and contradictions. We will supply our readers with a few specimens of these before proceeding to a more special examination of opinions. In the chapter upon manners, Mr. Emerson says :—

The English *power* resides also in their dislike of change.

In the chapter upon religion, after some compliments to the tolerance and beauty of the English Church, he adds, obviously by way of qualification :—

But its instinct is hostile to all change in poetics, literature, or social arts.

Why allege, in detraction of the Church's excellence, the existence of that very quality on which he commends the power of the commonwealth is founded?

At page 66 he writes :

Their practical power rests on their national sincerity.

At page 67 :

They confide in each other. English believes in English. The French feel the superiority of this probity.

But in the conclusion of the same chapter (the chapter upon Truth), he says :—

This English stolidity contrasts with French wit and tact. The French, it is commonly said, have greatly more influence upon the English. *What influence the French have is by brute force of wealth, not by that of the French by affinity and intellect.*

If the French nation, then, the only one in Europe which "feels the superiority of its own ability," or do nations become superior in virtue of their bad qualities, instead of their good ones?

In the chapter upon Character, we have :—

Of that constitutional force which yields the supplies of the day, they have the more than enough, the excess which creates courage on fortitude, genius in poetry, &c., &c.

But in the chapter on Literature he implies that, with the exception of Wordsworth, our poetry is destitute of genius.

Page 126, he says :—

The Church has not been the founder of the London University, of the Mechanics' Institutes, of the Free School, or whatever aims at diffusion of knowledge. *The Platonists of Oxford* are as bitter against this heresy as Thomas Taylor.

Page 134, we read :—

Bacon, in the structure of his mind, held of the analogists, of the idealists, or (as we popularly say, drawing from the best example) Platonists. Whoever discredits analogy, and requires heaps of facts before any theories can be attempted, has no poetic power, and nothing original or beautiful will be produced by him. Locke is as surely the influx of decomposition and of prose, as Bacon and the Platonists of growth.

Page 145 :—

It was no Oxonian, but Iliaz, who said, "Let us be crowned with roses; let us drink wine; and break up the tiresome old roof of heaven into new forms"—a stanza of the song of nature the Oxonian has no ear for, and he does not value the salient and curative influence of intellectual action, stadions of truth, without a by-end.

Now let us see in what these statements will result :—

The Platonists of Oxford are opposed to progress.

But Platonism is the creed of growth.

Therefore, the creed of growth is opposed to progress.

Or again :—

Oxonians are Platonists.

Oxonians do not value the salient and curative, &c.

Therefore Platonists do not value the salient and curative, &c.

Platonism is Platonism; and as Mr. Emerson has wisely shrunk from propounding that the Platonism of Oxford is spurious, we cannot allow him that be-phrase of *ex-egge*.

Now it may very easily be said that all these contradictions are more apparent than real, and that doubtless Mr. Emerson could explain them. But are not all contradictions of this character? No man says flatly of the same color, that it is black and that it is white. But he says things which induce his readers or hearers to believe that he has not quite made up his mind which it is. This is confusion of thought beyond which what is called self-contradiction rarely extends. But it is decidedly a worse fault in proportion to the difficulty of detecting it, which sometimes by a skilful and practical writer may be rendered very great. Mr. Emerson's inconsistencies are not, however, of this character.

Mr. Emerson's positive blunders are not few in number. At page 55 we find :—

The crimes are factitious—as smuggling, poaching, nonconformity, heresy, and treason. Better, they say in England, kill a man than a hare. The sovereignty of the seas is maintained by the impressment of seamen.

Now there is really no excuse for such rubbish as this. Mr. Emerson ought to have known that the Game Laws have been very much mitigated, and that the press-gang no longer exists. He ought to have known that nonconformity and heresy are as obsolete crimes as are witchcraft; and he ought to have considered that treason is one of the oldest, most real, and most universally acknowledged of all crimes, and that it is so by the simple and natural law of self-preservation, by which all communities in the world are equally governed.

Page 69, he says :—

They hate the French as frivolous; they hate the Irish as aimless; they hate the Germans as professors.

In the first place, Englishmen do not "hate" any of these nations. In the next place, the frivolity of the French is quite a bygone idea in this country. We object to them as rigid political theorists, who do not acknowledge the grand law laid down by Burke, that the science of politics is the science of compromise, and who seemed to have learned no practical lesson from a probation of seventy

years; but none except a dotard would now talk seriously of their frivolity. Again, if an Englishman has any fault to find with an Irishman, it is most assuredly not on the score of aimlessness. He may sometimes think him rather more impulsive than judicious; sometimes, perhaps, rather too tenacious of his nationality; but this, however obstructive it may sometimes prove to imperial interests, is, in the absolute, more of a virtue than a crime. But certainly no Englishman would accept the term aimless as expressive of the Irish idiosyncrasy.

At page 80, Mr. Emerson says :—

They wish neither to command nor to obey, but to be kings in their own houses.

He should rather have said, that one great secret of our social stability is that we understand so well how to do both.

Of the aristocracy he says, page 111 :—

The fiction with which the noble and the bystander equally please themselves is, that the former is of unbroken descent from the Norman, and so has never worked for eight hundred years.

There is no fiction of the kind. Every body who cares about this matter knows perfectly which are the old and which are the new families; and that the majority of the former are among the untitled aristocracy. Ancient blood is greatly respected in England where it exists, but thinking and educated men support the aristocracy, without regard to the origin of its members, as an order in the state, which both experience and political philosophy have alike shewn to be advantageous.

On the subject of the Universities, Mr. Emerson blunders out of pure carelessness; at least, we should imagine he could easily have ascertained the truth if he had tried. He says, for instance, that the expenses of private tuition are reckoned at from £50 to £70 a-year. Now five pounds a month is the price ordinarily paid by a student to his private tutor. There are now three examinations instead of two, and granting that every man in the University has three months of private tuition for each, that would only be at the rate of

fifteen pounds a-year, reckoning three years as the average of a student's career, though it is in reality somewhat more. We must recollect that if some exceed this estimate, many fall below it, and that if we double it, it is still little more than half of Mr. Emerson's lowest calculation. We do not, in fact, believe that the average expenditure on private tuition exceeds fifty pounds per head during the whole undergraduate period. Various passing sarcasms at university studies are so evidently the result of ignorance of what is taught there, rather than of any design to slander these institutions, that it would be waste of time in an article like the present to offer any elaborate confutation.

We have now selected a few instances of Mr. Emerson's inconsistencies, and a few of his actual blunders. We shall next proceed to examine a certain number of his statements, which cannot strictly be classed under either of the above heads; but in which he seems to us to have misinterpreted our character and our institutions less from carelessness or confusion of ideas, than from the unavoidable exigency of his position, which compels him to form his judgment on superficial ground and upon second-hand evidence.

The opening sentence of his chapter on Religion is as follows:—

No people, at the present day, can be explained by their national religion. They do not feel responsible for it; it lies far outside of them. Their loyalty to truth, and their labour and expenditure rest on real foundations, and not on a national church. And English life, it is evident, does not grow out of the Athanasian creed, or the Articles, or the Eucharist. It is with religion as with marriage. A youth marries in haste; afterwards, when his mind is opened to the reason of the conduct of life, he is asked what he thinks of the institution of marriage, and of the right relations of the sexes? "I should have much to say," he might reply, "if the question were open, but I have a wife and children, and all question is closed for me." In the barbarous days of a nation, some *cultus* is formed or imported; altars are built, tithes are paid, priests ordained. The education and expenditure of the country take that direction, and when wealth, refinement, great men, and tics to the world supervene, its prudent men say, why fight against Fate, or lift these absurdities which are now mountainous? Better find some niche or crevice

in this mountain of stone which religious ages have quarried and carved, wherein to bestow yourself, than attempt anything ridiculously and dangerously above your strength, like removing it.

If these remarks had proceeded from an Italian or a Spaniard, we should not have been surprised. Seeing a nation of people who only went to church once a week, and who had few or no religious ceremonies, and neglected what few they had, and were accustomed to sneer at any outward manifestations of devotion, a native of Southern Europe would naturally fall into the error of supposing that the national life did not grow out of the national religion. But by an American the spectacle ought to be interpreted with more fidelity.

Thirty years ago the government of this country adopted a system of religious liberalism which, however opposed at the time to the sympathies of the majority, has gradually been recognised by the bulk of the nation as an inevitable if not a philosophic principle. The result of this has been, that the members of various religious denominations have been much more brought together than formerly, and whether it be a good or an evil, have come to regard with less obtrusive attachment the peculiar dogmas of their respective creeds. When he comes forth into the world, the ordinary Englishman leaves these behind, and only carries about with him that amount of religion which he knows will pass current with the mass of Christian men. But it does not follow; therefore, that his life and opinions are not very powerfully affected by the more exclusive tenets of his creed. He conceals them from the public gaze: but it is exactly in accordance with the English character that he should, on this very account, regard them with peculiar love. How far, then, English life "does not grow out of the Athanasian creed, or the Articles, or the Eucharist," is a question that, in our opinion, none but a constant resident amongst us can possibly be entitled to determine. But if from these specialities we pass on to what may be called the national religion, we are prepared to contend that the daily and hourly influence of Protestant Christianity upon all forms of English life is too patent to be over-

looked. Mr. Emerson does not indeed overlook it, but simply, and without assigning any reason, chooses to consider it as humbug :—

The English (and I wish it were confined to them, but 'tis a taint in the Anglo-Saxon blood in both hemispheres), the English and the American cant beyond all other nations. The French relinquish all that industry to them. What is so odious as the polite bows to God in our books and newspapers.

We can only exclaim to Mr. Emerson, "Speak for yourself." But after all, this vice with which Mr. Emerson charges the Anglo-Saxons is but the eternal and inevitable discrepancy between faith and conduct which existed as strongly in the ages which built "York, Newstead, and Westminster," as it does now. There was just as much cant in a bold baron, who, stained with rape and murder, nevertheless said his *ave* and made his confession with perfect regularity, as there is in the modern fine lady, politician, or journalist, who make their "bow to God," while occupied solely with the objects of this world. That common sense, which Mr. Emerson admires so much, refuses to insist upon an impossible consistency of practice with professions. But that the large majority of the British people are sensible of, and to a more or less extent guided by, the obligations of Christianity from their birth to their grave, no one acquainted with the inner life of English families would dream of denying. All civilized countries are now Christian, and consequently it seems idle to look for any explanations of national character in a religion which is common to all. Yet, as far as subdivisions extend, different shades of character are discernible. The Presbyterianism of the Scotch, and the Romanism of the Irish, explains unquestionably some portions of their character.

A little before, Mr. Emerson says :—

It is the church of the gentry ; but it is not the church of the poor. The operatives do not own it, and gentlemen lately testified in the House of Commons that in their lives they never saw a poor man in a ragged coat inside a church.

One very simple explanation of this is, that the rich and the poor do not in London go to church at the same

hours, or go often to the same churches. But in reality, the operatives flock to church in neighbourhoods where accommodation has been provided for them. Mr. Skinner's church at St. Barnabas, and some of the chapels in Soho, are crowded with the lower orders ; and in many parts of the metropolis, as fast as new churches are built, they are filled with congregations from the poorer classes ; while, as to the rural districts, the gentlemen who never in their lives saw a poor man in a ragged coat inside a church, must either have been Cockneys or else of such liberal dispositions that no poor man in their neighbourhood was allowed to wear a ragged coat. We do not mean, of course, to assert that the Church has never been chargeable with neglect of her poorer members, or that the laboring classes at this day feel all the veneration for her services and ministry which they would have done had she always been mindful of her duty towards them. But the faith and traditions of centuries are not overthrown in a day. The transient effects of a particular period are not to be identified with the symptoms of universal and natural dissolution. Lethargy is not death ; nor does an up-hill fight invariably end in defeat.

At page 129 we find :—

It is the condition of a religion to require a religion for its expositor. Prophet and apostle can only be rightly understood by prophet and apostle ; but when wealth accrues to a chaplaincy, a bishopric, or rectorship, it requires monied men for its stewards, who will give it another direction than to the mystics of their day. Of course, money will do after its kind, and will steadily work to unspiritualize and unchurch the people to whom it was bequeathed. The class certain to be excluded from all preferment are the religious,—and driven to other churches ;—which is nature's *vis medicatrix*.

If the first statement here be correct, how was a barbarous, heathen people ever converted to the truth ? In regard to the second, it is perfectly notorious that whatever bad effect an establishment may have upon religion, the voluntary system has a far worse. If the one impairs the spirituality of a priesthood, the other destroys its independence. Under the former, a man may be too lazy to

preach the truth, under the latter he dare not. There are just as many exceptions in the one case as the other—just as many men whom a living does not make worldly, as whom the want of it does not make servile.

Mr. Emerson next proceeds to the hacknied comparison between the pay of a bishop and a curate. He must know very little of English society who considers £4,000 a-year too much for the demands upon a bishop's purse. But in reality the soundest answer is, that corporate property stands on just the same grounds as that of individuals, and that if a bishop had £40,000 a-year instead of £4,000, we should have no more right to object than we should to the income of any large landed proprietor. The King endowed the aristocracy, and the aristocracy endowed the Church; and the intrinsic right of each is from one point of view the same. The curate, on the other hand, is not treated so unfairly in the matter of pay as in the matter of promotion. If he had more opportunities of displaying his merits, and knew that merit would ensure advancement, he would submit to his hundred a-year as cheerfully as a young soldier submits to ninety, or a young doctor or barrister to nothing. It is not the inequalities of a profession which are to blame; these, indeed, are useful—but that every one has not an equal chance of surmounting them. With two more short extracts we shall conclude this part of our subject:—

The English Church, undermined by German criticism, had nothing left but tradition, and was led logically back to Romanism. But that was an element which only hot heads could breathe: in view of the educated class, generally, it was not a fact to front the sun; and the alienation of such men from the Church became complete.

"Had nothing left but tradition."—Well, that is to say, in other words, that she appealed to the doctrines and practices of the Primitive Church; and just as in all religious and political movements there are a few who go further than the rest, so a few of the High Churchmen went on to Romanism; for nothing can shew greater ignorance of ecclesiastical history than to say that they were *logically* led there. But not one of the men who were deemed the wisest of their

party was lost, with the single exception of Newman. The tide has now ebbed, but the low water-mark is a great deal higher than it ever was before; nor while such men as Hook, Keble, and Kingsley remain, does it seem likely to recede. To be sure, Mr. Emerson might say that these gentlemen were not of the educated class, and in that case, of course, our argument falls to the ground.

The chatter of French politics, the steam-whistle, the hum of the mill, and the noise of embarking emigrants, had quite put most of the old legends out of mind; so that when you came to read the liturgy to a modern congregation, it was almost absurd in its unfitness, and suggested a masquerade of old costumes.

To turn to the English Liturgy after the chatter of French politics, &c., is like turning out of some hot and noisy street into a cool and quiet garden. The English Liturgy is like a river of pure water, in which the leper of commerce and worldliness may wash and be cleansed. This single sentence has given us a worse opinion of Mr. Emerson than anything we have ever read in any essay he has ever written.

After this somewhat strong expression of opinion, it is pleasant to feel that we have now concluded all that we had to say exclusively in disparagement of "English Traits," and that though in the passages to come we shall doubtless not agree literally with every word, yet we shall have great satisfaction in contemplating how truly and fairly this eminent thinker has judged of us in many most important particulars. Indeed, throughout the whole of this volume, not less in the passages we condemn than in those we admire, there runs a vein of kindly feeling towards us, an intelligent appreciation of our eccentricities, rather than malignant satire. Hence Mr. Emerson loves to dwell upon the humorous rather than the serious aspect both of our virtues and our vices. He is on the watch for anything which is odd in our character; and he sometimes succeeds in painting to perfection some of those equivocal peculiarities which may be either defects or merits, according to the point of view from which they are regarded. The following is an instance:—

In short, every one of these islanders is an island himself, safe, tranquil, incommunicable. In a company of strangers you would think him deaf; his eyes never wander from his table and newspaper. He is never betrayed into any curiosity or unbecoming emotion. They have all been trained in one severe school of manners, and never put off the harness. He does not give his hand. He does not let you meet his eye. It is almost an affront to look a man in the face without being introduced. In mixed or in select companies they do not introduce persons; so that a presentation is a circumstance as valid as a contract. Introductions are sacraments. He withholds his name. At the hotel he is hardly willing to whisper it to the clerk at the book-office. If he give you his private address on a card, it is like an avowal of friendship; and his bearing on being introduced is cold, even though he is seeking your acquaintance, and is studying how he shall serve you.

Mr. Emerson has, perhaps, never heard that venerable anecdote of the Oxford man who saw a fellow-creature drowned without stirring a finger in his behalf, "because he had not been introduced."

The following observation, in relation to bagmen met in "the commercial-room," deserves to be remembered:—

It easily happens that this class should characterize England to the foreigner, who meets them on the road and at every public-house, whilst the gentry avoid the taverns, or seclude themselves whilst in them.

This, it should be noted, is true not only of foreigners, but also of large classes of Englishmen themselves. There is many a man in this country of respectable origin, decent education, and a certain amount of property, who has never once during his whole life come in contact with an English gentleman, but who will, nevertheless, lecture his fellow-traveller, or the members of his club, or any one who will give him a chance, about the benighted condition of the squirearchy, their ignorance, their prejudices, and their dulness—the real truth being, that there are no class of men in the community, with the exception of those who make literature their profession, better acquainted with "polite letters" than the English country gentlemen of average intellect and fortune. The Squire Western animal is totally extinct. Men with four or five thousand

a-year at the present day travel all over Europe, mix with the most cultivated society on the Continent and at home, are habitually conversant with the best literary criticisms, and frequently possess a knowledge of mechanical and scientific subjects before which our friend the bagman would feel himself uncommonly small. But the bagman does not know this. He has not travelled into these regions. He feels towards them as all England felt towards the rest of Europe a hundred years ago. They are slavish, besotted, and brutal, defying from their luxurious strongholds the enlightened indignation of Athenæums and Institutes.

The ensuing passage is creditable to Mr. Emerson's candour and good sense:—

The effect of this drill is the radical knowledge of Greek and Latin, and of mathematics, and the solidity and taste of English criticism. Whatever luck there may be in this or that award, an Eton captain can write Latin longs and shorts, can turn the Court-Guide into hexameters, and it is certain that a Senior Classic can quote correctly from the *Corpus Poetarum*, and is critically learned in all the humanities. Greek erudition exists on the Isis and Cam, whether the Maud man or the Brazen-nose man be properly ranked or not; the atmosphere is loaded with Greek learning; the whole river has reached a certain height, and kills all that growth of weeds which this Castalian water kills. The English nature takes culture kindly. So Milton thought. It refines the Norseman. Access to the Greek mind lifts his standard of taste. He has enough to think of, and, unless of an impulsive nature, is indisposed from writing or speaking by the fulness of his mind, and the new severity of his taste. The great silent crowd of thorough-bred Grecians, always known to be around him, the English writer cannot ignore. They prune his orations and point his pen. Hence the style and tone of English journalism. The men have learned accuracy and comprehension, logic, and pace, or speed of working. They have bottom, endurance, wind. When born with good constitutions, they make those euphetic staiding-mills, the cast-iron men, the *dura illi*, whose powers of performance compare with ours as the steam-hammer with the music-box;—Cokes, Mansfields, Seldens, and Bentleys, and when it happens that a superior brain puts a rider on this admirable horse, we obtain those masters of the world who combine the highest energy in affairs with a supreme culture.

Here, again, is an admirable little bit from the chapter Religion:—

Then, when the Saxon instinct had secured a service in the vernacular tongue, it was the tutor and university of the people. In York minster, on the day of the enthronization of the new archbishop, I heard the service of evening prayer read and chanted in the choir. It was strange to hear the pretty pastoral of the betrothal of Rebecca and Isaac, in the morning of the world, read with circumstantiality in York minster on the 13th of January, 1818, to the decorous English audience, just fresh from the *Times* newspaper and their wine; and listening with all the devotion of national pride. That was binding old and new to some purpose. The reverence for the Scriptures is an element of civilization, for this has the history of the world been preserved, and is preserved. Here in England every day a chapter of Genesis, and a leader in the *Times*.

How does Mr. Emerson reconcile this with those other passages upon the Church which we have already cited?

The chapter upon Literature is the most interesting and valuable portion of Mr. Emerson's work. His observations upon Bacon, Locke, and Platonism, though it is no injustice, we hope, to Mr. Emerson to say that they are derived in the first instance from Coleridge,* are deeply suggestive, and the utility of their republication at the present moment it is impossible to over estimate. They open up the whole question of the bearing of ancient philosophy upon modern politics. The first passage we shall quote is as follows:

Lord Bacon has the English duality. His centuries of observations on useful science, and his experiments, I suppose, were worth nothing. One hint of Franklin, or Watt, or Doherty or Davy, or any one who had a taste for experiment, was worth all his lifetime of exquisite trifles. But he drinks of a deeper stream, and marks the influx of the new into England. Where that goes, is nature, health, and progress. The rules of its diffusion or its diffusion are not known. That knowledge, if we had it, would supersede all that we call science of the mind. It is an affair of race, or of meta-chemistry; that is, of that being, how far the sense of nature, or instinct of seeking resemblances, prevails. For wherever the mind takes a step, it is to put itself at one with a larger class, discerned beyond the lesser class with which it has been conversant. Hence all the great and definitive action comes.

It is the structure of his mind, he

of the analogists, of the idealists, or (as we popularly say, naming from the best example) Platonists. Whoever discredits analogy, and requires heaps of facts before any theories can be attempted, has no poetic power, and nothing original or beautiful will be produced by him. Locke is as surely the influx of decomposition and of prose, as Bacon and the Platonists of growth. The Platonic is the poetic tendency; the so-called scientific is the negative and poisonous. It is quite certain that Spenser, Burns, Byron, and Wordsworth will be Platonists, and that the dull men will be Lockists. Then politics and commerce will absorb from the educated class men of talents without genius, precisely because such have no resistance.

The first two or three sentences of this extract coincides so closely with a passage in the *Friend*,† that our readers will, perhaps, be willing to see them placed side by side. "Nor let it be forgotten that the sunny side of Lord Bacon's character is to be found neither in his inductions, nor in the application of his own method to particular phenomena or particular classes of physical facts, which are at least as crude for the age of Gilbert, Galileo, and Kepler, as Aristotle's for that of Philip and Alexander. . . . Let any unprejudiced naturalist turn to Lord Bacon's questions and proposals for the investigation of single problems, to his discourse on the winds, or to the almost comical caricature of this scheme in the "method of improving natural philosophy," by Robert Hooke, and put it to his conscience whether any desirable end could be hoped for from such a process."

"He marks the influx of idealism into England." This is not quite correct. Bacon may be said to have purified the Platonic idealism from the "dreams and verbiage" which in his time passed current for such. But the truth had been rather overlaid than destroyed. The fire had never gone out, but had been securely transmitted through the hands of the scholastic logicians, despite the cautions but unsubstantial exaggerations under which they had buried it.

"For whenever the mind takes a step," &c. This is a valuable statement from Mr. Emerson; but it would, in our opinion, have been worded more cor-

* Coleridge's "Friend," sec. II.

† Ibid., sec. II., Essay 8.

‡ Coleridge.

rectly thus :—" discovers the greater extension of the genus with which it had been conversant." Whenever the mind takes a step downward to species, it should also take a step upward towards genus. This admission of the principle of classification is highly important. Upon it hinges the whole doctrine of Toryism in politics and the High Church theory in religion. It is a protest against the falsehood of that *infima species*, *i. e.* men counted by the head, or facts similarly taken, are all we need look to ; it upholds the necessity of constant reference to a higher law ; it teaches the appeal from phenomena to science. In one word, it teaches us patience—that pain and inconvenience are not to be remedied off-hand by just adopting the first remedy which our senses suggest ; but that we must consider whether there be not a superior law involved, the possible violation of which would entail far worse evils than those we now seek to remedy. Sense suggests to the wearied soldier that he should lie down and sleep in the snow. By reference to a law of which sense knows nothing, he ascertains that to do so would kill him. We merely use this as a familiar illustration. Intellectual laws are not, of course, the same, or reached by the same process as physical laws.

"It is quite certain . . . that the dull men will be Lockists." This is an assertion we have not yet seen combatted by any of Mr. Emerson's reviewers, though one, we should think, well calculated to excite considerable indignation ; the fact is, that "dull men" is too strong an expression. He describes the class that he means much better in the next sentence—"men of talents without genius," *i. e.* clever men, men good at devices and expedients—good at means, but unequal to the intellectual tension demanded by the investigation of final causes. Men of this stamp, of course, love to be told that pursuits which would otherwise proclaim their own inferiority, are useless. They like to have the universe lowered to the level of their own narrow conceptions ; and to believe that as soon as a man soars beyond their sight he is necessarily lost in the clouds. Briefly, they deny that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in their philosophy. Such men as these are

the true obstructives of society. By dealing with facts as they arise, without condescending to reflect on their relations to theory, they constantly produce results which do not work, and which either have to be undone at a vast cost and waste of time to the community, or are perpetuated as a burden and clog to future generations. The present state of the English law is a good practical illustration of this truth—an evil is denounced, and instantly an act is passed to amend it. But we have very seldom taken the trouble to consider whether the proposed remedies might not infringe upon certain other statutes, and as a matter of fact it has usually been found that they have done. So with our institutions. Something is wrong in the Church, or the aristocracy, or what not. Instantaneously a plaister is stuck on that particular part, without any regard to the patient's constitution, which physicians will tell us is ordinarily more than half the battle. We scorn to consider whether we may not thereby be violating some fundamental principle on which the permanent health of the body politic depends. And this wretched empiricism, forsooth, is now daily dignified with the name of common sense. It is high time this phrase was relegated to its more appropriate province. To direct affairs of importance we require not common sense but uncommon sense. Twist it any way we please, the former term is a misnomer—and a most delusive and mischievous misnomer—enabling Mr. Emerson's "dull men" to insult their more thoughtful and spiritual compeers by proclaiming them unfit for the affairs of the world, as long as they themselves are supposed to be under the special protection of this earthen Deity. The vanity of mankind has been pleased by observing that emergencies sometimes arise in the administration of kingdoms calling for the exercise of the same qualities which the meanest of them frequently displays in the conduct of his farm or his warehouse. Hence they have jumped to the conclusion that no higher qualities are demanded in any case, and that the welfare of two million human beings could safely be entrusted to the most successful fatterer of prize oxen, or the most adroit adulterator of coffee and flour.

on material advantages; certain of the present good, and careless of posterity beyond expecting that they would be acute enough to do the same. Faith in laws comprehensible by the intellect alone, and which override and give meaning to facts, was now an object of derision. What was a theory? The divine right of kings! What did it mean? "The right divine of kings to govern wrong," said Pope, uttering a dexterous fallacy which has served the Lockists for a century. Principles were doubtful things, and better left alone. The details of government men were competent to deal with. "The greatest happiness of the greatest number," became their best notion of a final cause, and they endeavoured to adapt these details to it. They never reflected whether happiness was the primary end of man's existence in this world, or whether they would ensure it best by making it the express object of their labours. In illustration of which it is to be observed that, in spite of Mr. Macaulay, intelligent thinkers are still accustomed to doubt whether Englishmen have been as happy for the last century and a half as they were before, *i. e.* since it has been considered the express object of government to make them so; for that they are happier is a proposition which it seems almost impossible to support by any reasonable evidence whatsoever.

We not mean to deny that the Re-

volution of 1688 was productive of more good than evil. We only say that the wheat was considerably intermingled with tares. We are emboldened by having Mr. Emerson on our own side; for Lockism and the Revolution certainly reacted on each other. Coleridge also thought the same, and expressed it in bold and memorable words.* It tainted deeply both our philosophy, our morals, and our religion. But there are certain sturdy virtues in the English character which the deluge of corruption failed to obliterate; and on the retirement of the waters they began to be developed anew. We are by degrees, it is to be hoped, growing less and less worthy of the taunt contained in the last sentence of our extract. We are slowly relearning the importance of theories, without, at the same time, becoming slaves to them. The beginning of this century witnessed some noble indications of our old historic traditions,† and the virtues of our ancestors. The Church has thrown off the lethargy of a hundred years, and the people are again an object of solicitude to the rich. So far these are hopeful signs, marred only by our mistakes on the subject of education, which forcibly bring home to us the admirable warning of that inspired genius we have already so often quoted:—"You begin with the attempt to popularize learning and philosophy; but you will end in the plebeification of knowledge."

THE FORTUNES OF GLENCORE.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HARCOURT'S LODGING*.

WHEN Harcourt had finished the reading of that letter we have presented in our last chapter, he naturally turned for information on the subject which principally interested him to the enclosure. It was a somewhat bulky packet, and, from its size, at once promised very full and ample details. As he opened it, however, he discovered it was in various

handwritings; but his surprise was further increased by the following heading in large letters in the top of a page:—"Sulphur Question," and beginning, "My lord, by a reference to my despatch No. 478, you will perceive that the difficulties which the Neapolitan Government"—Harcourt turned over the page. It was all in the same strain. Tariffs,

* Coleridge's "Friend," sec. II, Es. III.

† C. F., *ib.*

treaties, dues, and duties, occurred in every line. Three other documents of like nature accompanied this; after which came a very ill-written scrawl on coarse paper, entitled, "Hints as to diet and daily exercise for his Excellency's use."

The honest Colonel, who was not the quickest of men, was some time before he succeeded in unravelling to his satisfaction the mystery before him, and recognizing that the papers on his table had been destined for a different address, while the letter of the Princess had, in all probability, been despatched to the Foreign Office, and was now either confounding or amusing the authorities in Downing-street. While Harcourt laughed over the blunder, he derived no small gratification from thinking that nothing but great geniuses ever fell into these mistakes, and was about to write off in this very spirit to Upton, when he suddenly bethought him that, before an answer could arrive, he himself would be far away on his journey to India.

"An ordinary mortal—one of your every day folk"—said he to himself, "would just have answered my few questions about this lad frankly and briefly. I asked nothing that could be difficult to reply to. It was plain enough, too, that I only wanted such information as he could have given me off-hand. If I could but assure Glencore that the boy was worthy of him—that there was stuff to give good promise of future excellence—that he was honorable and manly in all his dealings,—who knows what effect such assurance might have had? There are days when it strikes me Glencore would give half his fortune to have the youth beside him, and be able to call him his own. Why he cannot, does not do it, is a mystery which I am unable to fathom. He never gave me his confidence on this head; indeed, he gave me something very like a rebuff one evening, when he erroneously fancied that I wanted to probe the mysterious secret. It shows how much he knows of my nature," added he, laughing. "Why, I'd rather carry a man's trunk or his portmanteau on my back than his family secrets in my heart. I could rest and lay down my burthen in the one case—in the other, there's never a moment of repose! And now Glen-

core is to be here this very day—the ninth—to learn my views. The poor fellow comes up from Wales, just to talk over these matters, and I have nothing to offer him but this blundering epistle. Aye, here's the letter:—

"Dear Harcourt,—Let me have a mutton-chop with you on the ninth, and give me, if you can, the evening after it.—Yours, G—."

"A man must be ill off for counsel and advice when he thinks of such aid as mine. Heaven knows I never was such a brilliant manager of my own fortunes, that any one should trust his destinies in my hands. Well, he shall have the mutton-chop, and a good glass of old port after it; and the evening, or, if he likes it, the night shall be at his disposal;" and with this resolve, Harcourt, having given orders for dinner at six, issued forth to stroll down to his club, and drop in at the Horse Guards, and learn as much as he could of the passing events of the day,—meaning thereby, the details of whatever regarded the army list, and those who walk in scarlet attire.

It was about five o'clock of a dreary November afternoon that a hackney-coach drew up at Harcourt's lodgings in Dover-street, and a tall and very sickly-looking man, carrying his carpet-bag in one hand and a dressing-case in the other, descended and entered the house.

"Mr. Massy, sir?" said the Colonel's servant, as he ushered him in; for such was the name Glencore desired to be known by. And the stranger nodded, and throwing himself wearily down on a sofa, seemed overcome with fatigue.

"Is your master out?" asked he, at length.

"Yes, sir; but I expect him immediately. Dinner was ordered for six, and he'll be back to dress half an hour before that time."

"Dinner for two?" half impatiently asked the other.

"Yes, sir, for two."

"And all visitors in the evening denied admittance? Did your master say so?"

"Yes, sir; out for every one."

Glencore now covered his face with his hands, and relapsed into silence. At length he lifted his eyes till they

fell upon a colored drawing over the chimney. It was an officer in hussar uniform, mounted on a splendid charger, and seated with all the graceful ease of a consummate horseman. This much alone he could perceive from where he lay, and indolently raising himself on one arm, he asked if it were "a portrait of his master?"

"No, sir—of my master's colonel, Lord Glencore, when he commanded the Eighth, and said to have been the handsomest man in the service."

"Show it to me!" cried he, eagerly, and almost snatched the drawing from the other's hands. He gazed at it intently and fixedly, and his sallow cheek once reddened slightly as he continued to look.

"That never was a likeness!" said he, bitterly.

"My master thinks it a wonderful resemblance, sir; not of what he is now, of course; but that was taken fifteen years ago or more."

"And is he so changed since that?" asked the sick man, plaintively.

"So I hear, sir. He had a stroke of some kind, or fit of one sort or another, brought on by fretting. They took away his title, I'm told. They made out that he had no right to it, that he wasn't the real lord; but here's the colonel, sir," and almost as he spoke Harcourt's step was on the stair. The next moment his hand was cordially clasped in that of his guest.

"I scarcely expected you before six; and how have you borne the journey?" cried he, taking a seat beside the sofa. A gentle motion of the eyebrows gave the reply.

"Well, well, you'll be all right after the soup. Marcom, serve the dinner at once. I'll not dress—and mind, no admittance to any one."

"You have heard from Upton?" asked Glencore.

"Yes."

"And satisfactorily?" asked he, more anxiously.

"Quite so; but you shall know all bye-and-bye. I have got mackerel for you. It was a favorite dish of yours long ago, and you shall taste such mutton as your Welsh mountains can't equal. I got the haunch from the Ardenne a week ago, and kept it for you."

"I wish I deserved such generous fare; but I have only an invalid's sto-

mach," said Glencore, smiling faintly.

"You shall be reported well, and fit for duty to-day, or my name is not George Harcourt. The strongest and toughest fellow that ever lived couldn't stand up against the united effects of low diet and low spirits. To act generously and think generously, you must live generously, take plenty of exercise, breathe fresh air, and know what it is to be downright weary when you go to bed; not bored, mark you, for that's another thing. Now here comes the soup, and you shall tell me whether turtle be not the best restorative a man ever took after twelve hours of the road."

Whether tempted by the fare, or anxious to gratify the hospitable wishes of his host, Glencore ate heartily, and drank what for his abstemious habit was freely, and, so far as a more genial air and a more ready smile went, fully justified Harcourt's anticipations.

"By Jove, you're more like yourself than I have seen you this many a day," said the Colonel, as they drew their chairs towards the fire, and sat with that now banished, but ever to be regretted, little spider table, that once emblemized after-dinner blessedness, between them. "This reminds me of long ago, Glencore, and I don't see why we cannot bring to the hour some of the cheerfulness that we once boasted."

A faint, very faint smile, with more of sorrow than joy in it, was the other's only reply.

"Look at the thing this way, Glencore," said Harcourt, eagerly. "So long as a man has, either by his fortune or by his personal qualities, the means of benefitting others, there is a downright selfishness in shutting himself up in his sorrow, and saying to the world, 'My own griefs are enough for me; I'll take no care or share in yours.' Now, there never was a fellow with less of this selfishness than you"—

"Do not speak to me of what I was, my dear friend. There's not a plank of the old craft remaining. The name alone lingers, and even that will soon be extinct."

"Why, there's Charley—he's not ill, surely. You have no apprehensions about him?"

"What do you mean?" cried Glen-

core, hastily. "Are you the only man in all England that is ignorant of the story of his birth? Have not the newspapers carried the tidings over all Europe that Lord Glencore never was married?"

"I read the paragraph just after my arrival at Malta; and, do you know—shall I tell you what I thought of it?"

"Perhaps you had better not do so," said Glencore, sternly.

"By Jove, then, I will, just for that menace," said Harcourt. "I said, when I saw it, 'That's vengeance on Glencore's part.'"

"To whom, sir, did you make this remark?"

"To myself, of course. I never alluded to the matter to any other. Never."

"So far well," said Glencore, solemnly; "for had you done so, we had never exchanged words again!"

"My dear fellow," said Harcourt, laying his hand affectionately on the other's, "I can well imagine the price a sensitive nature like yours must pay for the friendship of one so little gifted with tact as I am. But remember always that there's this advantage in the intercourse: you can afford to hear and bear things from a man of *my* stamp that would be outrages from perhaps the lips of a brother; as Upton, in one of his bland moments, once said to me, 'Fellows like you, Harcourt, are the bitters of the human pharmacopeia, 'somewhat hard to take, but very wholesome when you're once swallowed.'"

"You are the best of the triad, and no great praise that, either," muttered Glencore to himself. After a pause he continued, "It has not been from any distrust in your friendship, Harcourt, that I have not spoken to you before on this gloomy subject. I know well that you bear me more affection than any one of all those who call themselves my friends; but when a man is about to do that which never can meet approval from those who love him, he seeks no counsel, he invites no confidence. Like the gambler, who risks all on a single throw, he makes his venture from the impulse of a secret mysterious prompting within, that whispers, with this you are rescued or ruined! Advice, counsel!" cried he, in bitter mockery, "tell me, when have such

ever alleviated the tortures of a painful malady?—Have you ever heard that the writhings of the sick man were calmed by the honeyed words of his friends at the bed-side? I"—here his voice became full and loud, "I was burthened with a load too great for me to bear. It had bowed me to the earth, and all but crushed me! The sense of an unaccomplished vengeance was like a debt which, unrequited ere I died, sent me to my grave dishonored. Which of you all could tell me how to endure this? What shape could your philosophy assume?"

"Then I guessed aright," broke in Harcourt. "This was done in vengeance."

"I have no reckoning to render you, sir," said Glencore, haughtily; "for any confidence of mine, you are more indebted to my passion than to my inclination. I came up here to speak and confer with you about this boy, whose guardianship you are unable to continue longer. Let us speak of that."

"Yes," said Harcourt, in his habitual tone of easy good humour, "they are going to send me out to India again. I have had eighteen years of it already; but I have no parliamentary influence, nor could I trace a fortieth cousinship with the House of Lords; but, after all, it might be worse. Now, as to this lad, what if I were to take him out with me? This artist life that he seems to have adopted scarcely promises much."

"Let me see Upton's letter," said Glencore, gravely.

"There it is. But I must warn you that the really important part is wanting; for instead of sending us, as he promised, the communication of his Russian Princess, he has stuffed in a mass of papers intended for Downing-street, and a lot of doctors' prescriptions, for whose loss he is doubtless suffering martyrdom."

"Is this credible?" cried Glencore.

"There they are, very eloquent about sulphur, and certain refugees with long names, and with some curious hints about Spanish flies and the flesh-brush."

Glencore flung down the papers in indignation, and walked up and down the room without speaking.

"I'd wager a trifle," cried Harcourt, "that Madame—What's-her-name's

letter has gone to the Foreign Office in lieu of the dispatches, and if so, they have certainly gained most by the whole transaction."

"You have scarcely considered, perhaps, what publicity may thus be given to my private affairs," said Glencore. "Who knows what this woman may have said—what allusions her letter may contain?"

"Very true. I never did think of that," muttered Harcourt.

"Who knows what circumstances of my private history are now banded about from desk to desk by flippant fools, to be disseminated afterwards over Europe by every courier?" cried he, with increasing passion.

Before Harcourt could reply, the servant entered, and whispered a few words in his ear. "But you already denied me?" said Harcourt. "You told him that I was from home?"

"Yes, sir; but he said that his business was so important that he'd wait for your return, if I could not say where he might find you. This is his card."

Harcourt took it, and read "Major Scratchley, from Naples." "What think you, Glencore? Ought we to admit this gentleman? It may be that his visit relates to what we have been speaking about?"

"Scratchley—Scratchley. I know the name," muttered Glencore. "To be sure! There was a fellow that hung about Florence and Rome long ago, and called himself Scratchley, an ill-tongued old scandal-monger, people encouraged in a land where newspapers are not permitted."

"He affects to have something very pressing to communicate. Perhaps it were better to have him up."

"Don't make me known to him, then, or let me have to talk to him," said Glencore, throwing himself down on a sofa; "and let his visit be as brief as you can manage."

Harcourt made a significant sign to his servant, and the moment after the Major was heard ascending the stairs.

"Very persistent of me, you'll say, Colonel Harcourt. Devilish tenacious of my intentions, to force myself thus upon you!" said the Major, as he bustled into the room, with a white leather bag in his hand; "but I promised Upton I'd not lie down on a bed till I saw you."

"All the apologies should come from my side, Major," said Harcourt, as he handed him to a chair; "but the fact was, that having an invalid friend with me, quite incapable of seeing company, and having matters of some importance to discuss with him——"

"Just so," broke in Scratchley, "and if it were not that I had given a very strong pledge to Upton I'd have given my message to your servant, and gone off to my hotel. But he laid great stress on my seeing you, and obtaining certain papers which, if I understand aright, have reached you in mistake, being meant for the minister at Downing-street. Here's his own note, however, which will explain all."

It ran thus:—

"Dear H——

"So I find that some of the despatches have got into your enclosure instead of that 'on his Majesty's service.' I therefore send off the insupportable old bore who will deliver this, to rescue them, and convey them to their fitting destination. 'The extraordinaries' will be burthened to some fifty or sixty pounds for it; but they very rarely are expended so profitably as in getting rid of an intolerable nuisance. Give him all the things, therefore, and pack him off to Downing-street. I'm far more uneasy, however, about some prescriptions which I suspect are along with them. One, a lotion for the cervical vertebra of invaluable activity; which you may take a copy of, but strictly on honor, for your own use only. Scratchley will obtain the Princess's letter and hand it to you. It is certain not to have been opened at F. O. as they never read anything not alluded to in the private correspondence.

"This blunder has done me a deal of harm. My nerves are not in a state to stand such shocks; and though in fact you are not the culpable party, I cannot entirely acquit you for having in part occasioned it." Harcourt laughed good humouredly at this, and continued. "If you care for it, old S. will give you all the last gossip from these parts, and be the channel of yours to me. But don't dine him. He's not worth a dinner. He'll only repay sherry and soda-water, and one of those execrable

cheroots you used to be famed for. Amongst the recipes let me recommend you an admirable tonic, the principal ingredient in which is the oil of the star-fish. It will probably produce nausea, vertigo, and even fainting for a week or two; but these symptoms decline at last, and, except violent hiccup, no other inconvenience remains. Try it, at all events.

"Yours ever,
"H. U."

While Harcourt perused this short epistle, Scratchley, on the invitation of his host, had helped himself freely to the Madeira, and a plate of devilled biscuits beside it, giving, from time to time, oblique glances toward the dark corner of the room, where Glencore lay apparently asleep.

"I hope Upton's letter justifies my insistence, Colonel. He certainly gave me to understand that the case was a pressing one," said Scratchley.

"Quite so, Major Scratchley, and I have only to reiterate my excuses for having denied myself to you; but you are aware of the reason," and he glanced towards where Glencore was lying.

"Very excellent fellow, Upton," said the Major, sipping his wine, "but very—what shall I call it?—eccentric—very odd—not like any one else, you know, in the way he does things. I happened to be one of his guests the other day. He had detained us above an hour waiting dinner, when he came in all flurried and excited, and turning to me said, 'Scratchley, have you any objection to a trip to England at his Majesty's expense?' and as I replied, 'None whatever; indeed it would suit my book to perfection just now.'"

"Well, then," said he, "get your traps together, and be here within an hour. I'll have all in readiness for you." I did not much fancy starting off in this fashion, and without my dinner, too; but, egad, he's one of those fellows that don't stand parleying, and so I just took him at his word, and here I am! I take it the matter must be a very emergent one, eh?"

"It is clear Sir Horace Upton thought so," said Harcourt, rather amused than offended by the other's curiosity.

"There's a woman in it, some how, I'll be bound, eh?"

Harcourt laughed heartily at this

sally, and pushed the decanter toward his guest.

"Not that I'd give sixpence to know every syllable of the whole transaction," said Scratchley. "A man that has passed, as I have done, the last twenty-five years of his life between Rome, Florence, and Naples, has devilish little to learn of what the world calls scandal."

"I suppose you must indeed possess a wide experience," said Harcourt.

"Not a man in Europe, sir, could tell you as many dark passages of good society! I kept a kind of book once—a record of fashionable delinquencies; but I had to give it up. It took me half my day to chronicle even the passing events; and then my memory grew so retentive by practice I didn't want the reference, but could give you date and name and place for every incident that has scandalised the world for the last quarter of the century."

"And do you still possess this valuable gift, Major?"

"Pretty well; not perhaps to the same extent I once did. You see, Colonel Harcourt,"—here his voice became low and confidential, "some twenty, or indeed fifteen years back, it was only persons of actual condition that permitted themselves the liberty to do these things; but, hang it, sir, now you have your middle class folk as profligate as their betters. Jones, and Smith, and Thompson runs away with his neighbour's wife, cheats at cards, and forges his friend's name, just as if he had the best blood in his veins, and fourteen quarterings on his escutcheon. What memory, then, I ask you, could retain all the short-comings of these people?"

"But I'd really not trouble my head with such ignoble delinquents," said Harcourt.

"Nor do I, sir, save when, as will sometimes happen, they have a footing, with one leg at least, in good society. For, in the present state of the world, a woman with a pretty face and a man with a knowledge of horse-flesh may move in any circle they please."

"You're a severe censor of the age we live in, I see," said Harcourt, smiling. "At the same time, the offences could scarcely give you much uneasiness, or you'd not take up your residence where they most abound."

"If you want to destroy tigers, you must frequent the jungle," said Scratchley, with one of his heartiest laughs.

"Say rather, if you have the vulture's appetite, you must go where there is carrion!" cried Glencore, with a voice to which passion lent a savage vehemence.

"Eh! ha! very good! devilish smart of your sick friend. Pray present me to him," said Scratchley, rising.

"No, no, never mind him," whispered Harcourt, pressing him down into his seat. "At some other time, perhaps. He is nervous and irritable. Conversation fatigues him, too."

"Egad! that was neatly said, though; I hope I shall not forget it. One envies these sick fellows, sometimes, the venom they get from bad health. But I am forgetting myself in the pleasure of your society," added he, rising from the table, as he finished off the last glass in the decanter. "I shall call at Downing-street to-morrow for that letter of Upton's, and with your permission will deposit it in your hands afterwards."

Harcourt accompanied him to the door with thanks. Profuse indeed was he in his recognitions, desiring to get him clear off the ground before any further allusions on his part, or rejoinders from Glencore, might involve them all in new complications.

"I know that fellow well," cried Glencore, almost ere the door closed

on him. "He is just what I remember him some fifteen years ago. Dressed up in the cast-off vices of his betters, he has passed for a man of fashion amongst his own set, while he is regarded as a wit by those who mistake malevolence for humor. I ask no other test of a society than that such a man is endured in it."

"I sometimes suspect," said Harcourt, "that the world never believes these fellows to be as ill-natured as their tongues bespeak them."

"You are wrong, George; the world knows them well. The estimation they are held in is, for the reflective flattery by which each listener to their sarcasms soothes his own conscience as he says, 'I could be just as bitter, if I consented to be as bad.'"

"I cannot at all account for Upton's endurance of such a man," said Harcourt.

"As there are men who fancy that they strengthen their animal system by braving every extreme of climate, so Upton imagines that he invigorates his *morale* by associating with all kinds and descriptions of people; and there is no doubt that in doing so he extends the sphere of his knowledge of mankind. After all," muttered he, with a sigh, "it's only learning the geography of a land too unhealthy to live in."

Glencore arose as he said this, and with a nod of leave-taking retired to his room.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A FEVERED MIND.

HARCOURT passed the morning of the following day in watching the street for Scratchley's arrival. Glencore's impatience had grown into absolute fever to obtain the missing letter, and he kept asking every moment at what hour he had promised to be there; and wondering at his delay.

Noon passed over—one o'clock—it was now nearly half past, as a carriage drove hastily to the door.

"At last," cried Glencore, with a deep sigh.

"Sir Gilbert Bruce, sir, requests to know if you can receive him," said the servant to Harcourt.

"Another disappointment!" mut-

tered Glencore, as he left the room, when Harcourt motioned to the servant to introduce the visitor.

"My dear Colonel Harcourt," cried the other, entering, "excuse a very abrupt call—but I have a most pressing need of your assistance. I hear you can inform me of Lord Glencore's address."

"He is residing in North Wales at present. I can give you his post town."

"Yes, but can I be certain that he will admit me if I should go down there? He is living, I hear, in strict retirement, and I am anxious for a personal interview."

"I cannot ensure you that," said Harcourt. "He does live, as you have heard, entirely estranged from all society. But if you write to him,"—

"Ah! there's the difficulty. A letter and its reply take some days."

"And is the matter, then, so very imminent?"

"It is so; at least it is thought to be so by an authority that neither you nor I will be likely to dispute. You know his lordship intimately, I fancy?"

"Perhaps I may call myself as much his friend as any man living."

"Well, then, I may confide to you my business with him. It happened that a few days back, Lord Adderley was on a visit with the king at Brighton, when a foreign messenger arrived with despatches. They were of course forwarded to him there; and as the King has a passion for that species of literature, he opened them all himself. Now, I suspect that his Majesty cares more for the amusing incidents which occasionally diversify the life of foreign courts, than for the great events of politics. At all events, he devours them with avidity, and seems conversant with the characters and private affairs of some hundreds of people he has never seen, nor in all likelihood will ever see! In turning over the loose pages of one of the despatches from Naples, I think, he came upon what appeared to be a fragment of a letter. Of what it was, or what it contained, I have not the slightest knowledge. Adderley himself has not seen it, nor any one but the King. All I know is that it concerns, in some way, Lord Glencore; for immediately on reading it he gave me instructions to find him out, and send him down to Brighton."

"I am afraid, were you to see Glencore, your mission would prove a failure. He has given up the world together, and even a royal command would scarcely withdraw him from his retirement."

"At all events, I must make the trial. You can let me have his address, and perhaps you would do more, and give me some sort of introduction to him—something that might smooth down the difficulty of a first visit."

Harcourt was silent, and stood for some seconds in deep thought, which

the other, mistaking for a sign of unwillingness to comply with his request, quickly added, "If my demand occasion you any inconvenience, or if there be the slightest difficulty—"

"Nay, nay, I was not thinking of that," said Harcourt. "Pray excuse me for a moment. I will fetch you the address you spoke of," and, without waiting for more, he left the room. The next minute he was in Glencore's room, hurriedly narrating to him all that had passed, and asking him what course he should pursue. Glencore heard the story with a greater calm than Harcourt dared to hope for; and seemed pleased at the reiterated assurance that the King alone had seen the letter referred to; and when Harcourt abruptly asked what was to be done, he slowly replied, "I must obey his Majesty's commands. I must go to Brighton."

"But are you equal to all this? Have you strength for it?"

"I think so; at all events, I am determined to make the effort. I was a favorite with his Majesty long ago. He will say nothing to hurt me needlessly; nor is it in his nature to do so. Tell Bruce that you will arrange every thing, and that I shall present myself to-morrow at the palace."

"Remember, Glencore, that if you say so—"

"I must be sure and keep my word. Well, so I mean, George. I was a courtier once upon a time, and have not outlived my deference to a sovereign. I'll be there—you may answer for me."

From the moment that Glencore had come to this resolve, a complete change seemed to pass over the nature of the man. It was as though a new spring had been given to his existence. The reformation that all the blandishments of friendship, all the soft influences of kindness could never accomplish, was more than half effected by the mere thought of an interview with a King, and the possible chance of a little royal sympathy!

If Harcourt was astonished, he was not the less pleased at all this. He encouraged Glencore's sense of gratification by every means in his power, and gladly lent himself to all the petty anxieties about dress and appearance in which he seemed now immersed. Nothing could exceed,

indeed, the care he bestowed on these small details; ever insisting as he did that his Majesty being the best dressed gentleman in Europe, these matters assumed a greater importance in his eyes.

"I must try to recover somewhat of my former self," said he. "There was a time when I came and went freely to Carlton House, when I was somewhat more than a mere frequenter of the Prince's society. They tell me that of late he is glad to see any of those who partook of his intimacy in those times; who can remember the genial spirits who made his table the most brilliant circle of the world; who can talk to him of Hanger, and Kelly, and Sheridan, and the rest of them. I spent my days and nights with them."

Warning with the recollection of a period which, dissolute and dissipated as it was, yet redeemed by its brilliancy many of its least valuable features, Glencore poured forth story after story of a time when statesmen had the sportiveness of schoolboys, and the greatest intellects loved to indulge in the wildest excesses of folly. A good jest upon Eldon, a smart epigram on Sidmouth, a quiz against Vansittart, was a fortune at court; and there grew up thus around the Prince a class who cultivated ridicule so assiduously, that nothing was too high or too venerable to escape their sarcasms.

Though Glencore was only emerging out of boyhood—a young subaltern in the Prince's own regiment when he first entered this society, the impression it had made upon his mind was not the less permanent. Independently of the charm of being thus admitted to the most choice circle of the land, there was the fascination of intimacy with names that even amongst contemporaries were illustrious.

"I feel in such spirits to-day, George," cried Glencore at length, "that I vote we go and pass the day at Richmond. We shall escape the possibility of being bored by your acquaintance. We shall have a glorious stroll through the fields, and a pleasant dinner afterwards at the Star and Garter."

Only too well pleased at this sudden change in his friend's humor, Harcourt assented.

The day was a bright and clear one, with a sharp frosty air and that elasticity of atmosphere that invigorates and stimulates. They both soon felt its influence, and as the hours wore over, pleasant memories of the past were related, and old friends remembered and talked over in a spirit that brought back to each much of the youthful sentiments they recorded.

"If one could only go over it all again, George," said Glencore, as they sat after dinner, "up to three and twenty, or even a year or two later, I'd not ask to change a day—scarcely an hour. Whatever was deficient in fact was supplied by hope. It was a joyous, brilliant time, when we all made partnership of our good spirits and traded freely on the capital. Even Upton was frank and free-hearted then. There were some six or eight of us, with just fortune enough never to care about money, and none of us so rich as to be immersed in dreams of gold, as ever happens with your millionaire. Why could we not have continued so to the end!"

Harcourt adroitly turned him from the theme which he saw impending—his departure for the continent, his residence there, and his marriage, and once more occupied him in stories of his youthful life in London, when Glencore suddenly came to a stop and said, "I might have married the greatest beauty of the time—of a family, too, second to none in all England. You know to whom I allude. Well, she would have accepted me; her father was not averse to the match; a stupid altercation with her brother, Lord Hervey, at Brookes' one night—an absurd dispute about some etiquette of the play-table, estranged me from their house. I was offended at what I deemed their want of courtesy in not seeking me—for I was in the right; every one said so. I determined not to call first. They gave a great entertainment, and omitted me, and rather than stay in town to publish this affront, I started for the continent, and out of that petty incident, a discussion of the veriest trifle imaginable, there came the whole course of my destiny."

"To be sure," said Harcourt, with assumed calm, "every man's fortune in life is at the sport of some petty

incident or other, which at the time he undervalues."

"And then we scoff at those men who scrutinize each move, and hesitate over every step in life, as triflers, and little minded; while, if your remark be just, it is exactly such are the wise and the prudent," cried Glencore with warmth. "Had I, for instance, seen this occurrence, trivial as it was, in its true light, what and where might I not have been to-day?"

"My dear Glencore, the luckiest fellow that ever lived, were he only to cast a look back on opportunities neglected, and conjunctures unprofitable by, would be sure to be miserable. I am far from saying that some have not more than their share of the world's sorrows; but, take my word for it, every one has his load, be it greater or less, and, what is worse, we all of us carry our burthens with as much inconvenience to ourselves as we can."

"I know what you would say, Harcourt. It is the old story about giving way to passion, and suffering temper to get the better of one; but let me tell you that there are trials where passion is an instinct, and reason works too slowly. I have experienced such as this."

"Give yourself but fair play, Glencore, and you will surmount all your troubles. Come back into the world again—I don't mean this world of balls and dinner-parties, of morning calls and afternoons in the park; but a really active, stirring life. Come with me to India, and let us have a raid amongst the jaguars; mix with the pleasant, light-hearted fellows you'll meet at every mess, who ask for nothing better than their own good spirits and good health, to content them with the world; just look out upon life, and see what numbers are struggling and swimming for existence, while you, at least, have competence and wealth for all you wish; and bear in mind that round the table where wit is flashing, and the merriest laughter rings, there is not a man—no, not one—who hasn't a something heavy in his heart, but yet who'd feel himself a coward if his face confessed it."

"And why am I to put this mask upon me! for what and for whom have I to wear this disguise?" cried Glencore, angrily.

"For yourself! It is in bearing up manfully before the world, you'll gain the courage to sustain your own heart. Aye, Glencore, you'll do it to-morrow. In the presence of royalty you'll comport yourself with dignity and reserve, and you'll come out from the interview higher and stronger in self-esteem."

"You talk as if I were some country squire who would stand abashed and awestruck before his king; but remember, my worthy Colonel, I have lived a good deal inside the tabernacle, and its mysteries are no secrets to me."

"Reason the more for what I say!" broke in Harcourt; "your deference will not obliterate your judgment; your just respect will not alloy your reason."

"I'll talk to the king, sir, as I talk to you," said Glencore, passionately; "nor is the visit of my seeking. I have long since done with courts and those who frequent them. What can royalty do for me? Upton and yourself may play the courtier, and fawn at levees; you have your petitions to present, your favors to beg for; you want to get this, or be excused from that; but I am no suppliant. I ask for no place—no ribbon. If the king speak to me about my private affairs, he shall be answered as I would answer any one who obtrudes his rank into the place that should only be occupied by friendship."

"It may be that he has some good counsel to offer."

"Counsel to offer me," burst in Glencore, with increased warmth. "I would no more permit any man to give me advice unasked, than I would suffer him to go to my tradespeople and pay my debts for me. A man's private sorrows are as his debts—obligations between himself and his own heart. Don't tell me, sir, that even a king's prerogative absolves him from the duties of a gentleman."

While he uttered these words, he continued to fill and empty his wine-glass several times, as if passion had stimulated his thirst; and now his flashing eyes and his heightened color betrayed the effect of wine.

"Let us stroll out into the cool air," said Harcourt. "See what a gorgeous night of stars it is."

"That you may resume your dis-

course on patience and resignation!" said Glencore, scoffingly. "No, sir. If I must listen to you, let me have at least the aid of the decanter. Your bitter maxims are a bad substitute for olives, but I must have wine to swallow them."

"I never meant them to be so distasteful to you," said Harcourt, good humouredly.

"Say rather, you troubled your head little whether they were or not," replied Glencore, whose voice was now thick from passion and drink together. "You, and Upton, and two or three others, presume to lecture *me*—who, because gifted, if you can call it gifted—I'd say, cursed—aye, sir, cursed with coarser natures—temperaments where higher sentiments have no place—fellows that

can make what they feel subordinate to what they want—you appreciate *that*, I hope—*that* stings you, does it? Well, sir, you'll find me as ready to act as to speak. There's not a word I utter here I mean to retract to-morrow!"

"My dear Glencore, we have both taken too much wine."

"Speak for yourself, sir. If you desire to make the claret the excuse for your language, I can only say it's like every thing else in your conduct—always a subterfuge—always a scapegoat. Oh, George, George, I never suspected this in you," and, burying his head between his hands, he burst into tears.

He never spoke a word as Harcourt assisted him to the carriage, nor did he open his lips on the road homewards.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE VILLA AT SORRENTO.

IN one of the most sequestered nooks of Sorrento, almost escarped out of the rocky cliff, and half hid in the foliage of orange and oleander trees, stood the little villa of the Princess Sabloukoff. The blue sea washed the white marble terrace before the windows, and the arbutus, whose odour scented the drawing-room, dipped its red berries in the glassy water. The wildest and richest vegetation abounded on every side. Plants and shrubs of tropical climes mingled with the hardier races of northern lands; and the cedar and the plantain blended their leaves with the sycamore and the ilex; while, as if to complete the admixture, birds and beasts of remote countries were gathered together: and the bustard, the ape, and the antelope mixed with the peacock, the chamois, and the golden pheasant. The whole represented one of those capricious exhibitions by which wealth so often associates itself with the beautiful, and, despite all errors in taste, succeeds in making a spot eminently lovely. So was it. There was often light where a painter would have wished shadow. There were gorgeous flowers where a poet would have desired nothing beyond the blue heather bell. There were startling effects of view, managed where chance glimpses through the

trees had been infinitely more picturesque. There was, in fact, the obtrusive sense of riches in a thousand ways and places where mere unadorned nature had been far preferable; and yet, with all these faults, sea and sky, rock and foliage, the scented air, the silence, only broken by the tuneful birds, the rich profusion of color upon asward strewn with flowers, made of the spot a perfect paradise.

In a richly decorated room, whose three windows opened on a marble terrace, sat the Princess. It was December; but the sky was cloudless, the sea a perfect mirror, and the light air that stirred the leaves soft and balmy as the breath of May. Her dress was in keeping with the splendor around her—a rich robe of yellow silk fastened up the front with large carbuncle buttons; sleeves of deep Valenciennes lace fell far over her jewelled fingers; and a scarf of golden embroidery, negligently thrown over an arm of her chair, gave what a painter would call the warm color to a very striking picture. Further from the window, and carefully protected from the air by a screen, sat a gentleman whose fur-lined pelisse and velvet skull-cap showed that he placed more faith in the almanac than in the atmosphere. From his cork-

soled boots to his shawl muffled about the throat, all proclaimed that distrust of the weather that characterizes the invalid. No treachery of a hot sun—no seductions of that inveterate cheat, a fine day in winter—could inveigle Sir Horace Upton into any forgetfulness of his precautions. He would have regarded such as a palpable weakness on his part, a piece of folly perfectly unbecoming in a man of his diplomatic standing and ability.

He was writing, and smoking, and talking by turns, the table before him being littered with papers, and even the carpet at his feet strewn with the loose sheets of his composition. There was not in his air any of the concentration, or even seriousness, of a man engaged in an important labor; and yet the work before him employed all his faculties, and he gave to it the deepest attention of abilities of which very few possessed the equal. To great powers of reasoning and a very strong judgment he united a most acute knowledge of men; not exactly of mankind in the mass, but of that especial order with whom he had habitually to deal. Stolid, commonplace stupidity might puzzle or embarrass him; while, for any amount of craft, for any degree of subtlety, he was an over-match. The plain matter-of-fact intelligence occasionally gained a slight advantage over him at first; the trained and polished mind of the most astute negotiator was a book he could read at sight. It was his especial tact to catch up all this knowledge at once,—very often in a first interview,—and thus, while others were interchanging the customary platitudes of every-day courtesy, he was gleaning and recording within himself the traits and characteristics of all around him.

"A clever fellow—very clever fellow, Cineselli," said he, as he continued to write. "His proposition is—certain commercial advantages, and that we, on our side, leave him alone to deal his own way with his own rabble. I see nothing against it, so long as they continue to be rabble; but grubs grow into butterflies, and very vulgar populace have now and then emerged into what are called liberal politicians."

"Only where you have the blessing of a free press," said the Princess, in a tone of insolent mockery.

"Quite true, Princess; a free press is a tonic, that with an increased dose becomes a stimulant, and occasionally over excites."

"It makes your people drunk now and then!" said she, angrily.

"They always sleep it off over night," said he softly. "They very rarely pay even the penalty of the morning headache for the excess, which is exactly why it will not answer in warmer latitudes."

"Ours is a cold one, and I'm sure it would not suit us."

"I'm not so certain of that," said he, languidly. "I think it is eminently calculated for a people who don't know how to read."

She would have smiled at the remark, if the sarcasm had not offended her.

"Your lordship will therefore see," muttered he, reading to himself as he wrote, "that in yielding this point we are, while apparently making a concession, in reality obtaining a very considerable advantage—"

"Rather an English habit, I suspect," said she, smiling.

"Picked up in the course of our Baltic trade, Princess. In sending us your skins, you smuggled in some of your sentiments; and Russian tallow has enlightened the nation in more ways than one!"

"You need it all, my dear chevalier," said she, with a saucy smile. Harzewitsch told me that your diplomatic people were inferior to those of the third-rate German states; that in fact they never had any 'information.'"

"I know what he calls 'information,' Princess; and his remark is just. Our government is shockingly mean, and never would keep up a good system of spies."

"Spies; if you mean by an odious word to inculcate the honor of a high calling!"

"Pray forgive my interruption, but I am speaking in all good faith. When I said spy, it was in the bankrupt misery of a man who had nothing else to offer. I wanted to imply that pure but small stream which conveys intelligence from a fountain to a river it was not meant to feed. Wasn't that a carriage I heard in the 'cour'? Oh, pray don't open the window; there's an odious dibeccio blowing to-day, and there's nothing so injurious to the nervous system."

"A cabinet messenger, your Excellency," said a servant entering.

"What a bore! I hoped I was safe from a despatch for at least a month to come. I really believe they have no veneration for old institutions in England. They don't even celebrate Christmas!"

"I'm charmed at the prospect of a bag," cried the Princess.

"May I have the messenger shown in here, Princess?"

"Certainly; by all means."

"Happy to see your Excellency; hope your ladyship is in good health," said a smart-looking young fellow, who wore a much frogged pelisse, and sported a very well-trimmed moustache.

"Ah, Stevens, how d'ye do?" said Upton. "You've had a cold journey over the Cenis."

"Came by the Splugen, your Excellency. I went round by Vienna, and Maurice Esterhazy took me as far as Milan."

The Princess stared with some astonishment. That the messenger should thus familiarly style one of that great family was indeed matter of wonderment to her; nor was it lessened as Upton whispered her, "Ask him to dine."

"And London, how is it? Very empty, Stevens?" continued he.

"A desert," was the answer.

"Where's Lord Adderley?"

"At Brighton. The King can't do without him, greatly to Adderley's disgust, for he is dying to have a week's shooting in the Highlands."

"And Cantworth, where is he?"

"He's off for Vienna, and a short trip to Hungary. I met him at dinner at the mess while waiting for the Dover packet. By the way, I saw a friend of your Excellency's—Harcourt."

"Not gone to India?"

"No. They've made him a governor or a commander-in-chief of something in the Mediterranean. I forget exactly where or what."

"You have brought me a mighty bag, Stevens," said Upton, sighing. "I had hoped for a little ease and rest now that the House is up."

"They are all blue books," I believe," replied Stevens. "There's that blacking your Excellency wrote about, and the cricket bats; the lathe must

come out by the frigate, and the down mattress at the same time."

"Just do me the favor to open the bag, my dear Stevens. I am utterly without aid here," said Upton, sighing drearily; and the other proceeded to litter the table and the floor with a variety of strange and incongruous parcels.

"Report of factory commissioners," cried he, throwing down a weighty quarto. "Yarmouth bloaters—Atkinson's cerulean paste for the eyebrows—Worcester sauce—trade returns for Tahiti—a set of shoemaking tools—eight bottles of Darby's pyloric corrector—buffalo flesh brushes, devilish hard they seem—Hume's speech on the reduction of foreign legations—novels from Bull's—top boots for a tiger, and a mass of letters," said Stevens, throwing them broadcast over the sofa.

"No despatches?" cried Upton, eagerly.

"Not one, by Jove," said Stevens.

"Open one of those Darby's. I'll take a teaspoonful at once. Will you try it; Stevens?"

"Thanks, your Excellency, I never take physic."

"Well, you dine here then," said he, with a sly look at the Princess.

"Not to-day, your Excellency. I dine with Grammont at eight."

"Then I'll not detain you. Come back here to-morrow about eleven or a little later. Come to breakfast if you like."

"At what hour?"

"I don't know—at any hour," sighed Upton, as he opened one of his letters and began to read, and Stevens bowed and withdrew, totally unnoticed and unrecognized as he slipped from the room.

One after another Upton threw down, after reading half a dozen lines, muttering some indistinct syllables over the dreary stupidity of letter writers in general. Occasionally he came upon some pressing appeal for money—some urgent request for even a small remittance by the next post, and these he only smiled at, while he refolded them with a studious care and neatness. "Why will you not help me with this chaos, dear Princess?" said he, at last.

"I am only waiting to be asked,"

said she; but I feared that there might be secrets—”

“From you?” said he, with a voice of deep tenderness, while his eyes sparkled with an expression far more like raillery than affection. The Princess, however, had either not seen or not heeded it, for she was already deep in the correspondence.

“This is strictly private. Am I to read it?” said she.

“Of course,” said he, bowing courteously.

And she read:—

“Dear Upton,

“Let us have a respite from tariffs and trade talk for a month or two, and tell me rather what the world is doing around you. We have never got the right end of that story about the Princess Celestine as yet. Who was he? Not Labinsky, I’ll be sworn. The K—— insists it was Roseville, and I hope you may be able to assure me that he is mistaken. He is worse tempered than ever. That Glencore business has exasperated him greatly. Could’nt your Princess—the world calls her yours—” [“How good of the world, and how delicate of your friend!” said she, smiling superciliously. “Let us see who the writer is. Oh! a great man—the Lord Adderley,” and went on with her reading.] “Could’nt your Princess find out something of real consequence to us about the Q——?”

“What Queen does he mean,” cried she, stopping.

“The queen of Sheba, perhaps,” said Upton, biting his lips with anger, while he made an attempt to take the letter from her.

“Pardon, this is interesting,” said she, and went on:—“We shall want it soon; that is, if the manufacturing districts will not kindly afford us a diversion by some open-air demonstrations and a collision with the troops. We have offered them a most taking bait, by announcing, wrongfully, the departure of six regiments for India; thus leaving the large towns in the north apparently ungarrisoned. They are such poltroons that the chances are they’ll not bite! You were right about Emerson. We have made his brother a bishop, and he voted with us on the arms bill. Cole is a sterling patriot and an old whig. He says nothing shall seduce him

from his party, save a Lordship of the Admiralty. Corruption everywhere, my dear Upton, except on the Treasury benches!

“Holecroft insists on being sent to Petersburg, and having ascertained that the Emperor will not accept him, I have induced the K—— to nominate him to the post. *Non culpa nostra*, &c. He can scarcely vote against us after such an evidence of our good will. Find out what will give most umbrage to your Court, and I’ll tell you why in my next.

“Don’t bother yourself about the Greeks. The time is not come yet, nor will it till it suit our policy to loosen the ties with Russia. As to France, there is not, nor will there be in our time at least, any government there. We must deal with them as with a public meeting, which may reverse to-morrow the resolutions they have adopted to-day. The French will never be formidable till they are unanimous. They’ll never be unanimous till we declare war with them! Remember, I don’t want anything serious with Cineselli. Irritate and worry as much as you can. Send even for a ship or two from Malta, but go no further. I want this for our radicals at home. Our own friends are in the secret. Write me a short despatch about our good relations with the Two Sicilies; and send me some news in a private letter. Let me have some ortolans in the bag, and believe me yours,

“ADDERLEY.”

“There,” said she, turning over a number of letters with a mere glance at their contents, “these are all trash—shooting and fox-hunting news, which one reads in the newspapers better, or at least more briefly narrated, with all that death and marriage intelligence which you English are so foud of parading before the world. But what is this literary gem here? Where did the paper come from? And that wonderful seal, and still more wonderful address? ‘To his Worshipful Excellency the Truly Worthy and Right Honourable Sir Horace Upton, Plenipotentiary, Negotiator, and Extraordinary Diplomatist, living at Naples.’

“What can it mean?” said he, languidly.

“You shall hear,” said she, break-

ing the massive seal of green wax, which, to the size of a crown piece, ornamented one side of the epistle. "It is dated Schwats, Tyrol, and begins, 'Venerated and Reverend Excellency, when these unsymmetrically designed, and not more ingeniously conceived syllables'—Let us see his name," said she, stopping suddenly, and, turning to the last page, read, "W. T. *vulgo*, Billy Traynor, a name cognate to your Worshipful Eminence in times past."

"To be sure, I remember him perfectly—a strange creature, that came out here with that boy you heard me speak of. Pray, read on."

"I stopped at 'syllables.' Yes—when these curiously conceived syllables, then, 'come under the visionary apertures of your acute understanding, they will disclose to your much reflecting and nice discriminating mind, as cruel and murderous a deed as ever a miscreant imagination suggested to a diabolically constructed and nefariously fashioned organization, showing that nature in her bland adaptiveness never imposes a mistaken fruit on a genuine arborescence."

"Do you understand him?" asked she.

"Partly, perhaps," continued he. "Let us have the subject.—'Not to weary your exalted and never enough to be esteemed intelligence, I will proceed without further ambiguities or circumgyratory evolutions, to the main body of my allegation. It happened in this way. Charley—your venerated worship knows who I mean—Charley, ever deep in marmorial pursuits, and far progressed in sculptorial excellence, with a genius that Phidias, if he did not envy, would esteem—'

"Really I cannot go on with these interminable parentheses," said she. "You must decypher them yourself."

Upton took the letter, and read it, at first hastily, and then recommending, with more of care and attention, occasionally stopping to reflect and consider the details. "This is likely to be a troublesome business," said he. "This boy has got himself in a considerable scrape. Love and a duel are bad enough; but an Austrian state prison, and a sentence of twenty years in irons, are even worse. So far as I can make out from my not

over lucid correspondent, he had conceived a violent affection for a young lady at Massa, to whose favour a young Austrian of high rank at the same time pretended.

"Wahnsdorf, I'm certain," broke in the Princess—"and the girl, that Mademoiselle ——"

"Harley," interposed Sir Horace.

"Just so—Harley—pray go on," said she, eagerly.

"A very serious altercation and a duel were the consequences of this rivalry, and Wahnsdorf has been dangerously wounded; his life is still in peril. The Harleys have been sent out of the country, and my unlucky protégé, handed over to the Austrians, has been tried, condemned, and sentenced to twenty years in Kuffstein, a Tyrol fortress where great severity is practised; from the neighborhood of which this letter is written, entreating my speedy interference and protection.

"What can you do? It is not even within your jurisdiction," said she, carelessly.

"True, nor was the capture by the Austrians within theirs, Princess. It is a case where assuredly everybody was in the wrong, and therefore admirably adapted for nice negotiation."

"Who and what is the youth?"

"I have called him a protégé."

"Has he no more tender claim to the affectionate solicitude of Sir Horace Upton?" said she, with an easy air of sarcasm.

"None, on my honor," said he eagerly. "None at least of the kind you infer. His is a very sad story, which I'll tell you about at another time. For the present I may say that he is English, and as such must be protected by the English authorities. The government of Massa have clearly committed a great fault in handing him over to the Austrians. Stubber must be brought to book for this, in the first instance. By this we shall obtain a perfect insight into the whole affair."

"The Imperial family will never forgive an insult offered to one of their own blood," said the Princess, haughtily.

"We shall not ask them to forgive anything, my dear Princess. We shall only prevent their natural feelings betraying them into an act of injustice. The boy's offence, whatever

it was, occurred outside the frontier, as I apprehend."

"How delighted you English are when you can convert an individual case into an international question. You would at any moment sacrifice an ancient alliance to the trumpety claim of an aggrieved tourist!" said she, rising angrily, and swept out of the room ere Sir Horace could arise to open the door for her.

Upton walked slowly to the chimney and rung the bell. "I shall want the caleche and post-horses at eight o'clock, Antoine. Put up such things for me, and get all my furs ready." And with this he measured forty drops from a small phial carried in his waistcoat pocket, and sat down to pare his nails with very diminutive penknife.

FERGUSON'S NORTHMEN IN CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND.*

This is a volume of very considerable interest, and though it may be described as almost growing out of an accident, well deserves careful perusal. The example of Lord Carlisle and other eminent men has led to the delivery of lectures at Mechanics' Institutes, and called into active authorship a number of educated men, who, under other circumstances, would probably have pursued such studies as their taste suggested, without being led to communicate to the public the result of their investigations. When, however, an essay has been read aloud to a large assembly, when it has been the subject of discussion, and its several statements been impeached or vindicated in local circles, it seems next to impossible for the writer not to wish for a larger audience; and thus it is that within the last three or four years essays read at Mechanics' Institutes have been published, and promise in some cases to make valuable additions to our permanent literature.

The president of the Mechanics' Institute at Carlisle is Mr. Ferguson, one of the members of parliament for that city. This rendered it necessary for his family to do whatever lay in their power to assist the institution; and among the distinguished persons who, from time to time, have lectured there, were his sons. The volume before us has grown out of one of these lectures.

His first thought was to do little more than select from Mr. Worsaae's "Danes and Norwegians in England,"

such leading facts as might be supposed most interesting to a Cumberland audience. The study of the subject led him, however, to conclusions not inconsistent with Mr. Worsaae's, but which are properly his own. Mr. Ferguson has satisfied himself that a considerable portion of the population of Cumberland and Westmoreland has arisen from immigration more peculiarly Norwegian, proceeding from the western side of the island. Hitherto antiquarians were contented with referring to the invasion of Cumberland in 875 from Lincolnshire and Yorkshire. Mr. Ferguson's object is to show that the principal part of the Scandinavian colonization in Cumberland and Westmoreland did not proceed from this source—which was proper Danish, as distinguished from Norwegian—but that it was Norwegian and must have occurred a century later.

In Lincolnshire and Yorkshire the names of places are *Danish* in Cumberland and Westmoreland *Norwegian*—pointing to another and distinct immigration. Neither does it appear that such immigration was from the Scottish side; for, "notwithstanding the strong Scandinavian element to be found in the language of Scotland and the character of the lowland Scots, the number of Scandinavian names of places is comparatively small, and of those the most strongly marked are to be found along the Cumberland border, gradually diminishing as we advance

* *The Northmen in Cumberland and Westmoreland*; by Robert Ferguson. London: Macmillan and Co. 1856.

ther into the interior of Scotland." Whatever Scandinavian element exists in the general language of Scotland is of earlier date. Along the Scottish border Mr. Ferguson states there is plainly to be seen the tide-mark of a more recent immigration proceeding from Cumberland, or from the shore of the Solway.

This more recent immigration Mr. Ferguson regards as Norwegian; and describes it "as a stream which, descending from the north of Scotland, swept the western side of the island, and fixed its head-quarters in the Isle of Man:—"

That the occupation of an island such as that of Man would be the final object of what was evidently a powerful stream is hardly to be supposed, and we find accordingly that they made energetic attempts, attended with considerable success, to obtain a footing on the shore of Ireland. We find that, evidently masters of the sea, they took possession of most of the small islands both along the Scottish and English coasts, and succeeded in some instances in making small settlements upon the main land. One of the principal of these appears to have been in Pembroke-shire, and chiefly about Milford Haven, in the vicinity of that magnificent arm of the sea which runs up, like a Norwegian fjord, into the land. We find here a number of Scandinavian names of places, and moreover bearing, as it seems to me, a considerable resemblance to those of Cumberland.

We can scarcely suppose then that the nearest part of England, the coast of Cumberland, would remain long unattempted by a brave and adventurous people, eager to obtain a settlement, and having a strong entrepot within a short distance from its shores. It is then from this quarter that I suppose the Norwegian settlers of Cumberland and Westmoreland to have been derived, and assuming their Norwegian character to be satisfactorily established, it is only from this quarter that they could have been derived.

Of such immigration there is no mention in English chroniclers; but Snorro Sturleson mentions Cumberland and Wales among the countries visited by the Norwegian sea-rover, Olaf. Olaf was born in 970, and came to the throne of Norway in 995. His warlike expeditions must have been in the interval. Mr. Ferguson thinks, from other circumstances, about 990. This was about the same period that the Icelanders discovered Greenland.

The ancient inhabitants of British descent were still lingering in the

mountains of Cumberland when this immigration took place. What became, asks Mr. Ferguson, of this ancient race? There is no vestige of a Celtic origin in the characteristics, physical or moral, of the present inhabitants of the district. The names of some of the mountain heights are, or seem to be, Celtic. This alone speaks of a people past utterly away. The Welsh writers assert that the Cumberland Britons, distracted by the continual incursions of Danes, Saxons, and Scots, migrated to Wales. Of the insecurity of the district we may judge from the fact that Carlisle, destroyed by the Danes in 875, was not rebuilt till the time of William Rufus. The last record of the Cumberland Britons is their conquest in 943, by the Saxon Edmund; when our author, adopting the view which has been advocated by Pinkerton, thinks it probable that the remnant of the Britons migrated to Wales.

Mr. Ferguson supposes Cumberland almost without inhabitants from the causes we have indicated, when the Norwegians, already possessed of the Isle of Man, were led to make a settlement there:—

Even supposing that they had not to make their way with the sword, they had a wild and an untamed country to encounter, and it would be with much toil and not a little endurance that a subsistence would be won from the dense forests and the rocky mountains of their new home. But they came from a country wilder and poorer still, where they had long been inured to both. The district of the Telleinark, so magnificent and so desolate—the mountains of the Hardanger, a name signifying, in the expressive language of the Old Norse, "a place of hunger and poverty"—were among the districts from which I suppose these Northern emigrants to have proceeded. And how these stout colonists cleared for themselves homes amid the forest, and gathered tribute from the mountain side, and how they protected the fruit of their industry with fences and walls—the "thwaites," and the "seats," and the "garths" of Cumberland will tell.

As to the period over which the Norwegian colonization extended—the work may have been rapidly consummated, or it may have proceeded gradually and at intervals. It may have been that the last settlers were received when, as the Norwegian power declined in Man, the Northmen deserted the soil which they could no longer hold in subjection, for the shores where their countrymen were in stronger force; while, on the other hand, the Britons, such of them as might

he left, would naturally be disposed to emigrate to Man. Thus an interchange of population would take place till the Isle, once the stronghold of the Norwegian power, would become, as it is at present, in possession of a Celtic race, and the ancient British kingdom of Cumberland become the exclusive territory of the Northmen.

There are faint traditions in the district of the Danes—as all Scandinavians are called—traditions too faint to build almost anything on them; still, as far they go, they do something to confirm Mr. Ferguson's theory. The names of the villages, Ulfbý, Melmerby, and Thorkillby, are said to be derived from the names of three sons of a Dane by whom the villages were built. Near Devocke Water the remains of a Danish village are shown:—

Another tradition refers to the origin of the breed of sheep called the Herdwick, which is peculiar to the mountains of the lake district. The particular characteristics of this breed are grey faces, absence of horns, diminutive size, and remarkable powers of endurance. The farmers of the district, having a common right of mountain pasturage, are in the habit—perhaps anything but a judicious one—of putting on each as many sheep as ever he can get. The result of the arrangement is, that any breed less hardy than this would infallibly be starved—hence the value attached in this part of the country to the Herdwick sheep. I have, however, been assured by farmers of the district that, independently of any such consideration, the Herdwick is the breed which has been found, as the result of experiment, to be the most generally adapted to the mountain country of Cumberland and Westmoreland. The tradition of the county asserts this breed to have been originally introduced by means of a Danish vessel shipwrecked on the coast. Now we have here an evident impression of the northern origin of these sheep; and the story of the shipwrecked vessel, as a means of accounting for its importation, would be a natural addition to the legend when the fact of an actual immigration from the North had been forgotten. If indeed any of the Northern invaders brought property with them into the country, it is certainly very different to the idea generally entertained of the old sea-kings. But a breed like this, the merits of which were summed up by the local Secretary to the Royal Agricultural Society's exhibition held at Carlisle, in the remark that it would “stand starving better than any other sort,” might well be supposed to have come from “a place of hunger and poverty.”

In favour of Mr. Ferguson's theory

is the fact, that the nomenclature in Cumberland seems framed on the same principle as in Iceland; the colonies in this particular differing from the parent country. In Iceland the names of places are taken from those of persons. This, as Mr. Ferguson shows, is also the case in Cumberland. A curious circumstance is also mentioned, that some of the most characteristic of the names of the Lake district and those of most frequent occurrence in the south of Norway do not exist in the north of Norway. This seems to point out the south of Norway as the particular part from which the Cumbrian settlers are derived.

Such is the general outline of Mr. Ferguson's argument. The difficulty of sustaining it is serious, from the resemblances between the several northern languages. To do anything, he must not only show that a word is Norwegian, but that it is not Saxon or Danish. And it is to be remembered that at the early period to which this investigation relates, the population of the north of Europe, as far as can be ascertained, used a common language. Mr. Laing asserts that they used a common tongue. This may not be in strictness true—there could not, however, have been such marked distinctions as the intervening centuries have produced; and to say that a word was Norwegian rather than Danish or Swedish in the tenth century, because it is now spelled or pronounced in England so as to recall the present Norwegian form of the same word, rather than the appearance or the sound it assumes in what since the tenth century have become distinct languages, is rather hazardous. Absolute evidence, either etymological or of any other kind, Mr. Ferguson can have none. A high degree of probability is all that can be expected, and it requires in a reader more fairness of mind than can be ordinarily reckoned upon, to give due attention to an argument, the force of which does not depend upon any one fact, but on an accumulation of many, all tending in one direction. We incline to agree with Mr. Ferguson's general view, while we think it exceedingly probable that many of the derivations which he gives of the names of person and place are, to say the least, doubtful, and some are such that we

cannot but imagine him, while he reads his lecture, indulging in a grave smile. At Thursby, we are told that at one time there was a temple containing an image of Thor; and this is relied on as leading us to think of the Norwegians rather than the Danes or Swedes, as Thor was the god of the Norwegians, Odin of the Danes, and Frey of the Swedes. We had been in the habit of regarding them all as belonging to the same system of mythology, and cannot agree with Mr. Ferguson, that even the strongest proof that at Thursby there once was what was called an image of Thor, would do anything to aid him in establishing the point of that neighbourhood having been at some former time colonized by Norwegians rather than by Danes. Our only knowledge of the mythology of the northern nations is from Christian sources, and it is really very slight. It is sufficient, however, to enable us to say that the Anglo-Saxons had the same system, were worshippers of the same deities, and to make it always a doubtful thing whether names of person or of place in which those names occur, unaccompanied with something that fixes them to Scandinavia, may not be Anglo-Saxon. There is no saga whatever that dates as early as the period which Mr. Ferguson assumes as that of the Norwegian colonization of Cumberland and Westmoreland—none that dates for some centuries later, though embodying earlier oral traditions. It is probable that the very first authentic account of the religion of these people is that found in Adam of Bremen's writings, about the time Christianity was introduced into Sweden (A.D. 1064), in which he describes the temple at Upsala, where it would appear that there were images of Thor, Odin, and Frey.

We give another of Mr. Ferguson's pieces of evidence:—

Not far from Appleby is a village called Hoff, situated in the manor of the same name, another place near it being called Hoff Row, and the adjoining common, now inclosed, being called Hoff Common. This name is from Old Norse *hof*, a temple, of which it has originally been the site; and an extensive wood, in which is situated the residence of the proprietor, is still called Hoff Lund, "the temple grove," from Old Norse *lundr*, a grove. When we read the following account

from Mallet's Northern Antiquities, of the proceedings of the Norwegians on taking possession of Iceland, we cannot fail to be struck with the manner in which, after the lapse of so many centuries, this manor still retains the distinguishing marks bestowed by its original possessor:—"When a chieftain had taken possession of a district, he allotted to each of the freemen who accompanied him a certain portion of land, erected a temple (*hof*), and became, as he had been in Norway, the chief, the pontiff, and the judge of the herad. Such a chieftain was called a *Godi* or *Hofgodi*, and all to whom he had allotted land were bound to accompany him on his journeys, and to pay a tax for the support of the temple." Here then, in this manor of Hoff, we seem to have the original district taken possession of by a Northern settler, and in the midst of it the sacred grove, still called by its ancient name, in which stood the temple he erected, and by its side the dwelling of himself, the officiating priest, where still stands the residence of the proprietor, "Hoff Lund House."

The names of several places in Cumberland and Westmoreland are adduced as rendering it probable that meetings for legislative and judicial purposes were held there—Tynwald, Portingscale, Legberthwaite, Moutay, and Caernote are instances of such names of places. Some of these words are as likely to be Saxon as Norse; some would be sworn to by Celtic scholars as the property of the ancient Britons. One fact of judicial or legislative assemblies having ever been held there would be worth a thousand inferences from doubtful etymologies. This seems to have been felt by Mr. Ferguson, but tradition is silent. Something, however, there is in the following considerations:—

It would seem probable that the proceedings held at these places terminated with games or sports, of which we may have a relic in the races still held, or till lately held here—the course being from the bottom of one of two mote-hills to the top of the other.

We have a curious record of one of the judicial proceedings of the Northmen—and sufficiently corroborative of the disorderly character which history accords to it—in our word "*durdein*," or "*durdum*," common also to some part of Yorkshire, signifying a tumult or uproar. I take this word to be from Old Norse *dyradómur*, a "door-doom," thus explained by Mallett. "In the early part of the (Icelandic) commonwealth, when a man was suspected of theft, a kind of tribunal composed of twelve persons named by him, and twelve by the person whose goods had been stolen, was instituted before the

door of his dwelling, and hence called a door-doom; but as this manner of proceeding generally ended in bloodshed, it was abolished." Hence the word might very naturally become synonymous with the tumult and uproar which, it appears, generally characterized these proceedings.

A word very like this of "dur-drum" or "door-doom" exists in the spoken Irish, which makes us distrust Mr. Ferguson's derivation.

The names of the residences and settlements of the Northmen are next investigated, and they give considerable help; in fact, in this is the strength of the case.

Our author first considers those which indicate possession or location.

Of these there are in the district which is the subject of inquiry the following:—

A—Land—Earth—Thwaite—Riding—Side—Skew—Ray.

A (which, we are told, means possession) often occurs in connection with what we know to be the owner's name:—as *Ufa, Craika, Breada*. In Iceland it would appear that the word is used alone in the meaning of farm. *Land* is a word equally Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian. Little therefore can be deduced from its occurrence in compound names; still it would seem to be most often associated with words properly Norwegian, and the names of places in which it occurs are also found in Norway. *Earth*, in the sense of a farm or estate, is Scandinavian, and occurs in the Lake country in this meaning, as in the case of Hawke's Earth. *Thwaite*, (NORWEGIAN *Thveit*, DANISH *Tved*), meaning "a piece of land cleared in a forest," occurs most frequently in Cumberland, is also very common in Westmoreland, becomes infrequent as we advance into Yorkshire, and ceases altogether in the more purely Danish district of Lincolnshire. "In the Norwegian districts of the north of Scotland it is unknown;" "but for this," adds Mr. Ferguson, "we must seek an explanation in Norway itself, and there we find it confined to a particular district—viz., the southwest of the peninsula, where it is exceedingly common, while in the south it is altogether wanting." The former is the district from which Mr. Ferguson would bring the Cumbrian colonists. The names in which *Thwaite* enters

as a part of the compound are in general formed by some word properly—often peculiarly—Scandinavian being prefixed to it, and as in the case of the names compounded with the affix *land*, the same names of places are found in the Lake districts of England and the southwest of Norway. *Side* means a settlement—what the Americans call a *location*. It is in general used as an affix to a proper name, that name seeming most often to be a Norwegian one. Words indicating the natural boundaries of property, rivers, rocks, hills, small ravines called gills (*gills* in the old Norse) occur everywhere, and always in composition with what are known to be proper names of men. Names of places are in the same way formed by the use of Norse words, signifying artificial boundaries of one kind or other united to the names of Northmen who may be supposed to have been the original colonists. "Throughout the plain of Cumberland and Westmoreland the Saxon *Ton* and *Ham* freely mingle with the Scandinavian *By*; both the former, however, are Scandinavian as well as Saxon." "Of names more purely Saxon, such as *Worth—Ford*—so common in the south of England, we have scarcely an example." Ravensworth in Westmoreland would seem to be one, but curiously enough it is always called Ravenside by the people of the district.

Grain, Band, and Mel are terms expressing boundary or division. All are used in the Lake district, either separately or in composition with names which seem to be properly Norwegian.

Our author next examines the names of the dwellings of his supposed Northmen—villages, towns, and isolated habitations in the valleys or upon the mountains. "The most common Scandinavian term for a village or collection of houses, taking the district generally, is *by*."

This does nothing for the Norwegian theory; it is rather against it, as more properly Danish than Norwegian. Mr. Ferguson supposes it to have been introduced into the district at an earlier period than that of his imagined Norwegian colonization, and at a time when the district was overrun by Northumbrian Danes. The word, however, is not unknown

in Norway. The absence of words properly Danish leads Mr. Ferguson to think that the incursions of the Northumbrian Danes had little to say to the permanent population of the district. *Thorp* is one of these words. In Denmark it everywhere occurs—scarce ever in Norway or the Norwegian settlements. In Cumberland there is no instance of its use; in Westmoreland but very few. "The word seems to be one which marks by its absence the Norwegian character of the district."

An interesting part of Mr. Ferguson's book is his account of the names of places in the Lake country, derived from their having been the last resting places of the Northmen. The evidence is little more than what the names themselves afford, united with the facts that the Northmen, whether Danes, Swedes, or Norwegians, all entertained the desire that the place of their sepulchre should be high and unenclosed, and visible to all who travelled by land or by sea. "*Hoddbarrow*," the grave of Oddi over the Duddon, and "*Silverhow*," where an old Viking of the name of *Sölvar* reposes, are such graves as the Northmen of old would have selected, and the names indicate that there they repose. *Holborn-hill* is substituted in modern language for *Holborn-how*. The name in the Lake country is thought to express the sepulchral mound for an old Viking. Is this the derivation of the *Holborn-hill* of London? How strange a burial-place! Is this the "desolate place" that some old Northman directed to be heaped up for him?

The pile of stones often found on the tops of mountains in the Lake district called a "*raise*." This we are told is a Norse word—the British or Celtic would be "*cairn*." The burial-place of the last British king of Cumberland is called *Dunmail-raise*. This, Mr. Ferguson says, arises from the Northmen giving the names, which their own language supplied, to all sepulchral monuments found by them.

The fourth chapter of Mr. Ferguson's book is entitled "*Runic Inscriptions*;" these are, for the most part, on grave-stones, and supply little or nothing in aid of his argument; where decypherable, it would appear that they are Anglo-Saxon. The

name of a Dane or Norwegian would seem to have been found on one lately by the persons engaged in the restoration of Carlisle cathedral; but the persons who have examined the stone are not agreed as to its meaning, or even as to what the letters of the inscription are.

On Mr. Ferguson's theory, the Northern colonists entered by the west side of England, and he finds strong confirmation of his theory in the fact, that there are few of the mountains which bear British names, or names purely Anglo-Saxon. He gives a great many instances of the names being identical with those in Norway. *Bleafell*, *Dunfell*, &c., of the English Lake district are the same words as *Bleafjeld*, *Dunfjeld*, &c., of Norway. The names of lakes and rivers in the same way are common to both districts.

Some eighty names of places are examined, and prove to be Scandinavian—many to be purely Norwegian. There are many readers who will be more struck with the following peculiarity than with anything that can be deduced from particular words:—

A peculiar manner of combining a number of words together may be remarked upon as prevalent both in this district and in Norway. Thus in *Scalthwaiterigg* Gate in Westmoreland we have a string of four words signifying "the road to the log-house in the cleared ground upon the ridge." So in Norway, *Viknesholmer*, "the islands in the bay beside the promontory," *Myrkkaddal*, "the dark and cold valley," &c. The same peculiarity is still to be found in the dialect of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

A list is given of one hundred and fifty names of families existing, most of them from time immemorial, in the Lake district, which are either identical with or scarcely changed from Scandinavian names; two-thirds of these are Norwegian, not Danish or Swedish names, and the rest are, we believe, common to all the Scandinavian kingdoms. Our author regards the Scandinavian names as having gradually diminished, owing to the interchange of population going on through all parts of the empire, and in earlier days owing to the new names taken in baptism, by which would most often be lost such names as were connected with the old Northern mythology. The families

called from Thor or Odin would be disposed to exhibit the sincerity with which they adopted Christianity by renouncing such names.

An interesting section of the work before us is that in which the characteristics, manners, and customs of the Cumbrians are discussed. The resemblance which in many respects they bear to the Norwegians is very striking. The natives of the mountain country—the Fell-siders, as they are called (the word "Fell-siders" is itself Scandinavian)—are decidedly a taller race than the rest of England.

"In England to this day," observes Sir E. B. Lytton in his romance of Harold, "the descendants of the Anglo-Danes in Cumberland and Yorkshire are taller and bonier than those of the Anglo-Saxons as in Surrey and Sussex." But there is some difference between the natives of Cumberland and those of Yorkshire—the former, though equally firmly knit, being of a less burly build than the inhabitants of the more purely Danish district, and in that respect more nearly resembling the Norwegians. As the people of Norway are remarkable for the lightness of the hair, particularly in childhood, so I think that any one who has travelled much in Cumberland could scarcely fail to be struck with the groups of white-haired children which every where met him in the villages, particularly among the mountains. Upon the whole, though the general resemblance of the Teutonic race does not render any of the minuter shades of difference so readily perceptible, it seems to me, so far as I am qualified to judge, that there is a certain distinguishable resemblance between the peasantry of Norway and that of our mountain district.

The resolute independence of character which has been ascribed to the parts of England and Scotland originally peopled by the Danes—Yorkshire, Norfolk, Cumberland, and large districts in the Scottish lowlands—our author has no hesitation in attributing to the existence of a class of landed proprietors called in the localities where they are found "statesmen," or estates-men. They are absolute owners of the land which they cultivate—it is worked by their own hands, and they are not classed with the gentry or in any way above the farmers of other people's land. Still the feeling of absolute ownership carries with it the thought of independence, and secures some of its many virtues. The colonization of

Iceland was of a character highly aristocratic. It was conducted by pontiff-chieftains; the expense was considerable, as the leaders of the expedition had to provide everything for the colonists—provisions, winter stores, live stock, and even the timber for their dwellings. Mr. Ferguson thinks that in the colonization of Cumberland—which, no doubt, was of a less formal character—the majority of the settlers were of the class called in Norway Odalsmen, a word indicating absolute ownership, and which he thinks may not impossibly be disguised in the word "Dalesmen," as this class of men are called in the mountain districts of this part of England. Other derivations will, of course, at once suggest themselves for the word "dalesman" to those inclined to dispute Mr. Ferguson's theory, but while we think him very probably right in his account of the word, it is not to be forgotten that his view does not in any degree rest upon this. The odal or udal or adel man—for in every imaginable way is the word spelt, and sought to be explained, too, on several not very consistent suppositions—held his property in absolute right. He was a peasant, for he cultivated the land with his own hands. It was not more than would support himself and his family. It could not do this and also support a slave. It would require a richer soil or more of it to do this; still less did it give surplus produce enough to make it possible to support, in addition to the cultivators, an order of nobility. The land of the odals-man was originally inalienable, and when the relations of modern society varied this, the "odal-born" was still allowed to redeem the inheritance of his family. The land was transmitted to the inheritors, whether children or more remote relatives, in equal shares, so that these small estates became each day smaller. This led to perpetual emigration, or to making the sea the home of those for whom the land was too narrow. In Norway there was no order of nobility, nor could there be from the cause we have indicated. This compelled direct communication between the sovereign and odalsmen. The king, if not elected by them, could not yet enter upon his office till recognized by them. Assume the same class in England, their relative posi-

tion is at once changed by the mere fact of other orders of society existing; and the odalsman becomes the Cumbrian statesman.

In Norway the greater part of the soil is in the hands of proprietors of from two to three hundred acres, as in Cumberland in the days of the "statesmen," for we fear that this class of proprietors is passing away; and in both countries the same independent spirit existed or was supposed to exist. In both countries there was coldness and reserve of manner; an unfavourable critic would call it churlishness. The caution and shrewdness supposed to distinguish the Yorkshireman, the Cumbrian, and the Scot, is referred to Scandinavian blood. This, too, is expressed by what is a Norse word, slightly changed in intonation—"canny"—the precise meaning of which it is not easy to fix, as we are told of "a canny lass" and "a canny wet day" and "canny old Cumberland." The love of litigation is said to distinguish the Anglo-Danes or Anglo-Norwegians from all the other natives of England. This surely is fanciful.

The use of wheaten bread was, till of late, unknown or unfrequent in Cumberland. As in Scotland and in Ireland, oatmeal porridge was the food of the peasantry. We suspect that wherever wheat will not grow, or even where it does, and any thing cheaper than wheat can be purchased, it must be the food of the peasantry. We must exclude from the argument all that relates to food. What the peasantry eat in Cumberland at present cannot give the faintest help to us in ascertaining who their remote ancestors were. Something, however, may be gathered from the words by which they describe their food. "Cakes, made of barley, and called flat bread, similar to the *flad brod* of Norway, are still in general use. They are also known by the name of *scons*, a word which may probably be derived from old Norse, *scun*, a crust."

In their amusements there is some resemblance between the English Lakers and the Norwegians. Both are distinguished for their skill in wrestling; both retain what would seem some relic of the sword-dance,

and in the plays of children are still used some words unintelligible in the language of England, and the meaning of which is supplied by the old Norse. In the local dialects of Cumberland and Westmoreland there is mingled a Scandinavian element in very large proportions, which distinguishes it from the general language of England. An exceedingly valuable part of this book is a glossary of Cumberland and Westmoreland words used in the every-day familiar language of the people, of Anglo-Saxon or Scandinavian origin. Whatever be the fate of Mr. Ferguson's speculations as to the people who may have colonized Cumberland in the ninth or tenth century (and we think his theory one exceedingly probable), there can be no doubt of the importance of the glossarial part of the book to every etymologist.

Till of late years the disposition was to attach but little importance to the Danish invasions of England. They were regarded as storms, which, when they had passed over, left no trace. Mr. Worsaae's book has probably been one of the chief works which has led to a different estimate of their importance. Both he and Mr. Ferguson are disposed to trace the dauntless seamanship of England to the inherited "salt blood" of the old sea-rovers. Worsaae has observed that Nelson is a Scandinavian name, and that Lord Nelson was sprung from one of the English counties peopled by the Danes. Mr. Ferguson finds Blake and Rodney in the Blaka and Hrodny of the Scandinavian Vikings. This is not improbable, though other accounts are given of two at least of the names.

Mr. Ferguson says:—

It might be curious to speculate further on the northern origin of names. We might ask whether the well-known Dick Turpin¹ was not a genuine descendant of one of the Yorkshire vikings—whether Thurtell,² the treacherous murderer of his friend, did not preserve the worst form of Scandinavian ferocity. But though a characteristic trait seems sometimes to start up like a family likeness after many generations,—Saxon and Dane have long been blended into one people, and in many and varied spheres the descendants of the Northmen have obtained renown.

(1) *Thorp*.—(2) *Thortill*.

Arnold¹ and Tait² have successively developed the intelligence of the youth of England—Anderson³ and Rolfe⁴ maintain the dignity of the British bench—Brodie⁵ has taken off his limbs with a difference to humanity—Uring⁶ is famed for lace—and Gunter⁷ presides peaceably over wedding breakfasts. The descendants of Northern Skalds seem to have found a congenial occupation in bookselling, for among our most eminent publishers, viz., Cadell,⁸ Colboyn,⁹ Hall,¹⁰ Orme,¹¹ and Tait, bear names of Scandinavian origin. "At this moment," writes a noble lecturer on the subject,¹² "some sturdy Haavard (Howard), the proprietor of a sixty-acre farm, but sprung from that stock the nobility of whose blood is become proverbial, may be successfully opposing some trifling tax at Drontheim, while an illustrious kinsman of his house is the representative of England's majesty at Dublin."

Mr. Ferguson suggests that a name pretty familiar in Ireland, and not unheard of in other countries, may be Scandinavian. "Connell is a family name in some of the English districts peopled by Danes or Norwegians, and the respective prefixes 'O' and 'Mac' might indicate a cross between the natives and the Northern settlers."

The lecturer from whom Mr. Ferguson quotes is Lord Dufferin, who in January last read at Belfast a very interesting paper on Northern Antiquities, which ought to be published in some more permanent form than the local journals. In the course of the lecture he read two poems of great beauty and power, one suggested to him by Sturleson's account of King Haco's death. The king receives his death wound as he is cutting down the colours of the foe. He commands his followers to lay him beside the bodies of his dead companions and the spoils of the battle-field, and then, having set fire to the vessel, to leave him to his fate. "The wind was blowing off the land. The ship flew, burning in clear flames, out between the islets and into the ocean." The other poem is on the destruction of West Greenland, and is called by its author "a kind of ballad, which was

composed in the very waters where the occurrences which it describes took place."

We wish that Lord Dufferin would publish these poems.

We have read Mr. Ferguson's book with great pleasure, and are all but convinced that an incursion, and, probably, a peaceful colonization of Cumberland and Westmoreland, distinct from any incursion of the Northmen from Northumberland, took place at the time he has indicated, on the west coast of England. To this extent we think his arguments approaches demonstration. That this colonization was of Norwegians rather than of other branches of the Scandinavian family, we regard as doubtful; thinking it is dangerous to draw any very strong inferences from the existing distinctions between languages so closely allied, and which we incline to believe were more nearly one at the period to which Mr. Ferguson's investigation refers. Still even here the probabilities are with him, and we feel that essential service is done to our literature by a work which seeks to bring into distinct light questions of the deepest interest, whether considered ethnologically or with reference to their actual effect on society. It is not unimportant to the individual nor to society to think of the past. While Imagination governs us to the extent which it does in all circumstances in which Man can be placed, it must be important to the individual to feel from what source his blood has sprung. These old sea-kings and vikings of the North in their day did much to regenerate dead Europe. The people who for more than three hundred years were kings of Northumberland, and who for a considerable time were kings of England, who, after the Norman conquest, retained possession of Northumberland, Westmoreland, Cumberland, and part of Lancashire, (which are omitted in Domesday-book as not belonging to England) are surely not to be for-

(1) *Arnaldr*.—"Old eagle?"—(2) *Teitr*.—(3) *Haldorsen*.—(4) *Ilrolfr*, mighty. (5) *Brodri*, perhaps from *broddr*, a spear, dart, goad, anything sharp, a lance. —(6) *Erlingr*, industrious.—(7) *Gunter*, from *gunn*, battle.—(8) *Kadall*.—(9) *Kolbiorn*, *Kollr*, helmeted, and *barn*, a child.—(10) *Hallr*—*haltr*, a flint?—rather *halr*, "vir liber et liberalis."—(11) *Omr*, a serpent—the Old Eng. worm.—(12) Lecture on "The Northmen," by Lord Dufferin.

gotten when we think of the ancestors of existing England. We think of them, too, when we think of the past, and when we look to the future we trust that something of what has been called the "salt blood" of the North shall not be wanting to us.

In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible knights of old :
We must be free or die who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake ; the faith and
morals hold
Which Milton held. In everything we are
sprung
Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

We think it not improbable that there may be local traditions in the Lake country supporting Mr. Ferguson's view. Among Wordsworth's

poems is one singularly wild and fanciful, which refers to a popular belief in one of the mountain valleys :—

In this smooth and open dell
There is a tempest-stricken tree ;
A corner-stone by lightning cut,
The last stone of a cottage hut ;
And in this dell you see
A thing no storm can e'er destroy,
The shadow of a Danish boy.

Many readers will thank us for referring to the poem. In the edition of his poems before us it is entitled, "Fragment," and classed with what he calls poems of the fancy. Nothing that he has written has to us a greater charm :—

The Danish boy walks here alone,
The lovely dell is all his own.

CÆSAR.

BY THOMAS IRWIN.

I.

Within the dim Museum room,
Mid dusty marbles, drownd in light,
Black Indian idols, deep-sea bones,
Gods, nymphs, and uncouth skeletons,
One Statua of stately height
Shines from an old nook's shifting gloom.

II.

Mark well : as from a turret tall
Droops some victorious flag, the wreath
Of conquest tops him ; keenly nigh
Gleams the worn cheek and falcon eye,
Whose fixed spirit flames beneath
That bony crown pyramidal.

III.

'Tis he whose name around the earth
Has rolled in History's echoing dreams ;
An antique shape of Destiny,
A soul demoniac, born to be
A king or nothing ;—moulded forth
From giant nature's fierce extremes.

IV.

His was a policy like fate,
That shapes to-day for future hours ;
The sov'reign foresight his to draw
From crude events their settled law,
To learn the soul, and turn the weight
Of human passions into powers.

V.

His was the mathematic might
 That moulds results from men and things ;
 The eye that pierces at a glance,
 The will that wields all circumstance,
 The star-like soul of force and light,
 That moves etern on tireless wings.

VI.

Keen as some star's magnetic rays,
 His judgment subtle and sublime
 Unlocked the wards of every brain,
 Till, clothed in gathered might amain,
 Scorning the inferior Destinies,
 He burst the palace gates of Time.

VII.

Bright, swift, resistless as the sun,
 He scorned the tract of traversed sky ;
 Though throned in empery supreme,
 Still held the mighty past a dream,
 Self-emulative, storming on
 To vaster fields of Victory.

VIII.

Thus upward ever, storm and shade
 Flew past, but till he reached the goal
 He paused not ; on one height intent,
 But from the clouds of blind event,
 That severed to his gaze, re-made
 The wings of his triumphant soul.

IX.

'Tis noon above the Tribune's Hall ;
 The white crowds choake each stately way.
 Who seeks the People's suffrage there ?—
 Hark to the cry that floods the air,
 Even to the pillared Capitol,
 " 'Tis Cæsar, Cæsar wins the day !"

X.

Now girt with bright centurioned bands,
 Along the verge of earth he trod,
 That Romeward he might cast in flame
 The reflex of his conquering fame ;
 Still worshipping 'mid ruined lands
 His Fate's imaginary god.

XI.

'Tis night within a realm of gloom ;
 The red moon from a sailless sea
 Looks with a face that seems to mourn
 O'er Rome's grey column of war forlorn,
 Caught in the current-clasp of doom,
 Girt by th' outnumbering enemy.

XII.

Deject with famine, march, and toil,
 The captains gather weak and wan ;
 And swoons upon the silence drear
 The broken mutterings of fear,
 And sounds along the barren soil
 The tramp of the Barbarian.

XIII.

But as the white electric storm
 Descends the upper air, and rolls
 Across the world the cloudy tracts,
 In tempests' spectral cataracts
 Of fire and rain—one fated Form
 Flames like a meteor on their souls.

XIV.

And o'er the currents of the war
 His spirit centres like a spell,
 Ruling the ruin wrought beneath,
 Cold as a minister of Death ;
 Cold as the lone and sovereign star
 That sways the shadowy surge of hell.

XV.

Though face to face with black despair
 Inexorably firm : 'till now
 Through cloven chasms of carnage rush
 His legions ; and the morning flush
 Gilds from the foeman's forest lair
 The blood of his exultant brow.

XVI.

The lightning blasts the harvest skies,
 The plague-sun burns in tropic ire,
 The earthquake rolls the mountains o'er,
 The trade-wind blows from shore to shore,
 The comet, splendouring as it flies,
 Drowns some great orb in flood or fire.

XVII.

And such was He, a sphere of powers
 Miraculously fused and cast
 Within grey Nature's mighty mould,
 That shapes the brains of fire and gold—
 Bright monarchs of the future hours,
 Colossal godheads of the past.

XVIII.

To break the rude, barbarian soil
 For use with battle's iron plough ;
 To sow mid showers of blood and tears
 Rich harvests for the rising years ;
 To yield the conquered spoil for spoil—
 The world's great Husbandman wert thou,

XIX.

Who toiled to blend the lands, and wing
 Their races through careers of Light,
 Till, compassing its radiant girth,
 The nations of united earth
 Might roll through heaven's expansure, bright
 And solid as great Saturn's Ring.

XX.

Oh, Spirit wrapped in ceaseless storm,
 Strange comrade thou of death and doom;
 Cementing still through sleepless strife,
 The crown of man's prospective life;
 Still brightening earth's regenerate form,
 Even in the shadow of the tomb.

XXI.

Created, cultured, known, and tried
 By One who shapes with unseen hand,
 All Being, from the insect grain
 Up to the gloried seraph brain,
 A destined spirit of command,
 True to thy star, thou'st lived and died :—

XXII.

And now, O meteor of the past,
 Thy memory spans the world of old,
 Thy footsteps fire the dust of Rome,
 Thy glory gilds the Egyptian gloom,
 And circling from the Orient gold,
 Strikes to the blue Atlantic vast.

XXIII.

High statued on thine Alp of Fame,
 From death's white snows thou lookest down
 Upon the conquered land and sea,
 An image of eternity ;—
 The rolling suns illumine thy crown,
 The world's great echoes voice thy name.

XXIV.

A name still brightening with the Age,
 That o'er the sombre catacombs
 Of havoc views along the skies
 The temples of the Future rise,
 Shrines of the hero, saint, and sage,
 That take the heaven on golden domes.

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH.*

THIS work has the advantage of being wanted. In his own day, Thomas Gainsborough achieved both fame and fashion. He has since kept his place in gallery and exhibition, as a master of English landscape and portraiture, through the progress of almost seventy years. Yet no modern artist has been less written about, though his age was that of Pilkington and Horace Walpole. The reading public have hitherto known as little of the man—how he lived, learned, and comforted himself, as if his subjects had been the fair and famous of Froissart's Chronicle. There seems to be a fate in matters of biography, whose favors are by no means equally distributed. Doubtless men's habits and characters have much to do with it, but all the whys and wherefores can never be traced out. Gainsborough was, till now, a notable instance of biographical neglect in this life-writing time. But the book before us fills the vacant niche, and merits a welcome alike from the lovers of art, and the readers of memoirs, for good intentions well executed.

Its author, the late Mr. Fulcher of Sudbury, Suffolk, was for many years mayor of that ancient burgh, and a respected member of "the trade," but more note-worthy for a love of letters in general, a volume of poems, and sundry prose compositions, known far beyond its rustic limits. His attention was naturally drawn to the traditions of his native town. Gainsborough had been born there, educated at the old-fashioned grammar-school which had disciplined and turned out the boys of many a generation; and as the task was left to him, Mr. Fulcher set about collecting notes and materials for a life of his celebrated townsman. A sudden death, from disease of the heart, on 19th June, 1855, cut short his literary labors. His only surviving son, however, took up the work, and has given the British public a small but handsome volume, containing as much information on Gainsborough's life, times, and works,

as a less painstaking biographer would have diluted into three post octavos. Cornersearchers, who have been lucky enough to stumble on a stray letter or anecdote, may indeed wonder "why Mr. Fulcher overlooked that." But let it be remembered that till his work appeared, twenty-eight pages in Allan Cunningham's *Lives of the Painters*, was the only authentic account of the celebrated artist.

As it is, this volume is one of unusual interest, abounding in curious anecdote, graphic description, and critical remarks, both original and collected. There is also appended a complete catalogue of Gainsborough's pictures, with notes touching their whereabouts, history, and sales, which artists and amateurs will value. Samples are, however, the best proof of quality. After relating that the artist was born in Sudbury, in the year 1727—birth-day not recorded—that his father was a member of the ancient woollen trade, which from Edward the Third's plantation of Flemings had flourished in that town—that his mother was a woman of more than common cultivation, who practised flower painting for her private amusement, and died early, the narrative offers this description of the little old town, as it appeared in his boyhood:—

Its then unpaved thoroughfares were at irregular intervals encroached upon by uncouth porches, ornamented with carvings still more uncouth, antediluvian monsters and zoology-defying griffins, whose antiquity was their only recommendation. Doubtless these curious figures often attracted the notice of the young painter on his way to school, and probably employed his earliest pencil. He told Thicknesse, his first patron, that there was not a picturesque clump of trees, nor even a single tree of any beauty, no, nor hedge-row, stem, or *post* in or around his native town, which was not from his earliest years treasured in his memory. * * * Whilst there was so much that was picturesque in the town of Sudbury, the surrounding country was not deficient in grace or beauty. The woodman's axe had not then thinned the old ancestral trees, nor had the railway broken in upon its rustic retirement. Constable,

* Life of Thomas Gainsborough, R.A., by the late George Williams Fulcher. Edited by his Son. London: Longman and Co. 1856.

amused amid the same scenery, dwells with lingering fondness on its gentle declivities, its luxuriant meadow-flats sprinkled with flocks and herds, its well cultivated uplands, its woods and rivers, with numerous scattered villages and churches, farms and picturesque cottages.

The second chapter is devoted to family history, and contains an amusing account of Gainsborough's brother John, familiarly known in Sudbury as 'Scheming Jack,' and, the author says, "more freshly remembered there than the Royal Academician with all his wide-spread celebrity." His schemes were of the mechanical order, and ranged from astronomical instruments to cradles that rocked themselves. The projector was always in want of money to complete his inventions, none of which were ever perfected, except a pair of iron wings. There is also an account of the steady brother, Humphry, who became a dissenting minister, settled at Henley-upon-Thames, studied mechanics in a less expensive but more practical fashion, and disputed, at least through his friends, the steam discoveries with Watt. Then come details of the Painter's boyhood—how he was inclined to play truant, very partial to holidays, in pursuit of which his father's handwriting was occasionally forged, and how his first painting was the portrait of a rustic depredator in the act of stripping a pear-tree. The delinquent was, it seems, brought to the stocks by that picture, and we are told, "his friends now began to think that something might be made of a lad possessing so true an eye and so ready a hand. Consultations were held, opinions canvassed, and his schoolmaster (seeing that Thomas had made such progress in his studies!) recommended his removal to London." Gainsborough at first tried engraving, and fifteen prints by his hand, hitherto unknown to biographers, are mentioned in a note. We are next introduced to his early master, Hayman, of whom it is said that "those who disputed his supremacy in matters of art, never questioned his ability to decide on the comparative merits of the boxers of Smithfield and Moorfields"—that "he occasionally introduced his pugilistic practices into the painting room, and engaged in an encounter with a sitter previous to the taking of his portrait." Such

an example could have no good effect on Gainsborough's youth and morals. The academy in St. Martin's Lane was also no school of improvement :—

Its members consisted for the most part of indifferent engravers, coach painters, scene painters, drapery painters—

Of men who might have made good jailors,
Nightmen, or tolerable tailors,

and who dogmatised on the subject of art, while they understood few of its principles.

With such knowledge as he could gather in this select academy, the painter, after four years absence, returned to his native town, where his probation was closed by marriage, and the lady is described as possessed of many charms, including a comfortable annuity and a mysterious parentage. The wedding was followed by a removal to Ipswich, as a wider and richer field. Here we are told how he rented a house at six pounds a year, followed his art chiefly by making studies and sketches, was expected to paint and glaze the mansion of a neighbouring squire, struck up an acquaintance with Joshua Kirby, who found him sketching on the banks of the Orwell, and got patronised by Philip Thicknesse, Lieutenant-Governor of Landguard Fort. Of this gentleman Mr. Falcher says :—

Descended from an ancient family and possessed of high connexions, these things only served to call attention to his follies and make his failings conspicuous. Handsome and insolent, a soldier and a bully, the father of a peer and a scandaliser of the nobility, he abused every privilege and neglected no opportunity of self injury. He had in a remarkable degree the faculty of lessening the number of his friends, and increasing the number of his enemies. He was perpetually imagining insult, and would sniff an injury from afar. Explanation, concession, apology, everything that would satisfy a gentleman would not satisfy Philip Thicknesse. Contention was essential to his existence. Presented with a commission in early life, almost the first use he made of it was to fight a duel. He obtained promotion, and libelled his superior officer. Imprisonment could not teach him wisdom, for at the expiration of the term of his confinement his liberty again served as a cloak for maliciousness. At length, having lost friends, health, and fortune, he could think of no better method of revenging himself on mankind than by publishing his biography, wherein his spites, his bickerings, his disap-

pointments, the ill-natured things he did, the mistakes he made, the worth he insulted, are recorded with a minuteness which his most malignant enemy might have envied. How he cured Lord Thurlow of bile, and quarrelled with him about payment; how he was entrusted with the care of two young ladies in France, and how he confined them in a convent because their dog made a meal of Mrs. Thicknesse's parrot; how he befriended an eminent actor in early life, and how ungrateful it was of him not to subscribe for a copy of the 'Memoirs'; how he was entrusted with some private letters of Lady Wortley Montague, and how Lord Erskine wheedled him out of the secret of their address; how he got himself into the Queen's Bench Prison, and how his release was hailed by the Scotchman who attempted to assassinate Wilkes, and by the veritable Cock Lane Ghost—all these things are told with a solemn gravity, expectant not merely of attention, but of sympathy, approval, and applause."

Extracts from another work of Thicknesse, for it seems he attempted to be Gainsborough's biographer as well as his own, are quoted. He asked the artist to sketch Landguard Fort, lent him an 'excellent fiddle,' believed in his merits, ever after hoisted his flag on that territory as the first discoverer, and ultimately advised a removal to Bath. The author remarks:—

No city in England, save the metropolis, then afforded a more advantageous sphere for a portrait painter. * * * Opulent loungers, ruined spendthrifts, and brainless beaux sought amidst its numberless gaieties to minister to their minds diseased, and cure themselves of ennui. Their tastes and habits, their vanities and foibles, their passions and intrigues, afforded ample scope for the satirist, and were soon to furnish subjects for the verse of Anstey, the dramas of Sheridan, and the novels of Madame D'Arblay.

Fortune smiled on the painter's settlement in that gay city. "His house," as a wit of the day said, "became *Gainsborough*." Charges were gradually raised from five to one hundred guineas, and in process of time pictures were sent to the London exhibitions. Half the celebrities of his day were painted by Gainsborough during his Bath residence. He satisfied the vanity of Quin, patronized, in the best sense, young Henderson, won the friendship of Garrick, and failed in a fancy portrait of Shakespeare. But, passing much of interest and amusement, we

select the following description of a picture justly celebrated as an example of combined landscape and portrait painting; it is the portrait of General Honeywood:—

Through a richly-wooded scene, wherrin the sturdy oak and silvery-barked birch are conspicuous, the soldier, mounted on a bay horse, appears to be passing. His scarlet dress contrasts finely with the mass of surrounding foliage. Nothing can be easier than his attitude, as with one hand he curbs in his charger, and with the other holds his sword, which seems to flash in the sunbeams. Gainsborough has painted no scabbard—an implied compliment, perchance, to the General's bravery.

The painter's devotion to the kindred yet contrasting art of music appears to have been ardent and constant. The excellent fiddle which Governor Thicknesse lent him was not the only instrument upon which he practised. We find him exchanging pictures for fine-toned violincellos, and sometimes for well-played airs. In the same fashion he repaid the friendly service of Wiltshire the carrier, whose genuine love of art was evinced by his conveying pictures free of all charge to the academy; and the details of this peculiar friendship are amongst the most edifying in the volume. Lastly came a quarrel with Governor Thicknesse, having its source somewhere between a viol-di-gamba and an unfinished portrait, and its terminus in the artist's removal to London.

Nearly thirty years had elapsed since Gainsborough left the studio of Hayman. His old master was still living, but had survived his friends and fame. Jervas and Hudson, Lambert and Wootton, were no longer the reigning artists; not to paint like Sir Godfrey Kneller was no longer criminal. The old race of artists had indeed passed away, and a new race had succeeded. From the back woods of America there had arisen one, who, realizing his boyish definition of a painter when his only preceptors were a tribe of wild Indians, had become a companion of kings and princes. From the town of Cork, nurtured among sailors, and acquiring his knowledge of the art under unexampled privations, there was now in London a young man producing historical designs not unworthy of the past. Already a contributor to British art, though but a student in Italy, was that wondrous Swiss, whose imagination loved to body forth the mysterious and the terrible. England might hope to found a school, when West, Barry, and Fuseli were

following in the track already struck out by Hogarth, by Wilson, and by Reynolds.

Gainsborough's London life was brief but brilliant. "Men eminent in the church, in the law, in the state; players, dramatists, sailors, naturalists—Pennant, Howe, Sheridan, Edwin, Burke, Skinner, Hurd, were among his sitters. He painted Blackstone and Clive, Paul Whitehead and Ignatius Sancho." Finally he rose to royal portraits, being patronized by George III., and there is an interesting anecdote of his court-days, given on no less authority than that of the Princess Augusta:—

One of the little princes died while Gainsborough was at Windsor, and the day after, as the king passed by the room in which the painter was employed, he saw him at work. The king desired a page to tell him to discontinue painting for the present. The page hesitated—the king repeated his command. "When your Majesty knows what Mr. Gainsborough is doing, I am sure—" The king understood him—Gainsborough was making a portrait of the dead child.

These shining times were varied by the elopement of one of his daughters with the notable but unsteady musician, Fischer, by comments from Peter Pindar, and a dispute with Sir Joshua Reynolds about cold colours, which brought forth the famous *Blue Boy*. It also appears that the landscapes on which Gainsborough's fame now chiefly rests were labours of love rather than of profit. His sitters scarcely deigned to notice them where they "stood ranged in long lines from his hall to his painting room;" and for one of his finest pieces, the *Woodman in the Storm*, the artist could not find a purchaser, though he asked but portrait price. It was sold, after his death, for six hundred guineas. Among many sayings on landscape paintings, quoted in Mr. Fulcher's volume, we recommend that of Louthembourg, the first introducer of panoramas to the London public:—

He maintained that no English landscape painter needed foreign travel to collect grand prototypes for his study. The Lakes of Cumberland, the rugged scenery of North Wales, and the mountainous grandeur of Scotland, furnished inexhaustible subjects for the pencil.

Of the painter's kindness to his

less fortunate relatives we have many an instance. It is also related that he revisited his town, that he quarrelled with the academy about the hanging of a picture, that he failed in getting up a rival exhibition, as most men do who strive against the tide, and at last comes the ever recurring tale—"he died." The summons came by cancer, but it was preceded by a reconciliation with Sir Joshua Reynolds. The original grounds of the estrangement have not been ascertained by our author, but he remarks:—

There was naturally a spirit of rivalry between the two painters, to which circumstances probably contributed. Gainsborough, a Tory, be it remembered, was patronized by George III., who employed him in the execution of the famous Windsor portraits, when Reynolds was in the zenith of his fame. Sir Joshua, whose political opinions were more liberal, was a favorite of the Prince of Wales and of the Fox family, and, possibly for that reason, was neglected by the king. But, we believe, the natures of both artists were cast in too noble a mould to admit of petty personal animosities—each regarded the other as a 'foeman worthy of his steel.' Reynolds once observed to Northcote, after attentively contemplating a picture by Gainsborough, 'I cannot make out how he produces his effect;' and Gainsborough, when looking over one of the academy's exhibitions in company with Sir George Beaumont, in which there was an unusual number of Reynolds's works, exclaimed, as he glanced from one to another, "D—n him, how various he is."

We take leave of Mr. Fulcher with his impartial summing up of the man and the artist:—

In person, Gainsborough was handsome, of a fair complexion, regular features, tall, and well proportioned. His forehead, though not high, was broad and strongly marked, his nose Roman, his mouth and eye denoting humour and refinement—the general expression of his face thoughtful, yet not altogether pleasant. The most casual observer would have seen that much lay there; one gifted with greater insight would have said also, that something was wanting there. * * * * The great defect in his character was a want of that evenness of temper which Reynolds so abundantly possessed. It was a maxim with Sir Joshua never to regard, or be affected by, small things. He would have painted the dimple in the alderman's chin; and had any one enquired in Leicester Fields—'Has that fellow Rey-

nolds finished my portrait?' he would have "shifted his trumpet and only took snuff." Gainsborough was equal to an emergency, but could not bring his philosophy to bear on trivial occasions. A conceited sitter, an ill-dressed dinner, a relative visiting him in a hackney coach, disturbed his equanimity; yet when his daughter formed a matrimonial engagement without consulting him, he was calm and collected, unwilling "to have the cause of unhappiness lay upon his conscience." He has been accused of malevolence, but to such a feeling his heart was a stranger. Soon angry, he was soon appeased, and if he was the first to offend, he was the first to atone. . . .

"Gainsborough's chief excellence consists in the natural grace, the unaffected truth with which he invests his subject. Children at their play, chasing a butterfly, or gathering wild flowers; women returning from a woodland ramble, with mantling cheeks and careless costume; men at their field sports, or taking their morning's ride—these are the designs of his portraits, and in these he stands alone. Able as are his paintings at Dulwich and Hampton Court, it is not only by the pictures of *St. Leger* and *Mrs. Sheridan* and *Mrs. Tickell* that the artist's powers are estimated; in many a stately mansion,

in many a shire hall, in many a yeoman's house, portraits not less charming in design, nor less free in execution, look down upon the privileged few, in all their ancestral pride, official dignity, or more retired beauty.

On Gainsborough's landscapes and fancy pictures there is no further need to dwell. They require neither catalogue nor commentator. That hand, "as light as the sweep of a cloud, as swift as the flash of a sunbeam," is known to all. That style of coloring, brilliant, sunny, harmonious, is admired by all. Those sequestered cottage homes, those picturesque peasant children, those market carts and harvest waggons, are loved by all. And although Reynolds doubted if Gainsborough looked at nature with a poet's eye, and Fuseli sneeringly said, "posterity will judge whether the name of Gainsborough deserves to be ranked with those of Vandyke, Rubens, and Claude,"—yet the lovers of sylvan England, like Constable, regard his landscapes with joyous emotion; and, like Sir William Curtis, derive solace from contemplation of those tranquil scenes, even while sickness wrings the brow; feeling that so long as one of these works remains, "earth has still a little gilding left, not quite rubbed off, dishonored, and defaced."

CLOAK AND FEATHER BALLADS.

BY G. W. THORNBURY.

THE FIGHT IN THE INN YARD.

I was filling a flask with canary,—
Deep gold in the sun;
Watching the beads and the bubbles
So merrily run.

And brighter than drops from the flagon
Shone my Margery's eyes,
As she marked the brown hand of the trooper
Grasp the banner that flies.

A scud of dark struggling crimson
It flapped in the wine,
And scattered gold drops with a flutter
On her brow and mine.

It had dripped with the blood of a battle
So often before,
That I looked at the flag, quite expecting
To see it run gore.

Then I knew 'twas a sign and an omen
There was blood to be shed,
So I clapped on my headpiece and shook its
Wild feather of red.

Then Margery sprang on my stirrup,
Quick as page, in a crack,
And looped up my scarf fringed with orange,
With green and with black.

In my cap stuck her breast knot,—a favour
And token of love ;
I kissed her white brow, 'twas as snowy
As breast of a dove.

My men loaded carbines, all lighting
Their dry coils of match,
And looked at their long swords and pistols,
The trigger and latch.

Then, doffing my steel cap and favour,
I drank to King Charles ;
I saw they were frowning and cursing—
The crop-headed carles !

The ostler, he whistles and hisses —
The landlord says grace,
Not knowing a prayer more fitting ;
Madge pulls at her lace.

My men are all scattered and drinking ;
One buckling a girth,
Another bent down at a stirrip ;
All shouting in mirth.

One hid his face in a pasty,
And one in a bowl,
A third a black jack was embracing
With fervour of soul.

The pikemen had thrown all their weapons
In heaps by the door,
And were filling up ale in long glasses,
And brimming them o'er.

I stooped to kiss Margery's forehead,—
When a Puritan slave—
A surly, ill-favoured psalm-singer—
Cried, " Fie on this knave !"

Striking fierce at my face with a cudgel.
Meg guarded my head,
And turned off the blow with a scabbard,—
It glanced, and he fled.

Then in rage I cried, " Boot and to saddle !"
They mount with a dash,
And with burst of the drum and the cymbals
Prepared for a slash.

With a sunburst of swords in a cluster,
Our banner flew up ;
Down went the pasty and flagon,
And down went the cup.

I drove the nag on with a vengeance,
And flew to the gate ;
The fool that was running to bar it
I cut on the pate.

They fired from the roofs and the windows,
From stable and loft,
And showers of broad stone from the copings
Poured down on us oft.

I bled at the shoulder and temple ;—
But I heaved and I struck ;
And God sent them woe and confusion ;
To us he sent luck.

Ten minutes to twelve, by the dial,
They fell on their knees ;
The ostler we shot and the master ;
The rest set at ease.

We had scarcely well barred and well bolted,
(But Meg we found not)
When we heard in the distance a murmur
That made my brow hot.

A trampling—whisper—confusion !
The town is awake !
We barricade gateway and doorway,
And give them a stroke.

They gathered like sea birds in winter :
But our trumpet we blew,
We waved a red flag from the garret,
And gave an halloo.

Then arose such a yelp and a clamour,
As of dogs round a fox,
And we tightened our belts and our girdles,
And looked to our locks.

In spite of the fire from the windows,
They rushed at the door,
Hammered and pounded and pelted,
Though gutters ran gore.

We fought in the passage and cellars :
We fought on the stairs ;
We chased them through bar and through kitchen,
As greyhounds do hares.

But, singing a psalm all together,
They ploughed through the smoke,
With flashing of gun and of pistol,
With clamour and stroke.

They cried out for "Baal and Ammon,"
As they burn down the wall ;
"Down with the Philistine rabble,
And down with their Saul !"

Our powder was spent, but we struggled
 With butt-end of pike ;
 My arm was so stiff and so weary,
 I scarcely could strike.

When all of a sudden old Goring,
 Scarce three dozen strong,
 Broke in through the waves of the rabble,
 And Meg led them on.

She was up in my arms in a moment,
 And tight to my breast ;
 The knaves fled like sheep from the butcher,
 First east and then west.

It was noon when we rode into Derby,
 There was Villars and Digby and Hurst ;
 My Meg was the toast of the evening ;
 Charles drank to her first.

THE KING AT CHARING CROSS.

(RESTORATION).

SWING it out from tower and steeple ! Now the dark crowds of the people
 Press and throng as if deep gladness ruled them as the moon the flood ;
 How they scream and sway about—sing and swear, and laugh and flout,
 As if madness universal fevered the whole nation's blood.

Drowsy watchers on the tower start to hear the sudden hour
 Beaten out from pier and jetty o'er the river's mimic waves,
 When the bells with clash and clang into life and motion sprang,
 As to rouse the dead and buried, peaceful sleeping in their graves.

Flags from every turret hung, thousands to the chimneys clung,
 Crimson pennons gay and veering from the belfry chambers float ;
 Weary poets ceased to rhyme ; brain-sick student at the chime
 Closed his book, and joined the rabble, and with shouting strained his throat.

Every cooper left his vat—there was sympathy in that ;
 All the shops of Cheap and Ludgate were fast barred for that day ;
 The red wine that bubbled up left the toper in his cup ;
 And his crutch and staff the cripple in his gladness threw away.

Noisy bullies left their dice ; tailors leapt up in a trice ;
 The smith's fire upon the forge died in smoulder slowly out ;
 The Protector, in his tomb slumbering till the crack of doom,
 Might have frowned and slowly wakened at the thunder of that shout.

The hot brazier hushed his clamour, throwing by his ponderous hammer ;
 The strong shipwright, arm upraising the dog-shores to knock away,
 Let them stand just as they were, and ran out and left his care ;
 And the sailors, flocking after, helped to swell the crowd that day.

Then the chemist, worn and pale, left the lead that cannot fail—
 Purged—to brighten, growing, growing into pure and perfect gold ;
 And the baker, ghastly white, stares up through the chink for light,
 Weary of his long night watchings and his labour manifold.

Some were waiting for the gun ; some hold ale up to the sun ;
 While the *bona roba's* eyes, love sparkling, gather lustre from the wine ;
 Thames was all alive with barges, silver prows and blazoned targes,
 With the matrons' hoods of satin that by thousands glow and shine.

There were bullies, thieves, and churls—men from peasants up to earls ;
 Noisy crowds of fluttering varlets and beribboned serving men ;
 Merry children held on high laugh to see the banners fly,
 Shouting, as their fathers tell them, " Our good king is come again !"

Then the tramp of many feet echoes through each lane and street,
 Like the heaving undulations of a tempest-driven tide ;
 Lofty belfries reel and rock with the joy-bells' sudden shock
 Pulsing out fresh peals of " Welcome !" ere the last glad sounds subside.

And the prentices all mustered, round each door and penthouse clustered ;
 At the merchant's stately windows hung rich robings of brocade,
 Cloth of gold and Indian stuff, quite in ample store enough
 All the princes of the East to have gorgeously arrayed.

Close by every window stood maidens veiled in silken hood,
 Half retreating, coy and modest, half delighting to be seen ;
 Many a wild rose you may seek ere you match the blushing cheek,
 And each prentice thinks his mistress beautiful as any queen.

Dark crowds down each winding street hurry, for the tramp of feet
 Echoes louder than the pealing of the loud-tongued cannons' near ;
 Like the wild Atlantic tide press the people on each side,
 With a din so deep and murmurous it is terrible to hear.

Now the sword-blades in the sun glitter, as the signal gun
 Flashes through the flags and pennons and the masts that line the shore ;
 Then fast swinging from each steeple, far above the noisy people,
 Joy-bells over roof and gable all their thunder music pour.

Oh ! the horns blew long and loudly, and the kettle-drums throbbed proudly ;
 Like the lark's voice mid the thunder rose the shrill cry of the flute ;
 Whilst the stormy acclamation of a new-delivered nation
 Filled the air with crowding echoes ere the Abbey-bells grew mute.

Fast the dull beat of the drum struggles through the din and hum ;
 Now the pikeheads gleam and glitter past the Palace and the Park ;
 How the crop-heads foam and mutter as the royal banners flutter ;
 And the bonfires are all piling, ready to light up the dark !

Black and heaving roll the crowds, like the tempest-driven clouds,
 As from out that thunderous silence break the sudden shout and cheer,
 From the turrets and the roofs ; for the sound of coming hoofs
 Each one listens, like a hunter waiting silent for the deer.

For indeed one common soul seemed to animate the whole ;
 Louder than the bells or cannon gave the multitude a shout ;
 From the Thames alive with boats all the rowers strain their throats,
 From amid the striped awnings and the flags that float and flout.

You should hear the thunder claps, as the royal banner flaps,
 While the stream of lords and ladies file in close procession by,—
 Like the clamour of a storm when the dark clouds without form
 Drift in whirlwind headlong, wildly 'cross the chasms of the sky.

And *he* bowed to left and right as the sunbeams' dazzling light
 Lit his brow, and like a circlet or a glory seemed to burn ;
 Graciously he bent him low, down unto his saddle bow,
 And a smile lit all his features, usually so dark and stern.

Gazing with a regal pride at the crowds on either side,
 While his hat and sweeping feather hung down in his bridle hand,
 Bowing to his white steed's mane, where his dark locks' glossy rain
 Mingled at his bending,—smiling with a look of proud command.

But he shuddered as before him rose a fountain arching o'er him,—
 Dark as blood it rose, empurpled with the juice of flashing wine ;
 When he passed the banquet-room came a sudden cloud of gloom,
 In his eyes no longer gladness seemed in radiance to shine.

But, responsive to the people, swung the joy-bells in their steeple,
 And the welcome of glad thousands drove all sorrow from his mind,
 For the sweet spring-gathered flowers fell before his feet in showers ;
 All the air was raining blossoms and their perfume filled the wind.

From old flag-staffs black and shattered hung red standards rent and tattered,
 Smoked with fire of Cromwell's cannon, hacked by sword and torn with shot,—
 Almost lost when stately Basing with old Fairfax' fire was blazing,
 Shredded in the struggle long 'tween brave Wogan and the Scot.

Their broad crimson shadows fell on old faces he knew well,—
 Faces scarred and grim and swarthy, worn with suffering and with care,—
 Men who from black dungeons dim had broke forth to welcome him ;
 But their brows had grown more wrinkled and their silver locks more bare.

Some deep-notched and broken brands waved in their old and feeble hands ;
 Others filled the answering welkin with remembered battle cries ;
 Some fired off their muskets as the pleasantest of tunes ;
 Others pulled their hats' broad shadows deeper o'er their moistening eyes.

Thus the nation's chosen King, on a pleasant morn of spring,
 Entered London. Such a welcome monarch never had before ;
 Such a burst of acclamation never rose from gathered nation,
 In all the feasts and triumphs of the simple lays of yore.

BORDER LANDS OF SPAIN AND FRANCE.*

THERE are few things that mark more emphatically the progress of the age than the mass of works of travel which issues from the press. The facilities of locomotion afford to men the means, in the intervals of study or professional occupation, or of the engrossments of trade speculations, during a summer vacation, or a winter pause in business, to leave home and run half over the world in the space of a few weeks ; and that mightiest of all engines of civilization

and knowledge—the printing press—is ever ready to transfer the notes of the tourist to the page of the publisher, and thence to the world at large. It is somewhat amusing to take up a publisher's list of the present day, and compare it with the issue of books of all kinds, and especially books of travel, some twenty years ago, one would be led to believe from the comparison that for one who travelled in those days, a hundred travel now ; and that of those who

* *Border Lands of Spain and France.* London : Chapman and Hall, 1856.

travel, ten now give the world the benefit of their experience, for one that did so then. In fact, steam now does for the body what the electric current does for thought, and mankind is becoming a peregrinating animal. The number of such works that lie before us is not a little perplexing. It seems to us as if we were diurnally called upon to perform the voyage of the world, and in our desperation we sometimes feel an insane desire to ignore the subject altogether and disbelieve the locomotive faculties of humanity. In our perplexity the other day, we selected from a mass of such books lying before us a work which had two especial commendations externally; it was in one volume, and that volume was of reasonable dimensions, and so we addressed ourselves to the "*Border Lands of Spain and France*," more especially as the book promised us some account of that singular republic which in the fastnesses of the Pyrenees, has for a thousand years contrived to maintain its independence and integrity, alike against France and Spain. We allude to the republic of Andorre.

The author of the volume under our consideration, whoever he be—for he does not affix his name—is a man of the right stuff to make travellers of—sagacious, reflective, and quick-sighted—he has an eye for natural beauties—a heart for the contemplation of humanity, and a mind ready to philosophise upon the various phases of society through which he passes. Such a man can never travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, "all is barren."

Through a great portion of our author's autumn tour we do not mean to conduct our readers. The paths about the baths of the Pyrenees are as beaten and as well known as the highways that lead to Homburg or Spa or Weisbaden—nay, we had almost said, as the thoroughfares of Holborn or Ludgate Hill. There you meet daily the same men of broken down fortunes and broken down frame—adventurers and invalids—*faufirons* and *far-nientis*, hawks and pigeons, pluckers and plucked, saints and sinners, wise men and fools, that you meet at every congregation of the human species, which, by some mysterious law of our nature, are al-

ways drawn together around springs of medicinal water and strands for sea bathing. In the Basque provinces there is much to engage the attention of a thoughtful man; they are interesting as having been the haunt of a political liberty sanctioned by immemorial tradition, and now almost unknown to the races of Europe. We have in this volume some very intelligent observations upon the religious and political characteristics of the people of these provinces—their habits of life and social peculiarities—which will alternately amuse and surprise an inhabitant of the British islands. The author gives us these concluding observations:—

The nearest existing example, perhaps, to the privileges of the Basques, is to be found in the modern Constitution of Servia. The suzerainete of the Porte, and that of the Escorial, proceed alike from the imperfect rule, and consequently imperfect centralization, of a comparatively modern or dominant race or dynasty. The central power forms, in either, the protector of the local government from external aggression; and the local government, in turn, becomes, in either, its own protector against the central power. If national rights are more clearly defined in Servia, they are more ancient and venerable in the Basque provinces. It is only by a jealous maintenance of traditionary privileges, in respect of their central government, that insignificant nationalities can ensure the durability of their political rights; as it is only by a recognition of the suzerainete of that central government that they can ensure their political rights, in respect of external aggression. And so uniform is man's political nature in all periods of the world, that protectorial rights are essential to the security of small communities in this civilized age, as when they were devised in counterpoise to the violence of feudal times.

Having visited the Bearnais, including the lowlanders and the mountaineers of the Eastern district of the Basses Pyrenees, the author gives us a very lively sketch of the language, manners, and superstitions of this primitive people. The dialect is a compound of Latin and Teutonic, without the slightest admixture of French, Spanish, or any other modern tongue to aid the stranger in his attempt to become intelligible. Nevertheless our traveller essayed to learn somewhat, with what success let him relate:—

I passed an old ruined tower, built on
qq 2

knoll, guarding the ravine on which it stood, and apparently the work of the Plantagenets. Beside it was an old Béarnais woman (nearly coeval with the ruin), gathering up sticks or stones, and generally seeking what she might devour. I asked her in French the legend of the place, intending to believe it, if not violently opposed to all internal probability. She answered me in Béarnais with, very likely, a begging imposition. Neither understood the other; and there was as complete a confusion of tongues before the tower as before the tower of Babel!

Amongst the people who inhabit the border lands of Spain and France there are few, who, in their national and social characteristics, are objects of greater interest and research for the antiquary or the historian than those who are known by the name of *Cagots*, and who are scattered in the villages and valleys of the Pyrenees, but still a distinct race. In past times proscribed by the church and the state, debarred by the social prejudice of their neighbours from the enjoyments and privileges which other Christian and free subjects were entitled to, their origin and history even at this day involved in deep obscurity and uncertainty, this singular people present a problem which has engrossed the attention and perplexed the speculations of philosophers. The principal settlements of the *Cagots*, in the neighbourhood of Bagnères, are Montgaillard and Campain, and both these villages the author visited. Several theories still obtain with regard to the origin of the *Cagots*. Some hold that they are the descendants of the Goths who invaded Aquitaine in the fifth century, and of the survivors of those who were defeated by Clovis in the battle of Vanillé. Others again allege that they are sprung from the remnant of the Arabs defeated by Charles Martel at Poitiers, in the eighth century. A third, that they owe their origin to the Albigenses who were dispersed in the twelfth century. But besides these conjectures there are not wanting those who insist on their descent from the leprous Christians who returned from the Crusades, or even from the Jews. All these historical positions the author of the book before us investigates and combats with much learning and considerable plausibility, substituting finally his own theory in

their place. The condition of the *Cagots* is, however, very different from what it was some generations since. This in a great degree arises, we should imagine, from a breaking up, by frequent intermarriages with their neighbours, of that isolation which hemmed them in, as well as by the relaxation of that religious intolerance by which they were proscribed. Some idea of the harsh ecclesiastical discipline to which, as a heretical, and spiritually if not physically leprous race, they were subjected, will be found from the following statement of their condition at Montgaillard:—

The *Cagots* had been invariably denied the rights of worship and of sepulture with other Christians. A distinct portion of the churchyard had been assigned to them; and here, wherever certain families could be still recognised as distinctively *Cagots*, they were still interred. This race, although not forbidden from attending the services of the Church, were formerly separated from the rest of the congregation, and were compelled to enter the building by a side-door. The door, a small and insignificant entrance, is placed beneath the belfry; and in the inner porch, into which it opens, is still a stone receptacle for holy water. This circumstance serves to shed some light on the religious position of the *Cagots*; for there appears to be little doubt that, while they were thus admitted to the benefit of the holy water, they were generally excluded from the reception of the sacraments.

These severities and proscriptions now happily no longer exist, and the *Cagots* indiscriminately mingle with the rest of the Christian congregation, and as freely participate in all the privileges of the church. Still, the traces of what they have suffered under the civil and ecclesiastical powers are to be found in the race at the present day, if we are to credit our author's description:—

They seemed as though they groaned under the superincumbent moral weight of a persecution of a thousand years. They were low in stature, not perhaps grossly deformed in person, but their figures, nevertheless, unlike other human beings; weak and tottering (though not apparently of great age), as if their joints had been lately loosened under the kindly influence of the Inquisition. Their complexions were sallow in the last degree; and their appearance bore out their reputation of being of weak intellect. This character, I was told, had for many years

been declining, and was now nearly obliterated, among the reputed Cagots, through the mixture of new blood. But the appearance of those whom I have just described so nearly corresponded to the written descriptions of the mediæval Cagots, that I should be inclined to acquiesce in the tradition of the place, which excluded them from the influence of intermarriages with the people of Bigorre.

Leaving the Cagots, the author turned his steps towards the Eastern Pyrenees, with the ultimate object of visiting the republic of Andorre, and thus his course lay through the mountains of Catalonia and the plains of Foix. We pass his observations upon Luchon, and his comparison between that resort of fashionable valedudinarians and the celebrated watering place of Ischl in the Styrian Alps. The author did not ascend the Maladetta, but contented himself with a view of it from the opposite side of the dark ravine. He has given us a description of the mode of accomplishing that difficult feat, which is not indeed dissimilar to that of the Mont Blanc, so admirably detailed by the never-wearied and never-wearying tongue of Albert Smith :—

The ascent of the Maladetta is now not altogether impracticable to those who are able to encounter great exertion, and who do not object to be put into harness, and to be driven in a team by a trio of mountaineers. The danger rests, of course, in the insidious nature of the snow-drifts, which are not less hazardous than Irish bogs. Those, therefore, who wish to climb the mountain, are compelled to wait (like the constituent elements of an Oriental caravan at the edge of the Desert) until an adequate number of candidates for the enterprise has accumulated, either at Luchon or at some less hospitable hospice at the edge of the mountains; when all these unfortunates are strapped together into a vertical column, in single file, and are marched up the snowy ascent, charging the glaciers on their route. The object of all this is obvious enough. If the leaders should fall in, the wheelers, to whom they are attached, pull them out. The whole team is kept in a right line, and by this means goes over the same ground. There is no such artificial facility for the ascent of the Maladetta as exists for the ascent of Mont Blanc: it is a far less beaten route, and, I should be disposed to think, a more hazardous experiment. To the weak (or to those of ordinary strength, whose powers fail to satisfy the exertion demanded for the enterprise), the

alternative, "Go on, or perish," must be anything but agreeable. No doubt the stronger help to drag the weaker out of the difficulty; but it would seem hard under such circumstances to choose between being dragged involuntarily over endless regions of eternal ice, and being chained there stationery like Prometheus for ever and a-day.

From this scenery the author returned to Luchon, and then passed along the French frontier into Ariege, and subsequently crossing the Spanish frontier he visited the mountain regions of Western Catalonia. Here is a lively description of a storm which he encountered in his descent from Mount Collat, in company with a Cockney Englishman, whom he picked up *en route*, and whom he compares to an unfortunate hippopotamus that had accidentally swam out of the Nile, and had lost its way in the watery wilderness of the Levant :—

At the most difficult and precipitous point, the clouds descended to the earth; and the view before us, just now spreading over the boundless highlands of Catalonia, barely extended to our horses' heads. It was a startling novelty to be carried over the mountains by animals to all appearance destitute both of heads and tails! We were summarily brought to a dead halt, and nothing but the closest possible proximity prevented us from being utterly lost to each other. But the clouds went onward on their sublime, ethereal way; and the lurid light of an autumn sun, struggling with dark thunder-clouds above, once more disclosed the course before us.

The deluge and the torrent, however, were close at hand: down they came simultaneously from the heavens and from the mountain-tops: the wind roared amid the pine-woods, and swept down the rock-clefts with its hideous howl: the crashing of the thunder shook the very mountains to their base: the lightning transformed the sombre fir-forests into fiery groves; the new-born cataract swept over the verdure of the hill-sides; solitary trees that had survived the seventy years of man, snapped in their very trunks, were hurled down the precipice in the sport of the whirlwind; and the dissolved mists mingling with the dark substance of the soil, discharged down the precipices torrents of liquid coal! It was beneath the shelter of rocks alone that we could proceed; and even by their sides we were nearly blown off our horses' backs. The storm lasted nearly two hours. Ere its close, our track had become almost impassable. The surcharged waters of the Essera burst on every side around us; and paths gave place to cataracts. We were at last forced to dismount and climb the rocks

forming the *débris* from the enormous ridge which lay above us. The horses climbed after us as they could; more than once rolling on their sides. At length we reached less uneven ground, and a commanding view. The storm had spent itself, the wind was hushed; and the dark thunder-scroll was rolled back over one-half of the angry heaven. We were on the boundary of the two empires. To our left lay the dark plains of Catalonia, still in all their wild and murky gloom: to the right, quivering in the brilliant glare of an autumnal sun, were spread before us the rich and golden vales of Ariège.

It would seem that the author had the good fortune—for we esteem it a good fortune for every traveller—to fall into the midst of a band of mountain robbers; and he details with much circumstantiality, and we hope with a reasonable regard to veracity, his perilous position, and the address with which he extricated himself from his danger, when escape seemed little short of a miracle. We own to much scepticism in general upon the subject of these romantic adventures; and, for ourselves, we can say that though always most desirous of falling in with a solitary robber or cut-throat—we rather believe we should have preferred a *single* specimen at a time—we never had the happiness, either upon mountain or in valley, to succeed; and travelled many a solitary pass, without guide or companion, without so much as having our pocket picked, to say nothing of a clasp-knife sheathed in our smaller intestines. Nevertheless, we deny no man's better luck or happier experiences, so let our traveller enjoy the honour of his adventure, seeing that he has lived to tell it.

Upon the French side of the Pyrenees, and in the territory of Cerdagne and Roussillon, exists a very singular people. In the midst of the progress and civilization, which for centuries have been going on northward of them, they seem to cling to old thoughts, old customs, old institutions; and if one has a desire to go back the stream of time, not indeed in books but in the body, he has but to visit these lovely regions and he will find himself in the mediæval times, both as regards character and imagination. What will the reader think of a land in which the old miracle plays are still in the height of fashion—where, upon Sunday and

saint's day, one can assist at those ancient and now traditional mysteries which were the origin of our modern drama. We may observe, however, that there are some points of difference between the celebration of these mysteries to-day in Roussillon and as they were enacted in Italy or Germany in the middle ages and in the time of the Trouvères. They now embrace a shorter period of dramatic action, seldom exceeding a few hours, though occasionally adjourned from Sunday to Sunday; and they no longer represent heaven, earth, and hell by the triple scaffolding or stages—a very significant mode of suggesting the respective altitudes of these localities, according to the popular topographical ideas in old times—and we are disposed to think in modern times, too—extensively prevalent. Our author was present at some of these representations. Here is his account of one of them. We must premise that the stage was raised to an elevation midway between the platform, occupied by the elite of the place, and the benches and tables designed to accommodate the inferior portion of the community. The light of day—for the performance was, of course, in the day-time—was dimly admitted through coloured curtains, and a depiction on canvass of the three worlds supplied the place of the mediæval scaffolding.

Never was any drama a more complete practical protest against the doctrine of dramatical Unity of Place (except so far as scenic arrangement was concerned); for the play which was acted on the occasion of my visit began with the creation of the world; and after comprehending, in theory or in representation, the principal events of the first four thousand years, concluded with our Saviour's pilgrimage upon earth! Paradise was, by a figure of speech, the first scene of the first act. There was Adam and Eve, at first the solitary dramatis personæ,—then came the animals (by a gentle anachronism) "pawing to get free." Then came the tempting evil spirit, and finally the expelling and avenging angel. But, by a grotesque perversion, the former was represented by a fair woman, and the latter by a dark and bearded man, burnt apparently from immemorial time by the fierceness of a Roussillon sun.

When, in process of time, the play arrived at the deluge, the voyage of the Ark was *supposed*; much as the triple voyage from Thessaly to Eubœa is, *supposed* in the Trachiniae. This, in fact, was a happy arrange-

ment for the denizens of the pit, under the circumstance of the elevation of the stage, and of the inconvenient laws of watery gravitation. Then came the pilgrimages of the Patriarchs—then the Egyptian plagues.

The wanderings in the Desert followed; and the Jewish kingdom at length was presented upon the stage. The costume of the actors nearly killed one with laughing; and the grandest attire that was then common in Catalonia was held to be the presumptive fashion of ancient Jerusalem. The actors, too, were often wont to adorn themselves with gilt buckles and gilt buttons; and they occasionally appeared with their hair powdered in a manner which would have rendered it a mercy to the drama if Mr. Pitt's hair-powder tax had extended to Cerdagne and Rousillon.

Then followed the representation of the principal events in the life of the Redeemer. The introduction of such scenes must necessarily shock the feelings of Englishmen; yet we should not, perhaps, stigmatize them as profanity, upon a candid consideration of the genius of that form of continental worship which addresses itself so much to the senses, especially of the lower and more ignorant grades of society. And, indeed, we learn from the pages before us, that during the representation of this part of the drama the attitude of the audience was uniformly serious and attentive. What in fact, from its novelty, might to an English spectator or auditor be either revolting or ridiculous, habit rendered to the simple and superstitious people an exhibition, solemn, tragic, and instructive. To complete the mediæval character of the whole performance, the miracle-play was succeeded by a comedy; thus forcibly reminding us of those jolly old fellows of the middle ages, "the clerks of the revels," as the tragedy recalls to our recollection the venerable "Fraternity of the Passion."

So far as to regions that have been more or less visited by travellers who journey from France into Spain through the passes of the Pyrenees. We shall now avail ourselves of the author's experiences in his visit to a district which we believe but few Englishmen have ever entered, and of which, so far as we are aware, no account has heretofore existed in our language. And yet this is an ancient commonwealth—nearly as ancient a state as any now existing in Europe. It is only in mountain fastnesses that

such a political phenomenon could exist as a state, which, too small and too poor to stimulate the cupidity of neighbouring nations—too weak to excite their apprehensions, and too inaccessible to interfere with their political views—a locality which, from its position, difficult to conquer and to hold, and when conquered, not worth the holding—is therefore left to manage its own affairs as best it may. And thus it has happened to Andorre, as it has happened to another mountain-girdled republic in Italy—San Marino,—that it continues in its integrity through all surrounding changes. Despite of the state of periodical revolutions, which has become well nigh a chronic disease in its northern neighbour France, and the perpetual political troubles and changes which make the monarchical state of its southern neighbour Spain as anarchical and unstable as dynastic revolutions could make her—despite of all these, it is a truly wonderful thing to see this little republic to-day nearly what it was in the ninth century—governed by its old traditional laws, and enjoying its rude freedom, and presenting nearly the identical form of government which it enjoyed in the days of Charlemagne and Louis le Debonnaire. Still, if there be no change, there can be no progress, and we must, of course, expect that whatever liberty and conservative stability this little place may boast, these blessings must be dearly purchased by the very primitive condition, both as regards civilization and literature, in which its people must be, as it were, held motionless. And indeed it is very manifest, that throughout our author's details of his intercourse with the distinguished members of the Andorrian Republic, there runs an under-current of satirical humour and mockery that indicates he looked upon the people much in the same light that he would contemplate a tribe of savages in central Africa or in one of the Polynesia.

There are three routes that lead to Andorre. That which leads to it by the baths in Ariège was selected; and after a somewhat ludicrous discussion with the douanier at the frontier, the author finds himself entering the little state. The first aspect was certainly not very promising. "On either side a waste wilderness, alter-

nately of mountain and valley, clothed, indeed, with verdure, but not a tree, a human habitation, or a human being ;" and so he proceeded with his guide till the course led them into a valley, where, "in a region which partook partly of the character of an English quagmire and partly of that of an Irish bog," almost every trace of the narrow pathway—the high road to the republic!—along which they had been travelling, disappeared. Well, on he journeys, and our inquisitive searcher after ancient constitutions speedily comes to the conclusion that this stronghold of time-honoured conservative institutions was "a republic without a road, without a house, without a river, without a trade, without a place of learning, without an educated person !" This picture is a little overcharged ; seeing that there are men in the district, it follows that there must be habitations of some sort ; in fact there are three villages besides the capital. The nearest was Solden, where he had the gratification of learning he could sleep "*avec les moutons*," beyond that was Canillo, and farther still Encamp. In the former, however, he puts up, sups in the common kitchen with the rest of the inmates by the light of the flambeau of pine wood, and sleeps in the only bedroom of the village. The Syndic or head of the Republic chanced at the time to be rusticated in the neighbourhood of Canillo, and thither, of course, our traveller proceeds to pay his respects. Having ascended a flight of steps of a very rude and unpalatial character, he enters a dark chamber illuminated by the light of the fire ; its only furniture were a table and a bench ; on the latter two men were sitting, one of them rose : —

He was an intelligent-looking man, of about fifty-five ; but with a dark and sunburnt complexion. The expression of his eyes bespoke a kindliness of heart ; his manner gave him a certain patriarchal air, dignified, yet simple. He wore a vestment, which was neither a coat nor a jacket ; knee-breeches ; shoes and stockings of a rough manufacture ; a something of blue which girded his waist, and might have been a twisted apron ; and finally, a long-pointed red cap, the extremity of which hung downwards to his shoulders. His dress differed little from that of the peasantry around him, which is not very dissimilar to the dress of the inhabitants of High Catalonia.

This was the Syndic, whose knowledge of sheep was much more profound than his skill in legislation, and whose acquaintance with European politics was just so much as that he knew there was a war between Russia and France, but was ignorant that England was engaged in it. It may be readily conjectured that this simple shepherd-king had not much taste for political disquisitions. Indeed, he seems for a time to have contrived to *dodge* the troublesome attempts of his over curious visitor to seduce him into a discussion of state affairs ; and, in fine, he edified him with some views on commerce and political economy, then (and of course at all times theretofore) in fashion with the worthy Andorrians, that evidently astonished our English friend. A very amusing account is given of the government house and council chamber in a vein of pleasant humour, which inclines us to the belief that our vivacious traveller put a great deal of solemn hoaxing upon those simple rustics ; for instance, he actually induced the good Syndic to attire himself in his robes of state, consisting of a long, black, straight-collared coat, adorned with two rows of buttons of Brobdignagian dimensions, and a low, black turned-up hat—something between an admiral's and a bishop's—and he had finally the effrontery (the solemn wag, if he be not hoaxing us too), in leave-taking, to assure "His Excellency of the cordiality with which Her Majesty's ministers would receive him, if he should ever visit London in the capacity of representative of his country."

Leaving the republic for a season, the author passed into the territory of Urgel, whose bishop, in conjunction with the French government, enjoys a nominal protectorate over Andorre. Upon his return he had the honor to be present at a full assembly of the twenty-four councillors of state on the occasion of a discussion touching the necessary measures for the defence of the state against the irruption of Catalan brigands. Before we leave the subject of Andorre, we cannot do better than extract from the volume before us some outline of the constitution and history of that singular Republic :—

The people of Andorre, according to

the earliest charter, owe their independence to an event which threatened the subjugation of Europe. The first authentic traditions of the Republic extend beyond the age of Charlemagne, and their earliest written documents bear the signature in behalf of that emperor, of Louis le Debonnaire. The Andorrans and the Catalonians were in those early periods a common race. The whole region of Catalonia being endangered, toward the close of the eighth century, by the progress of the Moorish arms, the population, in 778, sent a deputation to Charlemagne, imploring his support in defence of their independence and of the Christian faith. The Frankish king, accompanied by his paladins, crossed the Pyrenees, and united his army in the valley of Urgel with the assembled forces of Catalonia, which chiefly consisted of the mountaineers of the district of Andorre. After a brilliant campaign, he effected the extirpation of the Moors as far as the left bank of the Ebro. He then proceeded to establish a military and political organization for the defence of the invaded territory. He recognised in the Andorrans certain peculiar rights, which he afterwards more clearly defined, and granted at the same time to the bishopric and church of Urgel the tithes of the six parishes into which their valleys were even at that very early period divided. Here, then, arose the germ of the independence of Andorre, and here also the germ of the pretensions which were afterwards displayed by the See of Urgel.

A second irruption of the Moors having again threatened that independence which the institutions of Charlemagne were intended to preserve, the Emperor of the Romans entrusted the re-establishment of peace to his son Louis le Debonnaire. The joint authority of Charlemagne and of Louis had rewarded the military services of the Andorrans by the grant of their political independence. The ancient document which founded the Republic of Andorre dates from the year 805, and bears the signature of Louis le Debonnaire, who has always been known to the Republic by the title of Ludovicus Pius.

The original of this deed is still preserved in the archives of the republic, and the author was fortunate enough to be allowed to peruse whatever portion of its contents were still legible. It would appear that Louis acted by the authority of Charlemagne, and the author tells us that the confirmations of this charter are attested by the signatures of the succeeding emperors.

In its conclusion there is a recommendation which, so far as the testimony of the author goes, we would imagine has been very faithfully adopted—namely, that the people of Andorre should “establish an absolute equality of rights in their mutual relations,

and ignore peculiar privileges and distinction of ranks.”

This independence was disturbed by assailants, spiritual and temporal. The Bishop of Urgel, on the one hand, asserted the subordination of the Republic to the church, which he enforced by the customary sacerdotal fulminations: on the other hand, Charlemagne the Bald made a grant of the sovereignty to the Count of Urgel as a reward for services. The contest between the two wolves for the unhappy carcass was arranged by their uniting for the purpose of sharing the prey, but that alliance ended as all lupine federations are sure to end, they fought over the spoil, again arranged their difference, and again quarrelled, and when both parties were exhausted, they finally settled the matter by establishing a “Protectorate in Common;” and at this day the Court of the Tuilleries and the Bishop of Urgel are the protectors of the Republic. Protection meaning, we presume, the right to levy an annual tribute from a state that needs no other or better protection, than that which nature and their own unobtrusive seclusion affords:—

The source of the sovereign authority of Andorre consists in the Legislative Council of each district. Their councillors are not absolutely identical, as a body, with the landed proprietors, who are a clan somewhat more numerous. They sit, not in virtue of property or election, but as hereditary legislators. The ancestors of certain families now in possession of a share of the soil, obtained, in whatever manner—and on this point great obscurity generally rests—a right of legislation within the district in which their property was situated.

It is competent to the hereditary legislators to add to their number, by summoning at any time an unfranchised proprietor to the Council; and as the more ancient and considerable landholders are already found among this body, it has naturally become their practice to elect any excluded member who may approach themselves in point of territorial consideration.

The executive functions of each of their six districts are confided in two Consuls, who are members of the supreme Council.

There is also a central or supreme council of twenty-four in number, and is formed by the representatives of each of the six parishes, consisting of the two consuls and the two ex-consuls—which thus gives the advantage of a continual rotation of members. This council elects the Syndic, whose office

is nominally held at the pleasure of the council, but virtually for life. In relation to the land tenure of Andorre we have some interesting information. A portion, generally the valleys, belong to the State, while the higher lands are individual property. The sub-division of the public lands amongst the parishes, according to their population, and the right of commonage enjoyed by each individual indicate an arrangement as equitable as it is simple, yet capable of existing only in a state whose social polity is of that primitive nature that it neither admits of or requires any complex relations. What is, perhaps, the most surprising, as it will be in the opinion of many the most enviable condition of the Andorrians, is that they have no written law! Should the worthy Syndic in an evil hour be induced to accept the invitation of our author and come to London, how will he look aghast at the gigantic Ossa of our "statutes at large," to say nothing of the Pelion of commentary which our Titanic legists have piled up thereon, in the vain attempt to reach the heaven of justice. No written law! aye, and hear it ye boastful Britons, no trial by jury. Equity and custom, the dictates of their simple consciences, and the usages of the State alone guide the judges in their decisions, and yet it works well, at least so says the writer of this volume.

Another trait which unmistakably marks the barbarism of Andorre, is this, "With scarcely any exception the duties of the State are gratui-

tously discharged by the authorities on whom they fall!" We rather imagine there is not much competition for the Civil Service, and that competitive examinations are scandalously neglected. But the system is carried further still, and even the soldiers serve gratuitously, the only aid afforded being to individuals who are too poor to purchase the necessary equipments, which in that case are supplied to them by the state.

Upon the whole review of this interesting little community, one cannot help entertaining very serious doubts that their condition would be improved by a participation of the civilization, such as it is with all its drawbacks—which their neighbours on either side of them possess. Compared with Spain their lot appears to us to be enviable indeed—and a comparison of their contented and peaceful virtue with the misery and demoralisation of the French borderers, affords a contrast decidedly in favour of the state of Andorre. We will sum up in the words in which our author concludes his very pleasant and instructive work, as he estimates the character of the Andorrians:—

They possess the intrinsic qualifications in as great a degree as they want the artificial elements of real wealth. And if there is no community in the world which fully represents the conditions of a perfect moral state, yet where can so fair a Utopia be conceived as in the heart of mountains, secluded from the interests and influences of the common world, adorned by the Beautiful in Nature, and peopled by all that is simple, and just, and benevolent in Man?

SPAIN.

AFTER the lapse of more than three months from the date of the *coup d'état* which displaced Espartero, and secured the triumph of O'Donnell as the irresponsible dictator of Spain, the aspect of public affairs has become more unsettled, the existence of the government more doubtful, and its relations to the chief political parties in the state more anomalous than in any former juncture of this period. The suddenness of the *coup* which broke up the Duke of Victory's administration demolished all those schemes of material and administra-

tive reform which had been the result of two years of deliberation, and wholly destroyed the organization of the Progresista party before it had time to recover from the shock. A singular combination of events served at that moment to give stability to the O'Donnell government. Either of the two principal parties in the state were without influential leaders: the Progresistas lost their chiefs through defection, and those who had become the prespective commanders of the Moderado camp were proscribed from their native soil. It became,

therefore, possible to form an administration temporarily strong, irrespectively of the political parties in the nation. A coalition between those whose defection had caused the overthrow of the Progresista ministry, and a few third-rate politicians of the Moderado school, then constituted such a government. It became obvious from the outset, in spite of the rumours which gave O'Donnell credit for intending to maintain an effectually constitutional system of policy, that an administration so formed would be unable to encounter parliamentary opposition, and could exist on despotic principles alone !

The negative and undefined, though nevertheless reactionary, policy pursued by O'Donnell during the first two months of his Dictatorship, clearly implied his indisposition to commit himself to open hostility with either of the two leading parties. While Narvaez and Christina were yet beyond the Pyrenees, there were hopes of successful intrigue with the Moderados, and while the event of their return might compel the government to seek the support of the Progresistas. Accordingly, neither was the then existing liberal constitution abolished, nor was the National Guard dissolved. By these means, O'Donnell, if he forfeited the confidence of both parties, saved himself from irretrievable rupture with either. It is probable that the hostile organization which the Progresistas were labouring to cement in the provinces, added to the personal disposition of the sovereign towards a reactionary policy, ultimately determined O'Donnell in favour of the decisive measures which were proclaimed about two months ago. The National Guard, it will be remembered, was then formally dissolved ; and the existing Constitution was replaced by another which involved in effect a modified restoration of the Constitution of 1845. The new elections under that system were not, however, designed to take place until 1857 ; and the policy of the government become equivalent to a suspension of all constitutional rights.

Scarcely a month had elapsed after the assumption of this new character by the O'Donnell ministry, when two important classes of events, wholly unconnected with each other, shook

to its basis the security of a government, which, in the opinion of many, had gained strength from the recent proclamation of a definite policy. Of these the one, and perhaps the most imminently dangerous to ministers, consisted in the measures taken in reference to Maria Christina and Narvaez. The other took its shape in the pecuniary difficulties which brought the question of the sales of ecclesiastical property, actively maintained by the Espartero ministry, to a crisis. We will glance successively at these questions.

What may have been the actual nature of the secret influence which, a few weeks ago, brought back the Duke of Valencia—the prescriptive leader of the Moderado party—in triumph to Madrid, there are no means of accurately ascertaining. That the Queen entertained any strong sympathies for this impetuous and overbearing, vulgar and insolent general,—during whose previous administration the sovereign could hardly have deemed the crown to be her own—is scarcely possible. The marks of favour simultaneously shown by the French Emperor to O'Donnell have also been brought forward, more obviously than reasonably, to show that such a course could hardly have been dictated from Paris. It would not, however, greatly belie our general view of the policy of the Tuilleries, if it should prove that that court designed in the return of Narvaez the establishment of a rival to O'Donnell, who should thus be kept in continual dependence upon French influence, and consequently in continual acquiescence in French policy, for the support of his administration. Napoleon III. probably did not anticipate so immediate a triumph for Narvaez.

Be this as it may, passports had scarcely been granted to Narvaez, when a decree appeared rescinding the confiscation of the property possessed by the exiled Christina in the Spanish dominions. Christina, it will be remembered, had been placed between the Moderados and Progresistas, under the double ban of confiscation and proscription. While that lady was at Madrid, no liberal government could exist, and O'Donnell had himself publicly declared that “with Christina in Spain,

all government was impossible." It soon therefore became clear that the influence of the new Dictator was at an end, and that measures, of all others the most antagonistic to the interests of his government, were being as it were carried over his head. If the decree of confiscation on the property of Christina were rescinded, on what principles of justice could the decree of personal proscription be maintained? At all events, it was clear that the influence which had triumphed in the one case would triumph also in the other; and that O'Donnell most shortly expect to find a large *camarilla* intrigue in full development at Madrid, in virtue of which Christina and Narvaez, or Narvaez alone, would share all the powers of the state.

The second of these questions—termed in Spanish phraseology the *amortisation*, or the sales of ecclesiastical property—further developed the insecurity of ministers, inasmuch as it showed that they were directly at issue between themselves. This point calls for brief elucidation. When the civil wars had subsided, the prostration of all the springs of wealth in the country was so complete that no taxation that could be imposed by the state—or that, if imposed by law, would yield a corresponding revenue in fact—sufficed to enable the government to meet its liabilities. The necessity of maintaining a considerable army in a country only just delivered from internecine hostility, and still devoured with the bitterest rivalries, imperatively called for a full exchequer. National credit had sunk so low that any extensive system of loans was impossible. The government consequently had recourse to a confiscation of a considerable part of the revenues of the regular orders, and ultimately to a sale of their estates. This policy was alternately suspended and resumed by the administrations which in those days succeeded one another with amazing rapidity, until it was at length checked for a long future period, if we remember right, in 1848. On the resumption of power by Espartero in 1854, he found the state of the public finances very little better than during his first administration. He, therefore, brought this policy again into action, and designed, there

can be no doubt, the alienation of the whole remainder of ecclesiastical property. But there was this difference between his policy and that of his predecessors, that the sums thus obtained were intended during his administration to be devoted to the improvements of the country, which every preceding government had neglected to provide for.

The vacillation, or at least the want of vigour, displayed by the Progressista government of 1854, left this question, on their dissolution in 1856, still undecided, and we might almost say not materially advanced. When, therefore, O'Donnell, as the phoenix of the defunct Progressista government, suddenly installed a new administration, composed partly of those who were directly pledged to the policy of Espartero, and partly of those who had meanwhile steadfastly opposed it, the question necessarily became a very difficult and ticklish one for the cabinet to deal with. Moreover, its urgent character rendered it one on which discussion could not be long avoided.

In this state of affairs, O'Donnell, no doubt, had two courses before him. He might either invite open discussion, when discussion grew inevitable, and abide by its result—possibly that of the dismemberment of the administration; or he might anticipate opposition by intrigue, and carry the question surreptitiously against his opponents. Those who know the character of O'Donnell will not be surprised at his adopting the latter course. But it proved to be the worst policy of the two; a blundering intriguer, indeed, is pretty sure to work his own ruin.

O'Donnell accordingly convened the cabinet in the absence of Rios Rosas, the leader of the section opposed to the policy of Espartero, and put the question indirectly to issue by one of the most discreditable and unsuccessful stratagems that we have heard of even at Madrid. The cabinet being thus 'packed'—and Rios Rosas, the only other master spirit among the ministers, knowing nothing of its deliberations—M. Cantero, the Minister of Finance, was put up as a stalking horse for O'Donnell, to propose a decree authorising the Spanish treasury to advance 7,500,000 reals for the repairs of

churches and some other public buildings, on the faith of an undertaking that this sum should be reimbursed to the treasury out of fresh sales of ecclesiastical property. Such a decree of course assumed and involved the whole question in dispute. The indignation of Rios Rosas in being thus dealt with was extreme. He proceeded at once to the queen, and demanded the summoning of the council for the re-consideration of a question in the discussion of which his voice had been excluded. The cabinet accordingly re-assembled in the queen's presence, and her majesty, as might be expected, took the side advocated by Rios Rosas. The decree was rescinded by the vote of a narrow majority. O'Donnell and Cantero, therefore, had obviously but one course to pursue. They tendered their resignation as the alternative of the sovereign declining to relent. Her majesty, it appears, made short work with the Minister of Finance. It was a case of "it is no mistake: it can be no mistake: it shall be no mistake." Cantero retired. But the queen plainly told O'Donnell that she would have neither his opinions nor his resignation. Again he tendered the alternative: again she refused either. The Prime Minister was accordingly doomed to the last humiliation—he was compelled to preside, like a visible dummy, over a cabinet in which Rios Rosas was the only confidant of the Queen!

It was clear that any attempt to stave off a vital controversy as though it were an open question would utterly fail. "Open questions" are those only which exist either in virtue of mere abstract speculation, or which are brought about by practical agitation where there is no intrinsic necessity for an immediate adjudication of the points in controversy. The financial condition of Spain does not unfortunately enable us to take any such view of the question of sales of church property. The revenues of the state have, it is well ascertained, been regularly on the decline since the overthrow of the Progresista government: the expense of the military department have been largely on the increase during the same period: no reduction appears to have been made in any other branch of expenditure:

and the nefarious policy of buying the support of civilians and of the army by bribes is probably being carried to a larger extent than for a long previous period. Under the Espartero ministry there was no excess of revenue over expenditure, but rather the reverse. What, then, is the case likely to be now? And by which of the usual methods resorted to by the prosperous governments of Europe, in junctures of monetary emergency, can the minister charged with the Spanish finances hope to implenish an exhausted treasury? If he turn to the dire expedient of additional taxation, what taxable articles can be found in a country impoverished and exhausted by the indolence of the people, and the collapse of commerce, and a perpetuity of misgovernment? It appears to us that additional taxation in Spain will prove as ineffectual as the tax levied on hair powder by Mr. Pitt in our own country; and that the national poverty will render charges upon essential articles of consumption, as illusory in Spain as charges on factitious subjects of consumption must be in Great Britain. And if the government seek to obviate this discomfort by the expedient of loans, it is wholly impossible to conceive that any prudent capitalist would risk £100,000 in their hands, under the present forlorn prospect of its repayment.

It therefore seems to us that the remainder of the church-lands are doomed to a speedy alienation. Such a course, in truth, appears to afford the only alternative from national bankruptcy, and the military lawlessness and defection which an inability to pay the army would immediately bring about. We confess, we have so long regarded this policy of ecclesiastical spoliation as irrevocable, that we are quite prepared to acquiesce in the completion of a scheme, which indeed will consummate the revolutionary character of monarchical institutions in Spain, but will place the relations of the church on a less anomalous and more intelligible footing than they now stand. Previous to the accession of Espartero in 1854, this policy had been pursued so far that all the character of an independent institution which formerly appertained to the Church of Spain in a preeminent de-

gree, was upon his return to power wholly done away. The priests, regular and secular, were then seen roaming over the country, living upon alms or upon spiritual extortion, as though the one class had just been ejected *en masse* from their religious houses, and the other from their parsonages. While, moreover, the question was maintained in this doubtful and undecided position, there was the less prospect of any satisfactory legislation being effected, which should place the Church upon a more desirable and intelligible footing.

If we turn from these special questions to a contemplation of the general character of Spain, we shall long be lost in astonishment at the catastrophe which has reduced that country, in nearly every element of its social and political condition, to almost unexampled misery. But if the causes of this national depression lie deep, the means of restoration appear inscrutable. The evils of Spain do not rest in the mere faults of government. A systematically bad government, indeed, points to an antecedent corruption in the social system itself, on which alone a vicious rule can be permanently reposed. No doubt the government in Spain is the worst that can exist; but if society were not rotten also, it could not exist at all. Into what a depth of social demoralization must a country be plunged where the army is a mere piratical organization—where its revolt or subordination is a mere question of bribery—where its generals openly and with impunity make war at once on the people and on the government; drive an existing minister out of office; seize the powers of the state in turn, with the grasp of dictators, to be themselves ejected by no vote of a deliberate assembly, but by the intrigues of a rival *camarilla* yet more corrupt perhaps than the infamous administrator whom that *camarilla* may displace?

The cause of all this can surely have no other foundation than in the total demoralisation of society, and in that political apathy which is at once the result and the index of national demoralisation. Corruption of every kind in government has been so long an attribute of the state, that men cease to rise up and punish

offences which may be defended on the example of every official predecessor, and which in fact have become such an integral and inalienable part of the Spanish system, that Spaniards have not only ceased to punish malversation, but look upon honesty as a chimera.

The social gradations of which the Spanish people is built up are directly calculated to favour this state of things. The mass of the people are by much too backward to take any part in public affairs, as they do in this country. The commonest man in Great Britain reads his newspaper and has his own opinions, which are really seldom irrational opinions. The difference between Spain and our own empire in this respect is, that in the former all political action vests in the few; and those few not seldom a band of self-interested partisans, each bent on plundering the country in virtue of some petty office—these offices being scarcely less numerous, or less detrimental to public interests than those of France before the revolution. The nobles and larger landholders rarely live on their property. Many of them habitually reside in foreign capitals. Those who live in Madrid are either mere men of fashion, or court sycophants: in either case they are political nonentities. In such a system the territorial influence is clearly at an end, and the territorial element in government is consequently extinct, or at least dormant. If we pass from that to the commercial element, or the influence of the towns, we shall find that men of trade care for little but commercial laws; that any general and material reform would not only call for immediate pecuniary sacrifices considerable in degree, but that it would benefit the territorial infinitely more than the oppidan or commercial interest; and that persons in that interest, it being more precarious and less permanent than the landed wealth, are far less disposed than landholders to make immediate sacrifices for prospective gains.

It thus follows that the towns exert little more influence than the country. When therefore we eliminate these two elements of visible wealth and power, we leave every thing to the government. That government has, from time immemorial, been headed

by sovereigns outrageously unprincipled. For the last forty years the throne has chiefly been held by an idiotic, grovelling, fanatical king, and then successively by a mother and daughter each trying to exceed the other in every species of infamy. Where there is neither restraint from the throne nor restraint from the people, ministers are sure to be corrupt. This is the whole secret of Spanish politics. Every military man who can control the army kicks out an existing ministry; devours the country; exhausts its resources; and rules by the vilest usurpation, until he is deservedly ejected in turn by a new adventurer.

Narvaez, Duke of Valencia, has now triumphed again; and his success strikingly illustrates these observations. By the most persevering industry he has worked his way back to Madrid. A political exile throughout the liberal ministry of Espartero, he seized the first opportunity on the *coup d'état* of July to reinstate himself in power at Madrid. Defeated in that aim by the adroit rivalry of O'Donnell, he was compelled to await beyond the frontier until he could gain his passports. Narvaez, we suspect, was an important instrument in the restoration of the property of Christina, as an indirect means to his own exaltation. When the lands of that sovereign were once given back, it was obviously difficult to continue the proscription against her; and when that slur was once dissipated, all the action of her court influence came again into play; and that influence, of course, was directed in behalf of her ally, Narvaez, and in especial opposition to O'Donnell—the then existing minister—by whom she was cordially detested, and who had publicly given expression to that hatred.

The hundred days of O'Donnell assuredly have not been very glorious. He has sunk step by step from independence to ordinary ministerial power, and from ordinary ministerial power to the cat's-paw of Isabella and the warning-pan of Narvaez. Growing smaller by degrees, and beautifully less, he at length glides imperceptibly from view, the entry of the Duke of Valencia into the capital being the interesting little vanishing point of this political landscape. It

is rumoured that the Duke of Valencia, three days after his arrival, paid a friendly visit to the prime minister of Spain; and after a pleasant interview informed that dignity that he had relieved him of the cares of government, which he (O'Donnell) had so kindly discharged in his behalf until his arrangements had been complete for re-entering Spain. The prime minister grimly saw the fates inexorable; there was nothing for him but the pleasant alternative of capitulation and expulsion. It is said that O'Donnell "made his terms," and retired. We know not yet what they may be; but it can hardly be credited that Narvaez will suffer such a man to remain in Madrid; Cuba or St. Petersburg would afford both honourable and distant banishment.

Let us criticise for a moment the component elements of the new administration. Narvaez, we apprehend, in addition to the presidency of the council—a non-departmental office mainly corresponding to that of First Lord of the Treasury in this country—will take the war department. The seals of the foreign office are given to Pidal. Pidal has two ideas: he intrigues with Christina, and hates Lord Palmerston. He will scarcely, therefore, be regarded as a peace-offering either at the Bureau des Affaires Etrangères or in Downing-street. He intrigued with France and Spain in the iniquitous affair of the marriages of 1846, and got his Marquess's coronet for his infamy. Then we find Nocedal minister of the interior. Nocedal was formerly too revolutionary a politician to serve with consistency in any Progresista government that ever existed. He is now too monarchical to serve in any cabinet short of one headed by Narvaez. Consistency is in Spain the last chimera of political life. In fact, nearly every minister Spain ever possessed might truly offer the hardened and callous answer given by Gonzales Bravo to a member of the Cortes who had charged him with tergiversation, "that it was ridiculous to be always the same." The remaining ministers are nearly unknown to fame, or rather to infamy, for that is all that one can hope to say for public men in the Peninsula.

In these circumstances, it is clear that Narvaez has left behind him the

elements of a powerful organization in opposition to his own government. These men, it is true, have little cohesion among themselves at present; and very little permanency would probably mark any coalition that they might form. But ambition and self-interest are by much more powerful in Spain than all hatreds and all principles. There is indeed so little tie in Spain to what we call consistency in this country, that no man loses political status by means of tergiversation. The consequence will, we apprehend, be found to be, that the men now ousted from power, and the men still suffering from the ousting of 1854, will combine together with wonderful elasticity, and immediately adapt themselves to the politics of the hour.

The *Progresistas*, we have said, are wholly without leaders, or at least without leaders in a state of respectable organisation. Those who are not already too deeply stained by treachery and tyranny among the professors of opposite opinions, would probably be accepted as the organs and exponents of their policy. "*Moderadoism*" itself, too, is capable of assuming a thousand new features which may give rise to fresh complications, and afford a pretext for the creation of fresh ministries, without in the least degree disturbing the general constitutional policy of the state. There is the party of Sartorius—the party of O'Donnell—the party of Rios Rosas—to say nothing of those who have been longer excluded from power, and of stray sheep ready to fall into any fold.

It seems, therefore, impossible for Narvaez to continue his government on any other basis than that of supreme military prestige. In one respect, no doubt, he is better off than at any former juncture. Generals in Spain have died out rapidly during the past seven or eight years. When Narvaez was previously in power, the leading men who had fought in the civil wars exerted a great ascendancy in Spain. Narvaez, when appointed premier in 1843, can hardly be said to have achieved a decisive superiority over his rivals in the army. Some of these generals have

been banished; some have died; and some, yet living, are already worn out. With the exceptions of Concha and O'Donnell, hardly one of these survives in eminence.

But there is another rock ahead, on which Narvaez will be fortunate if he does not split. The ultramontane party show symptoms of organization and of increasing power. Their hostility to Narvaez will be increased by the fact that he is by far too unbending a soldier to meet their views and embody their opinions. They therefore will never have the Duke of Valencia for their leader. We cannot, we fear, give the duke the credit of eschewing a policy of conciliating these enemies on grounds of principle. The indisposition probably arises from no commendable spirit of nationality; but because he will tolerate no interference, such as the ultramontane party would effect. Narvaez has no notion of governing but by the sword. The idea of governing by the priesthood his very soul abhors. In fact, he is a sort of Cromwellian dictator, without a particle of the genius of Cromwell; and he can deal with nothing but the sword.

It would of course be the effect of an ultramontane government to complete the work of reaction against the recent policy of the *Progresistas*. Reforms, at the expense of the church, would be immediately discarded with indignation. What yet remains of ecclesiastical property would be applied, not to the wholesome purpose of supporting the secular ministers of religion, but to living the regular priests in their old dens of iniquity; and, in fact, of rendering that property which might be available either for secular religion or for public material reforms, utterly useless. We trust that the calamity of such a government will be spared to Spain for any long period at least. At present, however, it seems as though the genius of reaction against government at once conservative and free, had set in with irresistible strength; and we shall probably see successive administrations triumphing at the court, before Spain is committed to an upright and intelligent, which can be the only conservative, policy.

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OUR POLITICAL RELATIONS WITH PERSIA.*

If one who proposed to celebrate the return of Diomede were to commence with the death of Meleager, or in undertaking to narrate the siege of Troy were to journalise the incubation of the double-yoked egg, he would not commit a greater absurdity than the writer, who, in setting forth the history of British diplomacy in Persia, should do more than make a passing allusion to the adventures of the Brothers Shirley, the infructuous embassy of Sir Dodmore Cotton, or the allied expedition which wrested Ormuz from the Portuguese. Diplomatic intercourse between the two countries can hardly, indeed, be said to have commenced before the opening of the present century. Previous to that time the East India Company, which alone maintained any communication with the people of Persia, were represented merely by commercial agents wholly intent on driving a lucrative trade. The Persians, therefore, had come to regard the English nation as nothing more than a mercantile community, more honest in making one, and rather to be envied for their wealth than respected for their moral and material power. Subsequent events have, probably, modified this opinion.

At the accession of the Marquis Wellesley, then Lord Mornington, to the Governor-Generalship of India,

considerable apprehension prevailed even in Calcutta as to the safety of the British possessions in the east. The wolf-cry of the day was an Afghan invasion. This calamity had so frequently been threatened that it was at last looked upon as a certainty, though its occurrence might possibly be delayed a few months, or even a few years. At that time the kingdom of Afghanistan was ruled by Shah Zeman, a prince whose ambition was in the inverse ratio of his talents, and who, in the attempt to rival his grandfather, the great Ahmed Shah Abdallee, only succeeded in surpassing the feebleness of his own father Timour. His one all-absorbing thought was the conquest of India, but never did he reach the eastern limits of his territories without being hastily summoned back to their western boundaries in order to repel the insignificant demonstrations of Persia. This ruling passion was, moreover, sedulously inflamed by the interested exhortations of Wuzzeer Ali, of Oude. That notorious personage, after being deposed by Sir John Shore, had fixed his residence at Benares, whence his active and intriguing mind soon found means to communicate with the Afghan ruler. As the price of his own restoration to power he offered to advance a large sum of money, and promised to exert his whole influence in

* An admirable article with this title, to which the writer of the present sketch is greatly indebted, appeared in the *Calcutta Review*, No. xxiii. 1849.

Oude in favor of the invader. Similar professions were also made by the Rajah of Mysore; while the Mahomedan population of Hindostan openly avowed their natural sympathy for their co-religionists, and indulged in fond dreams of the expulsion of the hated Feringhee.

The threatening aspect of public affairs filled the mind of the governor-general with deep anxiety. As yet unacquainted with the courage and fidelity of the native troops, when led by English officers, he hesitated to confide to their unaided valour the fortunes of the British empire in the east. In his alarm he turned his eyes towards Persia, and sought to stay himself on that bruised and broken reed. There was then no accredited representative of this country at the court of Teheran, and the only agent of the East India Company was a Persian nobleman residing at Bushire, named Mehdi Ali Khan. To him, therefore, Lord Wellesley was compelled to have recourse, and the Khan is acknowledged to have served him faithfully and with zeal. The first plan that suggested itself was to subsidize the entire Persian army, but his lordship finally adopted the less expensive measure of spending annually twenty to thirty thousand pounds in order to induce the court of Teheran "to keep Shah Zeman in perpetual check, but without any decided act of hostility." This was the more easy, that Futteh Ali Shah had already resolved to make an inroad into Khorassan. An expedition was accordingly despatched in the early part of 1798, under the command of Prince Mahmoud and Prince Firoz, refugee brothers of the Afghan potentate, and for whose outfit Mehdi Ali Khan advanced the modest sum of £1,700. However, the incapacity of the chiefs, or the inefficiency of the armament, resulted in complete failure, and a fair proof was given of the true value of the Persian alliance. In the following year the Shah took the field in person, declaring his resolution to conquer and reduce the countries of Candahar and Herat. But fortune was as little favourable to the "King of Kings" as to the exiled princes, and in the autumn his Majesty returned to Teheran, having effected nothing more than the withdrawal of Shah Zeman from Lahore

to Peshawur. The governor-general's agent now waited upon the Shah in his capital, and by the judicious expenditure of £25,000 convinced his ministers of the expediency of making frequent diversions on the western side of Afghanistan. The Persian monarch, accordingly, again entered Khorassan in the spring of 1800, and Shah Zeman, postponing for the present all ideas of Indian conquest, advanced to Herat to defend his own dominions from foreign invasion.

It was at this conjuncture that Captain—afterwards Sir John—Malcolm arrived at Bushire, whence he hastened to Teheran, and was graciously received by Futteh Ali Shah, on his return home for the winter after another inglorious campaign. The object of the British mission was two-fold: to create a counterpoise to Afghan ambition, and to warn the Shah against listening to the seductive counsels of the French Directory. Much as he had suffered from his fear of the Afghans, Lord Wellesley was yet more severely afflicted with Gallophobia in its very worst form. It was then, indeed, the primary article of every Englishman's faith that a Frenchman was his natural enemy, and one not deterred by any scruples from accomplishing the ruin of his country. But as yet French influence had obtained no footing in Persia. Captain Malcolm found the field open to him, and no foe appeared within the lists. He pushed his advantage to the utmost. With lavish hands he showered down largesses on all who appeared to wish well to his cause—and who could be so ungracious as to frown upon such a munificent Elchee? Assuredly, few Persians could have been found so blind to their personal interests, as to refuse their co-operation to one who scattered wealth on all around him with such fabulous prodigality, that many believed he had been promised a percentage on all he could possibly spend. His objects were, for the time, fully attained. It was unnecessary, indeed, to raise up any barriers against the folly of Shah Zeman, for that unhappy prince fell into a brother's hands and was deprived of sight. But with regard to the French there was nothing left to be desired. It was agreed that, "Should any

army of the French nation, actuated by design and deceit, attempt to settle with a view of establishing themselves on any of the islands or shores of Persia, a conjoint force shall be appointed by the two high contracting parties, to act in co-operation for their expulsion and extirpation, and to destroy and put an end to the foundation of their treason; and if any of the great men of the French nation express a wish or desire to obtain a place of residence, or dwelling, in any of the islands or shores of the kingdom of Persia, that they may raise the standard of abode or settlement, leave for their residing in such a place shall not be granted." A firman was also issued to the governors of provinces, enjoining them to "expel and extirpate the French, and never allow them to obtain a footing in any place," and even authorizing them "to disgrace and slay the intruders."

It might be supposed that an alliance acquired by so much cost and trouble would be jealously and carefully maintained. Nothing more, however, was done; and for several years there was little intercourse between the Indian and Persian governments. And there would probably have been still less, but for a tragical occurrence which, in its consequences, afterwards bordered on the burlesque. Diplomatic, or at least Asiatic, etiquette demanded that the compliment implied by Captain Malcolm's embassy should be acknowledged by a return mission; but the empty and expensive honor of representing his country had no attractions for any of the great men about the Persian court. A certain Haji Khalil Khan, however, having some commercial ends in view, at length accepted the post, and proceeded to India in 1802. Unhappily a serious quarrel broke out, while he was at Bombay, between his attendants and the sepoy's of his guard; and in attempting to allay the disturbance the Elchee was accidentally shot. Great were the consternation and perplexity of the Indian government. Every demonstration was made of official sorrow and regret; ample explanations and apologies were offered to the Persian court; and such liberal pensions were granted to the relatives of the deceased, that a Persian of dis-

tingtion is reported to have said, "The English might kill ten ambassadors, if they paid for them at the same rate." The Haji's brother-in-law, Mirza Nebbee Khan, thought, however, that the accident might be turned to yet better account, and by means of enormous bribes obtained for himself the vacant post of honour. Not that the "honour" was his inducement. He proceeded to India "to exercise the triple functions of minister, merchant, and claimant of blood-money, which he roundly assessed at twenty lakhs of rupees." He failed in all these purposes. His arrogant language and overbearing demeanour rendered him personally obnoxious, and besides it was felt that enough had already been done to atone for an unavoidable accident. His political mission fared no better than his private one. He had been instructed to solicit the active co-operation of the Indian government in repelling Muscovite aggression; but Sir George Barlow had entrenched himself behind the principle of non-intervention, being seemingly of opinion that it is the duty of a ruler simply to hold the reins but not to guide the car of state. The Central Asian question, besides, had now attained a magnitude and importance that brought it within the immediate sphere of action of the home government. This question had sustained considerable modifications since the commencement of the century. Peron's battalions had been annihilated or dispersed; the French had completely failed to establish themselves in Egypt; Runjeet Sing had erected an impassable barrier against the Afghans; and the kingdom of Afghanistan itself was rent by internal strife and civil discord. A more formidable enemy than all these now appeared upon the scene, though many years were yet to elapse before the self-complacent fatuity of British statesmen could be made to comprehend that Russia was the only power really dangerous to the safety of our Indian empire.

The outlines of Russian policy in the east were sketched by the master-hand of Peter the Great, and have since undergone but little variation. In the political testament ascribed to that wonderful barbarian, India is distinctly stated to be the goal of

Russian ambition. "We must progress as much as possible," it says, "in the direction of Constantinople and India. He who can once get possession of these points is the real ruler of the world. With this view we must provoke constant quarrels—at one time with Turkey, and at another with Persia. We must establish wharves and docks in the Euxine, and by degrees make ourselves masters of that sea, as well as of the Baltic, which is a doubly important element in the success of our plan. We must hasten the downfall of Persia; push on to the Persian Gulf; if possible, re-establish the ancient commercial intercourse with the Levant, through Syria; and force our way into the Indies, which are the store-houses of the world. Once there, we can dispense with English gold." Whether or not this testament be genuine, it is certain that Peter acted on the principles above enunciated. So early as 1717 he attempted to possess himself of the Khanat of Khiva, and only failed through the savage patriotism of its inhabitants. Previously to this he had established a grievance against Persia, in the massacre of three hundred Russian residents at Shanakhi, during an inroad of the Lesghes. Objects of greater importance, however, intervened, and compelled him to postpone the execution of his vengeance until 1722. In that year Shah Sultan Hoossein was weak enough to implore the assistance of the Czar against his own rebellious subjects. He did not ask in vain. Having assembled a considerable force at Astrakhan, Peter speedily made himself master of Derbend—the Iron Gate—and, in the following year, of the province of Ghilan. While these events were passing in the north-west, the Afghans, emboldened by the pusillanimity of the Shah, had marched triumphantly upon Ispahan, and seized upon the person of the imbecile monarch. In this emergency his son Tamash had recourse to the Russian despot, who exacted the cession of various towns and provinces in return for very equivocal services. Fortunately for Persia a hero arose in her hour of utmost need, and before the completion of the first half of the eighteenth century Nadir Shah had wrested all their recent acquisitions from Turks, Rus-

sians, and Afghans. Among these restored dependencies of the Persian crown was Georgia, though it continued to be governed by its own Wully with almost sovereign power. Lying at the foot of the Caucasian range, it was subject to frequent incursions from the rude mountain tribes, who carried off the flocks and herds, and even the wives and children, of their unwarlike neighbours. Unable to obtain protection for his subjects from their lawful suzerain, the Shah of Persia, Prince Heraclius applied to Catherine II., and transferred his allegiance to the Czarina. The Georgian prince, however, had acted with more passion than prudence. Aga Mahommed Khan, having securely established himself on the throne, hastened to chastise his revolted vassal. Heraclius was defeated in battle, and his capital Tiflis given up to plunder. The Russians at length advanced to his succour, and a savage warfare was carried on with equal ferocity on either side, until the assassination of Aga Mahommed at Sheesha. On the death of Heraclius the wretched country became the prey of civil dissensions, from which it was only rescued by the famous ukase of Paul, that declared Georgia to be an integral portion of the Russian empire. His son and successor, Alexander I., completed the work of annexation by the arms of the ubiquitous Zizianof, afterwards murdered while attending a conference before the walls of Baku. The evident superiority of the Russians in the field constrained the Shah to solicit foreign aid. In the first instance he addressed himself, as already stated, to the Indian government, and only after the rejection of his application did he turn a favourable ear to the propositions of the French envoy.

In the summer of 1805, Colonel Romieu had arrived at Teheran, the bearer of handsome presents, and accredited under the Emperor's own hand. At his first interview, the Shah condescended to put to him only three questions: "How are you?" "How is Bonaparte?" "What made you kill your king?" But afterwards, when he discovered that no hope was to be founded on the English alliance, he listened with some complacency to Colonel Romieu's overtures. They

were sufficiently explicit and straightforward. As a compensation for the passive friendship of England, the French Emperor offered to appoint a resident minister at Teheran, to subsidize the Persian army, and to throw an auxiliary force into Georgia. It is very likely that the inopportune death of the envoy alone prevented the contraction of a formal alliance between the two courts at this period. The event actually took place in 1807, when the treaty of Fenkestein engaged the two powers to attack Russia simultaneously from the east and from the west. The exclusion of the English from Persia, and the future invasion of Hindostan by the French—a Persian army marching down the while “by the road of Cabul and Candahar”—were also provided for. A few months later, however, Napoleon’s views were considerably affected by the peace of Tilsit, and he now dreamed of operating against India, by an allied Franco-Russian army acting from the basis of Persia. This arrangement would not have been easily acceded to by the Shah, who ever evinced a sagacious jealousy of the presence of a foreign army within his territories, though he might not have refused to send his troops under the command of European officers to make a diversion on the northwestern frontiers of Hindostan. The conquest of the East was long a favorite vision of the French Emperor. *Vastus animus immoderata, incredibilia, nimis alta semper cupiebat.* And now a favourable opportunity seemed to present itself. In the first ardor of the newly revived project, he determined to despatch Lucien, the ablest of his brothers, to the Court of Teheran, and it is not unlikely that Alexander’s lukewarmness alone prevented him from making Central Asia the burial ground of a French army. He lost nothing, however, by his subsequent selection of General Gardanne, who, in due time, arrived at Teheran, attended by an imposing suite, chiefly composed of military officers. The organization of the Persian army was then promptly proceeded with; the elements of European discipline were introduced with partial success; and the artillery was placed on a tolerably efficient footing.

This Franco-Persian coalition was

justly deemed to bode no good to the British possessions in India, but the alarm it created was beyond all proportion to its real capabilities of doing injury. The recent neglect shown to Persia was now succeeded by an exaggerated notion of the importance of the Shah’s good will. Both the home government and that of India hastily adopted measures to atone for their past remissness; but acting without concert, and under the blind guidance of a panic, they well nigh succeeded in neutralising each other’s influence. The British ministry, considering that the Persian alliance had now become a question for European diplomacy, in the autumn of 1807 sent out Sir Harford Jones as envoy extraordinary from the Crown. This appointment gave great umbrage to Lord Minto, who described it as “a solecism in the system of diplomatic delegation;” and he accordingly instructed Brigadier-General Malcolm to proceed to Teheran as the representative of the Indian government. As Sir Harford Jones sighted the harbour of Bombay, his rival was spreading his sails for the Persian gulf. Though astonished and chagrined, the Crown envoy had the good sense to await the result of the Indian mission. He had not long to wait. General Malcolm arrived at Bushire while the French influence was still in the ascendant. In vain he had recourse to his former expedient of strewing his path with gold. The Persians were then struggling for their existence as an independent nation, and stood more in need of arms, ammunition, and officers than of money. Foiled in every attempt to make a favorable impression, General Malcolm lost his self-possession, and sought a balm for his wounded vanity in undignified reproaches and threats of invasion. Sailing round the peninsula of Hindostan, he hastened to Calcutta in the hope of inducing the Governor-General to send an expedition against Persia, commencing with the permanent occupation of the island of Karrak. A force was actually equipped for this purpose, but before it could set sail from Bombay intelligence was received of the complete success of the British envoy.

On being apprized of General Malcolm’s failure, Sir Harford Jones re-

solved upon testing his own powers of conciliation. Though a hasty and impetuous man, he was endowed with a lawyer-like dexterity, and possessed an intimate knowledge of the Oriental character, besides having many personal friends and old acquaintances at the Persian court. He was also fortunate in the opportunity of his arrival in the Persian Gulf. The promises and protestations of the French had as yet borne no fruits, and, to crown the whole, Napoleon had entered into an alliance with the avowed enemy of Persia, though his envoys had previously assured the Shah's ministers that no friend of Russia could ever be a safe ally for their country. Sir Harford lost no time in turning their own weapons against themselves. The main argument he adduced in favour of friendship with Great Britain was the alliance between the professed friend and the open foe of Persia. The inference was natural and cogent. The British envoy was received with distinction, and, as he advanced towards the capital, General Gardanne slowly retreated to the frontier. Following up his advantage, Sir Harford drew up the articles of a preliminary treaty, signed on the 12th of March, 1809, and which constitutes the basis of every treaty since concluded with the court of Teheran. But his hastiness of temper had well-nigh counter-vailed all his labors at the very moment of their apparent fruition. The Persian minister, Mirza Sheffi, an infirm old man, alluding to the indefiniteness of one of the articles of the treaty, permitted himself to use a coarse expression equivalent to accusing the envoy of an intention to "cheat." The word was hardly uttered, before the fiery Welshman had sprung to his feet. Seizing the counter-part of the treaty which was lying before him already signed, he gave it to his secretary, Mr. Morier, and telling the wuzer that he was a stupid old blockhead, and that respect for the Shah alone restrained him from dashing his brains out upon the spot, he shoved his head against the wall, kicked over the candles, strode to the door, mounted his horse, and rode home, while the astonished bystanders exclaimed: "By Allah! this Feringhee is either drunk or mad."

This untoward incident being effaced, the negotiations were brought to a successful result—that is, successful according to the tenor of Sir Harford's instructions. He had been instructed to compass the expulsion of the French from Persia, and he not only effected this, but bound the Shah never to "permit any European force whatever to pass through Persia either towards India or towards the ports of that country." He therefore faithfully discharged the duty assigned to him, and so far is worthy of all praise. But the wisdom of those instructions is another question. French intrigue, truly, was checked, but Russian influence remained undiminished. The march of a French army into Persia was perhaps a possible contingency for one gifted, like Napoleon, with the power of working strategical miracles; but for a less than Napoleon it would be a matter of extremest peril. The Russian armies, however, were every year encroaching further and further upon Persian territory. In their eagerness to escape running on shore, ministers overlooked the danger of foundering at sea. The lesser peril was removed, the greater was allowed to continue, and, by continuing, to augment. In return for the doubtful advantage of expelling the French, Sir Harford pledged his government to pay to that of Persia an annual subsidy of £100,000 while engaged in war with Russia, and to supply 16,000 stand of arms, with twenty field-pieces complete, besides a detachment of artillery-men and officers. "The pecuniary loss," says Dr. Taylor, "was the least evil resulting from this disgraceful treaty. It was studiously circulated through the East that England had been forced to purchase the protection of the Persian monarch; and the Asiatic princes, who well knew the feebleness of Persia, felt and expressed their contempt for those who stooped to accept of such protection." There was, moreover, one particular article which subsequently occasioned considerable embarrassment to the British government. The seventh article expressly stipulates that: "In case war takes place between his Persian Majesty and the Afghans, his Majesty the King of Great Britain shall not take any part therein, unless it be at the desire of

both parties, to afford his mediation for peace." This article was expressly confirmed by the definitive treaty concluded by Messrs. Morier and Ellis in 1814, and indeed has never been cancelled, though virtually set aside in 1837-38. However, the conditions of the treaty were at the time considered so advantageous that even Lord Minto accepted them in their integrity, although he had previously "repudiated Sir Harford's possible negotiations with the Shah, disavowed his diplomatic character, and ordered him summarily to leave the country." The draught of the treaty was conveyed to England by Mr. Morier, in company with the Persian ambassador immortalized in the pages of "*Haji Baba*;" and as a token of his Britannic Majesty's satisfaction, Sir Harford Jones was appointed to the honorable post of resident minister at Teheran, which he retained until his voluntary resignation in 1811.

But although the Governor-General consented to ratify the conditions of the preliminary treaty as far as it belonged to his province, his lordship was not disposed to waive his supposed right to conduct the diplomatic relations between this country and Persia. He therefore despatched General Malcolm with a supplementary mission—at a cost to the revenues of India of above £150,000—"to restore and secure the injured credit and insulted dignity of the Indian government." "It must be remembered, however," says a writer to whom we have already acknowledged our obligations, "that to this mission we are indebted for '*Pottinger's Travels in Beluchistan*,' for the journals of Grant and Christie, for Macdonald Kinnier's geographical memoirs, for the '*Sketches of Persia*,' and for Sir John Malcolm's elaborate history—a series of works which not only filled up an important blank in our knowledge of the East, but which materially helped to fix the literary character of the Indian services." Additions to European literature were not the only objects of this mission. Twelve pieces of field-artillery were presented to the Shah, and the gallant young officers who accompanied General Malcolm devoted their utmost energies to the organization of the Persian army. Of some of them the

Persian soldiery speak even now with unbounded admiration. No one, perhaps, was more beloved than Captain Christie, of the Bombay army, who was eventually killed in a night attack by Russians. So great was the efficiency imparted by this officer to his corps, that Abbas Mirza, the Prince Royal, proposed a sham fight between them and a body of troops drilled for many years by Russian officers under his own eye. The Prince's troops attacked vigorously and marched with confidence upon their antagonists, who had reserved their fire after the English fashion. Suddenly the latter discharged a close rolling volley, and charged with the bayonet. The next moment the Prince's soldiers were seen fleeing in wild confusion. Heated by their success, Christie's men were heard to exclaim: "Oh, that we had ball cartridges!" Another very distinguished officer was Lieutenant Lindsay, of the Madras service—afterwards Sir Henry L. Bethune—who stood six feet eight inches in his stockings, fairly proportioned, and as virile in mind as in stature. For some time past Abbas Mirza had been earnestly striving, though with very indifferent success, to introduce the system of European discipline into the Persian army. He had felt the necessity of opposing the Russians with a soldiery, and above all an artillery, framed on the same principles as their own. Like all innovators, he had to encounter at first a multitude of prejudices, to counteract which he was compelled to shoulder a musket himself and learn the goose-step from a Russian deserter. He began with twenty or thirty men at a time, who were drilled in a closed court to screen them from the ridicule of their comrades. He then commanded his nobles to follow his example, and to carry a musket. Having thus instilled the elements of European discipline into a mere handful of men, he fancied that he had placed the Persian forces on a footing to cope with the hardy warriors of the North. In his own province of Azerbaijan he might undoubtedly have found the raw material for a good soldiery. The Eelyauts, or wandering tribes, are remarkably patient of cold, hunger, and fatigue, but have an insuperable prejudice against death. "If there were no dying in the case," said a Persian noble-

man one day to an English officer, "how gloriously the Persians would fight!" In fact they regard courage, philosophically, as the mere impulse of the moment. Your digestion may be good enough to urge you forward to the front, but it is much more likely that your indigestion will lead you out of action to the rear. One of the King's generals, regarded by his own countrymen as something of a hero, was not ashamed to tell how a body of troops under his own command were kept at bay by two Russian soldiers, who fired alternately, and finally repulsed their assailants. It was a common remark among the Persians, that the Russians had so little feeling that, rather than retire, they would suffer themselves to be killed upon the spot. Mr. Morier gives also an amusing account of the manner in which official bulletins were issued; it would not have disgraced the great Napoleon. A body of 14,000 Persians, partly disciplined in the new style, supported by a swarm of irregular horse and twelve field-pieces, under the command of a British officer, advanced to attack eight hundred Russians, posted in the village of Sultanboot. The latter, supposing they had to deal with their usual enemies, boldly marched out to accept the combat. In a short time three hundred of their number were laid low by well-directed volleys of grape-shot, and the survivors hastily withdrew into the village. Here the impossibility of defending themselves with success induced them to capitulate, on condition that their heads should not be struck off: for a reward of ten tomans was given to every soldier who brought in the head of an enemy. This wonderful victory was soon blazoned all over the country. Two thousand Russians, it was said, had been killed, and five thousand taken prisoners, besides twelve great guns. But what chiefly delighted the Persian ministers was the loss of one hundred of their own men, for on previous occasions it had been found impossible to bring them within range of the enemy's guns. Sir Gore Ouseley happened about the same time to call upon the Grand Vizier as he was dictating a letter to the Governor of Mazanderan, announcing the victory. "How many killed am I to put down?" asked his amanuensis. The Vizier

replied: "Write, two thousand killed, one thousand made prisoners, and that the enemy were ten thousand strong." Then turning to the English Elchee with a smile, he quietly remarked: "This letter has to travel a long way and therefore we add in proportion." There was another fact, too, connected with this trifling affair, that greatly encouraged the Persians. Two English sergeants were killed, a circumstance that dispelled all doubts as to Christians honestly fighting with Christians on behalf of the followers of the Prophet. We must now resume the thread of our narrative.

On the resignation of Sir Harford Jones in 1811, the post of ambassador extraordinary to the Court of Teheran was conferred on Sir Gore Ouseley. In the following year peace having been concluded between Great Britain and Russia, the English officers were necessarily withdrawn from the Persian frontier, and the Muscovite arms were again invariably crowned with victory. The good offices of the British embassy were therefore proffered and accepted, and in 1813 the treaty of Gulistan was signed between the belligerents. The Russians were confirmed in all their conquests south of the Caucasus, consisting of Georgia, Imeritia, Mingrelia, Persian Daghistān, Karabagh, and parts of Moghan and Talish. The exclusive navigation of the Caspian Sea was also secured to that power, but the new frontier line was so carelessly, or so deceitfully defined, that a pretext for hostilities at a future opportunity could never be wanting.

Shortly after the convention of Gulistan a definitive treaty was concluded, in 1814, between Persia and Great Britain, on the basis of the preliminary treaty arranged by Sir Harford Jones. It consisted of eleven articles, rather plausible than practicable. The Persian Court undertook to prevent the march of a hostile army upon India by the routes of Khiva, Bokhara, or Kokan—a stipulation involving a geographical impossibility on her part. It was further agreed—but without the assent of the third power,—that "the limits of the two States of Russia and Persia should be determined according to the admission of Great Britain, Persia, and Russia." The annual amount of subsidy was fixed at £150,000, in the

event of any European forces invading the territories of the Shah, provided that such invasion was not caused by any act of aggression on the part of Persia. And this money was always to be paid as early as possible, because "it was the custom in Persia to pay the troops six months in advance"—it being all the time notorious that the Persian troops were always in arrears. The fifth article is militating against us at the present moment. It runs as follows:—

Should the Persian Government wish to introduce European discipline among their troops, they are at liberty to employ European officers for that purpose, provided the said officers do not belong to nations in a state of war or enmity with Great Britain.

The consequence of this article is that M. Buhler, a French officer, has been engaged in directing the siege operations against Herat, because his country is at peace and amity with our own; just as at the last siege of Herat, Count Simonieh, the ambassador of our Russian ally, planned the batteries and pointed the guns.

A yet more remarkable article was the sixth:—

Should any European Power be engaged in war with Persia when at peace with England, his Britannic Majesty agrees to use his best endeavours to bring Persia and such European Power to a friendly understanding. If, however, his Majesty's cordial interference should fail of success, England shall still, if required, in conformity with the stipulations of the preceding articles, send a force from India, or in lieu thereof pay an annual subsidy of 200,000 tomans for the support of a Persian army so long as a war in the supposed case shall continue, and until Persia shall make peace with such nation.

If this article have any meaning at all, it distinctly pledges Great Britain to take part with Persia against any European power whatsoever, no matter whether previously on friendly or hostile terms with that power—the only stipulation being that Persia should not be the aggressor. This pledge still remains in force, though it would probably be again evaded, as it was in the last war between Russia and Persia, when it was caustically urged that "the occupation by Russia of a portion of uninhabited ground, which by right be-

longed to Persia, even if admitted to have been the proximate cause of hostilities, did not constitute the case of aggression contemplated in the treaty of Teheran." To avoid misconception on the part of ordinary mortals, it would be well if diplomats made use of peculiar symbols or hieroglyphics, for while they condescend to the vernacular tongue it is impossible to prevent simple-minded persons from attaching the usual significance to apparently familiar phraseology. Thus, the article just quoted was by no means intended to pledge Great Britain to the support of Persia, unless it happened at the moment to be quite convenient, or desirable on other grounds. The ninth article provided for the non-interference of England in the wars of the Persians and Afghans, except in the character of a mediator; and this also we were compelled to evade when the season arrived for its enforcement. The last condition, touching the extradition of political refugees, was the most disgraceful of all, and has also been systematically ignored. The subsidy engagement was subsequently compromised by Sir J. Macdonald, in the hour of Persia's distress, for the sum of 200,000 tomans. And thus almost every article has been either evaded, set aside, or bought off, of a treaty which commences with this promising exordium:—"These happy leaves are a nosegay plucked from the thornless garden of concord, and tied by the hands of the Plenipotentiaries, &c., &c."

It would extend this paper to an unreasonable and unreadable length, were we to introduce the narrative of the war between Russia and Persia, which was terminated by the peace of Turkomanchai in 1828. Originating in worse than Punic duplicity, it was prosecuted with such vigour and success, while Great Britain ignobly stood by, a spectator of the unjust and unequal conflict, that Persia was constrained to cede the provinces of Erivan and Nakchiven, together with the whole of Talish and Moghan, and to recognise the Arras as the southern boundary of the Russian dominions in Asia. From that period the influence of Russia has never waned. Persia was then reduced to a position analogous to that of the

"independent" native states of India. she may be more or less independent as to her internal administration, but her foreign affairs have ever since been conducted at St. Petersburg. Even so far back as the time of the Chevalier Chardin, we read that the agent of the Muscovite Company obtained precedence of the representatives of the French and English East India Companies, because, explained the Shah, it was necessary to keep neighbours in good humour at any price—*il faut ménager les voisins à quelque prix que ce soit*. The moral precedence, with rare exceptions, has been maintained to the present day. Possibly the time is at hand when the question will be finally settled, whether Briton or Muscovite shall sway the destinies of Central Asia. At the period when a British army was about to march into Bokhara in pursuit of Dost Mahomed, and General Perofski was supposed to be in possession of Khiva, Baron Brunow is reported to have said to Sir John Hobhouse:—"If we go on at this rate, Sir John, the Cossack and the Sepoy will soon meet upon the banks of the Oxus." To this sally the President of the Board of Control gravely and proudly replied:—"Very probably, Baron; but, however much I should regret the collision, I should have no fear of the result." The rencontre was postponed by unexpected disasters to both parties. Perofski's veterans were lost in the deserts of Khiva, while the British army in Afghanistan was equally destroyed by the misconduct of its chiefs and the inclemency of the climate. But the real battle-field of English and Russian predominancy in Asia is Persia, and the key of the position is, on the one side, the Caspian—on the other, the Persian Gulf. The outposts are now a second time skirmishing in the valley of Herat.

During the ten years that succeeded the peace of Turkomanchai, the two European powers affected to maintain a cordial understanding with regard to the affairs of Persia. But in reality the physicians were only agreed as to the rapid decline of their patient, while each secretly pursued his own mode of treatment, and contended with the other for the largest amount of fees. It was the policy of England to render Persia

strong and self-existent—that of Russia to reduce her to a state of atrophy. The British minister accordingly impressed upon the Shah the necessity of placing the revenues of the country on a better footing, of enforcing the strict administration of justice, and of cultivating friendly relations with all his neighbours. At the same time, on the principle of ensuring peace by being prepared for war, liberal supplies of arms and accoutrements were gratuitously forwarded from India, and a select detachment of officers and men was appointed to serve with the Shah's troops. On the other hand, the Russian envoy appealed to the worst passions of the royal princes, inflamed them with a desire for martial glory, and incited them rather to court the praises of minstrels than to earn the love and gratitude of their people. On one point, the two courts did act in concert. On the death of Futteh Ali Shah, in 1834, Mahommed Mirza ascended the throne "with the countenance of Russia, and the active support of England; but (continues Sir John M'Neil) although he was unable to move his army from Tabreez until he received pecuniary aid from the British mission, and the assistance of British officers to command the troops, and to give the soldiers confidence in the promises which had been held out to them; and although it was known and admitted at the time that the success of the Shah could not have been secured without hazarding his independence, unless by the opportune and effective assistance he received from England; it did unfortunately so happen that, when he had been firmly seated on the throne, Russian influence was found to have gained an ascendancy in his counsels, which, under the circumstances, it would have appeared unreasonable, or almost absurd, to have anticipated." And yet not altogether unreasonable or absurd, when it is considered that both the young Shah and his father Abbas Mirza had personally experienced the superior power and prowess of the Russians. They had both suffered ignominious defeats at the hands of a greatly inferior force, and Mahommed himself only escaped from the Cossacks at Ganjah by urging

his horse to its topmost speed. Recollections of this kind are not easily effaced. That headlong flight never faded from his memory. He might owe gratitude to the English, but of the Russians he entertained a constant and abiding dread. And besides all this, the Russian Envoy entered warmly into his favourite scheme for the recovery of Herat, and all those districts of Afghanistan which had belonged to Persia under the powerful sway of Nadir Shah. He had also a personal cause of offence against Herat. When as yet only heir-presumptive to the throne, he had been foiled in an expedition against that city, and it is said that, on his return into the Persian territory, "he swore a solemn oath, after the approved fashion of the knights of old, that he would sooner or later retrace his steps to the eastward, and wipe out his disgrace in Afghan blood." This seems a fitting opportunity to say something about Herat itself, now the turning point of British or Russian supremacy in Central Asia.

To the classical reader Herat is probably better known by its ancient appellation *Aria* or *Artacoana*, an obvious corruption of *Heri*, the old Persian name for the adjacent territory. In the time of Alexander it was already a place of some importance, and Major Price quotes a proverbial stanza purporting that, "originally founded by Lohorasp, it was considerably augmented by Gush-tasp, further enlarged by royal Bohmen, and finally completed by Alexander the Grecian." Like most celebrated cities in the East, Herat has undergone many vicissitudes. It was visited by the locust-like hordes of Chenghis Khan. It was also taken in 1381 by Timour Shah, who demolished the fortifications, and carried off its chief treasures, particularly the great gates overlaid with iron, on which were inscribed the names and designations of all the princes of the Ghorian race, who, each in his turn, had strutted their brief hour on that stage. Half a century later a yet more dire calamity befell the unfortunate city. It was almost depopulated by a pestilence, supposed to have been the small-pox. Ten thousand individuals perished in a single day, and an officer stationed at

one of the gates counted 4,000 biers as they passed him, without reckoning the multitudes of dead bodies borne on men's backs, without any other covering than the clothes in which they had died. The tide of conquest again burst upon Herat under Nadir Shah, who also annexed Ghuznee and Candahar to the kingdom of Persia. Soon after his death, however, Ahmed Shah Abdallee recovered those cities and provinces for Afghanistan, of which they have ever since been regarded as an integral portion. It is true, indeed, that during the many revolutions which have torn that kingdom since the commencement of the present century, the chief in temporary possession of Herat has transferred his allegiance from Cabul to Teheran, or from Teheran to Cabul, as it suited his private ends, or according to the pressure from without. But the British government has all along steadily refused to recognise the suzerainty of Persia, except to the same nominal extent that the Ameer of Cabul professes to acknowledge the Shah-in-Shah as his supreme lord and the King of Islam.

The situation of Herat is described as very beautiful. It stands in a fertile and well-watered valley, thirty miles in length by fifteen in width, cultivated like a garden, and once covered with flourishing villages. As the emporium of commerce between Cabul, Cashmere, Bokhara, Hindostan, and Persia, it is dignified by the appellation of *Bunder*, or *Port*, though no more on the sea coast than *Bohemia*. Its staple commodities are silk, *assafœtida*, and saffron. The gardens around the city, and also within the walls, abound with mulberry trees, grown for the sole purpose of rearing the silk worm. Pines are indigenous in the plains, the pistachio tree on the hills, and in both localities flourishes the *assafœtida*. Both Hindoos and Belooches are as partial to this odorous plant as the Italians to garlic. The stem is roasted in ashes, the leaves boiled like any other green vegetable. Wheat, barley, and many kinds of fruit grow abundantly in this favored valley, while large flocks of broad-tailed sheep graze on the lower slopes of the hills. "Herat," exclaims its native historian *Khondemir*, "is

the eye, the lamp, which gives light to all other cities. Herat is the soul, of which this world is but the body ; and if Khorassan be the bosom of the world, Herat is allowed to be the heart."

When Macdonald Kinneir visited Herat in the early part of the present century, 1810-12, the population was about one hundred thousand, but in 1837 it had declined to less than half that number. At that time it consisted of little more than four long bazars, each containing about 10,000 inhabitants. It is in fact a square fort, a mile each way, surrounded by a lofty mud wall and a wet ditch, with a few insignificant outworks. These have since been augmented and strengthened, but are not of a nature to withstand a regular siege, properly conducted. How has it fallen since its splendours called forth the enthusiastic praises of Khondemir at the close of the 15th century ? It then possessed a citadel "renowned for its impregnable strength and solidity ; of which the surrounding fosse is described to have been more unfathomable than the soul of the liberal man in his bounty, and the ramparts more lofty than to be spanned by the ordinary powers of the imagination." It could boast, besides, of many splendid mosques, colleges, elms-houses, mausolea, and caravan-serais, and one library. A little way out of the town, on the banks of a river, stood a gorgeous college. "From the varnished gilding on the walls the dawn of the morning derived its blushes, and the reflection of the lapis-lazuli inlaying lent its azure tints to the vaults of heaven." Of the numerous public gardens for the recreation of the citizens, the one called the "ornament of the world" surpassed the wonders of fancy. Thirty-two years were consumed in laying out the grounds and planting them, and in adorning them with porticos, corridors, and pavillions. "Like the flower-enamelled retreats of elysium, its heart-expanding area

exhibited one entire carpet of roses, and of every description of flower and fragrant shrub : the soul-refreshing air which breathed through every avenue, like the zephyr breeze of the earliest month of spring, possessed the influence of assuaging the sorrows of the most afflicted ;* the azure realms of ether faded in the comparison with the charming tints of its ever-verdant pastures ; and the fountain of the water of life itself produced nothing to be compared with the lovely translucent streams which either shot in brilliant showers to the sky, or wandered in velvet-bordered rills through every part of this enchanting scene."

Temple and tower have long since crumbled away ; the health-giving gardens have been trampled under foot ; the names of Khondemir and of his yet more illustrious fellow-citizen Noor-ood-deen Abdurrahman-ool-Jami, the author of "Yussuf Zuleikha," have passed into oblivion ; and the once stately streets are now filled with heaps of offal and carrion. Nevertheless, Herat is now a more important spot on the earth's surface than in the most palmy days of Mahomedanism.

It is undeniable that in 1836 the Shah had strong grounds of complaint against the prince and people of Herat. During the lifetime of Abbas Mirza, Prince Kamran consented to pay an annual tribute of 50,000 rupees (£5000) to Persia, and further promised to demolish the fortress of Ghorian on the borders of Khorassan. But on the death of the Prince Royal the tribute was withheld, the strength of the frontier fortress augmented, the resident Persian families refused permission to return into their own country, and the Wuzeer, Yar Mahommed Khan, encouraged to make an inroad into Khorassan, whence he carried off 12,000 Persian subjects, afterwards sold to the slave-dealers of Bokhara and Khiva. It was impossible for Mahommed Shah to overlook these

* In the ancient *fabliau* entitled *Li Lais de l'Oiselet*, the same idea is expressed in nearly the same words :—"The gardens were of strange device, and in them were plants more than I can name, but there were roses and flowers that diffused the most fragrant odours, and spices of such virtue that a man who was sick and infirm having passed the night in a litter placed in the grounds went away next morning sound and strong." There is no doubt the old Trouvers drew much of their inspiration from the East.

insults and outrages, and, had it not been for their mutual jealousy of each other, it is unlikely that either Russia or England would have interfered in the matter. But as the one countenanced the projected expedition, the other felt bound to thwart it. Were it not for the arrogant position assumed by Russia in the Councils of Teheran, it would be quite unimportant to Great Britain whether Persia or Afghan ruled at Herat. That city, however, is geographically and strategically the key of Afghanistan. From that basis a large army could securely operate against Candahar and Caubul, from the former of which places it is little more than a hundred miles distant. Herat, in the power of Persia, would thus become a Russian advanced post, threatening our Indian possessions. It is possible that no real danger is to be apprehended from the north-western frontier, but the very shadow of a menace is at least equivalent to a gross insult. And although no Russo-Persian army might be able to force its way through the mountain passes of Afghanistan, or cross the Indus in the face of the British troops, with any prospect of ultimate success, there is no doubt that Russian intrigues would be ever busy creating disturbances within our territories, and unsettling men's minds with fear of change. For these reasons Mr. McNeil took upon himself to remonstrate with the Shah, and to recommend negotiation before having recourse to extreme measures. At one time there appeared a reasonable expectation that a compromise might be effected. A deputy from Herat had an interview with a plenipotentiary of the Shah, but the conference broke off on a point of dignity. "You demand hostages," exclaimed the Herattee, "we gave no hostages during the reign of the late Shah, and we will give none now. You demand a present; we are ready to give as large a present as we can afford. If the Shah is not satisfied with this, and is determined to attack us, let him come. We will defend our city as long as we can; and if we are driven from it, it will, of course, remain in your hands till we can find means to take it back from you." These were "brave words," but Prince Kamran was in no position to give them full effect.

There were enemies on all sides. A blood-feud existed between him and the brother chiefs of Caubul and Candahar. It would lead us too far from our subject to narrate how this came to pass, and it is the less needful that it has already been clearly set forth in the introductory pages of Mr. Kaye's eloquent history of the war in Afghanistan. But no sooner was it known that the Shah had finally resolved to conduct an expedition against Herat, than the Candahar chiefs proposed to form an offensive and defensive league with Persia; and Kohundil Khan, in writing to the Governor of Khorassan, expressed a hope that "Kamran and Yar Mahommed, who are now wandering in the plain of disgrace, will be driven into the desert of destitution." The Russian Envoy also urged the Shah's ministers to use despatch, and thus anticipate the dilatory action peculiar to a constitutional government like that of Great Britain. His words fell on no ungrateful soil. It was in vain that Prince Kamran, now seriously alarmed, besought the mediation of the English Elchee, and sent a plenipotentiary to Teheran, the bearer of costly presents, and charged with the most advantageous propositions. He pledged himself to suppress all incursions into the Persian territory, to release all captives, to pay tribute, to aid the Shah in all his wars with an auxiliary force, to do everything but abdicate. It was too late. The Persian Minister declared that the Prince of Herat must expect no mercy until he had made an entire submission, and acknowledged himself the abject servant of the king of kings. Instead of doing so he still presumed to style himself "Kamran Shah," as if two kings could dwell in one kingdom. Even the Governor of Fars, a district ten times as large as that of Herat, never arrogated to himself a higher title than that of Ameerzadeh, or Son of a Prince. Equally infructuous was the zealous mediation of Mr. McNeil. Evil counsels prevailed, and the Shah took the field in person. At first, fortune smiled upon his arms. The frontier fortress of Ghorian capitulated in ten days, and in the latter part of 1837 he sat down before Herat with an army of nearly 40,000 men and 80 pieces of artillery. This was the limit of his suc-

cess, notwithstanding the active co-operation of the Russian Minister, Count Simonich, and the desperate valour of the regiment of Russian deserters, whose future pardon was made to depend on their present good conduct. The Court of St. Petersburg had, indeed, all along professed a desire to act in harmony with the British Cabinet, and expressed regret and disapprobation at the Shah's invasion of Afghanistan. They even published a despatch from their Minister at Teheran, describing the efforts he had made to frustrate the expedition, and his determination not to lend to it the sanction of his own presence. To prove his sincerity, Count Simonich advanced the Shah 50,000 tomans to enable him to take the field, and shortly afterwards set out in his private carriage—being lame from a wound in the leg—to join the Persian army under the walls of Herat. Here he not only afforded the besiegers the benefit of his superior military knowledge, but also actively intrigued with the Afghan princes. He had already written a friendly letter to Dost Mahommed from Teheran, to which he added a verbal message, through the Ameer's agent Haji Ibrahim, that if the Shah failed to satisfy all his wishes he might rely on the protection of the Czar. The precise meaning of this communication is thus explained by the Haji: "The object of the Russian Elchee by this message is to have a road to the English (in India) and for this they are very anxious." And the agent reminds his master that *he* holds a turnpike lower down "the road." The Dost was at that time kept in constant anxiety and apprehension by the increasing power of the Sikhs, whom he hated, besides, with the fervour of a fanatic. To protect himself from their encroachments, he endeavoured, in the first instance, to form a close alliance with the British Government in India. Failing to effect this object, he was prepared to receive the tempting overtures of Captain Vicovich, a Cossack officer, overtly accredited for the purpose of concluding a commercial treaty, but covertly employed in extending the prestige of Russia. With an air of candour he admitted to the Dost that the English had preceded the Russians in civilization by

two or three centuries, but that the latter had now awakened from their long sleep. The English, he added—adopting the casual remark by Adam Smith so complacently appropriated by the Emperor Napoleon—were not "a military nation, but merely the merchants of Europe." The Czar, on the other hand, was supreme and absolute in his own country, had only to will a thing to have it performed, and, as soon as Herat had fallen, would send an army to assist the Afghans in exterminating the Sikhs, before the British Government would have emerged from the region of deliberation. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Barukzye faction should have leaned towards an alliance which promised both the destruction of the last Doo-ranee stronghold, and the extinction of their foreign enemies. Not less pains were taken by Count Simonich to spread abroad the expectation of a general rising of the Mahomedan population of India, so soon as the tidings arrived of the fall of Herat. "The Persian Government," wrote Mr. McNeil to Lord Palmerston, November 27th, 1837, "has openly expressed a belief that the possession of Herat would give such a hold upon England, that she would no longer be able to deny anything they might demand; for that the possession of Herat would give the power to disturb us in India, or to give a passage to our enemies whenever the Persian Government should think proper to do so." It thus became evident that the expedition against Herat was likewise a hostile demonstration against England. This alone would have justified, and indeed necessitated the repudiation of the ninth article of the definitive treaty of the 25th November, 1814, which prohibited the interference of his Britannic Majesty in the wars of the Persians and Afghans, except in a mediatorial capacity. And the Duke of Wellington, in a private letter to the late Mr. St. George Tucker, clearly stated that such was his own conviction. "I don't know," wrote his Grace, "that while the siege of Herat continued, particularly by the aid of Russian officers and troops, even in the form of deserters, the Government of India could have done otherwise than prepare for its defence."

But a more specious, if not a more sound, motive for assuming a hostile attitude had been furnished by the improvident insolence of the Shah's Ministers. A gross outrage had been perpetrated on a servant of the embassy, and all demands for an explanation and redress had been treated with contempt. After exhibiting the utmost patience and forbearance, and using every means to effect a reconciliation, Mr. McNeil had no alternative but to withdraw from his post, and the rupture between the two countries was complete. On the 19th of June a detachment of the Bombay Native Infantry, with two six-pounders, was landed on the island of Karrak in the Persian Gulf, and the point of the sword was thus directed, as it were, against the very heart of the kingdom.

In the meantime the siege of Herat had been prosecuted with greater perseverance than good fortune. The garrison, encouraged by the energy and military talents of Lieutenant Eldred Pottinger, defended themselves with heroic intrepidity, and gloriously repulsed a grand assault delivered on the 23rd of June, 1838. This was the last effort on the part of the enemy, though his army remained before the walls for several months longer. The vast preparations made by the Indian Government for the invasion of Afghanistan, and their occupation of Karrak, had astonished and dismayed the Court of St. Petersburg. The Shah was therefore advised to make peace, by removing all causes of offence. The minister who had maltreated the messenger of the English envoy was publicly disgraced, and the Persian army withdrawn from before Herat. Ghorian also was evacuated, and a commercial treaty arranged on terms of mutual advantage.

From that period until very recently the most friendly relations have prevailed between the Courts of Teheran and St. James. On the death of Mahommed Shah, in 1848, his eldest son, Nussir-ood-deen Mirza, was placed on the throne by the united influence of England and Russia. But in other respects British policy has exhibited itself rather in a negative than positive form. The Afghan disasters, occasioned in a great measure by the incapacity of

the General appointed by the Horse Guards, for a time cooled the desire of the home Government to intermeddle with Eastern affairs. And it should ever be borne in mind that, although it was at the cost of Indian blood and Indian revenue those terrible campaigns were conducted, it was on the sole responsibility of the English Ministry they were originated. In like manner, it was arranged in 1836 that the Indian Government should contribute £12,000 a year to the expenses of the Persian Mission, although the appointment of the resident Minister was reserved for the exclusive patronage of the home Government. And when it was found necessary to send an expedition into the Persian Gulf, the risk and the expenditure again devolved on the troops and revenues of India. But if the Indian Government is thus to be held answerable for the peace and security of Central Asia, it is only just and reasonable that it should have the privilege of nominating a resident, to be approved by the Crown, from among its own servants, already experienced in the wiles of Oriental state-craft. It is not too much to say, that had a Lawrence, a Low, or an Edwardes, been accredited to the Court of Teheran, instead of an "Honourable" whose testimonials are dated from the far West, the present entanglement of our relations with Persia would never have taken place.

Hardly had the Hon. Mr. Murray arrived at his new post, before he found himself involved in a miserable zenana intrigue, the only object of which was to divert his attention from more serious public affairs. It was at the critical moment when Persia was quivering in the balance between Turkey and Russia, that the British envoy stepped forward as the champion of his servants' wives. An angry correspondence ensued, which naturally resulted in the alienation of the Persian Government and the triumph of Russian diplomacy. The old game has been revived, and now with a fair prospect of success. A Persian army is once more encamped before Herat, and this time it has not to encounter the sagacity of Yar Mahommed, villain though he might be, or the military genius of a Pottinger, or the moral influence of a McNeil.

It is said that a well-appointed host of 25,000 men, besides swarms of irregular cavalry, and an efficient battering-train, have already commenced operations. The ostensible motive for the siege is similar to that put forward by Russia for interfering in the internal administration of Turkey. A considerable number of the inhabitants of Herat, being descendants from a colony established by Nadir Shah, profess the Sheeah, or Persian form of Mahomedanism, and have consequently been subjected to some persecution by the prevailing Soon-nites. The Shah, therefore, comes forward as the protector of his co-religionists, and demands the possession of Herat as a "a material guarantee" for their toleration and freedom from insult throughout Afghanistan. On the same grounds a French or Austrian army might lay claim to Dublin or Cork, for the purpose of defending the Roman Catholics of Ireland from Protestant tyranny. But there remains for England the same necessity as of aforetime, for the preservation of Herat. "It may be of the very highest importance," wrote Mr. McNeil, on the former occasion, "to preserve the independence of Herat, or at least to prevent its being incorporated with Persia; and, if the Shah should succeed in taking Herat, we shall have reason to regret not having interfered to prevent it."

The same necessity existing, the same means are being adopted for rescuing this advanced post of our Indian empire from the grasp of Russianized Persia. Probably as we write these lines, 5,000 British troops are encamped on Karrak and the adjacent islands, while a steam flotilla commands the waters of the Persian Gulf. Karrak—the Icarus of Arrian—contains a superficial area of rather more than twelve square miles. Its surface is described as being exceed-

ingly rugged, but on the east side it is not incapable of cultivation. Of more importance is it that it affords safe and spacious anchorage, and that it contains an abundant supply of both spring and well water. At the present moment there are not above 300 inhabitants, chiefly engaged in fishing; but in the time of the Dutch the population is said to have exceeded 3,000. The permanent occupation of this small island would secure the command of the Persian Gulf, and, if it did not acquire the amity, would at least neutralize the hostility of the Persian Government. Should the Euphrates line of communication be ever opened, this post would become one of great importance. The Caspian Sea and the Persian Gulf would thus become the antipodes of Russian and British diplomacy, and Central Asia would form a neutral ground between the absorbing races. To the rest of Europe it must be a matter of perfect indifference, whether the English or Persian flag float over the barren rocks of Karrak, except that under the former an additional barrier is raised against Muscovite ascendancy. With much less reason our French allies possessed themselves of Otaheite, and cannot therefore object to a measure which, while it protects British India from foreign insult and internal disturbance, tends to secure the preservation of peace in Asia, and the ultimate tranquillity and welfare of the Persian dominions. The primary expense of the occupation of Karrak is, comparatively, a matter of little consideration; for, to borrow the quaint illustration of Sir Harford Jones—"The British territories in India are a park, valuable enough to justify the proprietor in spending a little money to keep its pales in perfect repair and security."

THE RIDES AND REVERIES OF MR. ÆSOP SMITH.

FIRST, you will wish to know why I was christened Æsop. There is an obvious answer: I was born Smith. I come of a family that has exhausted ingenuity in providing its innumerable scions with distinctive pre-

names; that has worried its patronymic with every possible spelling—even unto Smijth, where the mysterious reduplication of the *i*, however zoologically orthodox, totally paralyses the power of pronunciation,—of a

family that has resolved at length to regard the prefix as everything, and the surname as nothing. That is one reason why I was christened *Æsop*.

However, as no living creature naturally stands upon one leg, so no earthly result is dependent for all its support upon one only reason; and the second, therefore, is the *Æ* dipthong. For several generations this *Æ* has been the distinguishing feature of our sept; in so much, that among the many clans of our family, we have come to be known everywhere as the Dipthong Smiths,—a consummation very pleasing to my respected grandfather, *Æschines*. This worthy man, the founder of my individual fortune, was a barrister of considerable powers and practice; he had buckled to the law on the strength of his name—for he had great faith in names; perhaps from the circumstance that his father, *Æolus* Smith, had turned out a speculative and therefore ruined man,—one of the innumerable victims to the South-Sea bubble; and from the further fact that his grandfather, *Æneas*—a schoolmaster, fallen into imbecility—in his drivelling dotage was perpetually babbling of the field of Troy. *Æolus* had named his son *Æschines*, by way of a sort of dipthong compliment to John Law, the fascinating bubbler of the time; but he little knew how wise a thing he had done in giving his child a name which acted perpetually as a hint to be eloquent and an incentive to be legal. The consequence came to be, in the course of years, that my grandfather grew to be eminent and rich, and thereby to furnish another good reason for my dipthong nomenclature; seeing that his service of plate displayed—perhaps too conspicuously for modern taste—on every cover, waiter and spoon, an immense *Æ* dipthong under the hereditary griffon. It thenceforward became an additional piece of family pride to find a corresponding initial for the son and heir.

My father's name—and, as the philosophy of naming induces me to add, therefore nature,—was *Æsculapius*; a worthy, excellent, and useful member of society, who, among other cares, had some little difficulty in keeping up the charter of our dipthongs; as in my case, his eldest

hope, he was hard put to it,—for there seemed only to remain unused by us in former generations, some such questionable appellatives as *Ægeon*, *Æon*, *Ætna*, and *Æthiops*—none of them very pleasant titles to be bawled by from cradle to grave. But one day, happening, after a visit to St. Bartholomew's, to pass near Snow Hill, Holborn, he cast his eye at once upon my name—and nature, for *Æsop* sank into my soul.

Who has not wondered at the utter desolation of that dreary pile of building [is it not in Skinner street, nigh unto St. Sepulchre's?] in the best business situation in all London, and yet so manifestly under the dragon eye of Chancery, that nobody would have it as a gift? Who has not noticed in the midst of the dingy edifice, surrounded by broken windows and blackened mud-bespattered bill-bedizened shutters, my illustrious namesake modelled in terracotta, not a little damaged by brickbats, and illustrated by preternatural advertisements, in the midst of his immovable audience of cattle? There sits *Æsop*, humped and shrewd, preaching to the strayers from Smithfield; and there my good father, accepting the locality as an omen fair for Smiths, decided upon calling me *Æsop*. My first-born son, if ever I'm to marry and so have one, in order to give him a turn for tragic poetry, shall be dubbed *Æschylus*.

I don't wish to be tedious, if I can in anywise help it; and, as with my birth and parentage, so also with my education, will be as short as possible. Quite naturally, the little *Æsop* was so perpetually befuddled, was so filled up with the gaieties of Gay and the gravities of Bunyan,—(for I need not, of course, mention *Æsop's* fables, imbibed with mother's milk and pap, and nurse's bread and butter,) that he grew to be somewhat of the pundit everybody seemed to be expecting. Great in riddles, keen in conundrums, unapproachable in anagram and rebus, I also came to catch a higher wisdom in the way of everyday parables. I could look nowhere but I learnt a lesson: "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks," and so forth. Flavel's *Spiritual Husbandry*, and Guille's *Christian Armour*, with the were my Sunday reading; and

gether (not to be, as I hinted just above, tedious), I found that my education had left me on the confines of manhood with an allegorical, parabolical, imaginative, discriminative idiosyncrasy.

These be "hard 'ords," — and "Idiosyncrasy" is, as a climax should be, the very hardest of them all; but it happens to be just the one I want at present, because hereby to be interpreted. We are each of us a "special mixture;" and the learned editor of "Notes and Queries," on the strength of his lexicon, tells me that is much about the meaning of the "hexasyllabical" aforesaid. This special mixture is, in my case, as you may gather, a discernment of truth in her many masqueradings, and a very love of her, however masqueraded. It is the truth that we love, not the fable; it is the pleasant surprise of finding falsehood's weapon turned against itself which tickles ear and heart; it is the glorious hint of a real unity pervading creation in this apparent chaos of diversities,—the discovery of universal relationship in smallest and greatest—the eloquence of unsuspected harmony, the beauty of recondite adaptation;—these, and many similar possible sentences of fine writing, if anybody cared to read them, constitute the charm of fable, and keep up the fame of Æsop. For Æsop (spare these modest blushes!) even in his Smith phase, shall yet come to be famous; and though it may be far from easy to be novel nowadays—(the learned editor as above, tells me this ought to be "in our days," but I dissent)—though originality in the fabulous is well nigh as impossible as in the true, I've come to the good resolution in the premises, "to do my best."

Perhaps, however, it ought first to be made apparent why I wish to do it. What possible call or excuse can there be for the Æsopisms of a Smith? Is not the world too full of books, and Paternoster Row of booksellers? Can any one read more per diem than the acre and a-half of print supplied daily by special correspondents, from North, East, West and South, the four winds ever blowing NEWS to us? I don't know; I don't care; let my respected publisher see to all that; he is a keen man (this is the idiosyncrasy of a publisher), and

thinks there's room for me, adding some flattering matter which I need not further allude to. For all else, I have flocks of thoughts upon my mind, which keep me awake until I've pinioned them in manuscript; and what's the use of manuscript unless it be in print?

The wisdom and the pith of most books can be written on a thumb-nail, with or without a fair economising of the space, and a delicate crow-quill. But my respected namesake and spiritual progenitor, Æsop, the Phrygian valet aforesaid of Athenian Xanthus, is *all* pith and wisdom. How then can I hope to fill these pages with the like? It is not possible; yet I am comforted by the reflection that the genuine Æsop in this type would make but a scanty booklet; so, if a modern must dilute to quantity, it is only fair to put him into an alembic to distil for quality. *Quantulâ sapientiâ* is a just aspiration as to other matters beside government, e. g. books; for, as no governing could go on with its bare modicum of wisdom—shredded away from oratory, ceremony, mystery and pretension—so no book can be useful to anybody—publisher, reader or writer, as a mere undigestible lump of solid sense; or still worse, as ethereal essence of intellect. Nobody can make a meal off wedding cake or Chutnee sauce.

Therefore it is that I must be discursive; if now and then you find Æsop dull, take it as intended—a foil for brighter things; if oftentimes foolish, ditto, take him for the hunchbacked dwarf to herald in fair wisdom. Only never judge your honest friend to mean any definite personalities; he makes caps, but does not fit them on heads. How can he possibly help an adaptation, demonstrably quite as likely to be the fault of the head as of the cap?

I have said hunchbacked; a fact which others seem to think of more than I do. But the word has escaped my lips, and the rest of my body shall confess its truth. I was born a fair and proper child; but hardly had my sponsors dubbed me Æsop, before a careless nurse (under some doom to carry out the whole idea with a vengeance), suffered me to crow myself out of her arms, and put my spine awry.

So soon do we adapt ourselves to a fact, and consent to it if corroborative of a fancy, that really nobody seemed much to heed the accident; there was a propriety in the hunchbacked little Æsop; and my mother talked so much about the merciful providence of my being spared, that she came to persuade herself that the deformity was a mercy too; more particularly as grandfather Æschines immediately announced to my father his resolution to make the little cripple independent. So all seemed well that fared so well; beyond the pain, poor baby knew nothing about his lifelong misfortune. The nurse cried at her ignominious dismissal; but everybody else was comforted, and all but acquiescent.

At school they called me Trochee Smith; for I was a bit of a favourite, and the other fellows hated Æsop in his Phædrus phase too entirely to call me by such a name; so, as my spinal bump had necessitated that my left leg should be shorter than the other, their nonsense-verse experience saw me as a Trochee. This, and Diphthong, which all my family affect, have been my nicknames through life.

Satire makes many enemies, and how should I escape? But if such foes do a man no worse turn than mine have done to me, their enmity is venial indeed. For I have only heard from such, certain hard truths about myself, which, under their enlightenment, I will honestly confess to. I am ill-tempered, they say; and proud, with small occasion for the sentiment; and, while pretending to a false philanthropy, far more evidently a true misogynist. All this, I, for my part, lay upon my hump. It makes a man cross to see the straighter simpleton win way with pretty girls, who must be silly enough themselves to scoff at hunchbacked wisdom; and I don't see why I should not feel pride at a mental superiority, so weightily outbalancing mere bony beauty. So let them sneer, and let me escape to rides and reveries; for all these things force me into the saddle, where, among the hunt a daring rider, I can distance everything, and win the brush when I choose; or, if (far oftener) I choose to be let alone, I can think and talk, and laugh and sing, and gallop

home when I list to write my reveries. But O, the number that escape me! The many tidy thoughts and pretty turns of speech that come and go in a canter! Now and then I've tried to scribble them in the very saddle, but it won't do; the thoughts live in the pace, and die when we stop for them. So, then, whatever you happen to get in these pages, have the justice and the charity to believe (what is a universal truth indeed) that there is more in every man than he has yet achieved; and that the best that any author ever gave to men, is not half as good as what he knows he could give. Only there are hitches in daily life; perpetual hindrances and worries, and material obstructions to the peace-needing crystallizations of mind. Lucky Bunyan, with a clear conscience in a quiet prison! Just the man and just the means to make a Pilgrim's Progress.

Before I cease this scant preliminary say, I ought to introduce you to my stud; pretty Brenda, a grey mare with a spirit; Minna, a bay ditto, with black legs and a long square tail, a good bit of stuff enough, but something of a slug; these are my usefuls; and I ought to name beside, poor old Wonder, my steady, sturdy shooting pony, now pensioned out as an Emerita,—together with her splendid stallion colt, light dun, with black legs and mane and tail, whom I have named Arabesque, from his Arab sire. These may be esteemed my ornamentals; at all events, a Suffolk-street artist begged their portraits lately, as a model mare and foal.

Without more ado then, take the benefit of these my reveries; or, metaphysically, ride with me, reader, whenever you may please; if and when you will, you can drop behind or go ahead; for I'm used to my own company, and generally like it quite as well as other people's. Of course I could weary you out and make you tail off, if I chose; and very possibly I shall. My plan will be to ride, or to tell you that I have been riding, when I like and where I like; and stop or have stopped, for a reverie—if anyhow it pleases me. You may be within earshot if you will, for I always think aloud; and my intention (I forewarn you) is to al-

legorize, fabulize and moralize without let or hindrance. I shan't mind your presence more than if I were alone. That's our bargain, remember; one of mutual and entire freedom.

POND SKIMMING.

Our beautiful valley has a little silver trout stream running down the middle of it, whereof plenty more anon: for the Ripple-burn (so we call our rivulet) has before this taught me a thought or two. And now it may truly be said to be accessory to such a thought, for it is the living cause of the pond whereto I'm coming. However, this pond, ambitious of an independent existence, having got itself well filled by our stream, has ungratefully suffered it to slip aside by some trench or other, and remains stagnant. As my little mare trotted lately down the deep lane, and brought me near the ruinous mill-head, I thought I had never seen that large pond look more unwholesome and unseemly: it was covered with slime and duckweed: a very filthy-looking miasmatic piece of green stagnation.

I suppose (thought I to myself) this great acreage of corruption typifies our poor old world.

Hardly had I said it—for I generally think aloud—than I saw some cottage children very busily engaged in a dirty creek, where the old punt rotted; they were up to their middles in the green slush, and diligently skimming the duckweed into the punt with laurel leaves.

Why, my poor little industrious idlers, thought I, isn't that very much like the efforts made by our philanthropists? Don't they go about all in the mud, skimming the surface with silver teaspoons, and to pretty nearly as little effect as you, my children? Now if, instead of letting that life-giving streamlet waste its precious energies in a bye-way channel, it were coaxed to run right through the pond, what a stir there would be among the duckweed—what a wholesale skimming would perpetually be performing—what a doing better on the large scale, much about what our laurel leaves and teaspoons are failing to do in the small!

And yet, what more or better can those poor children do? Are they not benefiting their own spirits at all events by charity and industry, and by this diligence in using the laurel leaves of character, and the teaspoons of wealth for achieving all they can of moral cleanliness around them? How can they, poor weaklings, get the stream through the pond, to be a pulse of life within it, an electric current of vitality through it? The stream is the Church, flowing from a pure spring, high up among the hill tops—as the pond is the world, a festering mass of “life in excrements.” Not the Church of Gregory, nor the Church of Luther, nor the Church of Wesley, nor the Church of Irving, nor the Church of Joe Smith (my perpetual name has bred a new heresy, as well as contributed to the wealth of nations,) nor any local nor special church at all, but the Church of Christ—that innumerable band of blessed good doers on good principles which is united spiritually as one, but is subdivided materially into individual millions of dribblets. Every effort to make many men agree as to outward unity must fail, till the spiritual conquers the material: but, amidst infinite diversity, there is still a true oneness in the real Church: and there is a Catholicity everywhere felt, although invisible. Did you ever know two candid Christians who disagreed in the main? or two quiet unprejudiced reasoners who did not come closer, as they found points of controversy melt up under explanations? So then, there is a pure stream, as there is an impure pond; and they want a wedding to make the one useful, and the other wholesome. Meanwhile, skim away, children.

EMPTY BUCKETS.

They were mending the mill dam at Luck's-wheel when I rode by one day: all the water had been let off, and the reservoir was dry. Nevertheless, there was poor old idiotic Master Cheeseman in his horn spectacles (through which, even if his eyes had been serviceable otherwise, it would have been impossible to see clearly,) baling, as he supposed, water from a tank into a trough, with plenty

of expectant horses and cattle coming for drink and finding nothing. I ought to add, that the workmen were gone to their dinner; that old Cheeseman is hard of hearing as well as dim sighted; and that, as of course the poor dumb creatures couldn't complain, and no wiser animal stood by to expostulate, he thought he was watering them handsomely; as indeed he ought for his pay.

Well—and I moralised about those poor dry brutes, labour-wearied and thirsting in the dusty noon, crowding round old incapable Cheeseman busied with his empty buckets. And I thought I had far too often been aware of the same sort of thing in church; thirsty cattle, empty buckets, and wells without water—and conceited dullness all the while making believe that all are fed, and none sent empty away.

I love, (and so do you, reader, when you can find such a one,) the earnest, zealous, loving minister of heaven—the faithful shepherd of souls—the holy friend and teacher of his people—the rare real parish priest. But, are we not even more indignant than saddened at the many hirelings, incapable for good, and crowded about by eager starving souls: giving them to drink as nearly nothing as possible, and for meat, chaff? Some preaching up an ecclesiastical Deity, as if the Blessed One were merely an appendage to their idol church: others a theological Deity, as if He were an aggregation of ethical problems: another sort, with a code of forms, and attitudes, and symbols—monotoning, as old Cheeseman does, when his spring spectacles press the nose too tightly—bowing, as he does, when he tips the empty bucket, and arrayed, like him, in adiabhanous spectacles, disabling any one from seeing one inch beyond the narrow circle of near-sighted prejudice.

Yes, friends, thought I, as I walked Minna up one of our deep, rocky, overshadowed, lichen-covered lanes, most of us feel much like one of those thirsty teamsters on a Sunday. The dust and drought and toil of the week have need to be washed down; and so we come to our troughs for the living water, and, behold! our appointed bucket is, in almost each case, full of emptiness.

BOTTLED THUNDER; AND ELECTRIC SAUCE.

I only wish, sighed I on another day when I visited a young chemical friend of mine, bit with the first rage of experimentalising in modern philosophics, that those empty buckets would try after a moral sort what Jonathan Spicer has been attempting physically. He has invented a plan for collecting—at least he asserts as much—the essence of thunder and lightning. On hot summer afternoons, when the atmosphere seems to be portending storms, he will arrange on a grass plot all the old wine bottles he can muster, necks up and corkless; into half he will set upright long bamboos, pithed-elderwands, and gutta percha pipes, all which he takes to be conductors of sound; into the other half, rods of iron wire as condensers of electricity. If a thunder-storm comes on, and he can manage by rosin plugs to keep the inside of the bottles dry from rain, Jonathan is overjoyed: for when, after it, with all speed he had diligently corked and waxed the bottles thus charged, (having previously withdrawn the pipes and rods with glass gloves,) Jonathan feels certain of being the fortunate possessor of several dozen bottles of thunder and lightning.

He is a shrewd fellow, too, and makes it pay: for he has persuaded two ambitious friends of his—one of whom long affected to be a demagogue, and the other of whom actually did afterwards become parliamentary member for a manufacturing borough—to buy of him and take periodically, according to speech-making necessities, his bottled thunder and electric sauce: they are instructed to mix the unseen fluids by means of wooden or metal siphons with wines, soups, stews, or any other generous food, and so to imbibe them. And whether it was from faith or fancy, or the hidden efficacy of the elements, or good meats and drinks, certain it has been that Jonathan's brace of orators have become more clamorous and more effective from the very first dose onward: the prescription undoubtedly has done wonders in their case.

One day, then, as I was passing Dymfold Common on my nag—it was a dull sultry afternoon in July—I noted

the array of spiked bottles standing like a cohort of long-lanced Achæans before Jonathan Spicer's cottage ; and the philosopher himself watching his barometer and trying to coax a thunder storm in his direction by means of a wire-framed kite.

Rather wondering what it all might mean (for I then did not know what *you* know) I stopped, questioned, ascertained, approved, and meditated ; and it was on that occasion I conceived the wish initiatory, as about the buckets.

Why can they not draw from the sublimities of nature, from the loud language of this world's history, from the songs of creation, and the echoes of science, something of an attractive eloquence ? Why do they not strive after the prophetic fire, the evangelic zeal, the thrilling fervour of primeval Christianity ? Why can they not put a little thunder and lightning into their ministrations, some of the Boanerges energy to awaken sleepers, some of the electric sauce to touch consciences ? All is too level, too cold, too decently laid out dead : one drone of unvarying formula, and one scheme of lithographed doctrine.

O how few of those who "perform" our service make its depth of beauty and of eloquence available to stir hearts as by an electric flash ! How few who are privileged to teach their fellows in a pulpit raised six feet (as it has been shrewdly noticed by a relative of mine, high Sidney,) above all contradiction or interruption, preach as if they cared to quicken the spirit, to inform the mind, or to sanctify the affections !

I, Æsop Smith, earnestly desire that many of the empty buckets and empty bottles I have seen, would do as Jonathan Spicer does with his tubes and wires. We should then have no empty churches ; and no talk therefore about pulling them down in vast towns, such as poor starving London, because they *are* so empty. Who can wonder ? The bottles are not charged with thunder and lightning.

Nothing is in them but the scaly residue of old crusted port and the dried lees of ancient sherry. Sextons, beardless, pew-openers, vergers, and the like disagreeable appendages to our orthodox faith, who will do nothing whatever without a fee, except exclude the poor ; these, with a pomp-

ous old shovelhat, some sky-blue charity children, and an ill-paid organist, constitute all the attractions ; and if the rich merchants escape to Brighton, having locked up their carpeted pews, no wonder the old church is empty ; for the multitudes of poor all round find too cold a welcome for their rags, too scanty comfort from their miseries.

So, yearning for excitements, they crowd the gin-palace, or read the Sunday paper after skittles : or, if somewhat better disposed, they join the congregation of some Latter-day fanatic : and much of all this, simply because their parish church is cold and unattractive—there is no thunder and lightning in the empty old magnum.

Then comes your church and state philanthropist, totally oblivious of all fault in any official personages, and votes that the building with all its ungenial paraphernalia of fee-hungry servitors be decanted bodily from St. Verdant Foster's to Mile-End.

As if great London, even on a Sunday, had not men, women and children enough left in its courts and alleys alone to fill up all the holy edifices wherewith the piety of former times has munificently besprinkled the city.

O bishops, lords, and gentlemen, see that really good and true men, a missionary and apostolic clergy, earnest, able, kind, and eloquent, fill those drowsy pulpits ; and you will presently find nave and galleries well filled too with awakened congregations : but, as things are now, my friend, Jonathan Spicer, has taught me that these empty bottles need a charge of thunder and lightning.

PATIENCE.

Take a lesson from that furze-bush, Æsop, whispered my better angel.

I was terribly ruffled : some insolent navvies had mimicked my hump, and made mouths at me ; and, what was more, a pretty girl passing by at the moment saw them and me, and then laughed too. I only wished her the mumps.

Take a lesson from that old horse on the common, Æsop, again whispered my spiritual director.

Winter and summer, in biting cold and scorching heat, still that furze-bush holds on greenly, and seldom or never without a golden blossom somewhere hung about it. By night and day, in rain and sunshine, that old horse stands munching at the sour marshy pasturage, quite contented at his lot.

Why shouldn't I be at least as much of a philosopher as a beast or a bush? thought I, thanking the angel.

And there's plenty of need for such philosophy in this old wrongful world of ours, as most men know for themselves; and it is an especial wisdom to keep patient without getting hardened; and a very singular virtue to sport a flower in all seasons, like that old weatherbeaten furze-bush; and a strange comfort to go munching on contentedly, like that old horse.

THE MOLE AND ITS GRANDMOTHER.

There was once a young mole who resolved to better his condition. So he went and bought eye-salve of the snake; and he took lessons of the rabbit in running; and consulted Dr. Squirrel as to the wise expediency of living on nuts, with the hope of growing a tail; and hid up his great, ugly, splay hands in snail-shells, which he wished to pass for hoofs. But, with all pains taken, nothing answered as it ought: he couldn't see—he did little better than waddle—his tail wouldn't grow, even if the nuts were not rank poison to his stomach; and his hands, pinched like Chinese feet, only ached intolerably, but would not do the walking. He had merely made himself miserable and ridiculous.

In this dilemma, his grandmother found him, and, "Child," quoth she, "why can't you be satisfied with your lot in life? You are fitted for it, and it is fitted for you. What should you think of the wisdom of your friend, Dr. Squirrel, if he became ambitious of your tunnelling powers, even as you are of his tail? Come home with me, and be comfortable without those nasty hard gloves. Your hands are good for grubbing. If you try to imitate other folk's virtues and neglect your own natural

excellences, you will only succeed in being the most wretched mole above ground, instead of being a happy and useful mole beneath it."

That also was a whisper of my angel, due to Minna having stumbled the same ride, by tramping into a mole-hill on Stonesfield Common; and so, besides Patience, she helped to teach me Contentment.

DIAMONDS.

One good lesson taught in the Hyde Park Crystal Palace, was the worthlessness of a Koh-i-Noor. Hardness and glitter are but poor qualities to command esteem. Beauty of form, usefulness of characteristic, or (to rise higher) faithfulness, intelligence, and love,—these may indeed be gems of price, but not that shining pebble. I thought of the Koh-i-Noor from this cause.

As I was jogging along, Minna fell lame; and I had to get off, inconveniently enough for my trochaic understanding (remember my left leg is two inches shorter than my right, and I have always to mount on the offside), to knock a troublesome, angular bit of flint out of her foot: it was a quartz stone, a crystalized mass of so-called Brighton diamonds: hence, of course, occurred the Koh-i-Noor, that most excessive humbug of the class, and so to Koh-i-Noor reputations.

Great generals have very much of the hardness and glitter of your diamond—I mean certain fighting disciplinarians, whose blunders are negatived by the mere pluck of their troops. So also of sundry public orators; the showy, loud, browbeating sort; and not a few magnates of ancient rank minus modern merit; and here and there a millionaire merchant, speculating to the brink of bankruptcy; and your dashing cut-and-thrust reviewers, all glare, malice, and effrontery; and, in short, any kind of hardhearted glittering humbug. All such need recutting, like the Koh-i-Noor.

How we all despised that pebble: how contemptuously our intelligent artisans, our men with hard heads and horny hands, left the gas-lusted bauble to the ladies; and even in

their eyes how disappointing it was : little brighter, if at all, than a cut-glass drop from a chandelier.

Yes, quoth Æsop ; but it had one charm little heeded. Eastern superstition had invested Runjeet Singh's armlet with the sovereignty of his possessions ; and it were as well that our Queen should have the magic trinket. For all beside, it was like many a notoriety—get close and it dims—reason on it, and that empty fame comes to be despicable : nothing but the credulity and homage of thousands saves it from contempt.

Faith is much every way ; and faith keeps up the price of diamonds.

Many a sick man has eaten stewed tench, without being at all aware that, according to Isack Walton, he ought to be cured by it of everything ; for that fish is the heal-all. And many an Argentine dame has marked tricks and honours at whist with four shining buttons, without at all suspecting they were rough diamonds : so styled, they were the win-all. And many a genius in obscurity has bred great thoughts, ignorant of their rarity and value ; but these are verily the world's true worth-all. Only that faith in the tench is wanted for the cure : faith in the pebble for the value : faith in the genius for the world's true weal.

GRAMMAR.

"Tip us a copper, yer honour : us, poor fellows, ain't got no luck in life."

I tipped the copper, and fell into a dream of grammar.

Not until I grew to manhood, and could reverie on horseback, did I come to comprehend my earliest schoolbook lessons ; that "nouns," for example, are the gnomelike dog-latin for "names" of things, and "adjectives" their "added" qualities ; that a "verb" is an important "word," a "declension" a "step" or "shelf" on which to fling the various classes of names ; and that their fivefold Latin form was hinted from the five vowels, which also influence the "conjugations," or "groups" of verbs.

A poor, little, trembling schoolboy is dragged or whipped through philo-

sophical mysteries which his usher is unable (even if willing) to explain ; and the very hardest lessons of education are stupidly presented on the threshold of life, to the utter obfuscation of all after intelligence.

Grammar, the art of "writing" correctly, is never explained out of its monastic terms to the learner ; and when terms are abstruse, and the reasons for them unannounced, right knowledge is impossible. We want a simple modern handbook of grammar—the very science is mediæval.

I reveried further as to those reduplicated negatives, and thought how right our vulgarian old English "no-nothing" is when measured by other old tongues, as Greek and common sense. Double affirmatives don't contradict themselves : why should double negatives ? Our common people, in their talk, continually preserve traditional truths of language. Who can mistake the intensity of "ain't got no luck ?" And the object of language is to convey ideas : not, as a diplomatist shrewdly remarked, to confuse them. If such reduplication be destructive, what think you of *οὐ μὴ σέ ἀνῶ, οὐδὲ δὲ μὴ σέ ἐγκαταλίπῳ* ; "no, I will not leave thee, no, nor not forsake thee ?"

Pure old English is a true tongue ; manly, full of strength, and full of sense. I glory in this, that ours, almost alone of languages, has no confusion of genders for things inanimate. Why should I eat with a masculine knife and a feminine fork ? Why may not both be neuter ? And what a needless obstruction to the acquisition of a tongue are all such arbitrary genders ! The very noonday sun, properly neutral with us, is male among the classics, and female with the Germans ; and every tongue but English is full of such absurdities.

Then as to "cases," or the accidental "positions" of a thing : we beat the ancients there, in all cases but the "objective." Of, and to, and by, and with, and from, are clearer and more universal intimations of position, than a special change in every perplexed name of a thing. So far only as the accusative is concerned, I could wish we had carried out the difference between "he" and "him" to the other words. Nothing's perfect : not even Anglo-Saxon English.

But what a very dull reverie old Æsop has fallen into this time. There was plenty more of it, but this is too long. I told you I should sometimes be stupid intentionally: it is to try your patience. The out-and-out advocates for the coarsest and harshest public schoolism vindicate all their shortcomings and misdoings, by the occasional result of one grand genius-success among forty failures. Education ought to be (say they) subjective, making the man capable of acquiring and of conquering; not so much objective (as say Utilitarians), filling the man with an encyclopædia of facts. So then Æsop tries your patience, as Eton does; and may it do you good. Not but that for his part he thinks that a happy mixture of both plans is the right thing; and he recommends Winchester (for example) to be conscious of some slight progress made in science and literature since the time of William of Wickham.

THROWING A FIR.

There you go, destroying in one hour the glorious product of fifty years.

My neighbour, Simpson, is just that sort of a man: he'll make a sudden change, then suddenly change again, and so on in perpetual self-multifications of repentance.

They were sawing away at a very ornamental larch fir on Simpson's lawn; and I stopped to talk to him in person.

"This will be a wonderful improvement," said he; "it will give us the full advantage of the sun on our windows."

"Well," I answered, "so it may just now" (it was November); "but surely that graceful tree had its uses in July; and how beautiful the pink tufts looked in March."

"Eh! What?" said the rapid Simpson; "Dear me! that's very true. Here, you fellows; stop!"

It was too late; down came the fir with a crash, overwhelming a most petted border of *Chrysanthemums*, in full flower, and now utterly demolished.

When I next passed that way, I found that the vacillating Simpson

had planted on the same spot the largest *Deodora* he could move.

Much about what our great reformers are continually doing, thought I; and every one of us in his own little world has often done the like.

Did you ever take down a chimney because it was built awry? I have done so, and built it up straight, for architectural beauty, and so on. But for indoor comfort, you'll have to do as I have done, and build it up awry again. In any other shape the drawing-room grate smokes miserably. Depend upon it, the wisdom of our forebears didn't build that chimney crooked without good cause.

It's easy enough to cut down; soon done, and often repented. It's like hanging a man who may be innocent.

Æsop, there's a good practical lesson of life to be found in Simpson's fir. We have in Church and State, and all our home miniatures of the pair, perpetual need to be humming, "Woodman, spare that tree!"

GAPS.

Only go on, and the way will show itself before you. It is astonishing how every difficulty vanishes as you get near it. Hills at a distance look gigantic; approach, and where are they? You have gradually put them under your feet. Courage and enterprize conquer all things; and there's always one good in the atmosphere about a difficulty, the rarified air exhilarates and helps you to overcome.

As it is in the rambling sort of ride I often take alone, or with one of my nieces, so it is in life. However closely pounded in field, or hidden in copse, there's always a practicable gap to be crept through, or an easy hindrance to be got over, or somehow or other a way out. Nothing but a cowardly stagnation ever fails utterly. If you do not win what you meant straightforwardly, you attain to something sideways. It is mighty seldom, though the path of life be hedged with thorns awhile, that Providence has not left a gap, "a way to escape that ye may be able to bear it."

Jonathan's characteristic rule of "Go-ahead," combined with John's

idiosyncratic "All's right," is the great cause wherefore Anglo-Saxonism in both hemispheres is such an invincible almighty thing. The "Go-ahead" ensures man's effort—the "All right" implies God's sanction. All would be wrong in a waiting idleness, and going ahead is the conquering idea of everybody.

GALLS.

How many of us are there, I should like to be informed, who do not know by sharp experience what it is to have a deep heart-sorrow undivulged and unsuspected, a secret thorn festering in the flesh, a hidden skeleton under the very hearthstone of home? And how few of us, envying our neighbour his pretty box, or his charming Mrs., or his fine boys, take into account the tax his inner spirit has to pay for all this seeming outer comfort! What with memories and regrets, and disappointments and vexations, and the universal plague-spot upon everything, and the calamity of what is vaguely called nervousness in self or partner, and all sorts of other private ailments, hindrances, and sores,—truly things are not often what they seem. And I, for my part, have long ago learnt the small wisdom of coveting the lot of nobody.

So very humble an incident as a gall on Brenda's shoulder from a broken saddle-tree provokes this serious bit of prosing. I wondered what made her so fidgetty and miserable after that last leap; all so changed from her usual free and happy paces; "the galled jade winced" at every step.

We all have our galls somewhere, Brenda; the buckles of our social harness fret most irritating holes in us, and yet who cares to acknowledge that his multitudinous, semi-comic, petty miseries amount to a real mass of tragedy in life?

A crook is in the lot of every one of us. This smiling friend has crimes of youth upon his conscience,—that one is tormented by disease,—another knows miserably (what the wondering world is to hear next July) that he is a beggar and a rogue,—another is burdened with a wife of perilous

propensities, or a reprobate set of sons, or haply with an assortment of vices all his own; insult has outraged Jones's sensibilities, Brown hates all mankind because his pet trustee has robbed him, and Robinson maligns the world of females for sake of that capricious Emily who jilted him for Thomson. Every man you meet has his sore place somewhere. Let us all be patient then, and charitable, and reasonably pad our several saddles clear of our special raws.

BLISS'S BANKRUPTCY.

You know my faith in names; well, they once in a very simple manner did a friend of mine a good turn for life; and as they may assist another poor body or two, with all philanthropy I will enunciate them.

Job Bliss kept a little village shop in the general line, and throve so well that he grew rich, and therefore discontented; to make more gains, he wished to increase his capital, and the most obvious way to do that was to take a partner. Accordingly he looked up and down his little world, and found one.

William Worry, the son of a small farmer, had just been left enough by a deceased relative to make him wish to better his condition—for, to say truth, he was little more than a day labourer—but now an hundred and thirty pounds clear of all duties and deductions made him seem a most desirable acquisition to Job aforesaid in the way of universal chandlery. So, then, it came to be little wonderful, that in the course of my next ride through the village of Fenny-Stonesfield, I should have to notice a change in the appearance of the shop, for, in every direction, gilded or printed, the allied names of "Bliss and Worry" met my gaze.

A portentous combination, thought I; but it's no business of mine, if they can keep the peace; all's well that ends well; I'll wait and see.

N.B.—In the exultation of his heart, Job had set the church bells a-ringing (by favour of his partner's father, the churchwarden,) when the new shop front was put up. Poor Job!

Well, I did wait and see; and I

saw in that ominous copartnership what I think I have discerned elsewhere in another sort of copartnership, not so dissoluble. Worry didn't hit it at all with Bliss; the accounts got into confusion; customers dropped off, because they didn't like Worry's ways; and Job soon found that he had need of all his namesake's patience and nothing to spare. So it went on, till nothing could go on any longer; bankruptcy supervened, and was not superseded; and, to cut a long story short, the result is that the firm of "Bliss and Worry" is gone to the dogs.

Now, do you know, when I related these very simple, and far too common facts to my gay young friend, De Solus of the Albany, he turned pale, rang for a passport, went to Florence, and was *not* married (as he ought have been the very next week) to the fair and expecting Anastasia Naggs.

I, Æsop, am a widower, or, to be more accurate, a widowed bachelor; for I lost my first love (and a very sweet girl she was) before she had attained by law the privilege of teasing me for life. I felt it deeply at the time, but, from what I have since observed in families, I now think that even my once great loss has, on the whole, amounted to a gain.

To be sure, I might, perchance, have reckoned on a juvenile Æschylus to succeed to the family plate; and the dipthong must not die with me, whatever penalties come in with matrimony; so some day, doubtless, I shall find the yoke as heavy as my neighbours do; but in reasonable dread thereof, I put it off as long as I dare.

For, thought I, as I cantered away on my mare, how oftentimes a Job Bliss comes to utter bankruptcy through partnership with a Wilhelmina Worry! The tongue of a Naggs, with its million iterations; the variabilities of a temper-ature from zero to blood heat and back again; the vacillations of an empty little mind; the poisoned goadings of a jealous disposition—these common matrimonials amount to a torment whereof the Inquisition might be proud.

O the aggravations, irritations, provocations of perpetual worry and unreasoning wilfulness! O the rock-

eating force of repitition! O the misery of being tied, the living to the dead, susceptibility to cold endurance. For the contentions of a wife are a continual dropping, said Solomon the wise.

And there sits Job, (all the while I have in my mind my poor friend, Brevet-colonel Jade of the 10th Buffers, whose gallantry is quenched in the presence of his lady,) there he sits, patient enough to all outward seeming, in the midst of the clamours of his wedded paragon; but within, all affections blighted, all old feelings blasted, bearing his untold grief in a very bitter silence, utterly case-hardened-up at heart, and only longing very heartily to be free from bondage, and near about the light-breasted bachelor I myself am!

Who among husbands has ever yet dared to tell the truth, and turn king's evidence against the often miseries of marriage, wherein the fair and gentle idols of our youthful fancy prove not seldom to be termagants, and our besonnetted darlings grow into the frequent phase of your vulgar-minded womankind, intractable, contentious, and capricious?

A man must live without love then, for love is killed by clamour.

Yes, my gay young friend, De Solus, you once on a while, reverieing in your lonely chambers of that wretched Albany, compared very originally the fair Anastasia to a ring-dove; but now, slightly disenchanted by bright Florence, your memories incline to regard her as of the hawk tribe. You are well out of it, my fortunate friend. Beware of aquiline noses and black eyes; neither do I know that the soft-looking mindless Mignon, pink and flaxen, and blue-eyed as a doll, is any safer venture. The triumphs of temper are more various and famous than that of Maximilian.

As I soliloquised thus, not remembering exactly where I was, I touched my nag with the spur, and in the next moment found myself over a hedge. She is a grey mare, and the vixen did her best to throw me, but that's not done as soon as said.

While on this topic, as I reveried still further, what a mistake our rulers have been making with their one-sided law against husbands. King Ahasuerus and his counsellors, in

the matter of Vashti knew better; but our modern wisdom has seen fit to pass "an act for the encouragement of termagant wives." What a triumph must it be for the beldames of an alley to see some poor hen-pecked aggravated tailor pulled up for "brutality!" He has dared to have the last word, or, after miraculous patience, has kicked out just that once against preternatural provocations—and accordingly all-conspiring wifedom sympathizes with his persecuted Amazon, and so an injured husband gets six months.

Well, at all events, as more than one such happy convict has acknowledged openly, he gets peace with his prison fare; and some one has somewhere preferred a dry morsel and quietness therewith, to a house full of meats with strife.

De Solus, my friend, I congratulate you; don't lightly walk into the trap. Remember (as I wot you will) that ominous copartnership, "Bliss and Worry."

And, O ye many Mrs. Colonel Jades, ye jealous minds, fiery tempers, and aggravating tongues, hearken to old Æsop's counsel; it may be that his own hump makes him fractious, and a trifle querulous at woman's nature; but I want to tell you a secret, *à propos* to Bliss and Worry. You suppose that, if you only do not commit adultery, you are virtuous wives; and under the shield of the text which authorizes a divorce for nothing else, you give yourselves impunity to make your husbands miserable. You think that curtain lectures go for nothing; and that a wife is privileged to be as capricious, as vexatious, as unpleasant as she can be. I'll tell you a secret—no husband ever yet forgot a tornado of female temper, nor forgave a deliberate aggravation; the first he dreads, but the second he hates.

And then, forsooth, you taunt him with his impossible and unreasonable vow to love—that which is utterly unamiable; to cherish—that which is an adder in his bed. Depend upon it, quoth Æsop, the good man will do his best; but he is well justified to God and man that he can do no better.

Ay, Mrs. Colonel Jade, you caught that honest heart by trickeries, and

vanities, and a clear white skin; and having caught him, all your pretty seemings flung aside, you only live to tease him. O "virtuous wife, a crown to your husband!"—yea, a crown of thorns!—inquisitor, that dost all torture short of killing,—for your own innocence, and for that poor colonel's happiness, you had better have not been born! The publicans and harlots enter into joy before you.

What! is then honest Æsop a wholesale calumniator of wives, a blasphemer of holy matrimony? Nothing of the sort, gainsayer: no more than noble old Milton is; and if you doubt me, read his famous Tetrachordon on the doctrine of divorce. I speak of the miserable exceptions (alas! many enough not only to prove a rule, but also to fill our clubs, and in the lower grade our pothouses), the creatures stigmatized in Tennyson's Princess as "those abominable" who kill the flowers of home, and growled against by respectable old Crabbe as the natural death of love. I speak not of the gentle, the affectionate, the dutiful, the obedient; and many such there be, (thank heaven!) enough perchance to more than counterbalance the mass of misery involved in our social plague of ill-matched marriages. Full of love and susceptible as Amadon itself is Æsop's amatory heart; an eye can still transfix it like a spiritual arrow—a soft sweet voice is still the gentle gale to blow its warm old ashes into flame—a loving pretty girl is still his darling. But—look you here: there's a bushel of walnuts, all cut into halves by some schoolboy of a mar-match; and the difficulty is to find your proper half—it's the whole bushel to a gill against you. However, everybody dips into the hamper, confident of luck; and if the fit is not found, well, patience grinds both faces flat, and a most tenacious and indissoluble glue makes all hold, and the exterior becomes a decent walnut. But, all the while that tender nut within is cut in twain, and those anatomies don't grow together. Confess, O clubs, the truth of Æsop's parable.

BITS OF RIBBON.

There's plenty of virtue in a bit of ribbon, I can tell you; and I heartily wish we had a well-ordered Legion of Honour among us.

Old Edwards, who was hit at Waterloo and got a medal, is quite the gentleman of our workhouse, in mind, manners, and respectability; and it's all owing to the influence of a little bit of ribbon—(the poor fellow has pawned away the silver accompaniment long ago, but its hue of honour is still sported at his button hole)—that bit of ribbon has availed these many years to keep him the good character he is. Bits of ribbon would similarly keep many a mortal in good character; but then how few of our myriad worthies now alive have had the luck to be hit at Waterloo, or even to have campaigned in the Crimea.

If I were a great king, and wished to do good by wholesale, I would do it very cheaply indeed, but not the less effectually. I would buy a roll of white ribbon, cut it into "nails," and put one into my own button hole, just for example's sake, and to royalize the thing. Then I would watch for merit of every kind, in all the thousand ways in which humanity does duty best—the philanthropic surgeon, the zealous missionary, the keen inventor, the genuine genius in authorship, the pains-taking school-master, the good parson, the painter, the sculptor, the orator, the linguist; all the best of their kinds—ay, and women too, whereof my queen should be first decorate—and not omitting soldier, nor sailor, nor potentate, nor peer—though hitherto monopolists of honour; for all such would I watch, and bring them near me one by one, and give each of them a priceless "nail" of my white ribbon.

Nobody can guess how greatly and how widely through the world I—as such a wise shrewd king—would thus stimulate human exertion to all manner of meritorious exploit; nor how well that roll of ribbon might bind up class with class, and man with man; nor how vast an amount of happiness, encouragement, and righteous self-respect would be compassed by my drapery speculation.

I know further what I would do. I would refer back to the foundations

of my empire; and would find there a man, who more than all men since has been the author of my country's huge prosperity; I would remember now in his thousandth year of life my glorious great ancestor, King Alfred; I would consider that, till now, his modest worth has never yet been blazoned by the heralds in an order; and I would institute "The order of merit of King Alfred the Great!" Judges, and generals, who are now forced to put their hands into court or commissary-pockets for a temporary five pound note in cases of superior virtue, will be glad indeed of a substitute so lasting, so precious, and so cheap as my simple bit of ribbon. The worthy fellows that get it will be made happy for life; our whole social atmosphere will feel its influence as a sunbeam; and our most gracious queen will attain to a new honour and a new pleasure as first sovereign of the order of Alfred.

ÆOLIAN TELEGRAPHS.

When the wind sets one way, what a wretched wailing it makes in those little wooden boxes on the top of tall white posts, wherein I have persuaded a small believing niece of mine that the telegraph clerks reside.

Did you ever hear that seeming harmony of this sphere, the musical wail along the wires? Brenda pricked up her ears as she crossed the railway just now, for she probably thought it was the hounds; and I pricked up mine, for I seemed to hear spiritual messages of many kinds, moaning out all sorts of interests. There were despair and triumph, blessing and cursing, and luck and loss, and love and coldness, and joy and sorrow, and life and death, and all manner of matters, good and evil, in that desolate five-fold chord of wailing. I heard therein markets, and marriages, and all that can be imagined between lowest gains and loftiest affections, travelling along those wires; and all the while Brenda pricked up her pretty ears, and pawed, and hoped it was the hounds.

But how wonderfully now, as dear old omniscient Shakespeare says of his created Puck, we have "put a girdle round the earth in forty mi-

nutes." ! Was not that a prophecy of submarine and transterrene telegraphy ? And is not genius perpetually prophesying ahead of its age ? Did not Chaucer foresee the Crystal Palace, and Milton railway trains, and Peter the Great, as well as Bonaparte, the Cossack invasion, and Dædalus our wings, and Glaucus our diving bells ? Genius of any kind is in the nature of an inspiration, an "afflatus," a "divinæ particula auræ," a breath from the mighty Lung of Life.

Study such men's fancies, for they are Æolian telegraphs. A genuine genius is a man capable of universal dominion ; able, if only the will and the occasion served, of winning the first prize in anything and everything he chose ; a spirit overwhelming circumstance, a mind the conqueror of matter.

Sidney Smith (one of my illustrious cousins,) thought he jibed Lord John when he announced him "ready, with or without ten minutes' notice, to perform the operation of lithotomy, to rebuild St. Paul's, or to take command of the Channel fleet." But, soliloquised I to Brenda (if that be soliloquy), this was no jibe, and no flattery, but a mere possible fact ; I can comprehend it ; of course he is ready, and willing, and able too. Try him. Not that I am any special admirer of the Lord Little John aforesaid : I distrust many of his class and quality. Only as gifted with boldness and quickness and shrewdness, I take all such to be telegraph wires ; pray Heaven they be honest ones, and not like the Viennese.

DIPHTHONGS.

As I pick my way among the furze and rabbit holes, revolving my bachelor fate, and yet the necessity for a future Æschylus, I sometimes ruminate on the mystery and the wisdom of a diphthong. Did you ever look upon it as a marriage of letters ? And did you ever look upon the alphabet as a pregnant type of mortality ? Before I've done with you and these my meditative trotings, I may have plenty more to say about grammar, its wisdom and its folly ; just now my theme is elementary—the alphabet.

The happy, easy, contented creatures, a sort of aristocracy, are *l, m, n, r*—the three first you will notice being natural relatives, and therefore given to nepotism—and *r*, a sturdy plebeian, much *rrrung* over the tongue by the vulgar, and much slurred over as a *w* by the elect.

The vowels are clamourers, in and out of parliament ; a covetous crew, with all the gift of the gab, and longing for annexations.

The gutturals find fault with everything and everybody ; unpleasant people, provoking patience itself into profanity and the French *sacrrrré*.

Consonants are of course the governed ; high and low, rich and poor, creatures of no independent quality, and no originality of mind ; well enough to make a mass cohere, but not to give it character : almost everybody is a consonant.

Mutes need not be named, as they are nothing ; and of course the lower aspects of society, betyped by *w, x, y, z*, lie in their algebraic fitness of obscurity. Now then for the diphthongs.

Marriage, as I avouch, is typified in these : *AE* (to my comfort) and *EI*—sounding as a clear *E* and *I*—forshew the more fortunate wedlocks, harmony and happiness : every diphthong with an *O* in it, demonstrates woe ; the frequent hypocritically concealed *OE*, a merely vocal imitation of my blessed *AE*, but profoundly diverse in character and fact ; and the less constant but more notorious cases of *OI* and *OU* which portend ruptures, contradictions, the Socratic *ov* and the Sophoclean *du, di, tidpdaa*.

Nobody but an old Rabbi who discerns all future revelation in "Beraisheth bara Elohim," can declare the wisdom of the alphabet : and so let Trench's essay on words give place to a possibly forthcoming Smith's dissertation on letters—I beg pardon, I meant to say Diphthongs.

EATING GRASS.

"Nunky," quoth my little niece, "does Mr. Peasod eat honey ?"

Mr. Peasod is a strict vegetarian. "Certainly, Cis ; why shouldn't he ?"

"Is a bee a vegetable, Nunky?"

"Not quite, Cis; but what are you coming to?"

"Why, Nunky, Mr. Peascod wouldn't take milk with his coffee, nor butter with his muffin, because he said it was 'an animal production.' Isn't honey an animal production?"

"Hardly, Cis: it is the juice of flowers."

"But, Nunky, milk is the juice of grass, and so is butter; the bees drink flower-juice and make honey of it. I think Mr. Peascod must be very wicked to eat that honey, if he thinks it so wrong to drink the juice our cows suck out of the grass."

Really now, this is a poser for the over-scrupulous: Mr. Brotherton must see to it, and do as the Pope has done, and get up a grand vegetarian conclave to decide upon the immaculate conception of honey. I fear your question, Cis, will reduce poor Peascod's dietary still further. Ay, Mr. Peascod, and is not also mushroom near of kin to flesh, more to tripe, and truffle to gizzard? Who shall draw the line of demarcation, and fix where the zoophyte ends and the fungus begins? Why, they hunt truffles with dogs in our parts; and some toad-stools smell villainously putrid. Let Mr. Peascod, if he has a conscience, tremble at the flavour of such luxuries.

Furthermore, and to starve him

out entirely; let him recollect Sir William Jones's microscopic talk with the Brahmin about his strict pomegranate breakfast: every bit of fruit and every glass of water is a world of animal life, and even (poor Peascod!) you cannot breathe a breath without inhaling hundreds of eggs! Think of that, and boldly try a bantam's for breakfast.

I once had a dog who took to eating grass; not medicinally as some dogs do, but after a right hungry fashion, like Peascod, and Peascod's great prototype, the lunatic Nebuchadnezzar. Well, poor Juno soon swelled up like a cow among the turnips, and then lay panting on the dunghill, till the keeper shot her, to put the poor maddening beast, as he said, out of her misery. I hope Mr. Peascod may never live to meet such tender mercies.

Push everything to pure extremity, says Folly: mix all things, and take the mean every way, says Wisdom. Compromise nothing, is the rule of human vanity: make compromise with everything around, is the brotherly providential maxim.

Peace at all price and vegetables for ever! That's your motto, O most flatulent Cowardice; but recollect, henceforth you are forbidden to eat honey: ay, and there are even grave doubts about the pure vegetarianism of a mushroom.

JOHN TWILLER.

BY GODFREY MASSINGBERD.

CHAPTER IV.

AUNT TRUMPERANT.

It has been recorded that John Twiller had been three days absent from his window, and that he returned to it with a grave face. Let us see how that happened.

The grains of mica shone in the sun on the gritty and rain-washed path that morning, cheerful as a child's face after tears. At each side of the ascent he scaled, short and mossy herbage bespoke the vicinity of the granite rock, which a little further back stood out hard and clear for

itself like a weather-beaten countenance, from amidst a bristling whisker of gorse, fern, and heather. The whole scene cried, "Cheer up, my lad!" as plain as a scene could speak; and the pulse in Twiller's bosom could not resist the response, and echoed, "Ay, ay, sir!" in an audible throb of health and hope.

It was a scene which stood in little need of an interpreter. The foreground, as has been described—the abodes of men left far below. At one

side hills in a state of nature, born in the purple, and now doubly purpled of heath and heaven. At the other, a precipice; and, far below, the sea. On before, beyond the crest of the hill now nearly reached, a landscape, glorious as the boasted valley of Kashmeer, which every step was lifting up, as it were, in its softness and light, out of the roughness of the interposed foreground, like a noble infant out of a coarse cradle.

If philosophers do not know it, simple people are aware that there is a power in the morning, which conveys itself to men, and by a daily libration causes them to receive beams of light from earlier phases of existence. It is compensated for before night, it is true. Thus we live more than a day within a day. We are younger than ourselves in the morning, and older in the evening; and each day performs its particular epicycle upon the grand deferent of life.

Twiller stepped buoyantly along upon the freestone pathway. He could not help it; though his errand led him in no cheerful direction. He could not help it; though his life was a life of struggle; though his affairs were in a state of perplexing embarrassment; though so numerous a flock of helpless and portionless dear ones clung confidingly about him, ignorant of the tremendous gulf which his removal or ruin would open before them.

And now he had crested the hill, and held his way down its southern slope, through an air mitigated by the sunward aspect, of which indeed the expansion of the bushes into trees, and the blossoming of rose-wrapped cottages, here and there, under the eaves of the rocks, gave independent indication. A few minutes, and he was among all these pleasant things; the path had become a lane, its boundaries hedges, and instead of the passing cloud, the sun would now be obscured ever and anon by the interposed shoots of the young fir and beech. At the shady side of the lane, no doubt, somewhat of wild mountain nature still lurked. It was cold and silent; blue drops stood stiffly upon the blades, fronds of fern held up their heads amidst a tamer vegetation, like deer in a copse; and altogether that side looked as if

it would not take example by the other on any account, and become domesticated.

At last, turning out of the lane by a large, damaged wooden gate which seemed once designed to have passed for stone, but had long been forced to relinquish its pretensions, Twiller found himself in a spacious lawn, across which a track straggled towards a great white house. This he patiently followed through its windings, which were numerous and unaccountable enough. At first it seemed as if it was intended that you should proceed in a direct line to the mansion; which, indeed, might easily have been effected, as the nature of the ground presented no obstacles of any moment. Soon, however, marks of hesitation became apparent; sudden divergencies, first to the right, and then to the left, betokening bewilderment and perplexity. The engineer to whom the construction of the avenue was entrusted, would seem to have struck out the line of a dark night, and apparently traced it in a gig drawn by a shy horse. This was rendered still more probable as you approached the mansion, for a few perches from it the road made a sudden bolt in the direction of the horse-pond, which it shaved clear of, only to run close in upon the stable-yard previous to sweeping up to the principal entrance. It was a perilous feat, thought Twiller; but it was accomplished; and, after all, in landscape gardening straight lines are against the rules.

The place wanted to be combed and brushed, sadly. The trees were frowzy and matted; duckweed slimed over the pond, and moss and rushes blabbed of exhausted soil and choked drains. But what at once struck the stranger's eye was the evidence, more or less apparent everywhere, of an older order of things, underlying the present, and indicative of a grander and more uniform idea. A long straight backbone ran through the lawn, on either side of which protruded a few ancient stumps, like processes, hinting at a lordly avenue under the sod, like a title in abeyance. A dove-cot, wholly disproportioned to everything else, afforded refuge to a few flighty pigeons, apparently much persecuted

by hawks. Rooks cawed like grim gentlefolk, keeping themselves up at a terrific height in the top stories of tumble-down timber; and, at either side of the mansion-door, which you reached after a perilous ascent of steps, yawned an iron extinguisher, intended, before the days of the family decadence, for the flambeaux of the aristocracy, and at which (considering what was inside) you might as well put out any little friendly taper of comfort you had carried with you so far.

For it was uncomfortable within, that capital mansion-house—uncomfortable as a boarding-school in vacation. Why need it be described? Not to speak of the atmosphere that breathed out when the hall-door was opened, its hospitality was not favorably prefigured by a venomous little brute of a dog that let itself fly headlong at Twiller's legs as if it had been waiting for him for a week; and had to be removed by the tail. The domestic who performed this act, and who was to be known as such only by his wearing an apron over a labourer's dress, answered to his interrogatories in an uncomfortable voice,—nor was the reply in itself very cheering.

"Mistress has had a fit; and wants to see you, sir."

"Mistress" was a widowed and childless aunt of Twiller's, who enjoyed a small jointure and the use of a large mansion-house. She had shown but little sympathy for John Twiller or his struggles, though he took opportunities every now and then of attempting little acts of kindness by stealth. This secrecy was prudential. She was of an alarming and fiery independence, Mrs. Trumperant,—and generally resented a benefit as ordinary people do an affront. The resentment was active, too. She would storm your house, and if you happened to be, or feigned to be, from home, would give language to the servants, and wring the children's ears. She had no notion of being put under obligations to anybody, and not paying the debt in ready money.

Twiller was forced to admit, in view of Mrs. Trumperant's case, that if circumstances do not create character, at all events they occasionally modify it to such a degree as to give it a special relation to the personal

history of the past. Though he would not allow the logic of the formula—given the personal history, to find the character—he could not but see that, in his aunt Trumperant's instance, no events could have made her what she was but those which had actually occurred.

Her husband had inherited the remnant of an originally fine estate, left after the successive drains of a long line of prodigals; the last of whom had duly bequeathed the only personal property he died possessed of—namely, his personal defects, to his heir. In one particular, and in one alone, Hector Trumperant did not resemble his progenitors. He was childless; and at his death the estate had gone to an only brother, who was glad to gratify the fancy of his eccentric sister-in-law, and live in a more agreeable neighbourhood, leaving her in undisturbed possession of the ruinous barrack which constituted the family mansion, taking care to deduct for it and the demesne an unconscionable rent out of the jointure with which the estate was charged in her favour.

The glaring incongruity throughout Mrs. Trumperant's lengthened widowhood had all along consisted in this, that she had too small a jointure, and too large a mansion-house. This it was, though it was her own choice, that kept her habitually at defiance with the world. A proud-looking place, seen from three roads,—a name estated in the district for centuries,—a feudal gate, lofty steps, and extinguishers,—and three-hundred a year!

Her life was devoted to reconciling these extremes—that is, to taking the pride out of the place, and storing it up in herself. To the land she was cruel and inexorable; she broke almost all of it up, drew its heart out, exhausted it to its last fibre, and never gave it a season to recover, or manure to refresh it. To her domestics she was equally uncompromising. For the smallest amount of wages she extorted the labour of galley-slaves. That she found individuals to accept her terms was astonishing; but, once in her service, it was easier to account for their remaining, as they always did; for it was well known that she worked upon their terrors with vague threats in case of desertion, and that

they preferred even the grim Trumperant rule to the risk of attempting pantry-breach; in addition to which, she preserved the whiphand by keeping their wages well in arrear—a contrivance which appeared to answer her purpose in more ways than one.

It was upon herself, however, that the reign of terror pressed with the heaviest weight. This fact was notorious, and certainly helped to give her the hold she had over her household. They saw she was in earnest; and derived a bleak satisfaction, besides, in seeing that their wrongs were continually avenging themselves upon her own person. If their bed was hard, hers was stony—if their diet was coarse and scanty, hers was prison fare—if they were driven ruthlessly from one task to another, she seemed goaded night and day by some demon of unrest which appeared to exercise a function similar to that of the familiars described by Llorente, and with inquisitorial malignity to refuse all repose to its victim.

"Mistress has had a fit, and wants you, sir."

"She must be in articulo," thought Twiller, "to want me or any body else."

Nevertheless, as the sportsman warily approaches the wounded crane, so John Twiller instinctively prepared himself to stand on the defensive as soon as he should arrive in Mrs. Trumperant's presence. Indeed, he did not feel quite secure from a missive shoe or teapot, and privately determined to keep near the door, and make a reconnaissance previous to coming to close quarters.

The precaution was unnecessary. Mrs. Trumperant put her lean and palsied hand out of the bed towards her nephew; and although for an instant he glanced at it, as if to satisfy himself that it did not contain a hand-grenade, the next he had hurried forward, grasped the skeleton fingers in both his, and experienced a spasm of natural affection.

"Jack!" she gasped out, looking at him long and earnestly,—*"Jack, I want you, first of all, to flog Gaggins for me."*

Twiller could not at once frame an answer to this disconcerting request.

"You want to know why? Quite right; but I am not going to tell. I—I—well, you shall flog him by-

and-by. Don't let him fancy he'll get off because his mistress is sick and going to die. She'll leave her horse-whip to able-bodied trustees to the uses of her will, and bequeath Barnaby Gaggins fifty cuts, with interest for every day the payment is delayed."

"But, my dear aunt —"

"Tut, Jack. Hector Trumperant told me, five-and-thirty years ago, that I was a flint; am I to soften now, and to that scorpion Gaggins? Fellow about you are all scorpions. You'll find that out yet, Jack. I declare, I think I've strength left to pay Gaggins his legacy myself! See, Jack, yonder's the gig-whip—stay, I must lie back a minute or two—very weak—very weak—not so strong, you see."

"Dear aunt, this will do mischief. Leave everything to me, and compose yourself."

"Leave everything to you? Everything? What is the everything I have to leave? Everything else, I suppose you mean. Residuary legatee. Eh?"

Twiller was shocked at the construction she had put upon his words. It was evident what her mind was running upon. He said what he could to remove the impression; but she either was, or affected to be, slow of admitting any excuse.

The sun came grandly in at the old chamber-window—as magnificently as if it was entering the roofless palace of Nineveh, or moving like the Spirit of God upon the face of the waters. It strangely illumined the grotesque old hangings, the cat-betrampled carpeting, and the irascible visage of Mrs. Trumperant.

She was sitting up in the bed. In this attitude her condition was in a manner typified—helplessly and hopelessly an invalid as far as the tide of bedclothes submerged her emaciated form; above, a Scylla, intended to be seen, and in costume accordingly.

This was appropriate. She was not handsome to speak of. Her beard was so far feminine that it did not cover her nether face continuously, but sprung from detached elevations in tufts like the bulbous tribe. There is a Grecian Venus with a beard; modern divinities of that sex have dropped it. There was great device in Mrs. Trumperant's head-dress. It was a bonnet of the original coal-scuttle fashion. This bonnet was perched upon a mass of grizzled hair

drawn up from all sides into a great nest to support it. From it depended over either ear a ribbon rolled tightly up like a horseman's cloak, apparently to keep it out of the chasm formed by her collar-bone.

The poor woman's neck was bare, as were her arms from the elbow. A sad spectacle! Still, everybody would be inclined to acquit her of the slightest idea of display; and, no doubt, she would have been as ready as any one to deny the appropriateness of the term "charms" as applied to the revelations of her toilette. As for Twiller, he was firmly convinced that the exhibition was a sacrifice rather than a weakness, made in the spirit of her other actions in order to preserve the integrity of the style she thought suitable. Yet it *was* trying to her—as it has been held to be before now at grander places—a low dress in broad sunshine.

"Come round again, Jack, sir, will you?" exclaimed she, with a feeble shrillness which demanded the full play of her features; "you must not stand in my light as long as I can make use of it. There, stay there, and let me speak to you."

Twiller, in moving round to the other side of the bed, became suddenly conscious that he had a duty to perform—religion. She was going to die, and might make no sign.

"Let me first say a word to you—"

"No, youngster,—I have not called you to listen to you but to be listened to. You have been all your life an underhand, meddling sort of fellow; prying about Trumperant Hall as if I had hoarded money and you were next of kin; eh? Well? what do you say to that?"

"If I have asked after you, and now and then tried to smooth matters here —"

"There, I knew it;—impossible to get rid of intruders. Old Hugh Trumperant left an indelible stain on his memory, and inflicted everlasting injury on his family, by imposing a wooden gate upon the property. Had it been honest stone, and the walls in repair, I might have held out against a stronger force than yours. What did you expect?"

The last words she discharged at him as from a catapult.

It needed an effort to frame an answer.

"I expected, aunt, to feel when I returned to my usual seat at home, where I am alone, and think—that I had done my duty."

"Ah, exactly, duty! Do you know that I am your aunt?"

"Yes; and I could have loved you, if you had permitted me."

"You don't love me, then?"

"How could I? I dared not approach you."

"Plain spoken, at all events. Fetch that pen and ink."

There was a pen and ink within reach.

"Now write as I dictate; we want no help. The Trumperant estate has made a lawyer of me. I, Grace Trumperant, being about to die, but of sound mind, do give and——"

"My dear aunt——"

"Dishonest after all—*dear* aunt!"

"Dear, as a fellow creature—dear, as an immortal spirit—dear, as one who at her last extremity has after all confided in a stranger as a friend, relying on the strong sympathies of blood. Yes, *dear* aunt, I repeat; and I repeat it more earnestly from the duty which devolves upon me. You are going to make your last will—that is, to speak your last mind,—and you owe it to yourself and to your God to prelude this solemn instrument with a due recognition of the Author of your being, the Judge before whom you expect so shortly to appear."

"Audacity!—effrontery!"—gasped the old lady. "Dictation!—interruption! And to a flint, as Trumperant called me, five-and-thirty years ago! Go on, Jack, sir!"

"Not another word, until the claims of Heaven be satisfied. Oh! aunt, let me make use of this unexpected permission, denied me through life, of access to you, to show you the reality of things about you, before you, and above you. Even now you could compress into the remnant of your days the whole of the work it has taken good men long lives to accomplish; and though it must be done with trembling and tears, it will be as effectually and triumphantly done as if a whole career of consistent piety had been yours."

"Well, if the form is decent, let it be used;—and, now I recollect, old Wallop Trumperant's will was a regular sermon, in which he left the bulk of his property from the!

Trumperant blood to Betty Vulcher's brats. Get on with your 'Declaration of Trust,' and all that —"

"But, oh! do not pass it over thus lightly —"

"For the present, Jack. We have a good deal to do, and not much time."

Twiller felt thankful even for the hope lurking in these words. The angry abruptness of her manner had a little abated; she looked more earnestly at him, and spoke less. It was evident that in commanding him to pass round from the side of the bed, she had had the double object in view of seeing him more and being seen less herself; and now, as her outline cut against the sunshine, the horse-man's cloaks quivered over her collar bones with the intensity of her gaze.

It was too plain, Twiller reflected, that his aunt nourished the belief that she had something to will away; and as he had always known that her property in house, land, furniture and jointure ceased with her life, he now laid it to the ruling passion for the exercise of acts of ownership, strong in death, that she was setting so stubbornly about disposing of her castles in Spain.

As she dictated he wrote on, until she named a sum of £1000. Here she stopped short, and, suddenly turning round upon Twiller, exclaimed, "Which of you wants it most?"

Twiller rightly judged that this query had reference to himself and his sisters, of whom he had three. He accordingly reflected a moment, —and, little as he trusted to the estimate his aunt had formed of her own property, it needed an effort to look without partiality at the circumstances of the family, and decide accordingly.

His two eldest sisters were married and provided for.

His youngest sister was unmarried and portionless.

He was himself married—had a wife and seven children; possessed an income which was expended in supporting them, and which would cease with his death,—and was, moreover, fettered with debts, to pay the interest of which diminished still further his moderate means, and for the discharge of which he had no means of providing. He might therefore be considered as possessing less than nothing.

But he was a man, in the prime of life, active, employed—above all, *he was an author, and wrote—for fame.*

All this passed through his mind in a few seconds. He then replied, "My sister Abigail."

"Jack, you ought to have forced your way to aunt Trumperant before this."

"How could I guess—?"

"Too late—too late, now. Your face is to me as the sun which it reflects. You will be below my horizon soon enough, Jack. Then I may turn about and be struck mad with the moon, for aught I know. Yes!" she cried, raising a skinny hand and shaking it back as if in challenge to the glorious light behind her that would not be kept out—"you show things plain enough now, when it does one no good. I see it all—the vision of the days I shall not live is clear before my eyes. Pleasant, the voice of man, and woman. A stir—young Twiller is clattering about the house.—Advice—approval—reproof—all from friends. Jack lecturing his old aunt, to her comfort—words about another and a better world—life—happiness—dreams—Gaggins horsewhipped—"

Here the old lady suddenly became inarticulate; she fell back upon the pillow; her mouth got violently hooked to one ear—a slight froth gathered about her lips.

Twiller saw to his horror that Mrs. Trumperant had been smitten anew with paralysis.

He spoke to her, endeavoured to turn her about, ran round the room looking for a bell, rushed to the door and called for help; and returned, followed by Gaggins, who, observing his mistress to be motionless and speechless, was surprised into a grim smile and a glance at the gig-whip.

"Off! off! quick! for Doctor Crammarstoke. Your mistress has had a sudden attack; and if she is not promptly attended, I don't know what may happen."

"God bless you; and do you think I'd quit her now?"

On this the paralytic patient made a desperate effort; and turning her eyes, opened almost to bursting, on Twiller, stretched the unpalsied arm forth in the direction of the gig-whip, labouring to utter.

Gaggins understood her meaning; for he decamped with precipitation, and within a few minutes passed

ing under the windows, mercilessly belabouring the hide of an animal which formed the farm and household stud of Trumperant Hall, as if his powers of retaliation had been roused into lively exercise by the novelty of finding his mistress unable to reach her weapons.

What was to be done?—Twiller felt himself bewildered. Mrs. Trumperant pointed ghastly to the paper he had been writing, as if she would have forced him into going on; but what to write was what she could not explain, though she drew her mouth so tightly up to her ear, that it got fairly under the horseman's cloak.

There was one thing needful, at all events. He knelt down at the bed side, and, unusual as was the effort, endeavoured to fashion a prayer. It was no uncomely sight the face of that thoughtful man, in the full blaze of sunshine, agitated by a variety of feelings, and tremulous with the effort of his heart to frame some form of petition suitable to the strange and horrible circumstances of the case,—which should awaken, without revolting, the failing sensibilities of the dying woman.

For a few minutes she lay still. He hoped—he believed—she was listening. He internally prayed that she too might be praying.

Suddenly she turned her head—“Five hundred pounds to Abigail; write ! write !”

The words were distinct, though the voice was like that of another person—a man in an empty cask.

He looked at her; and by the expression of her countenance, saw it was useless to go on. He rose with a sigh, and took the pen.

“The rest to John.”

“How much?”

“All—all; everything, after debts and funeral expenses. Sole executor. Debts—a year's wages to Dolly Cressamy—half a stone of meal, at eighteen pence, to the Lodge people; and two years' wages to—Where is that villain Gaggins?”

Twiller reminded her of his having left her presence by her own intimated orders.

“Oh! ay. Now read it out.”

This he accordingly did; while she listened with a horrible grimace, which seemed to intensify at the passage commending the testator's soul

to God. Towards the close, a thought seemed to strike her, and a grim smile wrestled with the rigidity of her features.

“I forgot Hector Trumperant's assets—duly transmitted to me from the respectable house in which he died—and contained in that cloak-bag yonder. Let them go, whatever they may be, with the rest of the Trumperant effects, to the new-comer—I am just, you see, as well as generous.”

The necessary words were accordingly added, and the reading completed.

As soon as it was read, she took possession of it, and contrived to bestow it beneath the pillow. Motioning to Twiller to keep himself quiet, she lay without stirring for a long time, during which it was evident her mind was labouring over billows. What coasts of youth she may have sighted in that silent hour—what harbours of refuge have borne down for—what sunny latitudes have drifted into, is known to One, though unknown to him who watched her nearest. What pleasant prospects, once so little removed from reality; what gladsome anticipations of evasive triumphs—what brazen-breasted determinations of bursting through the gates of life may have risen before her soul in their disenchanted actuality, and caused the faint shudders Twiller observed once or twice to cross her frame, it was impossible to tell. But that the thoughts of the dying were with the long past, might be easily divined. No events of later years could have so vivid, yet so tranquil an effect;—nothing but distant cloud-scenery could so little disturb, yet so changefully vary the countenance over which it floated.

Twiller, as he watched this wreck of human feeling, eccentricity and infirmity, illuminated by the intense light of an uninterrupted noon, could not avoid being reminded of the preacher's words:—

“I saw VANITY under the Sun.”

Hoofs were heard; a venomous barking followed, and Crammarstoke entered the room abruptly, having been snapped at in the passage. There was not much to be done; quiet was enjoined, some ordinary inj

tions given, and the resources of the faculty were exhausted.

Crammarstoke was taking his leave, when the old lady managed to pull the testamentary document from beneath her pillow, and ordered him to be stationary. He obeyed mechanically. She next directed her nephew to summon Gaggins, which he did. Finally she possessed herself of a pen, by equally peremptory means employed upon her nephew. Fortunately her right side was the one that had escaped the shock. She was thus enabled to execute the following autograph :—

“ GRACE TRUMPERANT.”

“ Now sign you, sir; and remember, I am sound in mind though weak in body.”

The physician signed.

“ Now, you dolt.”

Gaggins cautiously approached and accomplished his sign-manual. She then turned to Crammarstoke—

“ Good morning, sir; indeed I may say, good-bye.”

“ Dear madam, I hope to see you better—”

“ You dear, too! Twiller, where’s his horse?”

As she glanced fiercely at the gig-whip (which sent Gaggins off like a trigger), Twiller motioned to Mr. Crammarstoke, who retired, and was duly met in the passage by Grip.

Twiller once more sat down, listlessly waiting at his post—for something, he knew not what. He thought of his peaceful, natural, happy home; of his joyous ramble over the hill,—and then of his oriel window, and began to long to look once more on those dear objects of his familiar love. He was at all times a creature of habit, and could but ill brook such forcible wrenches from his usual routine upon the wheel of life.

Some inarticulate sounds startled him.

He rose and stood beside her.—There was a change again—chap-fallen.

The sounds were accompanied by violent gestures, apparently achieved with great labour to the performer; and, he remarked, alarm and paleness had come up into her face together, like passengers hurrying blankly on deck when the ship has struck. She

pointed, as it seemed to him, to a particular part of the room, where lurked an old high-shouldered press, shrugged into a corner.

Twiller bethought him now, strange to say, for the first time, that probably his aunt’s money, if she had any, might be in the room.

He made no scruple, under the circumstances, and in view of the wronged and vindictive Gaggins, to follow the indications, idle as he believed the search to be; and accordingly set about ransacking the piece of furniture designated. But he found only a few antiquated garments in it.

Turning to his aunt, he saw that he had evidently been at the wrong box, as she exhibited strong symptoms of impatience and irritation.

The search was vain. As she continued, however, with the same vehemence to point in that direction, he did his best to follow the magnetism of her eye; and, guided as he thought by its direction, thrust his hand into an old top-boot—lifted the lid of a pomatum-pot, and turned up the flaps of an antiquated side-saddle; each of these articles, however, on examination, proved insolvent.

Mrs. Trumperant’s visage writhed again. She was, however, in some degree recovering her faculties as her excitement increased. At last she struck her forehead with her palm, and contrived to articulate—

“ Key!”

As she pointed vehemently towards the wainscot, Twiller tore out a plank; he found nothing but a cat, flattened like a tulip leaf in a hortus-siccus, and as stiff as pasteboard. He took it by the tail, and lifted it out like a saucepan.

Great agitation was manifest on Mrs. Trumperant’s visage at this spectacle. The cat was evidently an old acquaintance, and no doubt its discovery now cleared up a mystery. Nevertheless, she was not to be diverted even by this Geneva-like incident from the main point. On the contrary, she seemed to have received fresh force; and now with gibbering fury shook her skeleton fingers at the wall.

Once more he returned to the charge,—and this time with greater success. Hanging to a rusty nail between the back of the press and the

wainscot, he perceived, as he happened to glance his eye in that direction, a small key.

He at once set about moving the press to get at it; and as he turned to his aunt in doing so, the expression of glee on her visage was more frightful because more horribly incongruous than her rage. He took the key in his hand, went over to the bed and bent over her. As soon as he was within reach, she seized him convulsively round the throat, put her face close to his ear, and uttered a few half inarticulate sounds, of which he could make out—

“On the—on the—”

The words became a rattle, which seemed to descend farther and farther down her throat, like the last circulating gurgle of escaping water. Her hold relaxed, she held up one witch-like hand on high—dropped it,—and what fell back upon the pillow was akin to rocks, and stones, and dust.

Her secret—if secret there were—had died with her. After he had closed her eyes, she looked as if she had learned another and a profounder one, which she was determined to keep to herself.

By-and-by, all was stir and bustle. The room soon became full, Gaggins approaching cautiously, and taking a long and wistful stare at the body, of which none of the bystanders could guess the exact import—how much was sorrow, how much triumph. It looked combined of both: but certain it is that in leaving the apartment he took the gig-whip along with him.

Twiller remained to see matters decently arranged; the old lady's personal property (which might indeed rather be called, in theatrical phrase, properties, being principally obsolete costumes), placed under lock and key; and whatever effects he found belonging to the house, secured for the Trumperant interest.

He remained a little longer—he waited till all curious visitors were gone; and then he sent Dolly out of the room, that he might have his meditation.

On this wise were his thoughts.

Flies of death—the true reading. Distinct are they, as moths from butterflies, from flies of life—a separate armed legion, like the cankerworm and the palmerworm, in the great army of God. Behold! how they

come up from undiscovered hiding-places, and pitch their tents! Where are their castles and citadels? There are things generated, bold men say created—by fortuitous combinations. Can it be the embrace of life with death which thus ever teems with a horrible fecundity? Is it that organization thus protests against a final resolution into inertness, and is content to buzz in the fly, or crawl in the worm, rather than become dust?

Terrible! terrible! Everything connected with death is intended to be terrible. Man would blink all this. Oh, thou self-deceitful man! Thou busiest thyself in embalming the ghastly truth in the cerements of sensibility: and then, to account for thy preserving it, scribblest it over with thy fantastic hieroglyphics, which nobody—no, not thine own self—can decipher.

Terror sits at the head-stone of death, like the angels in the sepulchre, pointing the eye of humanity upward to life. Death is intended to be terrible to the survivors, for wise reasons—as well concerning the body as the spirit. It never need be so to the dying. For them, oh! it is a rest from their labours; and the death-agony is only a hideous mask behind which the passing spirit smiles and makes its exit.

Bury thy dead out of thy sight—

“Like muck upon mould
To widdier away;”

and hold converse with the living—the living on earth, and the living in Hades.

Poor soul! and art thou shivering in houselessness? No—thou wilt ever be as thou hast been—

“*Hospes comesque corporis.*”

Such must be the mystic import of the words, “There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body.” Thank God, the spirit is composed, as I am myself, of body and soul. Such is my comfort. So shall all be right at the last day. No question as to which channel this skull is to be dredged for in—from what hyena that rib must be disgorged. The spiritual soul will be united to a spiritual body, having haply some relation to matter, but distinct from it; as the lineaments

will have some analogy to those of earth, but be transfigured.

A new Heaven and a new Earth—a new Jerusalem—a new Temple—a new Shrine. Elysian fields, delectable mountains, vallies of peace, rivers of delight. A new body, a new soul. But all after the patterns of the old; and continuous with them by a manifest identity.

I see it. I see it all. Doth it not clear up the mystery of Christ's penumbral state after his resurrection? Death it is that, as we are taught, will change us into something further on in the scale of our existence. With Him, the change thus produced was made visible to men, witnessed and recorded. Awful this glimpse—the only one ever permitted to man—before him!

What was there to mark the prodigy? First, the change: nobody knew Christ after his resurrection. No, not even Mary; no, not even Peter; no, not even John;—impossible to recognize him. His body had been breathed upon in the tomb by exotic fragrance, and had expanded into tropical developments of life. Changed was it into that spiritual body described in the burning words of St. Paul. It was thenceforth an evasive, dissociated essence—mortal and material nature had not perfect affinity therewith. It came by apparition—disappeared by evanishment—claimed no material aid—acknowledged no material obstruction.

Changed—yet the same. Herein is the marvel complete. Human body—for it fed, could be felt. The same body—for the scars of the flesh remained—the wounds of the cross unclosed. Human soul, entering into familiar intercourse with former associates. The same body and soul; for, uncommented on in its deep significance—though none recognized the Lord, not one of those who *did not* recognize him, marvelled when he was once made known, or exclaimed to his companion, "how changed!"

The same, all throughout—an undiscovered identity, uniting the bodily nature of the Mother-maid through her son's childhood, growth, maturity, transfiguration, — that momentary burst of the future into the present—death, burial and resurrection,—with the Divine nature, reascended into Heaven.

And there, O immortal kinsman of the half-blood! shall we recognize in thee our King and Judge,—thy former self, the self we know. Nor shall we feel surprise; wonder and disappointment there would be, were it not so.

We too will be the same through every transformation. Within the lowest the highest lies prefigured; as within the highest the lowest is self-contained. In the acorn of our first creation slumbered the oak, as the oak comprehendeth the acorn. Self is unfolded out of self through the endless category of existence; individualized for others by outward character, as well as for ourselves by inward consciousness.

Thus, like as the butterfly carrieth the worm on its wing into a new element, so doth spirit ravish this Gany-mede of human nature into Heaven, to be the ministrant of the mighty gods.

And, as in the natural, so in the moral world. A progressive identity there is of corrupt mortal nature, through the winged creeping of the Christian's pilgrimage, into the soaring sinlessness of a final, yet still attributed perfection.

Behold! nature in both domains ever floweth from a centre out into infinity. The intervals widen, though the lines are united to each other at equal distances from their common origin. Concentric spheres cross them all, upon the surface of which sympathy runs. Knowledge, tears, terrors, laughter, love, traverse these—each of them forms the globe of our world for the time. No ladders lead down to lower or up to higher stages. All below is microscopic; all above is astronomical. We are in a separate power. So it is that corruption cannot breath the air of incorruption; earthly sensations cannot claim kindred with heavenly; flesh cannot comprehend or associate with spirit. Hence the Christian is a mystery to the million. He is in a higher sphere. Hence, too, the Jews were unable to recognize the Messiah before his Crucifixion, and his disciples after it, when he had gone through the transformation of the grave. When they did know him it was through the spirit, by which we comprehend all things.

Arise! Shine! As we ascend we

shall be bathed in the hyacinthine dews of immortality.

This poor object, here—already may it have cast its obsolete and exploded fashions, as the worn-out hoops and horse-shoes of the work-shop, flung into the furnace, gradually lose their battered unsightliness and melt into luminous utility once more. Sore tried was she—scarred and seamed in the conflagrations of early catastrophes. The scars this moment mark, though they do not disfigure, her spiritual body.

Twiller here paused, and allowed his thoughts to rest. When they resumed their march, they were tinged with feeling and had become familiar.

My aunt, Grace Trumperant, I am inclined to think, kept up appearances through life, like a troublesome umbrella of a windy day. One kind word, and she shut it up.

Rough and wrinkled as she was, who knows but she may have had a heart as soft as a melon! None of us know much of anybody else. We only touch circumference to circumference—the solids are apart.

Here was an old lady who lived under a mistake; and, as I verily believe, died because she had not found it out sooner.

Dare I enter, like a custom-house officer, into her heart, and say, here was a thought that must pay duty—this may pass free—this I seize as contraband!

Poor gentlewoman! The fashion of thy nature was like thy dress, suited to other times and circumstances. It had set off, and been admired on the young and fair of the past. On thee—and now—we will leave the coverlet over it!

Grateful? Yes. As grateful as if the gold were in thy coffers instead of in thy dreams. Thou wouldst have repaid a friendly look and a kind word of expostulation with “the half of thy goods”—nay, the whole; for the other half was given as I would have given it myself.

Dear old soul! And thy last act was to point upwards! There, indeed, is the true treasure, which neither moth nor dust doth corrupt.

John Twiller wept gentle tears in that unlooked chamber, and they did him good.

He had time enough to weep, and to dry his eyes. There was no one to disturb him. The domestics were busy with their friends down stairs, making tea.

Three days more, and the last act was over. The old lady was buried under the wall of a little ruined chapel, built, it was said at the academy, in the days of saints, at all events at some period when the human race must have been smaller than they are now. Hubert Trumperant had entered into possession; and Twiller was again master of his time and his oriel-window.

CHAPTER V.

A CHAPTER UPON A CAT.

ANY one who takes the trouble to turn back a couple of chapters in this narrative will see that the scene just pictured is an episode introduced out of its place; and that Twiller has already been reinstalled in his usual niche, whence he had last been disturbed by the tailless cat. The history of the monster as connected with Twiller's establishment was short. It had no Manx blood in it whatever. Nature had supplied it with a tail of the usual dimensions. The hand of man it was, not the Isle of Man, which had docked the appendage. Man, did we say? Boy, boys. The first glimpse Twiller ever obtained of the future disturber of his poetic inspirations, revealed it

in a horse-pond, freshly baited, and on the eve of being despatched by the missiles of a score of juvenile executioners. He had waived ceremony for once—kicked his way amongst, and past them—waded into the pond amidst the laughter of the whole body (who, however, decamped before he came out) and bore off the questionable prize, dripping, bedabbled with mud and gore, a filthy, despicable, and disgusting object, and apparently not inclined to take too well the attentions of its deliverer.

Before he had got home he had become a little ashamed of it. The point was to smuggle it into the house. He exacted a promise down stairs

that it should not be seen by the family until it had been thoroughly washed, well fed, and effectually taught that it need not stare ferociously upon everything that looked at it; above all 'till its tail was healed, and it had ceased to eddy after it like a whirlpool on four legs. One of the young people, however, early discovered the secret. It was Jessica who was attracted the next morning to its retreat by a succession of those small lady-like convulsions, by which ailing cats know how to make the most of an undigested mouse. She was for immediate measures of relief, until the initiated domestic warned her to keep at a respectful distance, and on no account to communicate her discovery to the rest of the house, an injunction which she carefully obeyed by informing all her brothers and sisters of a great thing she was not to say a word about—and how it was under the stairs in the dark—and how it was near dying—and how papa had directed nobody to be told of it—and how it had no tail—and how, in short, they would all be delighted and astonished as soon as they knew; which caused such a minute search, that in a quarter of an hour Demophon, Rollo, nay, the very infants penetrated the mystery and told their mamma, which made their papa very angry indeed. He had then to relate the whole story to excuse himself, omitting the wading into the mud, which he knew his wife would never forgive. He was well laughed at while he was telling it, and then all the children came and kissed him, and Ella's eyes were not dry. As for his wife she kept all these things and pondered them in her heart. They were her secret treasures to think of; for her prevailing belief was, that John Twiller was a great man, and that his lightest words and

actions would be one day of importance to the world. In this, indeed, perhaps, his own ideas and hers might not have been so very dissimilar.

The cat had remained in the kitchen, the torment of the whole house, ever since. Twiller could not help its receiving numerous treads, kicks, and missiles, with an occasional drop from the spout of the kettle, &c.; because though the injury to the cat on these occasions was evident enough by its cries, frantic escapes, and the testimony of its skin, the insurmountable difficulty remained, to discover who was the offender. But one or two serious proposals to give it away, to keep it out of doors, &c., he steadily resisted. He had stuck the stick in the ground, and it was his humour to water it.

The thing seemed to have a particular fancy for annoying him, besides; which proved its extreme ill-nature or stupidity. Should any one else testify a dislike to its presence it was alive enough to the hint, and scampered off without a remonstrance. But Twiller repeatedly assumed the most menacing attitudes, and spoke sternly, nay angrily to it, without its seeming to take warning or hasten its departure a bit. On the contrary, it would sometimes, as if actuated by the very spirit of contradiction, draw closer to him and rub its loathsome carcass along the inside of his shins, elevating the fur where once a tail would have towered aloft.

Was this to be borne?

It was borne, however. On the morning on which we rejoin John Twiller in the oriel-window, this ill-omened remnant of a cat is actually in the dusky room with him, motionless beside a mouse-hole, as he can very well discern by the two gig-lamps glaring out of the dark wainscot.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW THE STORY WAS TO BEGIN.

"I REALLY must begin that story.—The hero and the heroine dwell by the seaside. Well then, I suppose the proper thing to set out with is the sea. Here it is at my feet. I may paint from nature. Yet, what is there to be painted? The sea is the sea.—It's a fact, that's all.

"Yet—what a 'great fact' it is!—how vast!—how uniform!—how measureless!—how sublime!—To diverse eyes, indeed, it is diverse in its aspect. To your whaler, for instance, it is a deep hole in which to grow blubber—a half business, half sporting sort of place, whereon a set of

merry fellows are launched to launch harpoons at great things that come up to be harpooned. To your naval hero it is an element conveniently circumstanced for the destruction of human life. He can make use of it to his complete satisfaction, as at once a facilitator of his wholesale patriotic massacres and a grave to get rid of the remains. To your philosopher it is a fluid evaporated on the surface and supplied at the sides; holding certain substances in chemical solution; swinging under the moon; lagging back behind the earth in its course; scored over by undulations at right angles to the wind; filching timber to make coals; and pulling down old continents to build new. To your alderman it is a nursery of turtle—a large bowl in which they are scattered a little thinly previous to their being transferred to the more limited tureen on his table. To your bagman it is a surface that might be evenner than it is, but is still generally smooth enough to bear things with cabins, wherein he has time to write out his orders fair between the ham and eggs, and the brandy and water. To your poet it is—it is—oh, it is—bless my soul—it is—what? He cannot tell—yet he never can keep away from it. There he is eternally clucking round the margin, while the ducklings of his imagination go forth perilously upon it, and prove to his horror their adaptation and addiction to a treacherous, beggarly element.

"Some of the poetic class indeed have not been so timorous. There are those who have laid their hands upon its mane. Nobler fancies have poured its streams round the edge of the hero's shield. The loftiest imagination of all has lodged it in the hollow of the Almighty hand. To him—to them—to all,—ocean is a marvel and a mystery—a mystery as deep in a tumbler glass as in the mighty chasm of the Pacific—for how comes it salt?

"If there is anything I have a contempt for, says Hester Green, it is the moon. It is difficult for the poet quite to go along with Miss Green; but, be it said with all due respect, I pity its inhabitants, if there be any, for having no water;—and pity is a sad feeling to be obliged to entertain even for lunatics. After all, perhaps the sun pities us for having no fire,—for

as for our little sparks of volcanoes not even a solar Herschel could make them out. This condescending sort of sympathy may possibly be a natural instinct in a primary towards its satellite under some cosmical law. Heaven knows, there may be something for the moon to pity. Its animalculæ may thank their stars (including us) that they have one element left them, denied, say, to their own souls once they are 'unsphered.' Thus the convict of Sydney, with a ticket of leave, used to bless *his* stars (the southern cross) that he was not a felon on Norfolk Island.

"But"—here Twiller suddenly paused and glanced at the cat. He felt for a moment as if she had been looking sarcastically at him. "I was upon the sea; and lo! I find myself floated up towards the moon, as if a mighty tide had risen under me. Is this, too, an instinct analogous to nature? Oh, omnipresent and all-pervading harmony! Every now and then we find, in the most solitary vistas of contemplation, outlets to other avenues, believed *cul de sac*. There, breaking through the cactus-hedge of surprise, we stand smitten silent a moment by the conviction that we have been here before, visitants from other points of the compass, and that self has met self again, as we shake our own hands round a tree. Then we utter a shout, level the hedge, and open once for all the new communication over which thought shall evermore smoothly travel. Nature will, I do believe, appear to disfranchised spirits to have been only a labyrinth in which mortals wandered disconsolately forever, believing themselves in a trackless wilderness; while the wanting half of the soul—itsself, too, an

"Animula vagula,"—

was in the next alley, within earshot of a call, instead of dwelling—as the most Christian of heathen philosophers held—in some sublimer sphere.

"That noble old sceptic, Humboldt, carries the Cordilleras about with him wherever he goes. It is a tolerable burthen for an old man. Even Atlas had less on his shoulders. Besides, he was mythological, though the mountain was not. The Baron exists as well as his Andes, and can be driven

"Can this be called argument? If the line were long enough, a midshipman would touch bottom and overset the whole analogy. That the soul of man is immortal, immortal longings shadow forth, reason suggests, and reve-

lation declares. Analogy therefore is superseded, and man may live—and die—in sure and certain hope."

And so Twiller, feeling tired, put off his story and went to bed.

SLAVERY.*

It is more difficult even to keep a reputation than to make it. George the Third is said, in complimenting Sheridan on his play, the "School for Scandal," to have added, "but it has powerful *Rivals*." We are reminded in the same way that the author of *Dred* is the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Her reputation has been made by one book; in writing another she therefore plays an unequal game with fortune. She has little to gain and everything to lose; she has given us a standard of excellence in one novel with which she must be compared in every other. *Dred* must be tried by a jury of its peers, and the foreman to acquit or condemn its brother book is *Uncle Tom*. Hard fate of genius, it must always be its own executioner,—cleave the apple, or wound through the head its own reputation.

There is in this respect a close parallel between Mrs. Stowe and Miss Burney. In *Evelina*, Miss Burney took the world by surprise. A shy girl who had written stories to please her sisters, and afterwards burned them to please her step-mother, was reported to have written the best novel that had appeared since the death of Smollett. In the pages of *Uncle Tom*, Mrs. Stowe in the same way stole into fame. Written at first as a sort of feuilleton in a Washington paper, the death of *Uncle Tom* excited at once so much attention, that Mrs. Stowe added a beginning and a middle to her end, and so composed the story as we now have it. Within six months, 150,000 copies were sold in America. In May, 1852, the first London edition was printed; and before the year closed, probably a million copies had been dispersed over England, and translations published in all the lan-

guages of Europe. No authoress before Miss Burney, or since Mrs. Stowe, ever made such a spring into the heights of fame. Other writers have risen by little flights, as some birds soar by wheeling in the air. Mrs. Stowe and Miss Burney rose like the lark from its nest on the ground, which is out of sight almost at a spring.

Popularity had found a new idol and began to worship it. "*Evelina*" and "*Uncle Tom*" were the "open sesame" to the doors of the great.—Who could deny admittance to the two enchantresses of their age? No women have ever received such literary adulation as Miss Burney and Mrs. Stowe. Their popularity in this respect is about equal, allowing for the difference between the England of 1785 and the England of 1855.

The two authoresses have written diaries in which "each day's doing has been noted in a book." Madame D'Arblay's diary is a historical picture-gallery of all the celebrities of England seventy years ago, and Mrs. Stowe's "*Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands*" is another gallery of the celebrities of the England of our day. But there is this notable difference, that the one seems to have seen much of the "shady side" of life in her diary, the other only the "sunny side." Madame D'Arblay's diary is in great part the song of a cage-bird looking on life through gilded bars. Mrs. Stowe's is the burst of a free heart, full of eyes to see and a tongue to tell what she has seen.

The two authoresses resemble each other in one more respect. Each had won fame with a book, and was bound therefore to keep it with another. But it is not easy to sit down and write under a load of reputa-

* *Dred, a Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp*. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. London, Sampson Low, Son, and Co. 1856.

tion suddenly laid upon us. Miss Burney's Cecilia and Mrs. Stowe's Dred are both written under this sense of effort.

Now we always do best what we do unconscious of ourselves.—We say a preacher is eloquent when he *forgets* himself. Miss Burney and Mrs. Stowe in their maiden efforts had no self-esteem to forget. They did their best, never dreaming of outdoing themselves, and therefore they wrote well. But it was a different thing to write *after* Evelina and Uncle Tom as well as *before*. Their soliloquy on sitting down to a second effort must have resembled Richard's.

Since I have crept in favour with myself,
I must maintain it at some little cost.

After a rest of four years the authoress of Evelina wrote Cecilia; and there is the same interval between Uncle Tom and Dred. There is also the same difference in quality as in time. What Evelina is to Cecilia, Uncle Tom is to Dred. In both cases we must say that *as novels* the old is better. Cecilia is almost, if not quite, as good as Evelina, but it is Evelina over again. There are few minds exhaustless; but the vein of originality which is soonest worn out is the conception of varieties of character. There are no two faces alike; but we defy any painter to conceive more than a score or two of different heads all original and all unlike others. In the works of all great artists we see the same men and women reappearing on every canvas. Once employed to paint popes and cardinals, the unlucky artist engaged on a scene in the Inferno could not help peopling it with the same heads which he had drawn so often with red hats and triple crowns. Leonardo da Vinci could not help painting twelve Italians seated round the last supper; having never seen "a form like unto the Son of God," the thirteenth is the most meaningless face of all. We apply these rules to judge of Miss Burney and Mrs. Stowe.—Their inventory of characters was so varied in their first books that they had little to add in their second. Dr. Johnson described Miss Burney as his little character-monger. Her stories are like those trays which Italian boys carry on their heads, in which a hundred little figures in

plaster jostle each other on the same board. As there are varieties of taste, so he has something to please all—an Apollo or a satyr—a Venus or a monkey—a nude nymph, or a Napoleon with a cocked hat and spurs; he will take you down any specimen you want, for he has an exhaustless variety. The same applies to Mrs. Stowe as well. She is a character-monger—she excels in *situation*, but her pieces want *action*. The *denouement* of the story may come of itself, but her characters do not work it out. They rise into their places in every scene as the puppets in a show, and talk and behave most naturally while on the stage—but they sink again, and are no more seen 'till they rise in a new situation. Whatever plot there is, works itself out as well without them as with them. It is a drama with a rapid succession of scenes, but not divided into acts.

This want of plot was a fault in Uncle Tom. As far as we can recall our impressions, the plot seemed to follow the adventures of some slaves escaping North and of others sold South. The stream of interest flowed up or down, according as Mrs. Stowe chooses us to follow the fortunes of Eliza or of Uncle Tom. There is no resisting the potent spell laid on us. Having closed the chapter, we must open another, and be entranced with quite another train of adventures; no hope is held out to us that the two threads will ever unite. Indeed, one half the plot ends on the St. Lawrence, the other half on the Mississippi. As the two rivers are nearer each other at their source than their mouth, and the longer their course the wider they separate, so with the characters in Uncle Tom. There is nothing to bring the characters together before the curtain falls, as in *Ivanhoe*. Of all the unities of the drama there is only one which cannot be dispensed with—the unity of interest; this unity "Uncle Tom" wants. It is not therefore a novel, for a novel must obey this law of the drama—but a narrative of events skillfully told, and enlivened by a gallery of portraits taken from life and fitted to the narrative.

Dred has the same extraordinary merits as a narrative, and defects as a drama, as Uncle Tom—in an even exaggerated form. The chief characters in both are duplicates, with some dis-

guise and a few additions. Nature has moulded in Mrs. Stowe's mind a certain stock of characters in pairs and then broken the mould. Old Tiff, for instance, is the Uncle Tom of Dred. The faithful old slave, the modern Davus, is reproduced, as in the comedies of Terence, with a few additional touches to vary the likeness. Old Tiff has a few more humours and oddities, and is a little less the hero of the piece, but he is the same conception all the while in both. Tomtit, again, is Topsy breeched—Topsy is only Tomtit in a pinafore. We "suppose Tomtit grew" somewhere not a hundred miles from Topsy, for in fact they are sister and brother. The Aunt Nesbit of Dred is the Ophelia of Uncle Tom, a little older and more unamiable. Tom Gordon is Legree; Frank Russell a St. Clair; Milly is Mammy; and Harvey is George the second, as talented and as educated as his prototype George the first.

There are, it must be admitted, some additions to the stock, which, though few, are not unimportant. Dred is a new character, a kind of African prophet, half mad, half inspired; in that "thin partition" state between wit and madness, which Mrs. Stowe and the *Turks* call inspiration. Among an oppressed and conquered people there often arises a self-inspired prophet, some one who has dreamed of deliverance day and night so long that he begins to act his dreams by day as others dream their actions by night. This night-mare of the soul is a branch of psychology too little studied. Mahomet, Cromwell, and Joan of Arc are instances of a diseased imagination and a sound practical understanding acting together. Fancy, like learning, seems to intoxicate the brain only with shallow draughts; "drinking deeper sobers it again." Enthusiasm of the highest order is a return to common sense; the mind has run the circle round, and madness often hits upon some expedient that by diverting the thoughts work, a cure. There is then a return to good sense. Hamlet is going mad, and will soon be raging like a poor ranting player, when a thought hits his diseased fancy and he grows sober again. To think of detecting murder in a play was the prank of a madman—he tracked it out with the skill of a detective. The

attempts of historians to reduce such characters as Mahomet or Cromwell to the one class of fanatics or impostors would never have been made, could they have divined with Shakespeare that what is madness in reverie is often sober sense in action. It is a disease cured by homœopathic treatment, *similia similibus*.

The leader of the Chinese insurrection, Tao-ping-wang, and the prophet who has arisen the other day among the Caffres of South Africa, promising to sweep the English invader from the Cape as chaff before the wind, are other instances of the same state of mind. Dred is therefore not an unlikely character; in fact, we doubt not the original exists in some great Dismal Swamp such as Mrs. Stowe describes.

That Dred is a character taken from real life we have no more doubt than that Voltaire's Mahomet was taken from history. But Voltaire has caricatured, without meaning it, the Arab chief. With all the sympathy for Mahomet which a common hatred of Christianity could inspire, the Antichrist of modern infidelity could not understand the Antichrist of Arabian imposture. Voltaire could mimic the thunderbolt which broke on the church of the seventh century with stage rattle in the eighteenth; but into the "secret place of thunder" he had never entered.

Mrs. Stowe, like Voltaire, has chosen a character from life too great or too strange for her powers of conception. Her sublimity borders on the profane. Dred is an African Covenantaner, who talks like Mr. "Smite-them-hip-and-thigh," or Mr. "Bind-their-kings-in-chains," but acts as if his enemies and oppressors were only ghostly and invisible. Good old Alexander Cruden went mad from the labour of compiling his Concordance. Dred is as mad as Mr. Cruden, and mad in the same way. He is the Old Testament part of Cruden's Concordance, strung together as loosely as beads on a thread. Evaporate the texts which he is profuse of to profanity, and nothing remains but the name. He is nothing but a vaporiser—a "reek of the rotten fens" in the great Dismal Swamp—gilded with texts from the book of God.

The author of *Old Mortality* would have done more with Dred. He

would have been mad less in the Alexander Cruden style than in the style of Balfour of Burley. In lucid intervals he would have handled a revolver instead of a Concordance. He would have been an unsuccessful Spartacus or Toussaint. Like the old Covenanter woman he would have cried, "By the help of my God I have leaped over the wall," and also done it. Scott's enthusiasts say and do—Mrs. Stowe's says and does not. Dred's madness is monotonous; the pious are pained and the careless wearied with Joel and Amos; the burden of Nineveh and the burden of Moab, sounding in our ears like the "voice of a millstone," harsh and incessant. If the battle of Slavery is Armageddon (it is as good a guess, at least, as Sebastopol), fight it out by all means with Gog and Magog, the hosts of Mr. President Pierce and Colonel Brooks. But Dred is an agitator of the moral force class. His artillery is in texts, and his round shot the sling-stones of David and the minor prophets. Dred is such a Scripture prophet as we see in mediæval drawings, with a long tail of texts coming out of his mouth, as if the words could be seen as well as the man.

The plot in Dred is even less skillfully handled than in Uncle Tom. The story is so unfinished that we look on it as a cartoon or a key to the coming Dred. The cholera despatches Nina, who is the heroine presumptive, just as she is about to ascend the throne of our affections. Clayton, the hero, forswears matrimony and weds abolitionism. Dred is killed most unaccountably towards the end of the book; but as he has lived a most ghostly life all along, "he shuffles off this mortal coil" as a ghost steps out of a windingsheet when the cockcrows. Of the breaking up of the encampment in the Dismal Swamp, and the escape of its black inmates up north, through a cordon of Tom Gordon's men and hounds, we are not vouchsafed much explanation. We are raised to a dreadful state of apprehension about them, only to be told that after a shipwreck, some on boards and some on broken pieces of the ship, all came safe to land. We may imagine what we please. Most tantalizing to your regular story-reader is this enigmatic brevity. We are like the curious American who was told by a wooden-legged gentleman—

under promise to ask no more questions—that his leg was *bitten off*. We burst with ignorance to know how and when: was it a crocodile or a sawing machine? We have thought of putting an advertisement in the mysterious second column of the *Times*, to say, "If the interesting individuals, Harry, and Hannibal, Lisette, Tiff, and two children, who stole away from Dred, page 494, will return, all will be forgiven. The distracted readers will ask no more questions of the amiable authoress who spirited them away. N.B.—The fugitive slave law will be appealed after this; notice, and whoever is detected harbouring these run-aways will be prosecuted."

Dred is not a novel, although it is advertised "at all the libraries." It is a political pamphlet to suit the age. In a dramatic age moralists and performers put their Hue and Cry on the stage, and pilloried the vices and follies of the day in buskin and sock. Now that the stage has declined, and there is reading for the million, the mode of torture is changed, but the punishment for social malefactors is the same. In Hamlet's age, "guilty creatures sitting at a play have presently been so moved that they have proclaimed their malefactions;" so in our age, in the shape of a novel, slavery "will out and speak with most miraculous organ." Never before has a novel dealt such blows on a giant evil. Satire has before been employed to scourge tyranny; but satire can only work upon our scorn, it cannot make us weep; and we are not thoroughly roused until we reciprocate with the advocate not only hatred and scorn for the oppressor but also pity and love for the injured. Something more artificial than a simple outburst of the writer's feelings is needed to make those feelings entirely ours. But in a good play or a well written novel we are so carried away, that we feel the "motive and cue of passion" of the writer, such as oratory in its highest flights sometimes affects us with.

The discovery which bursts upon Hamlet in that wonderful soliloquy which is, perhaps, the only perfect instance of thinking aloud on record—

A play's the thing
In which I'll catch the conscience of the king,
has broken upon Mrs. Stowe now

some years past. "Humph, about my brains," she may have said to herself, as she beat her brow to feel was there any redress within for the wrongs which she saw without. Generous and true hearts would madden with the sight of oppression, but for a vent for action made for them either by their pen or their sword. The sense of wrong in them, as in Jeremiah, is in their heart as "a burning fire shut up in their bones; and they are weary with forbearing and cannot stay."

Mrs. Stowe has thrown herself with all her heart and mind and soul and strength into the cause of abolitionism. The novel is only a thin veil thrown over her real purpose: Abolitionism is the theme of every chapter. She is too true an artist to accumulate horrors on horrors; the joys of slave life are told as well as the sorrows. But amid the wildest mirth, amid the most peaceful scenes of content, Mrs. Stowe never forgets her purpose; "*Surgit amari aliquid*;"—the end of that mirth is always heaviness. The slave is to be sold south, or turned into a field-hand, or Tom Gordon has caught a sight of his young wife. The bitterness of bondage is felt under the good master as well as the bad. Mr. Clayton undertakes to educate and improve his slaves. He is first remonstrated with by the neighbouring planters; and, when he still persists, is threatened with tar, feathers, and Justice Lynch. There were some counts in the indictment against slavery not recited in *Uncle Tom*. Dred has been written that there should be no wrong untold. If slavery could be blackened, Mrs. Stowe has blackened it; for the points in relief in *Uncle Tom* are the darkest in Dred. Religion, for instance, sheds a streak of light in *Uncle Tom*. It was felt that at the worst men could only kill the body. Life and immortality stream in upon *Uncle Tom* under the lash of Legree, 'till we forget the bruised and bleeding body in the halo round the martyr's head; we see his face as the face of an angel, and say, this is not death; "nay, in all these things he is more than conqueror."

The Christianity in *Uncle Tom* alleviates the anguish of slavery. One solace remains to the slave, and that must be taken away. Christianity

in *Uncle Tom* is the bright side of the picture, in Dred it is the dark side. In *Uncle Tom* we have allusions to the pretence of quoting the Scriptures in defence of slavery. The holiness of such pretences rouses the indignation of St. Clair, who has, at least, the virtue of not cloaking oppression with hypocrisy. In Dred, Mrs. Stowe pours the whole vials of her wrath on such sanctimonious pretences. On the subject of slavery, it seems, there are two schools of opinion—the old lights and the new. The old lights maintain that the African race are doomed for ever and ever to slavery, because Noah awaking from drunkenness said, "cursed be Canaan." But the old lights forget that the Hamites are as much Asiatic as African, and that Rahab, and Babylon, Tyre, and India, the proudest and oldest empires of the world, should come under the terms of this curse as much, and more than the woolly-headed inhabitants of Western Africa. The new lights advocate slavery on philosophical principles as the old lights on textual. Mr. Jekyl, an elder of the Church, holds the following opinions:—

Mr. Jekyl was a theologian and a man of principle. His metaphysical talent indeed made him a point of reference among his Christian brethren; and he spent much of his leisure time in reading theological treatises. His favourite subject of all was the nature of true virtue; and this, he had fixed in his mind, consisted in a love of the greatest good. According to his theology, right consisted in creating the greatest amount of happiness; and every creature had rights to be happy in proportion to his capacity of enjoyment or being. He whose capacity was ten pounds had a right to place his own happiness before that of him who had five, because, in that way, five pounds more of happiness would exist in the general whole. He considered the right of the Creator to consist in the fact that he had a greater amount of capacity than all creatures put together, and, therefore, was bound to promote his own happiness before all of them put together. He believed that the Creator made himself his first object in all that he did; and descending from him all creatures were to follow the same rule, in proportion to their amount of being; the greater capacity of happiness always taking precedence of the less. Thus Mr. Jekyl considered that the Creator brought into the world yearly myriads of human beings with no other intention than to make them everlastingly miserable; and that this was right, because his capacity of enjoy-

ment being greater than all theirs put together, he had a right to gratify himself in this way. Mr. Jekyl's belief in slavery was founded on his theology. He assumed that the white race had the largest amount of being, therefore it had a right to take precedence of the black. On this point he held long and severe arguments with his partner Mr. Israel McFogg, who, belonging to a different school of theology, referred the whole matter to no natural fitness, but to a divine decree, by which it pleased the Creator in the time of Noah to pronounce a curse upon Canaan. The fact that the African race did not descend from Canaan was, it is true, a slight difficulty in the chain of the argument, but theologians are daily in the habit of surmounting much greater ones. Either way, whether by metaphysical fitness or Divine decree, the two partners attained the same practical result. Mr. Jekyl, though a coarse-grained man, had started from the hands of nature no more hard-hearted or unfeeling than many others; but his mind, having for years been immersed in the waters of law and theology, had slowly petrified into such a steady consideration of the greatest general good, that he was wholly inaccessible to any emotion of particular humanity. The trembling eager tone of pity, in which Nina had spoken of the woman and children who were about to be made victims of a legal process, had excited but a moment's pause. What considerations of temporal loss and misery can shake the constancy of the theologian who has accustomed himself to contemplate and discuss, as a cool intellectual exercise, the eternal misery of generations? who worships a God that creates myriads only to glorify himself in their eternal torments?

The worst evil of slavery seems to arise from this, its deteriorating effect on Christianity itself. If our food is adulterated, let us at least have unadulterated drugs; but if the antidote be as poisonous as the bane, what further hope remains for us? Well did old Chaucer say of a pure clergy—

He still would add this proverb, then, thereto,
That if gold rusts, what must iron do?
And if a priest be foul in whom we trust,
How fares it with a man of lewed lust?

We will not despair of America 'till then. But should, which God avert, the fine gold become dim,—should Christianity, out of whose foundation truths is our unity of blood in the first Adam, and our unity of spirit in the Second Adam, continue to wink at, and at last to sanction the "domestic institution" which loosens the

marriage knot, dissolves the family, and discivilizes man by disuniting him, the hereafter in store for America is no longer doubtful. The steps of degradation will be reached in certain order. Every democracy, as Plato once predicted from the example of the Greek republics must degenerate into a tyranny, a tyranny into an anarchy, and anarchy puts an end to its own existence, and so the evil cures itself.

At present, indeed, we see no break in the clouds. The pro-slavery party seem everywhere triumphant. As we write, the Presidential election has been carried in their favour. In defiance of all compact, fresh states are annexed to the slave interest—Kansas is carried, and the Missouri compromise shamefully violated. Vigilance Committees sit in every district to watch over and protect slavery—the ballot box, the crown-jewel of a sovereign people, as an American senator has finely described it, has been plundered. Preachers who dared to be true to God have been ridden on a rail, tarred, tied to a log, and thrown into the Missouri. A reign of terror has set in, unequalled since the French Revolution. A senator who had the courage to raise his voice against these things in the Senate of the United States is brutally struck down, and left stunned and bleeding on the floor of one of the greatest deliberative assemblies in the world—nor was the act the act of a single bully. As the Spartan mother thanked her God that Sparta had many more such sons, so Carolina subscribes to show there are many more Brookes'. A silver cane, bearing the inscription "Hit him again," is the elegant trophy of a slave state to its pugilistic hero. The Tipton Slasher, or the Brummagem Pet would rise, no doubt, to the honours of Congress, and sit belted among the Conscrip Fathers of America, could they be induced to emigrate.

Dark, indeed, and lowering is the future of America; but the darkest point of all is where there should be light. The Christian Church in America is dumb on the one topic on which she should give men no rest. We do not mean that there are no protesting Christians—no pulpits where a warning is sounded against the accursed thing. But the churches do

not move as a body in this matter. Dicksons there are in the ministry in America, no doubt—men in threadbare coats who bear a life-long of uncomplaining poverty, as a traveller bears a storm on his way to his home. But Churches are public bodies, and public bodies are guided by dexterous men such as Dr. Shubael Packthread or Dr. Calker. One of the best chapters in *Dred* is chapter 41, which describes a clerical conference. There is Dr. Cushing the popular preacher, soft, easy, and urbane; there is Dr. Packthread the master of clerical strategy; and Dr. Calker the High Church Presbyterian. "He began with loving the Church for God's sake, and ended by loving her better than God; and by the Church he meant the organization of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America." "Then there was Father Bonnie—ready at a minute's notice either for a laugh or a prayer—a camp preacher who thanked God that he had been *delivered from the bondage* of thinking slavery a sin or an evil in any sense; who, if a northern abolitionist came at him, shook the Bible at him, and said, Nay but, oh man, who art thou that repliest against God? Hath not the potter power over the clay?"

In the result of this conference we have one specimen of Church action on the slavery question. The Presbyterian Church seem to have thought with Dr. Calker, "that the slavery question was a disturbing force, weakening the harmony among brethren; he regarded it therefore with distrust and aversion. He would read no facts on that side of the question, and when the dissensions of zealous brethren would bring frightful and appalling statements into the General Assembly, he was too busy in seeking what could be said to ward off their force to allow them to have much influence on his own mind. Gradually he came to view the subject with dislike, as a pertinacious intruder in the path of the Presbyterian Church. That the whole train of cars laden with the interests of the world for all time should be stopped by a ragged, manacled slave across the track, was to him an impertinence and an absurdity. What was he that the Presbyterian Church should be divided and hindered by him? So thought the exultant thou-

sands who followed Christ once, when the blind beggar raised his importunate cry, and they would make him hold his peace. So thought not He who stopped the tide of triumphant success, that he might call the neglected one to himself and lay his hands upon him."

The downward tendency of Christian principle on the subject of slavery is noticed by Mrs. Stowe in an appendix. There is more ground for alarm in this than in anything else, for if the salt have lost its saltiness, wherewith will ye season it? Christianity and slavery are so plainly contrary the one to the other, that one of the two must abdicate to the other in America. In the Roman empire fifteen centuries ago, slavery was as firmly seated as a domestic institution; but it yielded at last, though in falling it tore up by the roots the Roman empire itself. How will it fare in the conflict between the two in the empire of the West? In conjecturing the future issue of slavery, it cannot be unimportant to study its past history.

The state of slavery is one almost as old and universal as society itself. The only two stages of society in which it is not found are the two extremes of barbarism and high Christian culture; in neither of which is man in the true state of nature—left, that is, to carry on society by his own unaided resources.

The savage state, such as we find it among the New Hollanders and others, is not a state of nature; it is a state of degeneracy, out of which man has never been known to raise himself. In this non-natural state slavery has never taken root—this pernicious weed will not grow on so poor a soil. Among savages there are wars, of course; indeed their existence is nothing but a state of war against wild beasts and wilder men. But their custom is to kill their prisoners, and when food is scarce, as in New Zealand, where there are few roots and no quadrupeds, to eat them.

It is needless to add, that in the other extreme of christian civilization slavery does not exist, for very different reasons. Christianity has taught men out of "the book of the generations of the sons of Adam"—a truth which men in a state of nature, whether philosopher or sav-

age, never seem to have conjectured—that God had made of one blood all men that dwell on the face of the earth.

But between the two extremes of the infra-natural state of barbarism, and the super-natural state of Christian culture, slavery has everywhere prevailed; its origin is as old as human society.

One stage above the savage state is the nomad or pastoral, such as the tribes of Central Asia still adhere to. Here in the cradle of the human race the serpent of slavery laid its first egg. The two grew together. The beginning of society under Nimrod was the beginning also of slavery. He built cities and also enslaved men—

A mighty hunter, and his game was man.

The origin of slavery is thus natural, it has its root in human nature. Whenever man is found at that zero point, neither debased below himself into the pit of barbarism, nor raised above himself to "sit in heavenly places in Christ," there we find the conditions under which slavery is possible. The range for the existence of slavery is thus a wide one, between such wide extremes as pure barbarism and pure Christian civilization. Almost all history runs between these two extremes, and hence there are few periods when man is found either too embroiled or too exalted to permit slavery. The brand of slavery is on every page from the days of Nimrod down to our own.

The first slaves were prisoners of war, their lives were spared, but their liberties were forfeited. It is hard to say wherein the wrong of such slavery consists, further than the wrong of war in general. If there are rights of war, there is also a right of possession in the spoils of war. Slavery is not another evil, but one and the same with the evil of war. It is one of its inevitable consequences—if we condemn the one, we have also implied a condemnation of the other. If it is wrong to take men's liberties after a battle, it is, at least, as great a wrong to take their lives in it. The two evils are inseparable; it is, at least, a mitigation of the cruelty of barbarism, which always kills those whom it conquers. The Roman jurists have rightly included slavery

under the *jus gentium*. Although in Roman law men were naturally equal, they might lose these rights by conquest, or forfeit them by offences against the state. None can reasonably impugn the title of slavery to the two classes of criminals and captives. Men may be made slaves in war and so lose the *jus gentium*, or prisoners of state and lose the *jus civile*. War is an evil, and slavery is an evil, but they are only different parts of the same thing. To condemn the two, we must do so the day before, not the day after the battle. Slavery comes from war, and war comes from the lusts within, which war in our members—and so we mount up to the origin of evil.

But slavery, which grew out of the rights of war, would cease with the state of war. Ingenious man was not long in discovering a way of perpetuating slavery beyond the natural lives of its first victims. Slavery, like royalty, never dies. The principle was this,—it was a rule of Roman law that *the offspring of the slave-woman followed the condition of the mother*. The children born of women made captives in war were therefore born in slavery. Polygamy came thus to sanction slavery and give it a status of its own.

Before this, slavery was simply a consequence of war—evil because all war is an evil. Now it became an evil of itself, the "domestic institution" which has plagued every family and state into which it has ever got footing.

Thus out of the rights of war and the rights of polygamy, blended together, has grown the full state of slavery. Reform men in these two practices to which they have been ever addicted, and slavery at once ceases. Cut off even the one cause of slavery, and it becomes sterile of more evil. For even if wars endure, but slavery were limited to the original prizes of war, male or female, and no uterine taint of slavery were allowed to descend to those born of slave mothers, the state of slavery would at once be struck with sterility. We have this sterile slavery to this day among Christian states, for what are prisoners of war or prisoners of state but slaves? Slavery, at worst, is a state terminable with their lives—it is not renewable for ever—as when the slave mother bears a slave child.

Slavery is only a status when, like Hagar, it *gendereth* to bondage.

To Roman law, slaveholders owe those refinements of reasoning by which men have satisfied themselves to do wrong rightfully. To consecrate a crime by pouring the anointing oil of truth on the hoary head of lying, has been the mission of false prophets ever since the world began. The hoary lie in slavery is this, that the slave woman "*genders* to bondage." By Roman law every man is born free, by the *jus naturale* freedom is his birthright. There is the *patria potestas*, no doubt, the power of the parent within reasonable limits over his infant child. But by what right is there a *dominica potestas*—a power over the child born of a bond woman greater than over the child born of the free? To give a colour of right to this infraction of the *jus naturale*, the fiction was invented that slavery passed from the mother to the child—Strange contradiction, that while all rights flow from the father, wrongs only descend with the mother—that the slavery of men arising from war is a terminable evil, but the slavery of women is one renewable for ever in their offspring. The redemption of the lawful prize of war—the man taken prisoner in fair fight—is possible, but the redemption of the unlawful prize, the unresisting woman, impossible for ever. In war man stakes his life; and, of course, as the less is contained under the greater, his liberty with it—he loses, and, of course, pays the forfeit. But what has woman staked that she would pay the price of her life with her body? The truth is, that heathenism knows nothing of the rights of woman or the sacredness of marriage. Polygamy abetted all the horrors of war and added fresh horrors of its own. Slavery has been born, like Milton's Death, from the union of war and polygamy. Slavery, then, incessantly engenders to bondage. Of Polygamy, its mother, as Death of Sin, the slave trade is the progeny—

of that rape begot,
These yelling monsters that with ceaseless cry
Surround me as thou see'st, hourly conceived,
And hourly born with sorrow infinite.

But what have these abstract points of right in old Roman law to say to the slavery question as it exists now in America? Everything. No man

ever does a wrong without having a good reason to give for it. If wrong could not put on such a show of right, and the worse were not dressed up to appear the better reason, evil would not be so intense and enduring as it is. In every case of great wrong, there is one lurking lie which the truth can only touch with the tip of the spear; but that touch is enough to expose it.

There are two wrongs in American slavery quite distinct from each other; the one would have ceased long since, and slavery become extinct had it not revived in the other. It was a wrong to kidnap men in Africa, to huddle them on board ships, and transport them in gangs to the cotton and rice swamps of Central and Southern America. With the sorrows of the African slave the world has resounded; but those of the American slave are yet to begin.

"One woe is past and behold another cometh." When the carrying trade in slaves was declared to be piracy by the law of Europe, nothing remained but that slavery, struck with sterility in the supply from Africa, should die out of itself; so it was anticipated it would.

But slavery never dies. The supply from Africa was cut off, and America began to grow her own slaves. The idea was not original; there was Roman precedent to follow. In the early days of the Republic the supply of slaves was kept up by the constant wars. Sometimes slaves were so cheap after a victorious campaign, that thousands of captives were sold for two and seven pence of our money, per head, as in the camp of Lucullus in Pontus. *It was cheaper to import than to breed.* But when, in the days of the Empire, the tide of conquest began to turn the other way, and the supply of captives fell off, *it became cheaper to breed than to import*, and the price of female slaves rose accordingly. Then the *jus naturale* was forgotten, and the convenient fiction employed, that the child follows the state of its mother.

This classic precedent was not lost upon the southern states of America. Slave breeding took the place of the slave trade, and the supply was even brisker than ever. But there was little to rejoice at in this; the evil only took a new turn.

The African slave trade ceased in 1808. Now observe how a home market has risen up to replace it. During the ten years ending 1850, the slave population of the United States increased at the rate of twenty-eight per cent.

The number of slaves, therefore, in Virginia which amounted to 448,886 in 1840, should have been 574,574; it was only 473,026. Instead of increasing at the rate of twenty-eight per cent., the slaves in Virginia apparently increased only at the rate of five-and-a-half per cent. It cannot be that slavery was stationary only in Virginia. The rate of increase among the slaves in Virginia must have been, at least at the average rate of the other states, twenty-eight per cent. It may have been more, it could not well have been less. What became then of the missing 101,548; or the difference between twenty-eight and five-and-a-half per cent.?

The answer is found in this fact, that new states were annexed which absorbed this increase of 101,548. To these new states, Virginia exported her human crop. For her 100,000 souls she has received, therefore, at the low average price of 500 dollars per head, at least fifty millions of dollars. Well does the writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, from whose accurate statement the above facts are gleaned, remark that "it was to preserve this trade that Mexico was looted of Texas, and afterwards of California and New Mexico, that Cuba is to be snatched, and Jamaica annexed, and that every new state in which the climate is suited to the Negro is admitted into the Union as a slave state."

A few statistical facts published lately by the Republican Convention of the State of New York, will shew the rapid strides made by the slave interest to ascendancy in America. Instead of six States—the number of slave-holding States at the Declaration of Independence—there are now fifteen; that is, an addition of nine sovereign States to the slave-holding interest. Instead of 600,000 slaves, there are now 3,000,000. While seven States have abolished the "domestic institution," nine new States have been added to the Union as slave-holders, and have brought with them an addition of 1,579,966 slaves.

It is singular that Virginia, which is now the great breeding ground for slaves, was also the State to which the first slaves were imported from Africa. In 1622, a Dutch vessel bound to the West Indies with slaves on board, was driven by storm to Virginia, and sold there her cargo. Thus the two Avatars of the Demon of Slavery have both been on the soil of Virginia, but the last has been worse than the first. In breeding for the home market, he has brought with him seven spirits more wicked than the first.

The trans-Atlantic slave trade was carried on with all the savage cruelty of Moloch—the native god of Africa; the slave-breeding and sale in Virginia under the auspices of Mammon—the native god of America. Moloch wasted human life, but Mammon stocks his farms with it. Moloch alighted on the black man as treasure trove, ill got soon gone. Mammon put his treasure out to interest, and funded his property in man. Moloch hunted for men as *fera naturæ*, "natural brute beasts made to be taken." Mammon strictly preserves his game, and protects a slave-mother as a hen-pheasant, or a vixen and cubs are preserved in a sporting county in England.

In tearing men from their homes in Africa, Christians acted under the respectable delusion that they were waging war on the infidel—it was a new crusade against the black Moors. Humanity even raised its voice for African slavery. The benevolent Las Casas, who had seen the Indians melt away under the cruelty of the Spaniards, proposed that Africans, who were more robust, should be employed instead. His scheme embraced the salvation of the souls as well as the bodies of the Indians. The Dutch and English traders, who had no pretence of a crusade against the infidel, at least, excused themselves on the plea that black was the devil's livery, and that, therefore, none of the elect could be found with the mark of Cain upon them.

But whatever the plea, the African slave trade was carried on avowedly under the laws of war. If traders had troubled themselves with the Roman law, which it is not likely they ever did, their pretext would have been that the black and white races were sworn to eternal enmity; and

that though by the *jus naturale* the born African has a natural right to liberty, yet that by the *jus gentium* they lawfully forfeited it on becoming prizes of war. To capture slaves, or to barter for them with the African chiefs, was only to carry the war into the enemy's country; to transport them to America was only to condemn them, as prisoners of war, to forced labour, as we do in our hulks and dockyards.

The pretext of the African slave-trade was respectable in comparison to that by which the slave-market in America is now supplied. Slave-breeding has no rights of war to appeal to. Cut off from the *jus gentium* as a pretext, the *jus naturale* was also against the Virginian slave-grower. The Declaration of Independence adopts the Roman *jus naturale* as a fundamental part of the American Constitution. "Men are endowed by their Creator with certain *inalienable rights*, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Might not the poor slave, as with bare back his tyrant prepares to "examine him, with scourging," say as a Roman citizen once said, "But I was free-born?" Is not liberty his inalienable right, the right of birth by the terms of the very Charter of America? Will his captors "fear because he is an American?" "With a great price?" American whites have bought their own freedom in the world's citizenship; but what respect have they shown to the inalienable rights of a free birth in American blacks?

The slave trade in America is as bad as that in ancient Rome, with this aggravation, that light is come into the world, and so slavery is without excuse. Niggers are grown in Virginia, and sold south to Florida and Texas under the classic precedents of Gaius and Ulpian. A Roman slave could not contract a marriage. His cohabitation with a woman was *contubernium*, and no legal relation between him and his children was recognized. The case is even worse in America, for niggers are grown out of women for whom the holy rite of Christian marriage has been parodied. A mad Emperor gave his horse the consulship; but Rome was ashamed of such a prostitution of titles. But it is a worse prostitution of such an

"excellent mystery" as marriage, to celebrate it between man and woman whose legal standing in America is, "De nullis, de mortuis, de *quadrupedibus*." The cohabitation of quadrupeds is solemnized with the rites of a Christian marriage. God is called to join together what the "almighty dollar" may put asunder in a few weeks. "What part hath Christ with Belial?" How dare a minister of Christ hallow the union of man and woman forced to cohabit as cattle, and who bred as cattle to stock the new States down South. Roman slavery was brutal, but American is profane as well.

An American slave auction also reminds us of the classic days of Rome. In Rome, slaves were placed on a raised stone or platform, so that all might see and handle them. Purchasers usually had them stripped naked, and even called in the advice of medical men. The character of the slave was set forth by a scroll (*titulus*) hanging round his neck, which was a warrant to the purchaser. The vendor was bound to warrant that the slave was sound, that he had not a tendency to thievery, running away, or committing suicide. Now turn to America; we copy the following account of a slave auction from the description of an eye-witness, inserted in the *Illustrated News* of last September.

We are compelled by limited space to confine ourselves to two sketches of slave auctions at Richmond. They take place in rooms on the ground floor, which are taken in rotation, in order to suit the convenience of dealers. As no pen, we think, can adequately delineate the choking sense of horror which overcomes one on first witnessing these degrading spectacles, we prefer limiting ourselves to mere description of what we saw. Outside the doors are hung small, garish flags of blood-red, upon which are pinned small, manuscript descriptions of the negroes to be successively disposed of. A philosopher might stop at the threshold to enquire by what sense of the fitness of things the standard selected by the slave auctioneer should be of such a sanguinary colour. As you enter, you see what we have endeavoured to sketch in one of the accompanying designs. An eye-beatched and ruffianly-looking fellow in check trousers, and griny in every part of his person, with no hammer in his hand, as he is commonly de-fected by those who have not seen this human or rather inhuman salesman, takes the swelling bids then, with ap-

lifted finger, calling out:—"Eight hundred—eight hundred—nine hundred—nine hundred—ten—eleven," and even twelve hundred—which is generally the most a negro fetches. What may be called the "supernumeraries" in the scene are "got up" in a way worthy of the occasion, wearing, as they do, hats in every state of decomposition and of every colour. Their features are callous, and one gentleman we particularly noticed, who had a cow-hide-looking weapon, which dangled between his legs in such a way as to make one wonder whether his feet were cloven or not. There was a look of unmistakable devilry in this gentleman, which he had evidently caught by communion with dark spirits. Spirits, however, is hardly a word which can with justice be applied to negroes in the plight now under notice; they may, in auctioneer's parlance, be "likely hands," but lively they certainly are not.

The Fugitive Slave Law of America is another cast taken from the antique. The *Lex Fabia* of Rome furnished the provisions of the bill of 1850. To conceal a runaway slave was a *furtum* in ancient Rome. In young America, a Mr. Purdon Davis was sentenced in 1855 to twenty years' imprisonment in the State Prison of Louisiana, for the crime of harbouring some runaway slaves. Some negroes took refuge in his wood-yard, were concealed by him, and sent in a canoe across the river. A negro-hunter (one of the classic profession of *Fugitivari*) discovered their trail, hunted them for forty miles, overtook them, and gave them to his dogs to be worried, until at last they confessed whence they came, and who had assisted them. Twenty years in gaol, to atone, in a Christian land, for committing the sin of the good Samaritan! For to the question, Who is my neighbour? it is a crime in America to answer, the bleeding, foot-sore, African slave, in danger of being torn to death by dogs, if taken; or of dying of hunger, if the door is closed against him!

Madame Pulsky, in her "America, White, Red, and Black," mentions that she has an ancient badge in her possession with the inscription, "*Iussione DDD. NNN. ne quis servum fugientem suscipiat.*" The three lords who had then passed this fugitive slave law were Theodosius, Arcadius, and Honorius. It was on the eve of the division of the empire into east and west. Ancient Rome died

almost in the act of dictating a Fugitive Slave Law. Christianity and slavery had been wrestling together for four centuries, as Jacob and Esau in Rebecca's womb. In the death-throes of the old empire it might have been prophetically said, "two nations are in thy womb, and the elder shall serve the younger." Slavery, the first-born of the empire, yielded to Christianity, the younger-born; but not without bitter pangs on both sides, and a long conflict of many centuries.

Is the Fugitive Slave Law of America of 1850 passed in the same way on the eve of a division of the republic into north and south? Are the United States waxing old, like the empire? And is it, like the empire, in travail with two births unlike each other as slavery and the Gospel? To these questions time only can give an answer. But the teaching of history is full of warning. Slavery and Christianity grew and struggled together, and at last tore the empire asunder between them. Christianity had but just quickened into life, centuries before its political birth under Constantine, when it began its struggles with slavery. The escape of Onesimus, his conversion and return to Philemon "as more than a servant—a brother beloved," was the struggle of the twins in the womb of the empire. Their mother might have foreboded thus early that as they grew their quarrels would also grow, until slavery trampled out Christianity, or was itself destroyed. Between her elder pagan and her younger Christian institutions, that mother, the empire, could enjoy no quiet, and at last expired like Rebecca, "weary of her life."

The United States must learn from the example of Rome that Christianity and the pagan institution of slavery cannot co-exist together. The republic must take her side and choose her favourite child; for if she love the one, she must hate the other.

The breach between the two, long threatening, has come at last. Both are full grown, and hate each other as brothers only can hate who are rivals for the blessing of becoming the "domestic institution." If the fate of the empire be any warning, then the fate of the republic is certain. Christianity and slavery will tear the

republic between them into North and South, as the empire was torn into East and West. It is too late for compromise. The home trade in slaves is now nearly forty years old; the slave population has increased from 600,000 to 3,200,000; nine slave-holding States have been added to the Union in the same time. The growth of Christianity has been quite as great. There are now 36,000 churches in America, and the Bible is a household book in every State in the Union. The collision will be ten-fold greater in the young republic than in the effete old empire. The more electric matter the clouds are charged with, the louder the thunder peals; and there is all the difference between the energies of the slave and the religious interest in the sixth century and the nineteenth, as between a thunder-storm in our latitudes and in the tropics. Humanity even prays that the collision may soon occur; for, oppressed as the atmosphere before the storm—awful as the calm before the first peal—such is the lull in America now. What destruction the storm will cause—whether a slave rising will occur—whether the white man will be swept from the Southern States—whether the South will beat itself to pieces against the rocks of Cuba or Jamaica—God only knows; but the moral atmosphere of fifteen slave-holding States must be purified, let the shock come from whatever quarter. Whatever the future of slavery, of the hereafter of Christianity we are quite confident. It has shaken off, one after another, too many pagan institutions, to receive a deadly wound from this. The promise will be again made good in the case of Christianity: "Ye shall take up serpents, and if ye drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt you."

But what of the fate of the Union? Is it too late to apply a remedy, and must the disease work its own cure? We fear so. Slavery has been contracted by the Archbishop of Dublin with Catholic disabilities in Ireland and serfdom in Russia, as a rising tide is to still water or to a receding tide. Slavery in America, since the year 1808, has been a case of a rising flood; the waters have risen so high that an inundation must occur. Would that slavery had then been

contracted to serfdom, and at last ceased altogether! The emancipation of serfs all over Europe has been certain and gradual. Between England and Russia there is only the difference of three hundred years. Serfdom in England was only abolished so late as the reign of Elizabeth, and it is on the decline in Russia in our day. But the case of slavery in America is different. Slavery is aggressive without and within the Union. It is the slave interest which draws capital from the North, and opens out fresh territory by conquest in the South. North and South meet in Virginia: to the central slave-breeding States, the North contributes the capital, and the South the cotton-fields. So long as both ends of the Union lend themselves, directly or indirectly, to this traffic, the whole Union is guilty of a sin whose proportions are national. Every "star" on that federal banner is crossed with the black "stripe" of slavery.

There were hopes for the Union so long as the African slave-trade was the only source of supply. The one plea for slavery was this, that it was a missionary scheme for Christianizing Africa from America. In an "Apology for Negro Slavery," as published fifty years ago, this pretext is loudly put forth:—

It is a humane trade, preventing human sacrifices, and civilizing the people; neither is it *very* oppressive to the individuals. To begin with a Guinea negro's arrival on one of our islands: he meets there near and dear relations. These agreeable and unexpected meetings are truly affecting, and excite the most tender and pleasing affections in the by-standers.

But the case is otherwise when a home growth of slaves has risen up to replace the supply from Africa; the tendency then is not to civilize but to barbarize. Men are raised in the midst of a civilized community, born to be slaves. Their right to live is only the right of the slave-owner to "gender to bondage;" to multiply black cattle, as a farmer would his stock, and to sell them in the best market "down South."

Would that the reasons given for slavery by the Southern journals were any proof of the desperation of their cause. If "*quem Deus vult*

perdere prius dementat," be true of slavery, the cause is doomed. The language of its advocates sounds of late more like the ravings of delirious than the reasonings of determined men. They cover the weakness of their cause by excessive pretension. The brag of Northern abolitionists is modesty to the brag of Southern anarchists. Slavery, they contend, is the normal state of society, not freedom. Slavery is not a distinction of colour or race, but of master and man. The white labourer is, or ought to be, a slave as much as the black. A leading paper of South Carolina says, in a quotation we copy from the *Times*, October 27th.

Slavery is the natural and normal condition of the labouring man, whether white or black. The great evil of northern free society is, that it is burdened with a servile class of mechanics and labourers, unfit for self-government, and yet clothed with the attributes of governing citizens. Master and slave is a relation in society as necessary as that of parent and child, and the northern States will yet have to introduce it.

To quote another "elegant extract" from a Southern journal, the *Muscogee* (Alabama) *Herald*:

Free society! We *sicken at the name*. What is it but a conglomeration of greasy mechanics, filthy operatives, small-fisted farmers, and moon-struck theorists. All northern States are devoid of society fit for well-bred gentlemen.

And so the South puts a scent-bottle to its exquisite nose whenever it visits the New England States. It is almost as good as the beau who used to fumigate with a pair of tongs the bills "little Isaac" presented him with before touching them.

The *South-side Democrat* is a little less of a beau, and more of a bully. It says:

We have got to hating everything with the prefix "free" to it—from "free" negroes down and up through the whole catalogue: "free" farins, "free" labour, "free" soil, "free" will, "free" thinking, "free" children, and "free" schools—all belonging to the same damnable brood of "ism."

With these sentiments on record,

it is not difficult to estimate what must happen. The republican principle is doomed, at least in the Southern States. The democracy is fast reeling into the hands of a tyranny; the South does not disguise its sympathies. The Czar Nicholas was its hero; the English constitution, next to northern abolitionism, its abhorrence. Three times in forty years has America divided on the slavery question; three times has the free voice of the North, denouncing tyranny in Europe, been smothered by the clamours of the Southern States. In 1819, the republic raised no voice against the Holy Alliance; the South dexterously "paired off" with the North on the subject of the Missouri Compromise. It was the same in 1832, and again the same the other day on the subject of the Russian war. Absolutism in Europe always finds its back in American slavery. Whenever the North threatens intervention against tyranny abroad, the South calls off its attention by clamouring for fresh concessions to a worse tyranny at home.

An American gentleman gravely told Madame Pulsky that the slaveholding interest supplied the want of an aristocracy in America. His illustration was ingenious at least: "A candle burns more brightly, but is rapidly consumed in pure oxygen; for respiration, therefore, nature has mixed it with azote. So with our institutions. The freedom of the Northern States is oxygen; the slavery of the Southern the azote necessary to maintain the conservative principle of our institutions. Without it, the United States would burn brighter for a time, but would soon disappear."

If the weakness of a cause is to be judged by the bluster put on by its advocates, there is hope for freedom yet in America. It is a puzzle to the world, how the slave-holders, who are but half a million out of a total population of twenty-six millions, can not only hold their ground against the North, but even carry everything before them. In Washington, out of sixty-eight years of presidential terms, forty have been filled by the slaveholding States, twenty by avowed supporters of the slaveholding interest, and eight only by those who have espoused the side of liberty. A writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*

accounts for it on the same reason that one desperate man seated with a lucifer match in his hand on a keg of powder in the magazine can hold a whole ship's crew in terror. To the remonstrances of the North, the threat of the South is that it will dissolve the Union. Better a thousand times for the northern States, if the South had carried its threat into execution. Perhaps it is to this cause of disunion between the North and South that Canada still remains a British province in the North, and Cuba a Spanish island in the South. The two brothers must stay at home to watch each other, and meanwhile their neighbours' goods are at peace.

The crisis is fast hastening on, and within a few years one of two things must occur. Either the Manchester cotton trade will find for itself a new market, or a servile war will occur in the Southern States. The former is, of course, incalculably the lesser evil of the two, and is most devoutly to be prayed for.

A few years ago there was an old man alive who remembered the first cargo of American cotton brought into the port of Liverpool. Within fifty years Lancashire has become the clothing-mart of the world.

Between the barbarism of Greenland, where men are covered with the skins of beasts, to the barbarism of Africa, where naked men wear only their own skin—all mankind between these extremes are covered with cotton in some shape or other. Manchester weaves for the world; it could spin a web from this to the sun, or put a cotton night-cap on the moon if it was disposed for such freaks. Manchester is the Dorcas of cities; every clothes-shop in the world could show some of the coats and garments it has made. There is not a rag in the world in which a shred of slavery is not to be found. The paper on which we write these bitter things against slavery is the pulp of cotton picked with slave fingers. Manchester has made the enormous demand for cotton which keeps the supply of slaves brisker than ever in the Southern States.

But this monopoly of slave cotton in the Manchester market depends upon a slight difference in price. The price of a full-grown slave at work in the cotton fields averages 800 dol-

lars, and his maintenance for one year averages at least fifty dollars. The profit he yields his owner is calculated at not more than one cent on the pound of cotton as it is landed in England. To *cheapen cotton one cent per pound* in Manchester would abolish slavery—an evil which neither religion nor reason, Uncle Tom nor "the underground railway," American abolitionists nor English philanthropists have been able in the least to check.

It is as vain to argue in England against "stuffing our ears with cotton" as it is for the North to brandish the Declaration of Independence and the "inalienable birthright of freedom" in the face of the South. Africa and India, perhaps, may work the redress which England and America together cannot do. To be plain, God must interpose, for vain is the help of man.

His interposition of mercy (may He avert such an interposition of wrath as a servile war!) will be in extending the cultivation of cotton in India and Africa. There will be in this a righteous compensation to both these lands.

In India we destroyed the manufacture of cotton goods, once so extensive, by our trade laws. We poured our machine-made goods into the country, and forbid at the same time all competition on the spot by not allowing the importation of machinery. Cotton fields have thus gone out of cultivation in India. In redressing the wrongs of the slave we shall redress also the wrongs of India. We must restore her her manufacture, if we would not play the hypocrite in denouncing slavery in the South. The selfish monopoly of Manchester—the mote in our own eye—must be plucked out by a concession to India of free trade in cotton, before we can see plainly to take the beam out of the Southern planter's eye.

The cultivation of cotton again will redress the wrongs of Africa. A year or two ago some specimens of African cotton, grown at Abbeokuta, a missionary station of the Church Missionary Society, were sold in the Manchester market, and were pronounced to be as fine as the finest quality brought from New Orleans. Between free and slave cotton there

is only a difference of price. The emancipator has bid up to *one cent* of the bidding of the slaver. It will be to the eternal disgrace of English Christianity and English enterprise if we let the hammer fall on so small a difference. Let us push on the

African trade and Christianity together. At the next bidding perhaps the cent difference may be in our favour, and then the victory is won: to undersell is to abolish slavery.

It is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

THE FORTUNES OF GLENCORE.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A DIPLOMATIST'S DINNER.

WERE we writing a drama, instead of a true history, we might like to linger for a few moments on the leave-taking between the Princess and Sir Horace Upton. They were, indeed, both consummate "artists," and they played their parts to perfection—not as we see high comedy performed on the stage, by those who grotesque its refinements and exaggerate its dignity; "striving to storm" the calm and placid lake, all whose convulsive throes are many a fathom deep, and whose wildest workings never brought a ripple on the surface. No, theirs was the true version of well-bred "performance." A little well-affected grief at separation, brief as it was meant to be—a little half-expressed surprise on the lady's part, at the suddenness of the departure—a little, just as vaguely conveyed, complaint on the other side, over the severe requirements of duty, and a very little tenderness—for there was no one to witness it—at the thought of parting; and with a kiss upon her hand, whose respectful courtesy no knight errant of old could have surpassed, Sir Horace backed from "the presence," sighed, and slipped away.

Had our reader been a spectator, instead of a peruser of the events we have lately detailed, he might have fancied from certain small asperities of manner, certain quicknesses of reproof and readiness at rejoinder, that here were two people only waiting for a reasonable and decent pretext to go on their separate roads in life. Yet nothing of this kind was the case; the bond between them was not affection—it was simply convenience. Their partnership gave them a strength and a social solvency which

would have been sorely damaged had either retired from "the firm;" and they knew it.

What would the Princess's dinners have been without the polished ease of him who felt himself half the host? What would all Sir Horace Upton's subtlety avail him, if it were not that he had sources of information which always laid open the game of his adversaries? Singly, each would have had a tough struggle with the world—together, they were more than a match for it.

The highest order of diplomatist, in the estimation of Upton, was the man who at once knew what was *possible* to be done. It was his own peculiar quality to possess this gift; but great as his natural acuteness was, it would not have availed him, without those secret springs of intelligence we have alluded to. There is no saying to what limit he might not have carried this faculty, had it not been that one deteriorating and detracting feature marred and disfigured the fairest form of his mind.

He could not, do all that he would, disabuse himself of the very meanest estimate of men and their motives. He did not slide into this philosophy, as certain indolent people do, just to save them the trouble of discriminating—he did not acquire it by the hard teachings of adversity. No, it came upon him slowly and gradually, the fruit, as he believed, of calm judgment and much reflection upon life. As little did he accept it willingly; he even laboured against the conviction, but strive as he might, there it was, and there it would remain.

His fixed impression was, that in

every circumstance and event in life there was always a "dessous des cartes"—a deeper game concealed beneath the surface—and that it was a mere question of skill and address how much of this penetrated through men's actions. If this theory unravelled many a tangled web of knavery to him, it also served to embarrass and confuse him in situations where inferior minds had never recognised a difficulty! How much ingenuity did he expend to detect what had no existence! How wearily did he try for soundings where there was no bottom!

Through the means of the Princess he had learned, what some very wise heads do not yet like to acknowledge, that the feeling of the despotic governments towards England was very different from what it had been at the close of the great war with Napoleon. They had grown more dominant and exacting, just as we were becoming every hour more democratic. To maintain our old relations with them, therefore, on the old footing, would be only to involve ourselves in continual difficulty, with a certainty of final failure; and the only policy that remained was to encourage the growth of liberal opinions on the Continent, out of which new alliances might be formed, to recompense us for the loss of the old ones. There is a story told of a certain benevolent prince, whose resources were unhappily not commensurate with his good intentions, and whose ragged retinue wearied him with entreaties for assistance. "Be of good cheer," said he, one day, "I have ordered a field of flax to be sown, and you shall all of you have new shirts." Such were pretty much the position and policy of England. Out of our crop of Conservatism we speculated on a rich harvest, to be afterwards manufactured for our use and benefit. We leave it to deeper heads to say if the result has been all that we calculated on, and, asking pardon for such digression, we join Sir Horace once more.

When Sir Horace Upton ordered post horses to his carriage, he no more knew where he was going, nor where he would halt, than he could have anticipated what course any conversation might take when once started. He had, to be sure, a certain

ideal goal to be reached; but he was one of those men who like to think that the casual interruptions one meets with in life are less obstruction than opportunity; so that, instead of deeming these subjects for regret or impatience, he often accepted them as indications that there was some profit to be derived from them—a kind of fatalism more common than is generally believed. When he set out for Sorrento it was with the intention of going direct to Massa; not that this state lay within the limits his functions ascribed to him—that being probably the very fact which imparted a zest to the journey. Any other man would have addressed himself to his colleague in Tuscany, or wherever it might be; while he, being Sir Horace Upton, took the whole business upon himself in his own way. Young Massy's case opened to his eyes a great question, viz., what was the position the Austrians assumed to take in Italy? For any care about the youth, or any sympathy with his sufferings, he distressed himself little; not that he was in any respect heartless or unfeeling, it was simply that greater interests were before him. Here was one of those "grand issues" that he felt worthy of his abilities—it was a cause where he was proud to hold a brief.

Resolving all his plans of action methodically, yet rapidly; arranging every detail in his own mind, even to the use of certain expressions he was to employ; he arrived at the palace of the embassy, where he desired to halt to take up his letters and make a few preparations before his departure. His Maestro di Casa, Signor Franchetti, was in waiting for his arrival, and respectfully assured him "that all was in readiness, and that his Excellency would be perfectly satisfied. We had, it is true," continued he, "a difficulty about the fish, but I sent off an express to Baia and we have secured a sturgeon."

"What are you raving about, Caro Pipo?" said the minister; "what is all this long story of Baia and the fish?"

"Has your Excellency forgotten that we have a grand dinner to-day, at eight o'clock; that the Prince Maximilian of Bavaria and all the foreign ambassadors are invited?"

"Is this Saturday, Pipo?" said Sir Horace, blandly.

"Yes, your Excellency."

"Send Mr. Brockett to me," said Sir Horace, as he slowly mounted the stairs to his own apartment.

Sir Horace was stretched on a sofa, in all the easy luxury of magnificent dressing gown and slippers, when Mr. Brockett entered; and without any preliminary of greeting he said, with a quiet laugh, "You have let me forget all about the dinner to-day, Brockett!"

"I thought you knew it; you took great trouble about the persons to be asked, and you canvassed whether the Duc de Borodino, being only a *Charge d'affaires*—"

"There, there; don't you see the—the inappropriateness of what you are doing—even in England a man is not asked to criminate himself. How many are coming?"

"Nineteen; the 'Nonce' is ill, and has sent an apology."

"Then the party can be eighteen, Brockett; you must tell them that I'm ill, too ill to come to dinner. I know the Prince Max very well; he'll not take it badly, and as to Cinnesetti we shall see what humour he is in."

"But they'll know that you arrived here this afternoon; they'll naturally suppose—"

"They'll naturally suppose—if people ever do any thing so intensely stupid as naturally to suppose any thing—that I am the best judge of my own health; and so, Mr. Brockett, you may as well con over the terms by which you may best acquaint the company with the reasons for my absence; and if the Prince proposes a visit to me in the evening, let him come; he'll find me with a blister on the temple. Would you do me the kindness to let Antinori fetch his cupping glasses, and tell Franchetti also that I'll take my chicken grilled, not roasted. I'll look over the treaty in the evening. One mushroom, only one, he may give me, and the Carlsbad water, at 28 degrees. I'm very troublesome, Brockett, but I'm sure you'll excuse it; thanks, thanks"—and he pressed the Secretary's hand, and gave him a smile, whose blandishment had often done good service, and would do so again!

To almost any other man in the

world this interruption to his journey—this sudden tidings of a formally arranged dinner, which he could not or would not attend—would have proved a source of chagrin and dissatisfaction. Not so with Upton; he liked a "contrariety." Whatever stirred the still waters of life, even though it should be a head wind, was far more grateful than a calm! He laughed to himself at the various comments his company were sure to pass over his conduct; he pictured to his mind the anger of some and the astonishment of others, and revelled in the thought of the courtier-like indignation such treatment of a Royal Highness was certain to elicit.

But who can answer for his health? said he, with an easy laugh to himself. Who can promise what he may be ten days hence? The appearance of his dinner—if one may dignify by such a name the half of a chicken, flanked by a roasted apple and a biscuit—cut short his lucubrations; and Sir Horace ate and sipped his Carlsbad, and dropped his tinctures into this, and his powders into that, and sighed to himself over the narrow resources of a *Pharmacopœia*, which had nothing more disgusting than aloes, or more offensive than *assa-fœtida*!

"Are they arrived, Pipo?" said he, as his servant removed the dessert of two figs and a lime.

"Yes, your Excellency, they are at table."

"How many are there?"

"Seventeen, Sir, and Mr. Brockett."

"Did the Prince seem to—to feel my absence, Pipo?"

"I thought he appeared much moved for your Excellency when Mr. Brockett spoke to him, and he whispered something to the aide-de-camp beside him."

"And the others; how did they take it?"

"Count Tarrocco said he'd retire, Sir; that he could not dine where the host was too ill to receive him; but the Duc de Campo Stritto said it was impossible they could leave the room while an 'Altesse' continued to remain in it, and they all agreed with him."

"Ha! ha, ha," laughed Upton, in a low tone, "I hope the dinner is a good one!"

"It is exquisite, sir; the Prince ate some of the caviare soup, and was asking a second time for the 'pain des ortolans' when I left the room."

"And the wine, Pipo; have you given them that rare 'La rage'?"

"Yes, your Excellency, and the 'klaus thatter cabinet;' his Royal Highness asked for it."

"Go back, then, now. I want for nothing more; only drop in here by and by, and tell me how all goes on. Just light that pastille before you go; there—that will do."

And once more his Excellency was left to himself. In that vast palace—the once home of a Royal Prince—no sounds of the distant revelry could reach the remote quarter where he sat, and all was silent and still around him, and Upton was free to ruminate and reflect at ease. There was a sense of insolent triumph in thinking that beneath his roof, at that very moment, were assembled the great representatives of almost every important state of Europe, to whom he had not deigned to accord the honor of his presence; but though this thought did flit across his mind, far more was he intent on reflecting what might be the consequences—good or evil—of the incident. "And then," said he, aloud, "how will Printing House Square treat us? What a fulminating leader shall we not have, denouncing either our insolence or our incompetence, ending with the words, 'If, then, Sir Horace Upton be not incapacitated from illness for the discharge of his high functions, it is full time for his government to withdraw him from a sphere where his caprice and impertinence have rendered him something worse than useless;' and then will come a flood of petty corroborations—the tourist tribe who heard of us at Berlin, or called upon us at the Hague, and whose unreturned cards and uninvited wives are counts in the long indictment against us. What a sure road to private friendships is diplomacy! How certain is one of conciliating the world's good opinion by belonging to it! I wish I had followed the law, or medicine," muttered he, "they are both abstruse, both interesting, or been a gardener, or a shipwright, or a mathematical instrument maker, or—whatever the next choice might

have been we know not, for he dropped off asleep.

From that pleasant slumber, and a dream of Heaven knows what life of Arcadian simplicity, of rippling streams, and soft-eyed shepherdesses, he was destined to be somewhat suddenly, if not rudely aroused, as Franchetti introduced a stranger who would accept no denial.

"Your people were not for letting me up, Upton," cried a rich mellow voice, and Harcourt stood before him, bronzed and weather beaten, as he came off his journey.

"You! George! Is it possible!" exclaimed Sir Horace, "what best of all lucky winds has driven you here? I'm not sure I wasn't dreaming of you this very moment. I know I have had a vision of angelic innocence and simplicity, which you must have had your part in; but do tell me when did you arrive and whence—?"

"Not till I have dined, by Jove; I have tasted nothing since daybreak, and then it was only a mere apology for a breakfast."

"Franchetti, get something, will you?" said Upton languidly, "a cutlet, a fowl, anything that can be had at once."

"Nothing" of the kind, Signor Franchetti, interposed Harcourt, "if I have a wolf's appetite, I have a man's patience! Let me have a real dinner, soup, fish, an entrée—two if you like—roast beef, and I leave the wind-up to your own discretion, only premising that I like game, and have a weakness for woodcocks. By the way, does this climate suit Bourdeaux, Upton?"

"They tell me so, and mine has a good reputation."

"Then claret be it, and no other wine; don't I make myself at home, old fellow, eh?" said he, clapping Upton on the shoulder. "Have I not taken his Majesty's Embassy by storm, eh?"

"We surrender at discretion, only too glad to receive our vanquisher. Well, and how do you find me looking? Be candid, how do I seem to your eyes?"

"Pretty much as I have seen you these last fifteen years, not an hour older at all events! That same delicacy of constitution is a confound 'em deal better than most men's strong health, for it never wears out; but!

have always said it, Upton will see us all down !”

Sir Horace sighed as though this were too pleasant to be true. “Well,” said he, at last, “but you have not told me what good chance has brought you here. Is it the first post-station on the way to India ?”

“No ; they’ve taken me off the saddle, and given me a staff appointment at Corfu. I’m going out second in command there, and whether it was to prevent my teasing them for something else, or that there was really some urgency in the matter, they ordered me off at once.”

“Are they reinforcing the garrison there ?” asked Upton.

“No ; not so far as I have heard.”

“It were better policy to do so, than to send out a commander-in-chief, and a drummer of great experience,” muttered Upton to himself, but Harcourt could not catch the remark. “Have you any news stirring in England ? What do the Clubs talk about ?” asked Sir Horace.

“Glencore’s business occupied them for the last week or so ; now, I think, it is yourself furnishes the chief topic for speculation.”

“What of me ?” asked Upton eagerly.

“Why, the rumour goes that you are to have the Foreign Office ; Adderley, they say, goes out, and Conway and yourself are the favorites, the odds being slightly on his side.”

“This is all news to me, George,” said Upton, with a degree of animation that had nothing fictitious about it. “I have had a note from Adderley in the last bag, and there’s not a word about these changes.”

“Possibly, but perhaps my news is later ; what I allude to is said to have occurred the day I started.”

“Ah, very true, and now I remember that the messenger came round by Vienna, sent there by Adderley doubtless,” muttered he, “to consult Conway before seeing me, and I have little doubt with a letter for me in the event of Conway declining.”

“Well, have you hit upon the solution of it ?” said Harcourt, who had not followed him through his half-uttered observation.

“Perhaps so,” said Upton slowly, while he leaned his head upon his hand and fell into a fit of meditation ; meanwhile Harcourt’s dinner made

its appearance, and the colonel seated himself at the table with a traveller’s appetite.

“Whenever any one has called you a selfish fellow, Upton,” said he, as he helped himself twice from the same dish, “I have always denied it, and on this good ground, that had you been so, you had never kept the best cook in Europe, while unable to enjoy his talents. What a rare artist must this be—what’s his name ?”

“Pipo, how is he called ?” said Upton, languidly.

“Monsieur Carnael, your Excellency.”

“Ah, to be sure, a person of excellent family ; I’ve been told he’s from Provence,” said Upton, in the same wearied drawl.

“I could have sworn to his birth-place,” cried Harcourt, “no man can manage cheese and olives in cookery but a Provengal. Ah ! what a glass of Bourdeaux ! To your good health, Upton, and the day that you may be able to enjoy this as I do,” said he, as he tossed off a bumper.

“It does me good even to witness the pleasure it yields,” said Upton, blandly.

“By Jove, then, I’ll be worth a whole course of tonics to you, for I most thoroughly appreciate all the good things you have given me. By the way, how are you off for dinner company here—any pleasant people ?”

“I have no health for pleasant people,” my dear Harcourt ; “like horse exercise, they only agree with you when you are strong enough not to require them.”

“Then, what have you got ?” asked the Colonel, somewhat abashed.

“Princes, generals, envoys, and heads of departments.”

“Good heavens ! legions of honor and golden fleeces.”

“Just so,” said Upton, smiling at the dismay in the other’s countenance ; “I’ve had such a party as you describe to-day. Are they gone yet, Franchetti ?”

“They’re at coffee, your Excellency, but the Prince has ordered his carriage.”

“And you did not go near them ?” asked Harcourt, in amazement.

“No ; I was poorly, as you see me,” said Upton, smiling. “Pipo tells me, however, that the dinner was a

good one; and, I am sure, they pardon my absence."

"Foreign case, I've no doubt; though I can't say I like it," muttered Harcourt. "At all events it is not for *me* to complain, since the accident has given me the pleasure of your society."

"You are about the only man I could have admitted," said Upton, with a certain graciousness of look and manner that, perhaps, detracted a little from its sincerity.

Fortunately, not so to Harcourt's eyes, for he accepted the speech in all honesty and good faith, as he said, "Thank you, heartily, my boy. The welcome is better even than the dinner, and that is saying a good deal. No more wine, thank you; I'm going to have a cigar, and with your leave I'll ask for some brandy and water."

This was addressed to Franchetti, who speedily reappeared with a liqueur stand and an ebony cigar case.

"Try these, George; they're better than your own," said Upton, drily.

"That I will," cried Harcourt, laughing; "I'm determined to draw all my resources from the country in occupation, especially as they are superior to what I can obtain from home. This same career of yours, Upton, strikes me as rather a good thing. You have all these things duty free."

"Yes, we have that privilege," said Upton, sighing.

"And the privilege of drawing some few thousand pounds per annum, paid messengers to and from England, secret service money, and the rest of it, eh?"

Upton smiled, and sighed again.

"And what do you do for all that?—I mean what are you expected to do?"

"Keep your party in when they are in—disconcert the enemy when your friends are out."

"And is that always a safe game?" asked Harcourt, eagerly.

"Not when played by unskilful players, my dear George. They occasionally make sad work, and get bowled out themselves for their pains; but there's no great harm in that neither."

"How do you mean there's no harm in it?"

"Simply, that if a man can't keep his saddle he oughtn't to try to ride foremost; but these speculations will only puzzle you, my dear Harcourt—What of Glencore? You said awhile ago that the town was talking of him—how and wherefore was it?"

"Haven't you heard the story then?"

"Not a word of it."

"Well, I'm a bad narrator; besides I don't know where to begin, and even if I did, I have nothing to tell but the odds and ends of club gossip, for I conclude nobody knows all the facts but the King himself."

"If I were given to impatience, George, you would be a most consummate plague to me," said Upton, "but I'm not. Go on, however, in your blundering way, and leave me to glean what I can *in mine*."

Cheered and encouraged by this flattering speech, Harcourt did begin; but, more courteous to him than Sir Horace, we mean to accord him a new chapter for his revelations; promising the while to our reader that the Colonel, like the knife-grinder, had really "no story to tell."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A VERY BROKEN NARRATIVE.

"You want to hear all about Glencore?" said Harcourt, as, seated in the easiest of attitudes in an easy chair, he puffed his cigar luxuriously; "and when I have told you all I know, the chances are you'll be little the wiser." Upton smiled a bland assent to this exordium, but in such a way as to make Harcourt feel less at ease than before.

"I mean," said the Colonel, "that

I have little to offer you beyond the guesses and surmises of club talk. It will be for your own intelligence to penetrate through the obscurity afterwards. You understand me?"

"I believe I understand you," said Upton, slowly, and with the same quiet smile. Now this cold, semi-sarcastic manner of Upton was the one sole thing in the world which the honest Colonel could not stand

up against ; he always felt as though it were the prelude to something cutting or offensive—some sly impertinence that he could not detect till too late to resent—some insinuation that might give the point to a whole conversation, and yet be undiscovered by him till the day following. Little as Harcourt was given to wronging his neighbour, he, in this instance, was palpably unjust ; Upton's manner being nothing more than the impress made upon a very subtle man by qualities very unlike any of his own, and which in their newness amused him. The very look of satire was as often an expression of sorrow and regret, that he could not be as susceptible, as easy of deception, as those about him. Let us pardon our worthy Colonel if he did not comprehend this ; shrewder heads than his own had made the same mistake. Half to resent this covert slyness, half to arouse himself to any conflict before him, he said in a tone of determination, "It is only fair to tell you that you are yourself to blame for anything that may have befallen poor Glencore."

"I to blame ! Why, my dear Harcourt, you are surely dreaming."

"As wide awake as ever I was. If it had not been for a blunder of yours—an unpardonable blunder, seeing what has become of it—sending a pack of trash to me about salt and sulphur, while you forwarded a private letter about Glencore to the Foreign Office, all this might not have happened."

"I remember that it was a most disagreeable mistake. I have paid heavily for it, too. That lotion for the cervical vertebra has come back all torn, and we cannot make out whether it be a phosphate or a protoxide of bismuth. You don't happen to remember ?"

"I, of course I know nothing about it. I'd as soon have taken a porcupine for a pillow as I'd have adventured on the confounded mixture. But, as I was saying, that blessed letter, written by some princess or other, as I understand, fell into the King's hands, and the consequence was that he sent off immediately to Glencore an order to go down to him at Brighton. Naturally enough, I thought he'd not go ; he

~~and the good and sufficient pretext of~~

his bad health to excuse him. Nobody had seen him abroad in the world for years back, and it was easy enough to say that he could not bear the journey. Nothing of the kind ; he received the command as willingly as he might have done an invitation to dinner fifteen years ago, and talked of nothing else for the whole evening after but of his old days and nights in Carlton House ; how gracious the Prince used to be to him formerly ; how constantly he was a guest at his table ; what a brilliant society it was : how full of wit and the rest of it, till by Jove, what between drinking more wine than he was accustomed to take, and the excitement of his own talking, he became quite wild and unmanageable ; he was not drunk nor anything like it, it was rather the state of a man whose mind had got some sudden shock ; for, in the midst of perfectly rational conversation, he would fall into paroxysms of violent passion, inveighing against every one, and declaring that he never had possessed one true-hearted honest friend in his life.

"It was not without great difficulty that I got him back to my lodgings, for we had gone to dine at Richmond. Then we put him to bed, and I sent for Hunter, who came on the instant. Though by this time Glencore was much more calm and composed, Hunter called the case brain fever ; had his hair cut quite close, and ice applied to the head. Without any knowledge of his history or even of his name, Hunter pronounced him to be a man whose intellect had received some terrible shock, and that the present was simply an acute attack of a long-existent malady."

"Did he use any irritants ?" asked Upton, anxiously.

"No ; he advised nothing but the cold during the night."

"Ah ! what a mistake," sighed Upton, heavily. "It was precisely the case for the cervical lotion I was speaking of. Of course he was much worse next morning !"

"That he was ; not as regarded his reason however, for he could talk collectedly enough, but he was irritable and passionate to a degree scarcely credible ; would not endure the slightest opposition, and so suspicious of everything and everybody, that

if he overheard a whisper it threw him into a convulsion of anger. Hunter's opinion was evidently a gloomy one, and he said to me as we went down stairs, 'He may come through it with life, but scarcely with a sound intellect.' This was a heavy blow to me, for I could not entirely acquit myself of the fault of having counselled this visit to Brighton, which I now perceived had made such a deep impression upon him. I roused myself, however, to meet the emergency, and walked down to St. James's to obtain some means of letting the King know that Glencore was too ill to keep his appointment. Fortunately, I met Knighton who was just setting off to Brighton, and who promised to take charge of the commission. I then strolled over to Brooke's to see the morning papers, and lounged till about four o'clock, when I turned homeward.

"Gloomy and sad I was as I reached my door, and rang the bell with a cautious hand. They did not hear the summons, and I was forced to ring again, when the door was opened by my servant, who stood pale and trembling before me. 'He's gone, sir—he's gone,' cried he, almost sobbing.

"Good heaven, cried I. Dead!"

"No, sir, gone away—driven off, no one knows where. I had just gone out to the chemist's, and was obliged to call round at Doctor Hunter's about a word in the prescription they couldn't read, and when I came back he was away.'

"I then ascertained that the carriage which had been ordered the day before at a particular hour, and which we had forgotten to countermand, had arrived during my servant's absence. Glencore hearing it stop at the door, enquired whose it was, and as suddenly springing out of bed proceeded to dress himself, which he did, in the suit he had ordered to wait on the King. So apparently reasonable was he in all he said, and such an air of purpose did he assume, that the nurse-tender averred she could not dare to interpose, believing that his attack might possibly be some sort of passing access that he was accustomed to, and knew best how to deal with.

"I did not lose a moment, but, ordering post-horses, pursued him with

all speed. On reaching Croydon, I heard he had passed about two hours before; but though I did my best, it was in vain. I arrived at Brighton late at night, only to learn that a gentleman had got out at the Pavilion, and had not left it since.

"I do not believe that all I have ever suffered in my life equalled what I went through in the two weary hours that I passed walking up and down outside that low paling that skirts the Palace garden. The poor fellow, in all his misery, came before me in so many shapes; sometimes wandering in intellect—sometimes awake and conscious of his sufferings—now trying to comport himself as became the presence he was in—now reckless of all the world and everything.—What could have happened to detain him so long—what had been the course of events since he passed that threshold, were questions that again and again crossed me.

"I tried to make my way in—I know not exactly what I meant to do afterwards—but the sentries refused me admittance. I thought of scaling the enclosure, and reaching the palace through the garden, but the police kept strict watch on every side. At last, it was nigh twelve o'clock, that I heard a sentry challenge some one, and shortly after a figure passed out and walked towards the pier. I followed, determined to make enquiry, no matter of whom. He walked so rapidly, however, that I was forced to run to overtake him. This attracted his notice; he turned hastily, and by the straggling moonlight I recognised Glencore.

"He stood for a moment still, and beckoning me towards him, he took my arm in silence and we walked onward in the direction of the sea shore. It was now a wild and gusty night. The clouds drifted fast, shutting out the moon at intervals, and the sea broke harshly along the strand.

"I cannot tell you the rush of strange and painful emotions which came upon me as I thus walked along, while not a word passed between us. As for myself, I felt that the slightest word from me might, perhaps, change the whole current of his thoughts, and thus destroy my only chance of any clue to what was passing within him. 'Are you cold?' said he, at length, feeling possibly a

slight tremor in my arm. 'Not cold, exactly,' said I, 'but the night is fresh, and I half-suspect too fresh for you.' 'Feel that,' said he, placing his hand in mine, and it was burning. 'The breeze that comes off the sea is grateful to me, for I am like one on fire.' 'Then, I am certain, my dear Glencore,' said I, 'that this is a great imprudence. Let us turn back towards the inn.'

"He made no reply, but with a rough motion of his arm moved forward as before. 'Three hours and more,' said he, with a full and stern utterance, 'they kept me waiting. There were ministers with the King. There was some foreign envoy, too, to be presented, and if I had not gone in alone and unannounced, I might still be in the ante-chamber. How he stared at me, Harcourt, and my close-cropt hair. It was *that* seemed first to strike him, as he said, 'Have you had an illness lately?' He looked poorly, too, bloated and pale, and like one who fretted, and I told him so. We are both changed, sir, said I—sadly changed since we met last. We might almost begin to hope that another change is not far off,—the last and the best one. I don't remember what he answered. It was, I think, something about who came along with me from town, and who was with me at Brighton—I forget exactly, but I know that he sent for Knighton, and made him feel my pulse. You'll find it rapid enough, I've no doubt, Sir William, said I. I rose from a sick bed to come here; his Majesty had deigned to wish to see me. Then the King stopped me, and made a sign to Knighton to withdraw.

"'Wasn't it a strange situation, Harcourt, to be seated there beside the King, alone? None other present—all to ourselves—talking as you and I might talk of what interested us most of all the world—and *he* showing me that letter, the letter that ought to have come to me. How he could do it I know not. Neither you nor I, George, could have done so; for, after all, she was, aye, and she *is*, his wife. He could not avail himself of my stratagem. I said so, too, and he answered, Aye, but I can divorce her if one half of that be true, and he pointed to the letter. Then Countess Glencore, said he, must know

everything, and be willing to tell it, too. She has paid the heaviest penalty ever woman paid for another. Read that,—and I read it—aye, I read it four times, five times over—and then my brain begun to burn, and a thousand fancies flitted across me, and though he talked on, I heard not a word.

"'But that Countess is my wife, sir, broke I in, and what a part do you assign her! She is to be a spy, a witness, perhaps, in some infamous cause. How shall I, a peer of the realm, endure to see my name thus degraded? Is it court favour can recompense me for lost or tarnished honor? But it will be her own vindication, said he. Her own vindication—these were the words, George,—she should be clear of all reproach. By heaven, he said so, that I might declare it before the world—and when it should be proved—be proved. How base a man can be, even though he wear a crown! Just fancy his proposition; but I spurned it, and said, you must seek for some one with a longer chance of life, sir, to do this; my days are too brief for such dishonor; and he was angry with me, and said I had forgotten the presence in which I stood. It was true, I had forgotten it.

"'He called me a wretched fool, too, as I tore up that letter. That was wrong in me, Harcourt, was it not? I did not see him go, but I found myself alone in the room, and I was picking up the fragments of the letter as they entered. They were less than courteous to me, though I told them who I was—an ancient barony better than half the modern marquises. I gave them date and place for a creation that snacked of other services than a Jacques. Knighton would come with me, but I shook him off. Your court physician can carry his complaisance even to poison. By George, it is their chief office, and I know well what snares are now in store for me.'

"And thence he went on to say that he would hasten back to his Irish solitude, where none could trace him out. That there his life, at least, would be secure, and no emissaries of the King dare follow him. It was in vain I tried to induce him to return, even for one night, to the hotel, and I saw that to persist in my

endeavours would be to hazard the little influence I still possessed over him. I could not, however, leave the poor fellow to his fate without at least the assurance of a home somewhere, and so I accompanied him to Ireland, and left him in that strange old ruin where we once sojourned together. His mind had gradually calmed down, but a deep melancholy had gained entire possession of him, and he passed whole days without a word. I saw that he often labored to recall some of the events of the interview with the King, but his memory had not retained them, and he seemed like one eternally engaged in some problem which his faculties could not solve.

"When I left him and arrived in town, I found the clubs full of the incident, but evidently without any real knowledge of what had occurred; since the version was that Glencore had asked an audience of the King, and gone down to the Pavilion to read to his Majesty a most atrocious narrative of the Queen's life in Italy, offering to substantiate—through his Italian connection—every allegation it contained—a proposal that, of course, was only received by the King in the light of an insult; and that this reception, so different from all his expectations, had turned his head and driven him completely insane!

"I believe now I have told you everything as I heard it; indeed I have given you Glencore's own words, since, without them, I could not convey to you what he intended to say. The whole affair is a puzzle to me, for I am unable to tell where the poor fellow's brain was wandering, and when he spoke under the guidance of right reason. You, of course, have the clue to it all."

"I! How so?" cried Upton.

"You have seen the letter which caused all the trouble; you know its contents and what it treats of."

"Very true; I must have read it; but I have not the slightest recollection of what it was about. There was something, I know, about Glencore's boy—he was called Greppi, though, and might not have been recognized; and there was some gossip about the Princess of Wales—the Queen, as they call her now—and her ladies; but I must frankly confess it

did not interest me, and I have forgotten it all."

"Is the writer of the letter to be come at?"

"Nothing easier. I'll take you over to breakfast with her to-morrow morning; you shall catechize her yourself."

"Oh! she is, then—"

"She is the Princess Sabloukoff, my dear George, and a very charming person, as you will be the first to acknowledge. But as to this interview at Brighton, I fancy—even from the disjointed narrative of Glencore—one can make a guess of what it portended. The King saw that my Lady Glencore—for so we must call her—knew some very important facts about the Queen, and wished to obtain them; and saw, too, that certain scandals, as the phrase goes, which attached to her ladyship, lay at another door. He fancied, not unreasonably, perhaps, that Glencore would be glad to hear this exculpation of his wife; and he calculated that by the boon of this intelligence, he could gain over Glencore to assist him in his project for a divorce. Don't you perceive, Harcourt, what an inestimable value it would have, to possess one single gentleman, one man or one woman of station, amid all this rabble that they are summoning throughout the world, to bring a shame upon England?"

"Then you incline to believe Lady Glencore blameless?" asked Harcourt, anxiously.

"I think well of every one, my charming Colonel. It is the only true philosophy in life. Be as severe as you please on all who injure yourself, but always be lenient to the faults that only damage your friends. You have no idea how much practical wisdom the maxim contains, nor what a fund of charity it provides."

"I'm ashamed to be so stupid; but I must come back to my old question. Is all this story against Glencore's wife only a calumny?"

"And I must fall back upon my old remark, that all the rogues in the world are in jail; the people you see walking about and at large are unexceptionably honest—every man of them. Ah, my dear deputy assistant, adjutant, or commissary, or whatever it be, can you not perceive the

more than folly of these perquisitions into character? You don't require that the ice should be strong enough to sustain a twenty-four pounder before your venture to put foot on it; enough that it is quite equal to your own weight; and so of the world at large—everybody, or nearly everybody, has virtues enough for all we want. This English habit—for it is essentially English—eternally investigating everything, is like the policy of a man who would fire a roundshot every morning at his house, to see if it was well and securely built."

"I don't, I can't agree with you," cried Harcourt.

"Be it so, my dear fellow; only don't give me your reasons, and at least I shall respect your motives."

"What would you do then, in Glencore's place? Let me ask you that."

"You may as well enquire how I should behave if I were a quadruped. Don't you perceive that I never could, by any possibility, place myself in such a false position. The man who, in a case of difficulty, takes counsel from his passions, is exactly like one who, being thirsty, fills himself out a bumper of aqua fortis and drinks it off."

"I wish with all my heart you'd give up aphorisms, and just tell me how we could serve this poor fellow; for I feel that there is a gleam of light breaking through his dark fortunes."

"When a man is in the state Glencore is now in, the best policy is to let him alone. They tell us that when Minot's blood was up, the fangs never always left him to his own guidance, since he either did something excessively brilliant, or made such a blunder as recalled him to subjection again. Let us treat our friend in this fashion, and wait. Oh, my worthy friend, if you but knew what a secret there is in that same waiting policy. Many a game is won by letting the adversary move out of his turn."

"It is all this subtlety he needed to enable a man in the plain road of life, who is to become a poor simple fellow of himself?"

"Let them never go far from him, Harcourt, and they'll always find their way back," said Upton, and he gave a twinkled with malicious delight. "Come now," said he, with a well-affected good-nature of look

and voice, "If I won't tell you what I should counsel Glencore in this emergency, I'll do the next best thing—I'll tell you what advice you'd give him."

"Let us hear it, then," said the other.

"You'd send him abroad to search out his wife; ask her forgiveness for all the wrong he has done her; call out any man that whispered the shadow of a reproach against her, and go back to such domesticity as it might please Heaven to accord him."

"Certainly, if the woman has been unjustly dealt with—"

"There's the rock you always split on; you are everlastingly in search of a character. Be satisfied when you have eaten a hearty breakfast, and don't ask for a bill of health. Researches are always dangerous. My great grandfather, who had a passion for genealogy, was cured of it by discovering that the first of the family was a stay-maker! Let the lesson not be lost on us."

"From all which I am to deduce that you'd ask no questions—take her home again, and say nothing."

"You forget, Harcourt, we are now discussing the line of action *you* would recommend; I am only hinting at the best mode of carrying out *your* ideas."

"Just for the pleasure of showing me that I didn't know how to walk in the road I made myself," said Harcourt, laughing.

"What a happy laugh that was, Harcourt. How plainly, too, it said, Thank Heaven, I'm not like that fellow with all his craft! And you are right too, my dear friend; if the devil were to walk the world he'd be bored beyond endurance, seeing nothing but the old vices played over again and again; and so it is with all of us who have a spice of his nature. We'd give anything to see one new trick on the cards. Good night, and pleasant dreams to you;" and with a sigh that had in its cadence something almost natural, he gave his two fingers to the honest grasp of the other, and withdrew.

"You're a better fellow than you think yourself, or wish any one else to believe you," muttered Harcourt, as he pulled his cigar; and he ruminated over this reflection till it was bed time.

CHAPTER XL.

UPTONISM.

About noon on the following day, Sir Horace Upton and the Colonel drove up to the gate of the villa at Sorrento, and learned, to their no small astonishment, that the Princess had taken her departure that morning for Como. If Upton heard these tidings with a sense of pain, nothing in his manner betrayed the sentiment; on the contrary, he proceeded to do the honors of the place like its owner. He showed Harcourt the grounds and the gardens, pointed out all the choice points of view, directed his attention to rare plants and curious animals; and then led him within doors to admire the objects of art and luxury which abounded there.

"And that, I conclude, is a portrait of the Princess," said Harcourt, as he stood before what had been a flattering likeness twenty years back.

"Yes, and a wonderful resemblance," said Upton, eyeing it through his glass. "Fatter and fuller now, perhaps; but it was done after an illness."

"By Jove," muttered Harcourt, "she must be very beautiful; I don't think I ever saw a handsomer woman!"

"You are only repeating a European verdict. She is the most perfectly beautiful woman of the Continent."

"So there is no flattery in that picture?"

"Flattery! Why, my dear fellow, these people, the very cleverest of them, can't imagine anything as lovely as that. They can imitate—they never invent real beauty."

"And clever, you say, too?"

"Spirit enough for a dozen reviewers, and fifty fashionable novelists," and as he spoke he smiled and coquetted with the portrait, as though to say, "Don't mind me saying all this to your face."

"I suppose her history is a very interesting one."

"Her history, my worthy Harcourt! She has a dozen histories. Such women have a life of politics, a

life of literature, a life of the salons, a life of the affections, not to speak of the episodes of jealousy, ambition, triumph, and sometimes defeat, that make up the brilliant web of their existence. Some three or four such people give the whole character and tone to the age they live in. They mould its interests, away its fashions, suggest its tastes, and they finally rule those who fancy that they rule mankind."

"Egad, then, it makes one very sorry for poor mankind," muttered Harcourt, with a most honest sincerity of voice.

"Why should it do so, my good Harcourt? Is the refinement of a woman's intellect a worse guide than the coarser instincts of a man's nature? Would you not yourself rather trust your destinies to that fair creature yonder, than be left to the legislative mercies of that old gentleman there, that Hardenberg; or his fellow on the other side, Metternich?"

"Grim looking fellow the Prussian—the other is much better," said Harcourt, rather evading the question.

"I confess I prefer the Princess," said Upton, as he bowed before the portrait in deepest courtesy. "But here comes breakfast. I have ordered them to give it to us here, that we may enjoy that glorious sea-view while we eat."

"I thought your cook a man of genius, Upton, but this fellow is his master," said Harcourt, as he tasted his soup.

"They are brothers—twins too; and they have their separate gifts," said Upton, affectedly. "My fellow, they tell me, has the finer intelligence, but he plays deeply, speculates in the Bourse, and spoils his nerve."

Harcourt watched the delivery of this speech to catch if there were any signs of raillery in the speaker; he felt that there was a kind of mockery in the words; but there was none in the manner, for there was not any in the mind of him who uttered them.

"My chef," resumed Upton, "is a great essayist, who must have time for his efforts. This fellow is a

feuilleton writer, who is required to be new and sparkling every day of the year—always varied, never profound.”

“And is this your life of every day?” said Harcourt, as he surveyed the splendid room, and carried his glance towards the terraced gardens that flanked the sea.

“Pretty much this kind of thing,” sighed Upton, wearily.

“And no great hardship either, I should call it.”

“No, certainly not,” said the other, hesitatingly. “To one like myself for instance, who has no health for the wear and tear of public life, and no heart for its ambitions, there is a great deal to like in the quiet retirement of a first-class mission.”

“Is there really then nothing to do?” asked Harcourt, innocently.

“Nothing, if you don’t make it for yourself. You can have a harvest if you like to sow. Otherwise you may lie in fallow the year long. The subordinates take the petty miseries of diplomacy for *their* share—the sorrows of insulted Englishmen, the passport difficulties, the custom-house troubles, the Police insults. The Secretary calls at the offices of the Governor, carries messages and the answers; and *I*, when I have health for it, make my compliments to the King, in a cocked-hat, on his birthday, and have twelve grease pots illuminated over my door to honour the same festival.”

“And is that all?”

“Very nearly, in fact. When one does anything more, they generally do wrong; and by a steady persistence in this kind of thing for thirty years, you are called a safe man who never compromised his Government, and sure to be employed by any party in power.”

“I begin to think I might be an envoy myself,” said Harcourt.

“No doubt of it; we have two or three of your calibre in Germany this moment—men liked and respected; and what is of more consequence, men looked upon in the Office.”

“I don’t exactly follow you in that last remark.”

“I scarcely expected you should; and as little can I make it clear to you. Know, however, that in that venerable pile in Downing-street, called the Foreign Office, there is a

strange, mysterious sentiment—partly tradition, partly prejudice, partly toadyism—which bands together all within its walls, from the whiskered porter at the door to the essenced minister in his bureau, into one intellectual conglomerate, that judges of every man in the line—as they call diplomacy—with one accord. By that curious tribunal, which hears no evidence, nor ever utters a sentence, each man’s merits are weighed; and to stand well in the Office, is better than all the favours of the court, or the force of great abilities.”

“But I cannot comprehend how mere subordinates, the underlings of official life, can possibly influence the fortunes of men so much above them.”

“Picture to yourself the position of an humble guest at a great man’s table; imagine one to whose pretensions the sentiments of the servants’ hall are hostile; he is served to all appearance like the rest of the company; he gets his soup and his fish like those about him, and his wine glass is duly replenished—yet what a series of petty mortifications is he the victim of; how constantly is he made to feel that he is not in public favour; how certain, too, if he incur an awkwardness, to find that his distresses are exposed. The servants’ hall is the Office, my dear Harcourt, and its persecutions are equally polished.”

“Are you a favorite there yourself?” asked the other, silyly.

“A prime favorite; they all like *me!*” said he, throwing himself back in his chair, with an air of easy self-satisfaction; and Harcourt stared at him, curious to know whether so astute a man was the dupe of his own self-esteem, or merely amusing himself with the simplicity of another. Ah, my good colonel, give up the problem, it is an enigma far above your powers to solve. That nature is too complex for your elucidation; in its intricate web no one thread holds the clue, but all is complicated, crossed, and entangled.

“Here comes a Cabinet messenger again,” said Upton, as a courier’s caleche drove up, and a well-dressed and well-looking fellow leaped out.

“Ah, Stanhope, how are you?” said Sir Horace, shaking his hand with what from him was warmth. “Do

you know Colonel Harcourt? Well, Frank, what news do you bring me?"

"The best of news."

"At F. O. I suppose," said Upton, sighing.

"Just so. Adderley has told the King you are the only man capable of succeeding him. The Press says the same, and the clubs are all with you."

"Not one of them all, I'd venture to say, has asked whether I have the strength or health for it," said Sir Horace, with a voice of pathetic intonation.

"Why, as we never knew you want energy for whatever fell to your lot to do, we have the same hope still," said Stanhope.

"So say I, too," cried Harcourt. "Like many a good hunter—he'll do his work best when he is properly weighted."

"It is quite refreshing to listen to you both—creatures with crocodile digestion—talk to a man who suffers night-mare if he ever eat a dry biscuit at supper. I tell you frankly it would be the death of me to take the Foreign Office. I'd not live through the session—the very dinners would kill me, and the house, the heat, and the turmoil, and the worry of opposition, and jaunting back and forward to Brighton or to Windsor."

While he muttered these complaints, he continued to read with great rapidity the letters which Stanhope had brought him, and which, despite all his practised dissimulation, had evidently afforded him pleasure in the perusal.

"Adderley bore it," continued he, "just because he was a mere machine, wound up to play off so many despatches, like so many tunes; and then he permitted a degree of interference on the King's part I never could have suffered; and he liked to be addressed by the King of Prussia as 'Dear Adderley;' but what do I care for all these vanities? Have I not seen enough of the thing they call the great world? Is not this retreat better and dearer to me than all the glare and crash of London, or all the pomp and splendour of Windsor?"

"By Jove, I suspect you are right, after all," said Harcourt, with an honest energy of voice.

"Were I younger, and stronger in health, perhaps," said Upton, "this might have tempted me. Perhaps I

can picture to myself what I might have made of it; for, you may perceive, George, these people have done nothing; they have been pouring hot water on the tea-leaves Pitt left them; no more."

"And you'd have a brewing of your own, I've no doubt," responded the other.

"I'd, at least, have foreseen the time when this compact, this holy alliance, should become impossible—when the developed intelligence of Europe would seek something else from their rulers than a well concocted scheme of repression. I'd have provided for the hour when England must either break with her own people or her allies; and I'd have inaugurated a new policy, based upon the enlarged views and extended intelligence of mankind."

"I'm not certain that I quite apprehend you," muttered Harcourt.

"No matter; but you can surely understand that if a set of mere mediocrities have saved England, a batch of clever men might have done something more. She came out of the last war the acknowledged head of Europe; does she now hold that place, and what will she be at the next great struggle?"

"England is as great as ever she was," cried Harcourt, boldly.

"Greater in nothing is she than in the implicit credulity of her people!" sighed Upton. "I only wish I could have the same faith in my physicians that she has in hers! By the way, Stanhope, what of that new fellow they have got at St. Leonard's? They tell me he builds you up in some preparation of gypsum, so that you can't move or stir, and that the perfect repose thus imparted to the system is the highest order of restorative."

"They were just about to try him for manslaughter when I left England," said Stanhope, laughing.

"As often the fate of genius in these days as in more barbarous times," said Upton. "I read his pamphlet with much interest. If you were going back, Harcourt, I'd have begged of you to try him."

"And I'm forced to say, I'd have refused you flatly."

"Yet it is precisely creatures of robust constitution, like you, that should submit themselves to trials for the sake of humanity."

organizations, like mine, cannot brave these ordeals. What are they talking of in town? Any gossip afloat?"

"The change of ministry is the only topic. Glencore's affair has worn itself out."

"What was that about Glencore?" asked Upton, half indolently?

"A strange story; one can scarcely believe it. They say that Glencore, hearing of the King's great anxiety to be rid of the Queen, asked an audience of his Majesty, and actually suggested, as the best possible expedient, to adopt his own plan, and deny the marriage. They add, that he reasoned the case so cleverly, and with such consummate craft and skill, it was with the greatest difficulty that the king could be persuaded that he was deranged. Some say his Majesty was outraged beyond endurance: others, that he was vastly amused, and laughed immoderately over it."

"And the world, how do they pronounce upon it?"

"There are two great parties—one for Glencore's sanity, the other

against; but as I said before, the Cabinet changes have absorbed all interest latterly, and the Viscount and his case are forgotten; and when I started, the great question was, who was to have the Foreign Office."

"I believe I could tell them one who will not," said Upton, with a melancholy smile. "Dine with me both of you to day, at seven; no company, you know. There is an opera in the evening, and my box is at your service if you like to go, and so till then," and with a little gesture of the hand he waved an adieu, and stepped from the room.

"I'm sorry he's not up to the work of office," said Harcourt, as he left the room; "there's plenty of ability in him."

"The best man we have," said Stanhope; "so they say at the Office."

"He's gone to lie down, I take it; he seemed much exhausted. What say you to a walk back to town?"

"I ask nothing better," said Stanhope; and they started for Naples.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.—TALMA.

FRANCIS JOSEPH TALMA ranks amongst the most remarkable men of the age and country in which he lived. His theatrical eminence was only one of his many claims to distinction. The Garrick of the French stage, combined with the great artist,—the man of literature, the accomplished gentleman, the honest citizen, the steady friend, the affectionate husband and father, and the agreeable companion endowed with ample stores of knowledge, and unrivalled conversational powers. His memory resembled a vast magazine, from whence he could draw supplies at will, without danger of exhausting the hoard. He had read much, had witnessed more, and recollected all. He saw the death of Voltaire, the entire career of Chateaubriand, and the rise of Victor Hugo and Lamartine. He beheld the dawn of the great Revolution, became a spectator of all its terrible phases, from the destruction of the Bastille, the massacre of the Swiss Guards, the trial and execution of the King, the reign

of terror, and the directory, through the glories of the consulate and the empire, to the extinction of the latter and the restoration of the Bourbons. With the past, he looked back to the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, and almost lived to see the barricades of 1830, and the election of Louis Philippe. Personally, he was the friend of Chénier, David, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, and was one of the familiar intimates of Napoleon. His life was a link connecting that of many others, rather than a distinct single existence. His professional popularity never waned with the vicissitudes of a career of nearly forty years; and the affection of his private friends, enduring through life, accompanied him to the tomb. He must have been pre-eminently a happy man, for his mind was pure, truthful, ingenuous, and straightforward: neither let it be forgotten, in the enumeration of his many enviable endowments, that he realized a handsome fortune by his own exertions.

A short time before his death, Talma was asked by an admiring friend why he did not write his own biography, as La Clairon, Le Kain, Preville, and Molé had done before him. He answered that he had not time; and that having so incessantly studied and repeated the thoughts and words of others, he could find no original phrases in which to express his ideas.* Nevertheless, an extensive collection of notes and memoranda was discovered amongst his papers after his death, written by him with a view to a personal history of his life and times. These papers, after a lapse of more than twenty years, were consigned, with permission of the two sons of Talma, to Alexandre Dumas, to arrange and edit. The ingenious novelist commenced the task with his usual rapidity, and four volumes were published in 1850. Talma is made to speak throughout in the first person, but how far the imagination of Dumas has embellished or obscured reality, is a question not easily decided. He gives some original anecdotes, and verifies others that have been in print before. The narrative altogether has an air of *doubtful* authenticity. It is too discursive, and meanders into so many labyrinthine episodes, that the individual biography is not easily disentangled.

We have been given to understand by more than one competent critic, that the work is considered in France, as "*peu sérieux*." In 1827, within a year after the death of Talma, an excellent memoir upon the man and his art appeared from the pen of Regnault-Varin, who knew him long and intimately. This volume is highly esteemed, and may be faithfully relied on. Tissot and Moreau also published pamphlets upon the same subject; and the celebrated comedian Regnier has written an excellent article on Talma, which appeared in a volume of the *Biographie*

Universelle, edited by Michaud. It will be seen that, from these combined sources, ample materials may be collected for a correct account of the life and actions of the French Roscius.

On a just comparison of pretensions, it must be admitted that Talma was beyond all question the greatest tragic actor that France has ever produced. Men of high renown preceded him—such as Baron, Le Kain, Monvel, La Rive†; but he excelled them all, and none of his successors, to the present year inclusive, are worthy to rank in the same file. The Gallic throne of Melpomene is exclusively occupied by Mademoiselle Rachel. There is not even a shadow of Talma amongst the living men. He was to the French stage, what Garrick was to the English; a bold reformer and the inventor of a new school. Inferior to Garrick in executive versatility,‡ he far surpassed him in classical acquirement and profound study of the ancient models. He was the only French actor who had the good taste and courage to break through the conventional fetters of declamation. He disregarded the measured monotony of the rhyme, and took nature for his exclusive guide. An enthusiastic worshipper once said to him, "You must be deeply affected to produce such powerful emotions in your audience. How intensely you identify yourself with the character you represent!" His reply embraced a lecture on his art. "Acting," said he, "is a complete paradox; we must possess the power of strong feeling or we could never command and carry with us the sympathy of a mixed audience in a crowded theatre; but we must at the same time control our own sensations on the stage, for their indulgence would enfeeble execution. The skilful actor calculates his effects beforehand. He never improvises a burst of passion or an explosion of grief. Everything that he does is the

* There is a memoir of Le Kain, in French, with the name of Talma as the author; but it is now said on good authority not to have been written by him.

† Monvel had great sensibility, but no advantages of person or face. La Rive was handsome, but cold. It was said of the first that he was a soul without a body, and of the second that he was a body without a soul. "To make a perfect actor," said Champfort, "La Rive should be compelled to swallow Monvel."

‡ Talma almost entirely confined himself to tragedy. Prescriptive rule in France would not then allow an actor to embrace two walks. There is more latitude at present.

result of pre-arrangement and forethought. The agony which appears instantaneous, the joy that seems to gush forth involuntarily, the tone of the voice, the gesture, the look, which pass for sudden inspiration, have been rehearsed a hundred times. On the other hand, a dull, composed, phlegmatic nature can never make a great actor. He who loves his profession and expects to excel in it, must study from himself, and compare his own proved sensations under grief, happiness, disappointment, loss, acquisition, anger, pain, pleasure, and all the ordinary variations of human events and feelings, with the imaginary emotions of the characters he is supposed to represent. Not long ago," he added, "I was playing in 'Misanthropy and Repentance,' with an admirable actress. Her natural and affecting manner, deeply studied nevertheless, completely overpowered me. She perceived, and rejoiced in her triumph, but whispered to me, 'Recover yourself, Talma; you are excited.' Had I not listened to the caution my voice would have failed, the words would have escaped my memory, my gesticulations would have become unmeaning, and the whole effect would have dwindled into insignificance. No, believe me, we are not nature, but art; and in the excellence of our imitation lies the consummation of skill."

It has been often said that Talma was an Englishman; partly because he spoke our language with more fluency and less of the foreign idiom than those not "native and to the manner born" usually exhibit; and partly because his father had long been settled in London as an eminent dentist, having been induced to emigrate by the persuasion, and under the immediate patronage, of Earl Harcourt. The date also of his birth has been frequently misstated. Dumas says that Talma himself has settled the question by a written memorandum, to the effect that he was ushered into the world, in Paris, on the 15th of January, 1766. Regnault-Varin, on the contrary, states, that he once asked him his age, and he evaded the answer, by saying with a smile, that "actors and women should never be dated." "We are old or young," added he, "according

to the characters we represent." The biographer then, on a comparison of evidence, fixes 1763 as the correct epoch. The day, the 15th of January, has never been disputed; and becomes doubly memorable as being also the anniversary of the birth of Molière.

The name of Talma is uncommon, and of Arabic origin, signifying *intrepid*. Founded on this, a son of the reigning Emperor of Morocco who happened to be on a visit to the French metropolis, once asked the father of the actor whether he was not of eastern descent, and of the family of Ishmael. The elder Talma could produce no evidence, and felt himself compelled to ignore the respectable pedigree. When he came to England he brought his family with him, but the young Francis Joseph, at nine years of age, was sent back to Paris, to complete his education; it being intended that in due time he should succeed to the paternal business. At the boarding school where he was placed, plays written by the master were occasionally acted by the scholars. At one of these exhibitions, Talma, then the youngest and most promising boy in the seminary, was entrusted with a secondary part in a tragedy called "Tamerlane." The character he represented wound up the play with a narrative conveying to Tamerlane the intelligence of the death of his dearest friend; which friend was in fact his own son. Talma had suffered his mind to become so completely absorbed with the event he had to describe, and so identified himself with the situation, that he told his story in a flood of real tears. He was too young to have studied the classical canon of Horace, which says,

Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi;

but nature prompted him to strike the true chord, and he obeyed her mandate without scholastic instruction.

The curtain fell, and the young actors retired to their apartments; but, after a time, it was perceived that Talma was missing. They sought for him, and he was found seated in the dressing-room, wrapped up in his tragic mantle, and weeping bitterly.

His companions endeavoured to divert his grief, but so strong was the impression made upon his dawning faculties, that he fell into a fever from which he did not recover for several days. Soon after this incident, his father sent for him to London.

Talma's fondness for the stage, originally imbibed at school, strengthened with his growth, and induced him to collect together a band of juvenile amateurs of his own nation, who got up plays at the Hanover-square Rooms, then belonging to Sir John Gallini. They began with Boissy's comedy of "*Le François à Londres*," in which Talma acted the *Marquis de Polainville*; and Molé's "*Depit Amoureux*," in which he played *Éraste*. These performances were continued for several months, and were patronized with an eagerness almost exceeding that subsequently bestowed upon the fashionable and secret assemblies at the Argyll Rooms. On one occasion, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and other distinguished personages of the highest rank were present. Amongst other pieces, Beaumarchais' "*Barbier de Seville*," was given, when Talma personated *Le Comte Almaviva*.

The brilliant success of these experiments led Sir John Gallini to suppose that he might derive great emolument from mingled representations, in which Molé* and Mademoiselle Contat†, then at the head of the French stage, might appear together in a selection from their best scenes. Talma, who was about to return to France to finish his education, was commissioned to treat with them upon the subject. The success of John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, whose performances he had frequently witnessed with rapture in England, had unsettled his mind for the study of his father's avocation, and predisposed him to seize the first opportunity of engaging in the pursuit that

had caught his fancy. Molé declined the offer of which Talma was the bearer; but the acquaintance opened to the latter by the negotiation, paved his way to the stage, and relieved him from the profession of a dentist, which, although exceedingly distasteful, he had begun to practise in Paris, in obedience to the wishes of his father. Molé became so struck by the genius of Talma, as it gradually won upon him, that he introduced the young aspirant to the committee of the Theatre François—the Drury-lane and Covent-garden of Paris. By them he was engaged, and in 1787, and in the twenty-fourth year of his age, he made his first appearance as *Seide*, in the Mahomet of Voltaire. This tragedy had been for many years familiar to the English public in the translation of the Reverend James Miller, illustrated by the admirable acting of Garrick and Mrs. Cibber, and will long be remembered in Ireland as the ostensible cause of the destruction of the Smock Alley Theatre in Dublin.

Talma's first attempt was comparatively a failure, equally mortifying to his friends and himself. He was pronounced too natural and familiar, and not sufficiently imposing and impressive for the million. There were a few discerning exceptions, however, who saw that the true spirit was in him; and Ducis, who has been called "*The French Shakespeare*," was amongst the number. He introduced himself to the debutant, and proffered a friendship which terminated only with his life. Talma and Ducis have been mutually indebted to each other for much of the reputation they both enjoy.

Theatrical management seems ever to have been a system exclusively *sui generis*. The one governing principle extends to all ages and countries. The encouragement of a beginner is measured more by his success than his actual merit; while the latter

* François René Molé was equally celebrated for his excellence in delineating the tender passions, whether in tragedy or sentimental comedy. He came out in 1760, being then in his twenty-fifth year, and died in 1802. During the progress of the Revolution he enrolled himself amongst the Jacobins, and officiated in the church of St. Roch as the priest of the Goddess of Reason.

† Louise Contat, afterwards Madame de Parny, was famed for her beauty no less than her rare abilities. She was born in 1760, maintained a leading position on the French stage for thirty-two years, and died in 1813.

does not of necessity produce the former. For this reason genius has sometimes been stifled in the outset of a career, before it has acquired confidence to hazard what it knows to be right. Timidity and want of self-reliance have not unfrequently entombed talent in a premature grave. It was not thus in the case of Talma. Though he was thrown back for a weary interval into the most insignificant parts, nothing could wean him from the profession to which he felt himself internally called. A happy idea occurred to him while ruminating in the solitude of his *quatrième étage*. He was surrounded by the absurdities of a formal, pedantic school, fed, fostered, and perpetuated by the subservience to routine of a buckram court, which shrank from innovation or improvement, regarded novelty in the light of treason, subjected even its most insignificant relaxations to the laws of rigid etiquette, and amused itself by rule. The stage representatives of every age and every nation were clad in the prevailing garb of the drawing-rooms of the Tuileries. So little were the public alive to this ridiculous anachronism, that they clapped their hands and shouted with delight, when in "Cinna" they witnessed the entry of the courtiers of Augustus; because these good old gentlemen all appeared, their arms a-kimbo, with the hand on the hip on the left side, and the hat and feathers flourishing on the right, like the great lords in the gallery of Versailles—an interesting and truly Roman portraiture of the court of the second Cæsar.

Lekain, it is true, had already commenced a reform. Impelled by genius, enlightened by taste, and supported by the science of Mademoiselle Clairon, his rival, he succeeded in extending the narrow circle of dramatic rules, and customs by which his ardent mind found itself checked and diminished. Then was seen what was never before witnessed on the Parisian boards—a Turk in *Bajazet*, a Tartar in *Gengis Khan*, and a barbarian prince in *Rhadamanthus*. But the classical department of the stage was still left to revel in its rude incongruities and absurdity. It remained for some daring hand to divest the Greek and Roman

worthies of their three cornered hats and full bottomed periwigs.

Talma, who saw no hope of promotion from the ranks, but by a startling experiment, the success of which might lift him beyond conventional despotism, determined to risk his hopes and fortunes upon a radical reform in this particular branch. He had been in abeyance for some time, and was the reverse of popular with the authorities of the theatre. The public when they saw him, which seldom happened, classed him with the un-honoured crowd; and he was fast sinking into the most fatal of all conditions to an aspiring soul—utter obscurity—that condition in which (as Washington Irving has said of the utility men of a theatre)—he was "above the fear of a hiss, and below the hope of applause." At this turning point of his destiny, Voltaire's "Brutus" happened to be commanded at court, and either in default of numbers, or in the absence of a better man, he was selected to perform the tribune *Proculus*, a minor part of less than twenty lines. Spurning silk, embroidery, velvet, powder, and flowing ringlets, habited in a robe of plain cloth, with no ornament beyond the tasteful disposition of the folds, the hair cut and plaited on the forehead, the arms bare, the antique buskin on his feet, Talma, or rather the veritable tribune *Proculus*, came to the side wing, representing the portal of the Roman senate-house, to wait the signal for his entrance. Mademoiselle Contat, passing by, was attracted by this strange apparition. She stopped, gazed, recognised him, and bursting into an immoderate fit of laughter, exclaimed, "What, in the name of absurdity, have you been doing to yourself? Are you mad? Why you look like a statue!" The other performers flocked round and joined in ridicule of what they were incapable of understanding; all charitably advising poor, deluded Talma, not to make a show of himself, but to go and dress like other people. But "poor, deluded Talma" was not to be shaken from his purpose by the sneers of folly and ignorance. He made his appearance in his new costume. The audience, struck with astonishment, opened their eyes in wonder. The few words he had to

say were uttered with a truth and simplicity harmonising with the perfection of his garb. At length, all joined in a simultaneous burst of applause, and the obscure *Proculus* became in a moment the hero of the drama. Numberless were the compliments paid to Talma, even by his prejudiced brethren of the sock and buskin, when the performance concluded; and those who had been the loudest scoffers at night became his most submissive imitators on the morrow.

When John Kemble revived the great Roman plays of Shakspeare at Covent Garden, his togas, then for the first time introduced, became the theme of universal admiration. They were pronounced faultless, minutely classical even to the long disputed *latus clavus*, severely correct, and beautifully graceful beyond precedent. But when the peace of 1814 brought France and England together, and the collected treasures of ancient sculpture in the Louvre, (before restitution) presented all the authorities under one glance which had been so long shut out from British eyes, it was found that Talma's senatorial robes were much nearer the truth; whereupon they were at once transplanted to the London boards, and the Kemble garments were deposed. Charles Young, the affectionate disciple of Kemble, was the first who adopted the new mode, which he studied under the restorer; and Charles Kemble himself, when attiring for Marc Antony, was wont to repair to Young's dressing-room, before going on the stage, to be inspected and assured that the folds of his toga were properly arranged according to the Talma improvement.

There is nothing more true than the axiom conveyed in the well-known couplet of Hudibras:—

A man convinc'd against his will,
Is of the same opinion still.

This was strongly verified in the

impression produced upon the actors by Talma's innovation. The desire to crush his genius was checked, but not extinguished. A new effort was made to turn him into contempt, and drive him back into the insignificance from whence he was struggling to emerge; and from this attempt his fame took that great impulse which led him on from one triumph to another, until he outstripped all competition. A play called *Charles the Ninth* was presented in 1789 to the Theatre François by Chenier.* There was much opposition to the production of this drama. The political sentiments were considered dangerous and inflammatory. The managers were prejudiced against the play, and apprehensive of a tumult; but the friends of the author had a predominant influence, and compelled them to produce it. St. Phal, the leading actor of the company, was afraid of undertaking the terrible hero of St. Bartholomew, and rejected the character. The next in rank, one by one, as a matter of course, thought they were treated with indignity in being applied to as substitutes, or stop-gaps, and peremptorily refused. As a last and desperate resource, Talma was resorted to, and eagerly embraced the opportunity. Here was the chance he wanted—an original part which might make his fortune for ever. The opposite extreme was in the balance, but the hazard gave him no concern. "He is quite mad enough to risk it," thought his companions; and when it was known that he had so decided, many pronounced his funeral elegy. "Here will be an end of Talma," said they; "the play and the actor will be damned together."

The result, like the former experiment in *Proculus*, disappointed their wishes and expectations. Talma had closely studied the historical descriptions and pictures of Charles the Ninth; had impressed himself with profound knowledge of his personal appearance, dress and manners, and

* Marie Joseph Chenier wrote also "The Fate of Calas" and other dramas, two or three patriotic or revolutionary odes, and a treatise on French literature. One of his plays was preceded by a dedication to Louis the Sixteenth, commencing thus:—"Monarque des Français, Roi d'un peuple fidèle!" A few years afterwards, in the National Convention he voted for the death of the king he had thus loyally apostrophised. Chenier lived through all the storms of the revolution, and died in good repute under the Imperial government, in 1811.

presented himself upon the stage, a resuscitated portrait of the weak and blood-thirsty Valois. The play commanded thirty-three repetitions; such a success was unprecedented in Paris. Talma from that moment assumed an elevated position from which he was never shaken, either by the caprice of the public, or the fresher talent of younger rivals. Yet all was not *smooth sailing* during this prolonged triumph of Charles the Ninth. It proved the cause of a quarrel between Talma and his brother actor, Naudet, who struck him on the face, which led to a challenge. The next morning they fought with pistols at ten paces. Talma fired first, and being very near-sighted, his ball went much closer to one of the seconds than to his antagonist, who was a tall, portly target, not easily missed. Naudet fired in the air, which in those days was considered an ample apology, and there the matter ended.

In 1791, Talma married. The wife of his choice, Mademoiselle Vanhove, was fifteen years older than himself, but still a very attractive, charming woman; an actress in the same theatre, and the possessor of a considerable fortune.* The latter circumstance induced many to say that on his part the marriage was one of interest rather than inclination; but the affectionate life they led, and the happiness of their union, contradicted the remark by the most convincing evidence.

During the Revolution, which had already begun to cast forward its ominous shadows before Talma established his reputation in Charles the Ninth, all plays which favoured regal authority, or spoke in praise of any person but that of the sovereign, were proscribed, and a new style of drama was, in consequence, introduced. The productions of Voltaire, and the times; and Diderot, the disciples of Voltaire, compounded scenes and characters of Shakespeare, and were well named when numerous copies were made of them, the talents of the actors displaying themselves with extraordinary increasing energy. Every actor, in consequence of the pressure of the times, began to feel the necessity

of glory of his nation and his art. His enemies, who were pertinacious, although numerically few, could now only say, "He is all very well in the degenerate school of modern writers. As long as he keeps to that he may flatter, but Corneille and Racine will sink him." When Napoleon re-introduced monarchy to the government, Talma was permitted to bring back a similar restoration to the stage. He answered his cavillers by acting *Antony, Nicomache, Orestes, Cicerone, Macbeth*; and so complete was his triumph in the high walk of conceded legitimacy, that he gradually relinquished the greater portion of the characters in which he had first won his eminence, and conformed himself almost entirely to those for which his powers had formerly been pronounced inadequate.

Much idle gossip, which has no foundation in truth, has been propagated by writers who are content with superficial authority, relative to the early acquaintance of Talma with Napoleon. How they were at school together, and afterwards young men upon town in Paris; and how, when they dined at a restaurateur's, the actor paid the reckoning because the future emperor had no cash in his pocket. According to Talma himself, their first meeting took place on the 18th of June, 1792, in the green room of the Theatre Francaise. Napoleon, then Captain Buonaparte, had been brought there by Michaud, an actor of the company, and at his own particular request introduced to Talma, to whom he paid several flattering compliments on his performance of Charles the Ninth. During a short conversation at this interview, Talma discovered that his new acquaintance had good laugh and reflected more, and that he was no ordinary man, although neither of his stature nor imposing in personal appearance. There was an air of patronage in his manner and language, which led to the conversation of his extraordinary talents, and the manner of his mind; and so it ended.

Returning to Charles the Ninth and the massacre of St. Barthelemy, the

* Mademoiselle Vanhove obtained great reputation by her excellent performance of the character of Ophelia in Bayly's *Hamlet* (see page 642).

young officer delivered his opinion that the stroke was far beyond the conception of that weak and worthless monarch, but emanated from the more astute and deeper brains of his Florentine parent, the house of Guise, and the Cardinal of Lorraine. The king was merely an accomplice, not an originator. He added too his thorough conviction that Charles was poisoned by his own mother, and quoted a speech of Louis the Thirteenth to that effect, addressed to Marshal Bassompierre. Talma expressed some surprise at the extent of his knowledge, and wondered how one engaged in military duty could find time to read. "Ah," replied the young captain, "a garrison life is one of total idleness. I was quartered for two years at Valence, during which period I had nothing to do but finish my own education, and superintend that of a younger brother.* I lodged opposite to an honest bibliophile, who had assumed, in obedience to the new fashion, the sounding appellation of Marcus Aurelius. His entire library was placed at my disposal."

Two days after this introduction, Talma and Napoleon met accidentally on the evening of the 20th of June, in the Rue de Richelieu. A few hours before, the king, surrounded by an unlicensed rabble who had broken into the palace, had submitted to the degradation of exhibiting himself at the windows with a cap of liberty on his head, and drank from a bottle of wine presented to him by the butcher Legendre, still rocking from the mouth of that ferocious *sans-culotte*. Napoleon had witnessed the scene from a terrace in the garden, and was overflowing with indignation. "Your king," said he to Talma, "is a poor creature. Why did he allow those scoundrels to enter the court-yard? Two or three pieces of artillery well planted and served would have blown five hundred of them into the air, and the survivors would have taken to their heels. You cannot conceive the dread which a mob has of a round of grape."

On the 10th of August, 1792, Talma and Napoleon witnessed together, from a window in the house of the upholsterer Fauvelu, the storming of the Tuileries, and the massacre of the

faithful Swiss guards. Napoleon uttered deep execrations against the imbecility of those in command. "These brave fellows," said he, "will perish for want of a leader. They would disperse that wretched canaille if they had but a man of common energy at their head." A few days afterwards he left Paris, and Talma saw him no more until he returned from Toulon in 1794, with rank and reputation, but without employment, and almost despairing of the future; for all his applications were disregarded, and the existing authorities treated him with contemptuous neglect. Once he came behind the scenes of the Theatre Français, thin, pallid, and more pensive than before. There can be no doubt that Napoleon was then in great pecuniary distress; but it does not appear, although often asserted, that he received aid from Talma. Their acquaintance at that time was too slight. The actor relates the following anecdote.

Napoleon had successively pledged whatever trinkets he possessed, rings, brooches, and watches, and his resources were entirely exhausted. The man of destiny was reduced to despair, and resolved to end all by a plunge in the Seine. On his way to the Pont Neuf, he ran against some one in his abstraction, and raising his head, recognised an old school-fellow of Brienne. The latter had just received from his notary the sum of twenty thousand francs; the former was intent on suicide, because he had no longer the price of a dinner. They divided the money between them, and Napoleon returned to his lodging. If that warm-hearted comrade of the college had accidentally passed down another street, the history of the next twenty years would have been written without the names of Lodi, Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, Moscow, Leipzig, and Waterloo. Not long after the rencontre named above, the revolt of the Sections took place, when Napoleon, being sent for by Barras at the eleventh hour, stepped in, and saved the Directory. On that day he gave a terrible lesson to street rioters, with his favourite argument, close salvos of artillery. Had he held the post of the less resolute Mar-

* Louis, afterwards King of Holland, and father of the present Emperor.

mont in 1830, the reigning dynasty would never have given way to the throne of the barricades.

The acquaintance between the great actor and future emperor began now to ripen into friendship. In many respects their tastes and thoughts were congenial. Napoleon confided to Talma his intended marriage with Madame de Beauharnais, one of the three graces of the Parisian drawing-rooms—inferior to Mesdames Tallien and Recamier in personal charms, but far beyond them in gentleness and amiability. Talma was one of the invited guests at the wedding, and when Napoleon returned to Paris in 1797, conqueror of Italy, he sold to him and Josephine his house in *La Rue Chantreine*, which thenceforward received the name of *La Rue de la Victoire*, in honour of its most illustrious inhabitant.

When the Egyptian expedition was planned, Talma, in his enthusiasm, volunteered to accompany the commander-in-chief. Napoleon, the only person who could by authority prevent this enterprise, set himself entirely against it. "You must not commit such an act of rash folly, Talma," said he; "you have a brilliant course before you; leave fighting to those who know how to do nothing better."

When Napoleon rose to be first consul, Talma, with the modesty of his nature, and the good sense of a man of the world, made his visits less frequent to the Tuileries. His reception was, however, as cordial as in the days of their nearer equality. With the progress of events, Napoleon became emperor, and the actor naturally concluded that the intimacy of the sovereign and the subject must then entirely cease. But in a few days, a note was addressed to him by the first chamberlain couched in these words:—"His Imperial Majesty has felt much surprise at not receiving M. Talma's personal felicitations. It appears as if he intended to withdraw himself from his majesty, which is far from his majesty's wish. M. Talma is hereby invited to present himself at the Tuileries as soon as he finds convenient." It may be supposed that such an invitation was not declined. He waited on the emperor, was received with his former kind-

ness, repeated his visits constantly, and never without being welcomed with peculiar distinction.

Napoleon was passionately fond of the drama, and nothing delighted him more, in his few hours of relaxation, than entering into arguments with Talma on the comparative merits of the great French masters. He also freely criticised the acting of his favourite, and once said to him: "Talma, you were not yourself last night in *Nero*: you lost several opportunities." He constantly attended the theatres, without the least parade and quite unexpected by the audience, who received these impromptu visits as marks of confidence, and applauded with enthusiasm. Napoleon always disputed the merits of comedy; he observed to a gentleman, with whom he was conversing on the subject, "You prefer comedy because you are growing old." "And you, Sire," replied the obsequious courtier, "are partial to tragedy, because you are still too young."

The familiar intercourse with which the Emperor honoured Talma, gave rise to an idle story that he was indebted to him for lessons in regal deportment and delivery. They often laughed together at this rumour. When Napoleon returned from Elba, Talma was amongst his earliest visitors. During their conversation, observed the Emperor, "Chateaubriand has published that you taught me to be a king. Well, I thank him for the compliment. Had I not performed my part well, he could not have supposed you had been my teacher." The friendship of Napoleon for Talma was not confined to empty admiration and unmeaning speeches. He settled on him a handsome pension from his own personal funds, and when he was taken suddenly ill, sent Corvisart, his private physician, to attend him. His first enquiry every morning was, whether he was getting better. "You must not let us lose Talma," said he, "for we shall never replace him." As soon as the patient recovered, Corvisart pressed him to wait on the Emperor, although it was at that embarrassing moment when he was meditating and arranging the separation from Josephine. Talma gave way to the imperial command. His visit happened to fall on the very

day of the divorce, and critical as the time was, his reception was of the most cordial character.

Ducis produced *Hamlet* in 1769, while Talma was yet a mere child. He followed this first innovation on the realms of Shakspeare, by *Romeo and Juliet* (1772), *King Lear* (1783), *Macbeth* (1784), *King John* (1791), and wound up with *Othello*, in 1792. He had great energy of thought, combined with ready command of language, and much power of versification. Of his six imitations of Shakspeare, *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* are the best. They are also the most familiar to those who remember Talma, as he performed in them more frequently than in the others. That they possess considerable dramatic merit is not to be denied by severe classics, who build their faith on the unities, and disclaim the irregular flights of unfettered genius. They contain also insulated passages of poetry, which are not unworthy of being quoted with Corneille, Racine, and Crebillon; but they bear very little resemblance to the great original by which they were suggested. Our Gallic neighbours and friends have long since learned to repudiate the libels of Voltaire, although they still indulge in the hallucination that they see Shakspeare faithfully reflected in the pages of Ducis. The laws by which the orthodox French dramatists hold themselves reverentially bound, confine them within a narrow circle; and the more closely they submit to these arbitrary canons, the more they lose sight of the characteristic attributes of Shakspeare, and the illimitable scope of his creative fancy. The mind which "exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new," established a school for itself which baffles competition or comparison.

In the "*Macbeth*" of Ducis, there are no supernatural appearances, no ghost of Banquo, and no witches. The latter are spoken of, but not introduced. Macduff is expunged altogether. King Duncan and Glamis, the first prince of the blood, are murdered in the night by Macbeth, at the instigation of his wife, and while trusting to their hospitality. Rebels make an attack on the castle, and are repulsed. The monarch and his kinsman are supposed to be slain in the nocturnal *melée*, and Macbeth

is unanimously proclaimed king, as next in lineal succession. It is then discovered that Malcolm, Duncan's son, is alive, and has been brought up in ignorance of his birth, (to save him from traitorous machinations) by an aged mountaineer. Macbeth, tortured by remorse, and recovering his better nature when he finds that Malcolm, who is a mere child, is in his power, resolves to abdicate, and restore the throne to the rightful heir. Lady Macbeth (called *Fredagonde* in the French play), determines to kill Malcolm; and in advancing towards the execution of her purpose when in a state of somnambulism, she murders her own son instead—wakes, and, discovering her mistake, rushes in, in a frenzy of despair. Macbeth commits suicide by stabbing himself, and the curtain falls.

This brief synopsis will show how much, or rather how little of Shakspeare is transfused into this celebrated alteration of his sublime tragedy. The writer of this notice happened to be in Paris with the army of occupation, soon after the final abdication of Napoleon, in 1815. He was not there many hours before he saw Talma announced for "*Macbeth*," and led by this double attraction, found himself snugly seated in the parterre of the Théâtre François. He was accompanied by a brother officer who was unconscious of French, but overflowed with anticipated delight, and promised to admire and applaud according to order. The first act passed off flatly enough. It consists entirely of a long dialogue between Duncan, Glamis, and the mountaineer; and winds up with a mysterious groan which breaks off the conference. Macbeth appears at the commencement of the second act, returning victorious from the defeat of the rebellious Cawdor. His wife receives him with triumphant gratulations, and in a series of long speeches he relates to her how he fell asleep after the battle, and how in a dream the wierd sisters appeared to him and prophecied his coming greatness.

Talma's dress was singular and startling. Whatever might have been his classical reforms in the costume of Greece and Rome, his garb for a northernthane and warrior in the eleventh century, indicated that his researches in *re vestigia*, had not

extended to Saxon or Celtic lore. He was habited in a modern tunic or surtout of claret-coloured cloth, trimmed with fur, tight pantaloons, and hessian boots. On his head was a round, black velvet cap, with an indistinct border of what appeared to be meant for tartan, and a single ostrich feather dangling from one side. He presented the appearance of a middle-sized, stoutish man, with a bull-neck, features of no particularly defined outline or expression in repose, and action of no extraordinary grace. He had not spoken a dozen lines before it was evident that we saw before us a mighty master of elocution, and a reflector of the passions, deeply studied and bountifully endowed. His intonation was wonderful; his voice possessed a compass and a harmony which fell upon the ear with the power and effect of many well tuned instruments blended together—a diapason more perfect than human mechanism has ever yet invented to improve and regulate sound. As he described in recital what Shakespeare has represented in action, his imaginary interview with the witches, their greetings and exciting predictions, he warmed up with gradual emotion to the climax of the concluding lines—

Tous trois vus ce palais ont pris un vole
rapide;
Et tous trois dans les airs, en fuyant loin
de moi,
M'ont laissé pour adieux ces mots, "Tu
seras roi!"

The whole house then rang with enthusiastic plaudits, to which the English portion of the audience contributed their full share.

Churchill, in his encomium on Garrick in "the Rosciad," dwells emphatically upon the advantages of

Strong expressions and strange powers
which lie
Within the magic circle of the eye;

and in this criticism he is right; but even the wonders of the eye will lose much of their charm, if not supported

by the still more imposing organ of the voice. Of all the physical faculties which the great actor requires, the voice is that which, above all others, will, according to its strength or weakness, make or mar the execution of his conceptive genius. Where nature has bestowed the power, intonation will obey, with mechanical submission, the compulsive dictate of feeling.*

When John Kemble visited Paris during the short peace of Amiens, in 1802, he sought eagerly the acquaintance of Talma; they were mutually pleased with each other, and professional admiration on either side soon grew into personal regard and friendship. They corresponded when an occasion offered, and became more closely intimate at the end of the war. In a letter to his brother Charles, dated Paris, July 23rd, 1802, Kemble says, "Talma and I are grown very well acquainted; he seems an agreeable and an accomplished man. I have promised to procure for him a copy of 'Pizarro,' that he may see whether it can be adapted to the French stage. Buy a book of it, make it up in separate packets, and send it to me by the next post. I am afraid they will not be able to turn it to any use."†

All who enjoyed Talma's society were unanimous in praise of his amiable qualities. Lady Morgan (in her book on France,) says, "his dignity and tragic powers on the stage are curiously but charmingly contrasted with the simplicity, playfulness, and gaiety of his most unassuming, unpretending manners in private life." He was thoroughly an honest man, with a cultivated mind and unerring taste, and a warm, true heart. He dispensed his affluence with hospitality unmixed with ostentation. His principal residence was at a villa which he had purchased at Brunoy, in the neighbourhood of Paris, with extensive grounds and prospects, where he maintained a splendid establishment, and delighted to pass his time secluded from the noise and bustle of the metropolis. Twice a week he went to Paris to perform. Until the return of the

* Dugazon, an actor of eminence of the period immediately preceding Talma, used to maintain that the nose was the most complete organ of expression, and that there were forty distinct modes of moving this single feature, with variety of effect.

† The experiment was never tried on the French stage.

Bourbons, he was in the habit of giving *soirées* in Paris every Wednesday, which were graced by the presence of all the leading celebrities of continental Europe. On the abdication of the Emperor, he prudently discontinued these, from a fear of provoking unfounded constructions on the part of some who were disposed to represent him as the friend of revolution, and a partizan of the exiled potentate. The King, Louis the Eighteenth, more liberal than some of his subjects, and well knowing that Talma, though personally intimate with Napoleon, never meddled with politics, always treated him with regard.

On the 19th of October, 1815, Talma, at the urgent request of many friends and admirers, foreigners as well as natives, announced himself for a benefit at the *Académie Royale de Musique* (the Parisian Opera House,) in the *Rue de Richelieu*. This vast theatre was lent by the proprietors for the occasion, as the *Français* was considered much too small for the accommodation of the expected auditory. The circumstance of a benefit being granted to any actor in Paris, on any other ground than his retirement from the stage, was considered a very unusual departure from habitual rule. This mark of court and public favour was bestowed on Talma as a signal tribute to his extraordinary talents, then in the zenith of their power and popularity. The taste of the English, who at that time swarmed in every corner of the French metropolis, seemed to be particularly complimented in the selection of the performances, which consisted of "Hamlet," as altered by Ducis, and "*Shakespeare Amoureux, ou la Pièce à l'Etude*," a farce by Duval.

The conduct of Ducis' drama is altogether different from that of Shakespeare's. The hero does not make his appearance until the second act; and there is nothing finer on the stage than the *entré* of the French *Hamlet*. A dialogue is interrupted by the rapid entrance of some courtiers, who announce, in a hurried manner, the alarm of the court at the frightful outrages of the Prince, who is rushing through the palace, fancying himself pursued by the ghost of his father. In an instant more, his frantic and broken exclamations are heard, and he runs on the stage, which he courses

with a terrific wildness, productive of the most wonderful effect. The appearance and powerful acting of Talma in this scene drew down thunders of applause—loud and continued as ever shook the walls of a theatre. The introduction of the urn, containing the ashes of the dead monarch, forms a principal feature of the fourth act; but the majestic ghost, although more than once fancied to "walk the night," and present to the mind's eye and imagination of Hamlet, does not visibly expose itself to the gaze of a Parisian *parterre*. The life of the Royal Dane (for Hamlet is here King, and not Prince, of Denmark,) is spared from the ignoble fate of his English prototype. The *Polonius* bears not the least resemblance to the quaint, selfish, pedantic, time-serving Lord Chamberlain of Shakespeare; *Ophelia* is made the daughter of *Claudius*, a prince of the blood, who is reduced to a conspirator only, and receives condign punishment from the hand of *Hamlet*. Neither *Polonius* nor *Ophelia* is included in the list of casualties. *Norcestes* stands in the place of *Horatio*; as the confidential friend of *Hamlet*; and *Laertes* is entirely omitted. The Queen, who has actually poisoned her husband at the instigation of *Claudius*, for whom she entertains a criminal passion, perishes by her own dagger at the close of the play. *Hamlet* epilogizes in a philosophical quatrain, as follows:

Privé de tous les miens dans ce palais funeste,
Mes malheurs sont comblés; mais ma vertu
me reste:
Mais je suis homme et roi: réservé pour souffrir:
Je saurai vivre encore; je fais plus que mourir.

The dress worn by Talma in *Hamlet* was more picturesque and appropriate than that which he adopted in *Macbeth*. As King of Denmark, he attired himself in long flowing robes of white camlet, with a broad black edging; as unlike the costume which had established such illegitimate authority on the English stage as could possibly be conceived.

"*Shakespeare Amoureux*," is founded on an old anecdote of a love intrigue, in which the bard was said to have engaged at the expense of his friend

and brother actor, Burbage, whom he supplanted by a stage trick of no mean notability. M. Duval, in shaping this odd story into a farce, has been driven to some anachronisms, more humorous than the dialogue, in which he has introduced us to Shakspeare *en deshabille*. He has given us, in his heroine, an actress "*du Theatre de Londres*," in the time of "*La reine Elizabeth*," and has converted the poet (in the meridian of his subsequent fame), into an amorous bachelor of twice the age at which he actually married. The *Poet Tragique Anglois*, as he is called in the printed copies of the piece, was played by Talma, who dressed him out very gaily—the pattern of the jacket being a fac-simile of that in the false effigies prefixed to Ayscough's edition of his plays. In the principal scene, Shakspeare is introduced as teaching *Clarence* some speeches for a part in "*Richard the Third*." The dramatist, who is jealous, falls suddenly from his poetics into a fierce and bitter invective against the perfidy of the sex. Observing him, *Clarence* says quietly, apart, "*Il compose sa scene*." He paces the stage with fury, and his denunciations increase in violence: she thinks he is altering *Othello*. As he proceeds, "*Ah! que c'est grand*," remarks *Clarence*, with the utmost unconsciousness; "*je voudrais pouvoir repondre*." Shakspeare raves, and bids her tremble for the consequences of her treachery. "*C'est parfait*," exclaims she, with the highest satisfaction. The servant at length rushes in to know the cause of all the uproar, and her mistress scolds her, in the greatest distress and indignation, saying that she has interrupted the composition of the finest tragedy that ever was imagined. On the above-named night of Talma's benefit, the house, which overflowed with *les Anglois*, was crowded to the ceiling, and hundreds were unable to obtain admission. Tickets were sold and resold on inordinate terms at the entrances, by low speculators, who had contrived to secure them for their own well-calculated profit. The prices at the doors were, to the pit, six francs (6s.) and to the boxes, twenty (16s. 8d.) The confessed receipts of the house were thirty one thousand francs, (about £1,291.) The confession should have extended to at least five thousand francs more. This was independent

of presents. The Duke of Wellington, who attended in person, sent £50, with an accompanying note in French (of more value than the cash,) of which the following is a translation, as copied at the time into several of the London newspapers:—

Paris, Oct. 25th, 1815.

My dear Mr. Talma—I have a thousand excuses to make for not having testified to you, before, the great pleasure you afforded me last week, in the part of *Hamlet*; but I have been much occupied, and I am sure you will pardon me. I am also indebted to you for my box, and I acquit myself by the enclosed, which I beg you to accept.

Your very faithful servant,

WELLINGTON.

"*Le Courier*," a French political and literary journal, on the 6th of October, 1815, contained the following passage, with reference to a recent transaction in which Talma had been concerned. "The Committee of the Directors of Drury-lane Theatre, composed of Lord Byron, the Earl of Essex, the Honorable Douglas Kinnaird, and other eminent persons have, we find, addressed, by one of their members, a very gratifying letter to Talma, for the kind attention he has bestowed on a recent arrangement, which secures to that establishment all the new French dramatic pieces worthy of being translated and offered to the approbation of the public in London. These gentlemen, in tendering all their gratitude to that illustrious tragedian, express to him their sincere wish that they could invite and offer to their countrymen the display of those talents which are the glory of the French stage, if the difference of language did not place it out of their power. We are delighted to make known these honourable testimonies of esteem and admiration, worthy alike of him by whom they are received, and of the source from whence they have proceeded. It is a new proof of the empire of talent over national prejudices, and we congratulate Talma on his possession of that celebrity, which, thus obtaining acknowledgment from foreign communities, sheds a new lustre on that stage of which he is the greatest ornament."

Talma again visited England in May, 1817, on which occasion he was accompanied by Mademoiselle

Georges.* It was their wish and intention to give some performances of French tragedy in London; but an application to this effect having been made to the Prince Regent, he refused his sanction, on the ground that such a precedent might prove injurious to the national theatres. Permission was, however, granted for select readings from the works of Voltaire, Racine, and Corneille, which took place at the King's Theatre, or Opera House, on the 19th and 26th of June. Taylor, the proprietor, applied to the Lord Chancellor for an injunction to restrain Waters, the lessee and manager, from exhibiting these French dramatic performances, on the plea that his license did not extend so far. The Lord Chancellor, after a minute investigation, and patient hearing, decided against Taylor, and in favour of Waters. Talma was received in England with much honour, and the most unbounded hospitality, particularly by his brethren of the theatrical art. The principal performers of Covent Garden Theatre invited him to a dinner at the Clarendon, which took place on the 9th of June. On this occasion, Fawcett, then stage-manager, filled the chair, and Charles Kemble officiated as vice-president. As might be supposed, there were some fervid speeches and much bandying of mutual compliments. In acknowledging his own health, which was proposed by Fawcett with many warm eulogiums on his professional and private excellencies, Talma said briefly, and in good English, "Gentlemen, I cannot express my feelings. In my own language it would be difficult; in yours it is impossible. When I meet an Englishman in France, I will convince him that I am grateful. In the meantime I can only return my warm thanks, and wish you all health and happiness."

When Kemble's health was proposed, with some allusions to his approaching retirement, announced for the 23rd of the same month, the applause, as might be expected, was loud and reiterated. During the first

pause, Talma exclaimed with overflowing feelings, "Mr. Fawcett, you have deprived me of the greatest pleasure. I meant to have proposed this toast myself. Oh, how happy it would make me to be thought worthy, when I retire, of such adieus as I have seen given to your great actor! I drink to my dear friend and brother, John Kemble." This affectionate ardour renewed the applause, which continued until Kemble, evidently much moved, rose to reply. Talma rose at the same time, and stood by his side until he had concluded; some portions of Kemble's speech may be applied with advantage to a more extended circle than that which he was immediately addressing. He said, "I cannot suffer such an opportunity to pass without a word or two on the relative situations in which we have heretofore stood towards each other. In the course of my career, it has been my misfortune to incur the necessity of wounding the feelings of individuals, and of exciting, by (I trust I may lay my hand on my heart and say) conscientious integrity as a manager, unpleasant impressions against me as a man. Power can scarcely be exercised, even in the humblest sphere, without provoking harsh constructions; and in that little world of sensitiveness, of anxious ambition, and jarring interests,—the stage—perhaps it is impossible to find any of us who are not at times disposed to ascribe the arrangements which may gail them personally to personal considerations, rather than to that undeviating firmness which can seldom at once please the individual, and do justice to the establishment. If I have stirred up sentiments of this sort, I am sorry for it. I hope they will not follow me to my retreat, and I ask pardon of all whom I have thus offended (repeated shouts of "No! no!" and prolonged applause). Gentlemen, you make this one of the most delightful moments of my life, and it is not the least part of my gratification that it happens on an occasion devoted to my friend Talma (catching Talma by the hand),

* Mademoiselle Georges is still alive, and during the last season appeared at the Theatre Français, compelled, it was said, by the pressure of a narrow income, to resume the profession from which she had long retired. Her powers recalled only painful reminiscences of what they had once been. She was never equal to *Duchessinois*, although much beyond her rival in personal attractions, and distinguished by the particular favour of Napoleon.

who better merits such a reward than ever I can ; and who will go back and tell his fellow-labourers in his own country, how the actors of England treat an old manager and brother-actor on his retirement." As might have been expected, Kemble's remarks, uttered with pathos and sincerity, produced a most powerful sensation.

Kemble retired from the stage on the 23rd of June, 1817. Talma was present in the orchestra, and as the great actor made his final exit after his concluding address, a gentleman in the pit handed to the French Roscius a white satin embroidered scarf, accompanied by a laurel wreath, and a letter desiring him to place them on the stage. His graceful compliance with this request was warmly applauded. The manager being called for, Mr. Fawcett appeared, took up the tribute, and having stated his conjectures as to the intention of the house, professed unqualified delight at being directed to convey it to Mr. Kemble.

On the 27th of June the farewell dinner to Kemble took place at the Freemason's Tavern ; Lord Holland in the chair. In the course of the evening his lordship proposed "the health of Talma and success to the French stage." To this compliment, Talma replied as follows :—"Gentlemen, it is impossible for me in a foreign language to express my warm gratitude for the hospitalities of your country, and the distinction with which, in my person, you have treated the French stage. To be thought worthy of notice on an occasion consecrated to my dear friend Kemble, I consider one of the highest honours of my life. Gentlemen, as I cannot thank you with my words, I trust you will forgive me for thanking you with my heart, and permit me to fill my glass to the British nation and the British stage." These few words delivered with a clear and powerful voice, tinged but slightly by a foreign accent, with great boldness of utterance, and much vehemence of action, produced a most surprising effect upon the listeners.

If Talma's speech was short, it proved long enough to get him into hot-water when he crossed back to his own side of the channel. Some of the anti-English papers in Paris accused him of unnationality, of *Anglo-*

mania, of time-serving duplicity, and almost of treachery, for the sentiments conveyed in the few words he had spoken. His popularity was in danger, and he felt it necessary to reply. Accordingly he did so, in a letter to the Editor of the *Moniteur*, of which we subjoin a translation :—

Paris, August 21, 1817.

SIR—I learn upon my return from England, that, on the credit of certain journals, I am publicly assailed with reproaches, of which I feel it my duty to take immediate notice.

It is pretended that I wished to smuggle into Calais some articles of English merchandise which were seized. In answer to this fact, I have only to say that the accusation is wholly without foundation. My effects were examined with much politeness by the custom-house officers of Calais, who did not discover that in any respect I had contravened the laws.

The second accusation which is brought against me is of a nature more serious ; and the high value which I attach to the esteem of the public—an object to which the whole efforts of my life have been devoted—the duty which I owe to my friends and to myself, make it imperative upon me to justify myself in this particular more explicitly.

After the last representation of Mr. John Kemble, the first actor of the English theatre, as justly dear for his noble character as for his rare talents, his friends and admirers assembled at a farewell dinner, in order to testify to him, in a striking manner, their attachment and their regret. The greatest noblemen, the most distinguished artists and men of letters were present. According to the English custom, toasts were given ; and in the midst of three or four hundred persons at table, and of a great number of spectators, it was desired to make me an object of particular distinction. The noble lord who was president of the *fete*, proposed a toast to my honour, and to the glory of the "French Theatre." I replied by some phrases which were graciously received, and in which I endeavoured to express my gratitude for the reception, so full of kindness, which I had experienced, and my wishes for the prosperity of the English Theatre. This return of politeness was in a manner a duty which the most severe observer of propriety could not condemn.

Some English journals which have not reported with scrupulous exactness the extempore speeches at this assembly, have not printed mine more correctly than others, and the French papers in translating them have not shown greater fidelity. To give a political wish to the toast which I proposed, in the midst of persons who were only assembled to celebrate arts and to honour

particularly my profession, would have been, to say the least, a folly; to forget in the same situation that I was a Frenchman, would have been something more than absence of mind: and this double mistake would have been tacitly blamed even by those to whom I addressed myself.

I am delighted to make known the reception, truly fraternal, which I experienced from the artists of London—the flattering distinctions, the eager attentions of which I have been the object in the highest classes of society; but the profound gratitude which I feel for these testimonies of attention and esteem, (honourable alike to the French theatre and myself) has never made and never will make me forget that sentiment, without a rival—the predilection which every honest man owes to the country of his birth.

I have the honour to be, &c.

TALMA.

By this letter Talma satisfied the public and silenced the calumniators; but there were not wanting some who still said that his visit to London had made him *presque Anglois*.

Talma suffered much during a series of years, (not in popularity, but in personal annoyance), from the severe and unjustly depreciating criticisms of Geoffrey, a celebrated Aristarchus of his day, who had checked the success of St. Prix, lacerated the decline of Molé, and driven Larive prematurely from the stage. He had all the waspish acerbity of Freron, (the antagonist of Voltaire), with ten times his tact and erudition. Talma writhed under those attacks, which constantly revived at regular intervals; but he was too old then to change his style, and too proud to adopt lessons so dogmatically administered. He derived consolation, however, from the enthusiastic encomiums of Madame de Stael, liberally bestowed in her work entitled "Germany," and in two letters addressed to him from her involuntary exile at Copet.

In 1818, Edmund Kean, then at the zenith of his reputation, passed through Paris with his wife, on their return from a continental tour. Talma had seen him act in London, and in spite of a strong personal regard for John Kemble, felt and acknowledged the brilliant genius which had recently established an original and opposite school. Kean was not behind him in reciprocal admiration. He was ever ready to acknowledge merit in others, and to express the delight which he derived from the

exercise of congenial talent. The day after their arrival, he came home to the hotel where he and Mrs. Kean were residing, and said, with great excitement, "I have secured a box to see Talma in *Orestes*; prepare yourself for such a treat as you have never yet enjoyed—he is the greatest actor living, and this is his finest part." They took their places, and the curtain drew up. At the end of the first act, Mrs. Kean expressed herself as rather disappointed, both in the appearance and manner of the star of the night. "Nonsense," replied her husband, "you don't understand what you are saying—nothing was ever like him; John Kemble and I put together would not make half such an actor. He is unapproachable." The play went on, and still Mrs. Kean was cold in her approbation, as her spouse, irritated and disappointed at her apathy, became more and more extravagant in his eulogies. At last when *Hermione*, in the fourth act, names *Pyrrhus* as the rival she expects *Orestes* to remove, the expression and attitude of Talma, as the single word was pronounced, compelled Mrs. Kean to burst forth in the most unqualified praise. From that moment Kean's countenance changed, and he became silent. When the play terminated after the mad scene, Mrs. Kean loudly expressed her delight, and declared that she had never beheld anything like Talma's acting. "Indeed!" exclaimed her husband, "I'll let you see that I can do better than that. Wait till I give them my mad scene." As soon as he reached his hotel, he wrote to the Drury Lane Committee, and requested them to prepare "The Distressed Mother" for his return. Talma, unconscious of what had passed, called the next day, and in reply to Mrs. Kean's compliments said, "I shall play *Nero* to-night. If you were struck with my *Orestes*, what will you say to my *Nero*?" But Kean packed up his trunks, ordered his carriage, and was some way on his road to Boulogne before the Roman Emperor had begun to charm the critics of Paris with his performance. The play which Kean had suggested was forthwith put in rehearsal; but the frigid translation of Ambrose Philips conveys but a faint adumbration of Racine, and the experiment

commanded only a few repetitions, while it disappointed the actor himself, his admirers, and the public. Edmund Kean was seldom completely self-possessed, unless inspired by the magic of Shakspeare.

Talma, so late as December, 1821, achieved one of his greatest triumphs in Jouy's tragedy of *Sylla*. Napoleon had been only dead a few months. The actor determined to recal the living image of his early friend and subsequent patron, by the closest personal resemblance which art could enable him to present. He dressed his hair exactly after the well-remembered fashion of the deceased Emperor, and his dictatorial wreath exhibited an accurate fac-simile of the laurel diadem in gold, with which the first Napoleon was crowned at Notre-Dame. The intended identity was recognized at once, and when in the last scene, he descended majestically from the rostrum, and laying down the coronet, pronounced the line—

J'ai gouverné sans peur, et j'abdique sans
crainte,

the whole audience imagined that they saw the embodied spirit of Napoleon standing in awful majesty before them, and demanding their judgment on his actions. The effect upon such an excitable public may be easily conceived. The government trembled, and thought of interdicting the play; but they confined themselves to a private communication, in which Talma was directed to curl his hair in future, and adopt a totally new *coiffure*.

Jouy, in his preface, declares that he has drawn the character of *Sylla* less from Plutarch than Montesquieu. He then institutes a parallel between the Dictator and Napoleon, which he works out on the principle of contrariety, and winds up with the following panegyric on the actor to whom the success of the play was entirely due. "The most decisive element which has obtained for this tragedy the favour of the public, must be sought for not in the merit of the composition, but in the transcendent ability of the actor, who does not represent, but actually resuscitates the character of *Sylla*. It is not often that full justice is rendered to living merit, and up to this period the ad-

mirers of this great actor have contented themselves with comparing him to Lekain, Garrick, and the illustrious Roscius, whom I have introduced into my tragedy. In placing Talma above every precedent of greatness which the annals of the stage afford, I believe that I am no more than a faithful interpreter of public opinion. He ceases to be an actor when he treads the boards; he is not arrayed in the purple robe or diadem of the stage; every day, during two hours, he becomes, in fact, the person he represents—*Augustus, Hamlet, Nero, or Sylla*. Never was a transformation more complete.

"The studied attitudes, mathematical positions, measured accents, and all the arranged mechanism of conventional art, are utterly rejected by this great master, who exhibits nature in all her simple grandeur, passion in all its inherent fire, feeling in all its uncalculated abandonment. He advances with a collected step, his mantle negligently folded on his breast, and his features concentrated in calmness. Nevertheless, as he approaches, terror accompanies him. Whence arises the passive, motionless attention which he commands? He has neither gesticulated nor spoken, his eye alone interprets his thoughts. He takes his seat; we might say that David has designed the graceful bend of his arm. His voice, strong, clear, and deep, at length begins to utter oracles.

"By what astounding faculty can this actor render disdain so terrible, or irony so withering? How is it that his burning eye seems at once greedy of glory, blood, and repose? By what index can we trace on his countenance, satiety of power in a fierce, relentless soul, political combinations suggested by a mighty genius, the determined courage of a warrior, and the apprehensions of a timid child?

"Roscius, who has been called by Cicero, 'the most virtuous man of his age,' was the idol of the Roman youth, and one of the chief favourites of the dictator. He employed his credit, to the utmost of his ability, in diminishing the horror of the proscriptions, and in humanising the inexorable temperament of *Sylla*. What character can be more exalted than that of a man celebrated for his talent and opportunities, in whose person the imitation of an ideal nature and the

expression of heroic virtues are joined to their practice in the experience of actual life? By a singular coincidence, Talma, like Roscius, was the honoured friend of the most distinguished persons of his age, and lived in habits of intimacy with the man who for fourteen years dictated laws to continental Europe."

When Napoleon went to the celebrated congress of sovereigns at Erfurt, in 1808, Talma, with a select cohort from the Theatre François, was ordered to attend him. "You shall play before a pit full of kings," said he to his favourite. Nothing could exceed the respect with which Talma was treated during this expedition. One of the plays selected was Voltaire's "Death of Cæsar," which bore directly upon the position of Napoleon, surrounded by his tributary potentates, some of whom might be conspirators in disguise. He enjoyed the palpable application with marked delight, augmented by the evident embarrassment of his surrounding cortege. At the representation of *Œdipus*, when *Philoctetes* uttered the line,

L'amitié d'un grand homme est un bienfait des Dieux,

the Emperor Alexander of Russia, who was seated on the right of Napoleon, bowed to the latter, and said, in an audible voice, with unaffected grace, "That verse is made expressly for me."

Subsequent to his success in *Sylla*, Talma ventured on a character completely out of his usual walk, *Dancelle* in Casimir Delavigne's comedy of "L'Ecole des Viellards." Here he had the disadvantage of appearing in the ordinary vestments of modern fashion, and the novelty of his situation for a time embarrassed and clouded his genius. But after a few repetitions, this was considered one of his most successful efforts. His last original character, *Charles the Sixth*, (in the tragedy of M. Delaville,) was also his closing performance before the audience who had so long hung in raptures on his accents, and testified now their admiration for the actor, joined to cordial sympathy for the man. While representing this aged monarch, imbecile, demented, and worn out by sufferings and misfortune, he himself was struggling with the

mortal disease which came as the herald of death, and was soon destined to close his earthly career. He was taken ill in Paris, and wished once more to revisit his country seat at Brunoy, but his strength failed so rapidly, that removal was found to be impossible. His physicians despaired, but he himself encouraged hope almost to the last moment. The Archbishop of Paris, from personal respect, called to see him; but the dying man declined the interview, not from any absence of proper religious feeling, or from disrespect to the prelate, but because the Church had refused to ratify his marriage on account of his profession, and was equally prepared to deny to an actor the ordinary rites of sepulture—a bigotry peculiar to France, and discreditable to the government by which it was long tolerated. "I regret exceedingly," said Talma, the day before his death, "that I cannot receive this good archbishop, but if I get better, my first visit shall be to him." He expired gradually, and without pain, on the 19th of October, 1826, at his own house in the Rue de la Tour-des-Dames. His last words were, "The worst of all is, that I cannot see." His sight had completely failed during his illness. Within a few hours after his death, two painters took sketches of his head, and David, the sculptor, was employed on a cast, from which was afterwards executed the marble statue destined to be placed in the hall of the Theatre Français. Two days later, on the 21st of October, the body of Talma was borne to its final resting place on earth, in the cemetery of *Père la Chaise*, attended by a vast concourse of distinguished admirers; and as the coffin was lowered, his friend, comrade, and rival, Lafont deposited on it a wreath of *immortelles*, and pronounced a powerful oration, which was long remembered for its touching pathos and affectionate sincerity.

Talma was often solicited to instruct young beginners, but he invariably advised them not to think of the stage, a career in which anything short of high success condemns the votary to a life of cheerless servitude. It does not appear that declining years and increasing fortune ever induced him to contemplate a formal retirement. He loved his art with enthusiasm, and as he knew his ablest

illustrations must perish with him, he determined to continue them as long as his faculties remained unimpaired. The annals of the French stage present three distinct epochs, signalised by three great masters, each remark-

able for an opposite style—Baron, Lekain, and Talma. A close parallel presents itself in our own history, when we turn to the ages, schools, and names of David Garrick, John Kemble, and Edmund Kean.

J. W. C.

THE DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY.

CHAPTER I.

A MORNING WALK IN CALCUTTA.

EACH hour in the day has its peculiar phasis and its own striking features in the East. In any large city of the west it is quite true that the aspect of the streets and environs at one hour is not precisely similar to that which they present at another. The early morning, the middle of the day, the evening, night, have all, more or less strikingly, their own characteristics. But in the far East the hour of the day may be easily known by the aspect of the town. Let business once commence in the swarming hives of European industry, and one hour is like another until its close. Not so under the burning sun of the tropics; there all is periodical, both in animal and vegetable life.

In the early morning in Calcutta, for instance, crowds of Hindus of all ages and both sexes, may be seen making their way down to the Hooghly—"muddiest and murkiest of sacred streams"—to indulge in, or to endure, their morning ablutions; and not Hindus only, for the Mussulman population, and the Seikhs are no less scrupulous in the practice of bathing than the worshippers of Brahma. Servants, palanquin-carriers, grooms, and sepoy, all wend their way down to the river, and, standing therein, discharge one jug of water after another over their heads. It is a religious rite with them; and whether in the cold morning air of January, or the grilling heats of May and August, they equally bathe and wash. Emerging

from the water, the Hindus ascend the steps of the landing-places muttering their prayers aloud, in which the reiterated word, "*Ram, Ram!*"* is alone to be heard. In another hour all is changed. The sun casts a flood of light over the great Salt Lake east of Calcutta, and the bathers are to be seen no more. They have gone to their daily avocations. One loitering woman or another, perhaps, may be seen wringing out her long, black hair as she proceeds from the river, her clothes sticking closely to her wet skin as she walks leisurely along, heedless of observation. The wealthier natives are now bathing at their private *ghauts*, or landing-places on the river, or else at their houses—water having been conveyed thither in sheep-skins on men's shoulders; for Calcutta is innocent of water-pipes, as it is of drainage or of gas.

The poorer classes may be seen preparing their morning meal; servants hastening to the meat-markets, or rubbing down the horses, or cleaning their masters' houses, or opening their shops.

One hour after, and another change has come over the spirit of the dream. Active preparations are being made to convey the *sahibs* to office. Palanquins are dusted, and borne to the doors of the Portuguese and poorer English clerks; buggies and covered carriages roll out from the stables and coach-houses, to be harnessed and got ready for the wealthier; whilst, in the native quarter of

* Synonymous with, O God! O God!

the town, the morning meal engrosses all hands and mouths. Piles of rice and curry are demolished and disappear—the fingers conveying load after load skilfully to the parted lips. Another hour, and all Calcutta is on the alert. The native clerk emerges from his home in brilliant or dingy white—the vehicles roll along—the palanquins are being poked against each other, and against the persons of the pedestrians. All is bustle and hot haste everywhere. Every quarter of the town, the bazaars, the European streets, the native roads, are alive with multitudes of all classes and all grades,—differing as much from each other in outward appearance and gait and manner, as in belief and thoughts.

Another hour, and repose as of death has crept over the streets. The sun is flinging beams of intense power into every nook and cranny. All Calcutta is oppressed with a sweltering heat that enervates and overpowers. Listless forms are stretched under shelter in the bazaars and narrower streets. All the work done is going on within doors; and if the roll of a carriage is heard without, the listener wonders who it can be, and would get up to see were there energy enough left in him; but there is not, and so he sits on, lolls, and wonders. And so on from hour to hour, I might proceed with the horoscope of the City of Palaces—the diurnal horoscope. It is not my intention, however, so to do. I want to bring back the reader's attention to the morning, and there to fix it for a short time. Standing on the bank of the Hooghly, not far from Fort William, just as the natives are finishing their matutinal ablutions, the scene is unique and interesting enough. Vessels from all nations are swinging with the tide, made faintly visible by the morning light bursting over the plain—not stealing gradually over it, as would be the case in more northern climes. Vessels from all nations—the representatives of the great western powers amid the waters of the Ganges; France, England, America in pleasant commercial rivalry. There is the uncouth junk of the Celestials, too, with its great staring eyes painted on the bows; and there is the *prahu* of the Malays, and the lugger of the Dutchman, and the opium clipper of

the Anglo-Indian merchant; the sacred waters of the Ganges supports them all alike.

As the light increases, the forms of seamen gliding about on the decks become more and more distinct, and nautical sounds in many tongues gradually break upon the silence.

To our left some sepoys are lounging opposite one of the drawbridges of the Fort—lounging in an upright soldierly way, not crouching, monkey-fashion, upon the ground, as the other natives do. They are smoking, of course. Men smoke in India almost as much as in Holland or in Germany.

An occasional Anglo-Indian pedestrian comes, in a busy, business-like way, along the path by the river's side. An occasional *gharris* or palanquin carriage comes rolling along to the landing-place, that its pale-faced occupant may indulge in a few turns by the river, now when the fresh morning air is agreeable and reviving. The coolies and palanquin bearers, who are wringing out their wet clothes upon the beach, make room for him respectfully, as he strides on conscious that he belongs to the ruling race, and bearing that consciousness legibly written on his countenance.

It is an interesting thing to listen to the voluble tongues of these poor, hard-working, merry, contented, long-suffering men—the palanquin-bearers—at this early hour. All day they work hard under a broiling sun—the early morning is their only time for relaxation and unobstructed talk. They sleep much during the day, between the intervals of excessive labour; but they require much sleep, and now as they wring out their clothes they make up for many previous hours of silence and hard labour.

But it is not to observe the varied aspect of the City of Palaces at this early hour, nor to notice the variety of vessels that crowd the Hooghly, nor to examine Hindu Venuses emerging from the bath, nor to discourse of palanquin-bearers, that I have brought you here, good reader. It is to see a man worth seeing, who regularly perambulates about this walk in the early morning, and whose appearance indicates him to be noteworthy in many ways. There he is!—I thought we should see him—

making his way between those lounging native soldiers resting on the turf, and the Hindu coolies who are spreading their clothes upon the river's bank to dry. Hat in hand, Dr. Lemuel Gebirgen advances. He walks thus constantly. Our absurd European hat, quite unsuited to the climate, he carries in accordance with tyrant custom, but in his hand instead of on his head. There is no appearance of hurry or haste about him, and yet he is far from sauntering. No! he moves leisurely, but not too slowly, along—the thoughtful head with its slightly silvered hair a little advanced, as he makes his way now between the thoughtless coxcomb who is torturing his horse to show his horsemanship, on the one side, and the equally thoughtless soldiers who are smoking in a little group on the other. His head has been partially silvered, just sprinkled here and there with frost, not so much by years as by thought and sorrow; for, estimable as he is, he has not escaped his share of the woes of this life—nay, rather has borne more than his due share, as the deep-feeling, sensitive soul perhaps always does. The massive forehead tells of thought, the drooping mouth and sunken cheek of mental suffering. People object to the heavy eyebrow, and wish to persuade us that the dark glowing orbs which they environ would be better if relieved by a lighter fringe. Quite a mistake; the heavy eyebrow gives a character to the face which suits its outline and its expression better than the most beautifully pencilled arch that man in his rage of imitation, or nature in her originality, has ever exhibited elsewhere. Looking at the bushy beard and moustache, on which time has but gently laid his hand, one would scarcely suppose that our friend Dr. Gebirgen was a metaphysician. Such is the fact, however, and that which the lower portion of the face with its statuesque beauty would conceal, is often told by the preoccupied eye and abstracted gait, that make the observer smile as he sees him sometimes vainly try to put his hat into his pocket, mistaking it for a handkerchief or a book. His well-knit frame and stalwart limbs are not those of a "carpet knight," but of one who has used his strength well and gloried in it in his youth.

Let us step aside and note him as he passes by. There is a firmness in the tread, and an elasticity also, which tell that youth in deserting the frame has not wholly borne away with it its vigour and its capability of endurance. The advanced head may not be graceful, but it is earnest and thoughtful, and becomes the man well. The hat held in the left hand, whilst the right leans on a stout oak stick, shows that for his part Dr. Lemuel Gebirgen cares little for appearances,—that having weighed appearances and comfort in the balance, he finds the latter the heavier and more valuable. The wind, which has sprung up with the increasing light, lifts the dark silvered hair from the forehead, and lets it fall again, disclosing a massive head, doubtless well filled, capable of much thought. His dress is light in colour and material, as befits the climate, and loose withal. He walks here daily, from half-past five to seven, and then entering his carriage is driven back to his home and to his day's avocations. He is standing still now to watch that graceful cutter making her way up the stream. It belongs, perhaps, to an indigo-planter who lives far away up the river, and soon fond eyes will be straining from the lonely home to get a glimpse of its white sails and well-known trim. It is a suggestive sight, and doubtless the doctor is moralizing upon it after his wont; but it is also a beautiful one, and it is not much to be wondered at, that the graceful tackings of the cutter excite so much attention on shore. A few more turns, now that the walk has been resumed, and the river's bank will be deserted by the Europeans; for the sun is gradually stealing over the landscape and lighting it up in a fiery glow—a glare that hurts the unaccustomed eye—a few more turns and Dr. Lemuel Gebirgen too will be gone,—to resume, however, his solitary, thoughtful walk on the morrow.

Many a morning did I so watch the indefatigable doctor, admiring much the ardour with which he sought the beautiful with his eye, the suggestive with his mind; and, often thinking that such a man was worth study—worth a whole host of ordinary acquaintances, such as jostle us in the world's crowd, and scarcely excite interest in our minds to cause

us to turn and ask whither they have gone. I longed to become acquainted with one whom outwardly I had conned and studied so eagerly and so attentively. He had not observed my attention, however, for he never heeded much the idle or the thoughtless, amongst whom he doubtless ranked me, as I saunteringly smoked my cheeroot. People said he was an eccentric old bachelor—that was all. Happy phrase, that solves every enigma, satisfies every doubt. The man who wears his hair or his whiskers differently from his neighbours—the man who believes nothing that they believe and much that they laugh at—the man who resents their frivolity or outrages their principles, is simply eccentric; and if unmarried, an eccentric old bachelor! This proves a sufficient explanation for every excellence or every absurdity,—for being vastly above or below his kind. Every little assembly of civilized humanity, every Indian station, every English cathedral or watering town, every European or American coterie has its samples of these eccentric old bachelors, shunned by and shunning the society into which accident or taste has led them; smiled at, sneered at, pitied, attacked, defended; the subjects of infinite jests from sprightly young men; the objects of profound contempt from “far-seeing” mamas with marriageable daughters to dispose of; the frequent theme of conversation in every circle—eccentric old bachelors!

“Do you know anything of that gentleman? He seems no ordinary man,” I observed to a friend who prided himself on knowing everything and everybody in Calcutta—one of those walking encyclopedias who become the oracles of large and small tea-parties.

“I know him well,” was the reply, “Dr. Lemuel Gebirgen, a German—head of the German house of Saltzwedel, Gefer, and Co.—as you say, no ordinary man; between ourselves, he is an eccentric old bachelor in fact.”

“Yes, the Directory tells me as much; that is, his name, and the mercantile house of which he is the chief,” I replied; “but do you know anything of the man? of his history? of his antecedents, as the phrase goes?”

“Don’t I tell you, he’s an eccentric
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old bachelor!” was the reply, dashed with an air of offended friendship that I should not be satisfied with so full and luminous an account.

“Do you know anything of that gentleman?” I asked of an old lady, as we rolled over the strand in a luxurious barouche—an old lady who prided herself on her *ton* and *mode*—words which were ever in her mouth. The doctor had just ridden past—calm, abstracted, preoccupied as usual, but without inspecting the occupants of the vehicle; and so the old lady, who bowed to all, bowed not to him. And here, whilst the old lady is preparing her reply, I cannot help remarking how different this will-o’-the-wisp *ton* is in England and in Calcutta. I do not pretend to account for the difference, for I confess my entire ignorance of the mysteries of *ton* altogether. In Calcutta “the leader of the *beau monde*” is perpetually bowing on the Course or Strand, where ever men most do congregate, as if anxious to prove that she knows everybody worth knowing; she spends her out-of-door life in bowing and watching bows. In England it is very different; the leader there proves by her immobility, as she, with an air of listlessness, examines the passers by no less minutely, that there are few indeed “out-to-day” worthy *her* recognition. The bowing in Calcutta is certainly more of a business. “Do you know anything of that gentleman?” I asked of the fashionable old lady.

“Yes,” was her reply, “I know him perfectly well, Doctor Lemuel Gebirgen—German—rich—eccentric old bachelor.”

“Do you know where he comes from, or anything of his history?” I asked again.

“A German—rich—eccentric old bachelor—*that’s* his history,” was the reply. It was evident I could get no further information in that quarter, so I gave up the pursuit. My curiosity was rather increased than repressed by these unsuccessful essays. Dr. Lemuel Gebirgen, a wealthy German, head of the German house of Saltzwedel, Gefer, and Co., who had been five or six years in Calcutta, and was an eccentric old bachelor, was the entire amount of information which I was enabled to glean from extensive enquiries on the subject.

Fortune favoured me subsequently, however, or I should probably never have written this sketch. Mr. Beagle was at that time one of the numerous secretaries to Government in Calcutta, and Mr. Beagle prided himself on his liberality, on his cosmopolitan expansion. He did not mind even a newspaper editor and a German merchant being seated at his table together with the fashion of Calcutta—so that I and Dr. Lemuel Gebirgen found ourselves at length elbowing each other at dinner one day. Mr. Beagle was one of those “remarkable men” who shine at the dinner table and in the ball room. Mothers looked at him, and hoped that their sons might one day be Beagles too. “Infinitely above the paltry prejudices of Indian life,” was a phrase Beagle loved to apply to himself, giving his unfashionable friends to understand thereby that, for his part, he did not mind how low he stooped in the social scale as long as he found what suited him, and the unfashionable men bowed and grinned in acknowledgment. A newspaper editor in small circles is a dangerous friend to a man in authority, and it was not, therefore, without surprise that I found myself seated beside Dr. Lemuel Gebirgen at Mr. Beagle’s table. As to the doctor, he was neither a dangerous nor an unfashionable man; but not putting himself about much to please others, and always speaking his thoughts (an unpardonable error in polite society) he was looked upon as impracticable, and was troubled little by fashionable people in consequence; nor was it to every one’s dinners, however select, that he would condescend to go; so that I esteemed myself fortunate in meeting him at Mr. Beagle’s.

“Only fancy, Mr. Beagle,” said Miss Blonde, the belle of that season, “Dr. Gebirgen wants to persuade me that I am asleep and dreaming now.”

Dinner was nearly concluded, the guests were playing with the fruit, and Dr. Gebirgen had been holding an animated conversation with Miss Blonde.

“The doctor has but to look into your eyes to persuade himself that he is mistaken,” replied our host to the fair questioner.

“You mistake me,” observed the

doctor in a quiet sonorous voice, that sounded all the more musically from the slightly foreign accent which accompanied it. “You mistake me; I was merely urging you to tell me how you proved to your own satisfaction—to the satisfaction of your own mind—that you were not dreaming. You say you frequently dream. You have, doubtless, dreamt of such entertainments as the present—of a well-supplied table, of guests, of conversation—how do you satisfy yourself that this is not all a dream?”

“I can touch the plate, handle the knife, hear you speak, see the lights—all these are proofs, are they not?” asked the amused young lady.

“By no means,” urged the doctor, “all these things you may dream of. Every one who dreams conjures up scenes, hears voices, engages in conversation, sees lights—and yet it is dreaming all.”

“Then you want to make out I am dreaming,” said the fair lips, poutingly.

“A Doctor of Philosophy and a young lady who sings and dances as you do, Miss Blonde, are unequal combatants in a metaphysical contest,” observed Mr. Beagle.

“Perhaps you will assist the young lady out of the difficulty,” said the doctor.

“Do, Mr. Beagle, do; I shall be delighted to hear you,” urged Miss Blonde.

“Why really the thing is simple enough. There is a reality about every thing when we are awake which we do not find about our dreams,” argued our host; “I see no difficulty in the matter at all.”

“There is an *appearance* of reality I grant you, but if there be not such an appearance of reality in the events and scenes of our dreams,” asked the doctor, “why should we ever be frightened or rendered uneasy by them?”

Miss Blonde’s face relaxed into perplexity, and, so perplexed, was turned enquiringly towards her champion’s.

“What better or more satisfactory proof can we have than this very conversation—the sequence of ideas—the arguments—the coherence of thought and expression?”

“Do you never feel perplexed in dreams?” demanded the doctor; “is

there no coherence of thought and expression there?—no puzzling conversations?—intricate sequences of ideas?—arguments and replies?"

"He will positively persuade us we are all asleep just now," laughingly suggested Mr. Beagle.

We were now all interested, and particular dialogues were suspended, as we listened attentively to the strange discussion.

"I am not about to declare myself vanquished, doctor," continued our host, turning to his antagonist. "By no means. Consciousness is the ultimate resort in all such cases of verbal difficulty. Consciousness within us tells us that we are awake, and *that* consciousness we believe when it tells us we exist, and so when it tells us we are awake. We have the same reason, therefore, for asserting that we are awake that you, Doctor Lennel Gebirgen, have for asserting that you exist."

"Bravely argued," exclaimed the doctor, now thoroughly interested in the contest he had provoked—"bravely argued—but the argument will not hold nevertheless. The consciousness of existence is a totally different thing, which adheres to us waking or dreaming. The idea of the *me* is neither the analogue nor the counterpart of any other which the material world supplies."

Mrs. Beagle evidently had her doubts of the propriety of this language; she looked upon it as too scientifically anatomical to suit the ears of young ladies, and so, rising, left the room with her train, disturbing our philosophical reveries as we rose at their departure.

"You have frightened the ladies away, doctor," said Mr. Beagle; "and now that you have come to the *me* and the *not me*, I confess myself vanquished and cry for quarter. What was that you said about the 'idea of the *me*?'"

"The idea of the *me*," reiterated the doctor, "is neither the analogue nor the counterpart of any other which the external world supplies—it is eminently and necessarily subjective."

"I give it up," replied our host; "those *mes* and *not mes*, *objectives* and *subjectives* have always been incomprehensible to me—I acknowledge myself completely conquered."

"There's truth in the doctor's position," said I, now for the first time venturing a remark, "if I understand it aright; the external world could never have supplied or suggested the idea of consciousness to the mind—it has nothing similar or analogous to offer."

"That is very nearly what I mean," said the doctor, turning to me with some slight appearance of interest; "perhaps, sir, you can suggest a more satisfactory reply with respect to the difference between our waking and dreaming hours than Mr. Beagle has been able to discover."

"I do not profess an acquaintance with much metaphysical lore," I rejoined; "but it appears to me that the analytical power of the mind is dormant during the act of dreaming, whilst the synthetic retains its activity."

"Good, very good," began the doctor, his eyes brightening at the idea of a regular philosophical discussion—"good, very good, but"—

In short, we were in a moment turning our chairs to each other, propounding and responding, with extended forefingers and open palms, our faces lit up with the fire of philosophic controversy, and our minds active and eager in the fray. For a few minutes the guests listened attentively, smiling and nodding to each other. Mr. Beagle extended his white smooth face, on which not a hair out of place was to be seen,—extended it as though he were deeply interested in the contest; but one by one the listeners dropped off, some paying their devoirs to the wine, some to the fruit, and the rest going to join the ladies. Soon we were left alone to fight our battle out as we listed. But, by this time we were both deeply interested; and not Miss Blonde's sweet voice—ringing like a silver bell from the drawing-room, as she exhorted imaginary swains to "love not," whilst she was doing all she could to make the real ones love—could lure us from our contest, which was continued far into the night. I, an unfortunate newspaper editor, obliged to know a little of everything and nothing well, was by no means a match for the doctor—a man who had lectured on metaphysics at Bonn. Still I was able to keep the ball rolling, and

hunted it together indefatigably. We got into corners and out of them; stood on heights and descended; explored imaginary depths with equally imaginary sounding lines, and went in fact through all the figures of philosophical warfare right eagerly and earnestly. The *me* and the *not me*, *subjective* and *objective*, *analysis* and *synthesis*, *conceptivity* and *concreteness* were iterated and reiterated, tortured and twisted, examined and re-examined, until we rose at midnight to depart, finding "no end in wandering mazes lost."

Our discussion that night laid the foundation of a pure and lasting friendship between us. I regarded the doctor as a philosophical preceptor, and he me as a pupil, so that when the exigencies of editorial life permitted, we were constantly together. In

his well-filled library, or in my more unpretending, newspaper-strewn office, we renewed again and again his favorite theme; often passing, however, to other topics, until friendship arose—a friendship pure, lasting, and indissoluble, save by death. In Calcutta there were very few congenial minds with which he felt himself at ease and contented. Mr. Beagle was a literary triton among the minnows of the City of Palaces. He could write pretty verses for ladies' albums; interesting tales for the *Oriental Story Teller*; was even known to write "leading" or "leaden" articles for a newspaper, so that people had assured Doctor Gebirgen, that Mr. Beagle was the very man to be his friend. The doctor had weighed him in the balance, and found him wanting.

CHAPTER II.

THE GERMAN STUDENT.

THERE was much in the character of Doctor Lemuel Gebirgen to interest the intelligent observer. Brought up in a German University, in which he had spent a large portion of his life, he had become wedded to his favorite study—metaphysics. There was much to admire in the boldness with which he set at naught the absurd prejudices of Anglo-Indian life; much too to admire in the sturdy firmness with which he insisted on men acting up to their own individuality, and not allowing themselves to be sunk in the ocean of conventionalisms by which we are surrounded. In other respects there was much to be condemned in him. He would hear of no other gospel but that of Immanuel Kant. The seeds of religion, sown in his mind in infancy, had been uprooted by too great a devotion to the mystic lore of German philosophy. As he expressed it, "the head and the heart had done battle with each other, and the latter had been worsted."

But I must let him tell his own tale—a tale of early triumphs and later woe; of happiness crushed and destroyed by the most terrible of accidents.

The evening on which he first related to me his history was one the remembrance of which was not likely

to fade soon from the memory. It was one of those beautiful moon-light nights which are only to be experienced in all their perfection of brilliancy and hallowing splendour between the tropics.

"You seem strangely desirous of learning the story of my life," said he.

We were seated opposite to each other in his study in Calcutta. The large wide windows, opening like folding-doors, allowed a flood of light to enter the apartment. At such a time no one would think of shutting out the refreshing coolness of a tropical night, after the sweltering heat of the day. A verandah extended beyond the windows; and, through the open railing which guarded the edge of the verandah, the garden was distinctly visible.

Floods of light, as of burnished silver, poured into the chamber. On the floor of the verandah they played pleasantly in their soft brilliancy. On the pillars and the white polished marble-like floor they flickered, casting dark lines of black shadows obliquely across the room. The contrast was pleasant. The black lines on the bright silver patches of irregular form mutually relieved and adorned each other. Without, all the salient

points of the landscape were rendered prominent by the gorgeous glow which poured down lavishly from the moon. "Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright," but vivid and intense, such as the eye delighted to rest on, and could never weary of contemplating. These salient points were rendered still more conspicuous by the black shadows of every variety of shape that lurked behind the trees, the walls, and the statues in the garden. It was as if favored spots were being bathed in a glory denied to the others. Upon the projecting stems and branches of the trees, which spread widely to catch them, the beams of the moon seemed to play mirthfully as they danced from leaf to leaf, from bough to bough, all glistening the more from the slight coating of dew which already covered them. Upon the heads and breasts of the statues the beams shone with a steadier lustre. The Venus caught a new grace from the soft shower, and looked unabashed at the giant-like Hercules placed opposite to her. The repose of Hercules himself leaning upon his club, seemed more serene in conscious strength, as his muscular neck and broad chest shone in the moon-beams. The dancing satyr drew additional ugliness from the beautiful light—light that spoke of quiet, calm repose, holiness and sublimity, whilst he breathed only passion and riot—unholy passion, lawless riot.

Upon the ramparts of Fort William and the irregular line of the Hooghly, seen faintly far away in the distance, the moonbeams glowed and gleamed without change or motion—it was as if both were depicted in a vast photograph, the dark shadows all the darker from the distance, the bright lines and spots more steady and unvarying. They formed the back-ground of the panorama of which the garden, the trees, and the verandah constituted the foreground. Fire-flies, flitting about noiselessly, added a charm to the scene which rendered it picturesque as well as beautiful. Their ever-moving restlessness—now here, now there—alighting for a moment on one leaf to leave it the next for another, made them seem the very spirits of change; wandering stars that had lost their fixity but retained their glow. Hundreds

of these fire-flies on each tree, on every bush, kept up a perpetual whirl of eccentric motion; ever and anon lighting up for an instant some leaf that had stolen near the open window, displaying to our sight the minutest veins of its delicate tracery, and then flitting away, unconcerned, to leave it again in the shade. Hid from our view by the projecting balcony, the moon was sailing through fleecy clouds which she touched with her own brilliancy—in silence sailing, as the grandest objects of nature invariably do—whilst insect and reptile life kept up a ceaseless din throughout the holy scene. Man, insects, and reptiles are the great noise-makers on earth.

We had been so seated for an hour, having forbidden lights to be brought, that we might enjoy the scene without in all its natural beauty.

"You seem strangely desirous of learning the story of my life," said the doctor, after a long pause; "and I know not that I can ever find a more fitting time to relate it. The scene before us conduces to high and holy thoughts, and, in its majesty and grandeur, teaches the littleness of earthly things, or rather, I should say, of human things. Silence follows the loudest bellowing as surely as night the day—silence, of all objective phenomena perhaps the grandest and most imposing, and so rest and quiet follow the most painful and laborious struggles; the rest and quiet of the grave, if none other; but rest and quiet surely and certainly. Man and his animal brethren of the earth make the noise—nature gives the silence, the quiet and the rest.

"With me, musing here, far away from all I have loved and all I have been taught to love, it is as if I had entered into a new state of existence, and were looking back upon the toil and turmoil of life from a secure haven already attained—passion almost dead, affections almost dried up, sympathy with my kind almost exhausted—on the earth but scarcely of it. My studies have destroyed my feelings or plucked them out of my bosom; the head and heart have done battle violently with each other, and the latter has been worsted.

"Strange that no human being ever yet experienced woes which he would not desire to go over again

thought. However broken-hearted, however despairing, he will recapitulate his sorrows, renew his struggles, recall his mental agony to his mind—although the retrospect may cost him dear. The hopeful and the despairing man will alike talk of their futures and their pasts—a reflection that leads us, indeed, to the very genesis of despair, for hope and despair are equally born of desire—hope, with the belief infused that the desire will be realized; despair, with the belief infused that the desire will not be, cannot be, realized at all. Yes, even so is it with me even now; the heart cannot recall past scenes of bliss and woe but the head must anatomize the feelings, and, when I should think only of the people and of the scenes of other years, tell me of the sequence of my ideas, the direction taken by my self-directive power, the genesis of feeling! A melancholy result truly of my studies, but not perhaps altogether evil. There is in the very nature of things something which lies deeper and is far more holy than mere sensibility; it is Being, and order, the safeguard of Being. But a truce to these enquiries—let me recapitulate to you my history.

"It is not every one who can find traces of mental suffering on my face as you have done—far otherwise. The majority set me down as an eccentric old bachelor; in which they are certainly wrong, inasmuch as I conform to custom, and am, therefore, not eccentric; I am certainly not *old*, in their sense of the word, however old in thoughts; and I am not a bachelor. Thus it is with the world's judgments of those who care nothing for such judgments! But the discoveries of reason have not determined—Aha! at the genesis of feeling again! Back, truant! back to Germany.

"My father was a merchant of Hamburg—a successful merchant, who, whilst he labored for money, did not worship it; who knew in fact how to attain it, and how to use it when attained. I was his only child, and his great object in life was to make me a philosopher. Fatal boon! to teach a man to analyze pleasure but not to enjoy it, to anatomize his mind rather than to use it! Having lost my mother at an early age, my father moulded my earliest forms of thought himself. Amid the turmoil of

political troubles—amid wars and rumours of wars—the tyranny of rapacious Frenchmen, and the liberty of our free-town government, he instilled into my mind a love of philosophy that made me early an intellectual, rather than a feeling, boy. Little loved by others, I was idolized by my father, and the few chords of feeling which had been awakened to activity in my breast were wholly and entirely his.

"Engaged in mercantile transactions with England, my father loved the country and its language, as all Germany does; he sympathized with the trials, and studied the literature, of your wonderful island himself, and taught me to do the same. I shall never forget the first time I landed with him in London. Arrived at the head of the Tower-stairs, he placed his hand upon my head, as he said feelingly—'You stand on the soil hallowed by liberty, boy; this is an era in your life; look around you boldly and with interest, for these are freemen, not slaves, that toil so bravely and so well.' I caught his enthusiasm and his admiration, nor have I ever since regretted it. From the literature of England I have quaffed many delicious draughts of soul-refreshing nectar—had she given but the one greatest poet of humanity alone to the world, the world should ever be grateful to her. Germany and England should be knit heart and hand together—for, like congenial spirits, they are dissimilar enough to remain friends for ever. Mental philosophy in the one and material science in the other cannot clash, but may for ever reciprocate.

"You see, then, that my devotion to the literature and language of your country has been by no means of recent growth; it has been instilled into me from childhood, and has strengthened with my body. But we on the continent pay much more attention to modern languages than you do in England, and you must not, therefore, feel surprize at many of us speaking your language sufficiently well to make ourselves understood. A wonderful and a noble language, truly, that already monopolizes two continents—North America and Australia—and tends to unlimited diffusion in two o —Asia and Africa.

"I was instructed by the best preceptors Hamburg could afford, always under my father's eye; and was at the same time initiated into the mysteries of commerce and the routine of the counting-house. I learned the latter mechanically, as the mill-horse learns to pace unvarying round his track—the mind little engaged in the matter, never dreaming indeed that in these or any later days I should return to the labours of my early youth, and forsake the quiet but too mind-stirring paths of academic repose. Let me try and bring a day's life of those far-off times before your mental vision. My studies were commenced early in the morning, under a tutor who instructed me in science and philosophy. With him I read Leibnitz and Bacon, Kant and Descartes, devouring what I read; for he made it all interesting, and brought me as carefully along the undulating path as the mother would her toddling child upon a stony road. Before breakfast I sallied out with my father for a walk from the neighbourhood of the Hopfen Market, opposite St. Nicholas' Church, where we lived, making our way to the green fields, either through the Millern Gate on the west, or the Deich on the east—or skirting, perhaps, in our varying rounds, some of those picturesque canals and sheets of water with which Hamburg and its neighbourhood abound, and which more than compensate for its crooked, time-worn streets and narrow lanes. The Inner Alster was a peculiar favourite of mine; its walks, and the lofty trees and the broad sheet of water, and the never-ending variety caused by the crowds of business and pleasure-boats, all combined to lure me often to its sides; and, as we paced round it, I spoke to my father of my morning's reading, or puzzled him with curious questions, or listened to his accounts of commerce and of Germany—subjects on which he was eloquent—believing, as many do in these days, that there is no happiness or prosperity for the multitude in countries which neglect or discourage commerce; and, perhaps, there is some truth in the dogma, for—. But no! My day's life I must proceed with, not fly off to commerce and political philosophy.

"Our morning meal ended, I had

an hour or two to myself—an hour or two often spent in making acquaintance with novelists and poets, but sometimes too in active physical exercise—riding along the banks of the Great Alster, or pulling a boat on its waters; for, although I had but few companions of my own age, and was for the most part an unloved boy, yet I enjoyed physical exercise and gloried in physical strength. There are even men, I believe, who glory in that in which every horse, every bull, nay, every miserable donkey, excels them; so that you must not blame me, boy and boy-like as I was, if I plumed myself on my muscular arms, and proudly spoke of lifting puny weights above my head—of leaping over small pieces of wood raised a few feet from the ground, or making springs over insignificant ditches and streams, which might have been more easily passed by the ordinary roads or bridges. However ridiculous to you or me glorying in such things may now-a-days seem, yet I distinctly remember such feelings; and in a boy, I have no doubt, they have their use—incitements to exercise which the body needs and must have or die.

"An hour or two so passed—whether in devouring the dreams of poets or of novelists, or in boating, riding, running, leaping or walking—brought me to my father's office, where I had regular work to do, which I knew it would offend my father if I neglected. I tried to do it well, and the most part succeeded, thereby obtaining information which qualified me for my present post. Three hours of such labour brought us to our mid-day meal—dinners, not of the Calcutta order, where they become the labour of the day and the graves of unused hours, but simple dinners—such as German merchants, poor or rich, indulge in—all the more wholesome, too, depend upon it, for their simplicity.

"The interval between dinner and supper, which my father usually spent at the Exchange or about the city, was devoted to study. With a grim, moody-looking preceptor, who seemed to be out of sorts with the world, I ground through Latin and Greek *verba labori*; sometimes quietly pushing on, and sometimes bling and rebellious.

two, were studied in these hours—a subject I heartily disliked. My father had himself given my mind an opposite tendency, to the speculative and the abstract, and ought not, therefore, to have complained. But he desired it, and I set myself down to the study with grimmest determination, working outwardly with great vigor at π and ϕ , square roots and powers, surds and equations—nay, I have some indistinct recollection of having invaded, for a time, the territory of the calculus, differential or integral: a faint, dim recollection, telling of how little I did at it. Outwardly, I say, I worked vigorously with these tools, putting them into new positions, shifting and replacing, squaring and square-rooting, like a thimble-rigger pursuing a miserable pea; inwardly bestowing maledictions without number on the entire study. To this day I cannot regard Newton in the light in which he ought to be regarded; his *Principia* being inextricably woven in my mind with those ridiculous π and ϕ which are the delight of the mathematical world—a reflection capable of much moralizing. But I forbear.

“Studies ended, and the evening set in, I read to my father, or conversed with him and his friends. Early admitted to an equality, I felt little awkwardness, and obtruded my immature observations without a blush. They were kindly or smilingly received, and however absurd they might be proved to be, I was quite ready to launch forth similar remarks—equally unripe—immediately after. I ran a fair risk of being spoiled, indeed utterly, irretrievably spoiled—by presumptuous confidence and boyish vanity; but Bonn saved me. I was sent to its University; my father's fostering hand withdrawn; and then I found what it was to stand upon my own merits—merits no longer seen through the magnifying medium of a father's love, but by the clear light of *burschen* wit and through the unflattering glass of *burschen* judgment.

“Matriculation at a university is the great era in a young man's life, if he be not a native of the place. To me Bonn was a new world. I had reached it with high anticipations—anticipations not altogether fallacious in the end, but completely so in the

beginning. To my father, our separation was a sore trial. I felt it also, but not so deeply. The young heart winds itself about the old as the mistletoe about the oak. I had been his friend and companion for years, as well as his only son, and he loved me even beyond the love of a father. For me, however, the picture had its bright side, at which I loved to look. The long sighed-for *burschenleben*, (student-life), the Rhine scenery, and the students' boating-parties, the university routine with its strange mixture of grave and gay, its study and its boisterous enjoyment, were things I had dreamt of for years and loved to idealize. The reality was far different. I had not calculated on the rude repulse that would be sustained by my holiest feelings—on the ribaldry and profanity, the vulgarity and the obscenity, which the new student must hear and witness, and which shock and disgust him in his first jostlings with collegiate life. These are trials, however, which, at an earlier or later period, all must endure—not peculiar by any means to Germany, as I understand. Large companies of youths, some selfish, some generous; some coarse, some refined; some blustering, others timid; will always present lights and shadows in their moral aspect to the observer's eye—bright lights, deep shadows. Well for the new comer if he mistake not the two, and fancy the shadows lights, as many do.

“In one respect our German colleges are very strikingly contrasted with yours in England. There is far less of the spirit of aristocratic coterie-ship in them. I judge, of course, by what I have heard of Oxford and Cambridge—time-honored names, that through all future ages will suggest admiration and reverence to the cultivated hearer! Your different orders of students, your numerous colleges, some aristocratic, others more plebeian—tend to this result. An unhappy one, in my mind. If distinctions of outward rank should anywhere be laid aside and forgotten, particularly by the young, it is in the house of learning and in the house of God. Not that there ought to be any difference between these two houses; the house of learning and the house of God are one in reality, but man, particularly in these latter days, tries

hard to separate them, and to produce a learning which is not god-like or godly. In Germany all are more on an equality; the highest and the lowest enter their *alma mater* as equally beloved by her. Practically, you will tell me, the same result follows in Oxford and Cambridge. Generally speaking, I think not, for the young man admitted as a *Nobilis*, a *Filius Nobilis*, or an *Equus*, knows full well that he is entitled to a degree *per specialem gratiam*, not like the Pensioners or Sizar, who must labor hard for it. I have myself heard a gentleman from Cambridge—a 'Professor' in one of the Hindu schools, here called colleges—remark of another man from the same seat of learning and in the same employment, 'What can you expect from him? he comes from snobbish Sidney Sussex.' On enquiry I found that Sidney Sussex was the name of the college in Cambridge to which the young man accused of vulgarity had belonged; whilst a third party remarked of the first who had depreciated his condutor, 'He comes from *Queen's*, almost equally snobbish, if not quite.' Thus you see the aristocratic element pervades the institution, and is recognized by the students themselves as a ruling principle. To me this appears a thing to be deplored.

"To return, however, to my life in Bonn. My fondness for athletic sports speedily made me rub off the stiffness and shyness contracted by my solitary life in Hamburg—a shyness that prevented my seeking the society of my compeers, although I was forward enough, as I have said, in the presence of men of more advanced years. The sociality which such sports encourage is, perhaps, their best aspect, although I soon found that the friends they gave me were of the shallowest, intellectually. Anxious to shine in oratorical displays, for which I was quite unsuited, I thrust myself forward into conversation and debating societies, where I soon found that I was out of place. Disgusted with the mental shallowness of my athletic friends, I deserted them; and before eighteen months of my university life had passed, was almost quite alone, sympathizing little with those who surrounded me, neglected by those who regarded themselves as the ornaments of the aca-

demy, and despised by my former companions for my bookishness and the little devotion I then gave to their favourite exercises. I began to grow moody and reserved, gloomy and unhappy. My studies, previously regarded as a bore, became a consolation, and I flew from the contemplation of my own solitary misery, as I believed it to be, to the difficulties of metaphysical research or the obscurities of Greek classical literature. This was my reading-time. I read much and digested what I read, for our professors are more accessible than yours, and delight to solve the difficulties or doubts of enquiring students. My father heard better accounts of me, and was delighted. What I believed to be misery was happiness to him. But I was mistaken in regarding it as misery. Solitude in a crowd, if not too long continued or too profound, is a good thing to the observing mind. My studies enlightened me; the professors became, for the first time, my preceptors; my mind studied the characters of those around me, and during that year I advanced more rapidly in intellectual growth than I had during the previous one in physical.

"At the end of the year a new phase of my existence was induced by the arrival, at Bonn, of Professor Rossm. He had studied metaphysics at Königsberg, under 'the great Immanuel' himself (as we delighted to style Kant), and in the maturity of advanced manhood he was invited to fill the chair of mental philosophy in our university. My father had made acquaintance with him during some of his numerous trips to Berlin, and Herr Rosen received me more as a friend than as a pupil. His advent turned my attention entirely to the criticism of pure reason, to a study of man's cognitive faculty, almost to the exclusion of other subjects. I delighted in Professor Rosen's lectures; and still more in his conversation, replete as it was with anecdotes of his great master, and not his only, but the great master of metaphysical science—nay, I might also have said, of metaphysical philosophy. We have wandered together, having crossed the river, up the steep hills that look down upon the low ground on which Bonn is built, up to the 'castled crag' of the Drackenfels itself, conversing

happily of speculations which tend to no evil and excite no angry passions—one of the few subjects on which men can agree to differ without impugning each other's motives and conduct.

"But it was in the bosom of Herr Professor Rosen's family that I found most happiness. You fancy in England that domestic life is little understood elsewhere. Believe me, you are quite mistaken. A German's home, a true German home—such as Richter loved to paint—is the perfection of domestic bliss. It is true, we have not in Northern Germany the thousand little festivities and harmless superstitions which throw such a glow over the life of the South German; but, in their place, we have a reverence for, and a worship of, the domestic circle, unequalled, in so far as I have seen, elsewhere. In France a man's home is nothing to him; he lives in the *cafés*, on the boulevards, in the theatres, anywhere but at home. In England, a man's home is much to him; he prides himself on its quiet seclusion, but he forsakes it much for his club, if of the higher orders; for the public-house, if of the lower. But in Germany the home is all in all. The true German enjoys what he has without asking for what belongs to others, without grumbling at what he has not; he cares little for sets and parties, nor is he continually hankering after a social position higher than that in which he has been placed by the dispositions of nature. Hence it is that you see so much variety in German ladies; they do not try and assume the airs of others, or follow what they believe to be the leading of superior classes. Distinct in her individuality, each forms her own ideal of what woman ought to be from the resources of her own mind,—acted upon, of course, by the bias of early education—and then sets herself vigorously to realize that idea, not to ape the manners and habits of those above her. But a truce to reflection, or I shall weary out your patience. Let me proceed with my narrative.

"Miss Rosen, the Professor's daughter, was at this time fourteen years of age, four years younger than I was. She was one of those German ladies whom I have just lauded—German-like, with a distinct individuality; not the copy of anything

else on this earth, but the result of a pure nature acting naturally—expanding like a flower into the beautiful object it was intended to be. Her mother had been some time dead; and, with a younger sister to attend to and to train, she was alone. Her father she revered and revered as a pious daughter full of filial sentiment, induced by early teaching or otherwise, should. Her mother had, indeed, poured into her mind that combination of ideas—that vast and complicated system, half æsthetic and half imaginative, called religion; and the youthful soul had drunk it all in greedily—wanting food, and finding this most suited to its taste and capacity. You call my ideas on this subject peculiar, I know, if not worse; well, let that pass.

"Miss Rosen was just expanding into womanhood—a lady according to our German ideas, but not so according to your English prejudices. She had a cultivated mind, refined taste, carefully trained æsthetic perceptions, and, of extraneous knowledge, a fair, if not a large, share. But her father was not rich, and so according to your English ideas she could not have been a lady. Nay, nay, sir, believe me I have founded my convictions on the surest basis, on extensive analytic observation, both in England and here. Miss Rosen had to attend much to the house-work; she often prepared our dinner when I dined with her father, for they had but one servant, an untrained girl. According to English ideas Miss Rosen could not have been a lady—according to German ideas she was. Her appearance had in it most of the characteristics of the German race—light blue eyes, light flaxen hair, an oval face, well-formed and delicate, but not perfectly beautiful, and a light graceful form. These, with a well-developed mind carefully nurtured in the religious sentiment by her mother, and in the cognitive faculties by her father, formed a being whose love lit up the household as with sunshine, whose influence was felt as a calm and holy influence by all.

"I loved her; and now, after having spent with her more than twenty years of wedded life, I can look back to those first fresh feelings without astonishment; for I saw her early excellencies reflected but a few years

ago in her daughter, until both were snatched by the cruellest of fates from me—until, from the happiest, I was made in a day, nay, in a moment, the most miserable of men. The flames rise before my imagination now as then—. But hush ! I grow excited ; and excitement in an old man—old in

thoughts if not in years—is worse than useless, worse than criminal ; it is foolish. Excitement becomes the ardent, impulsive character of youth ; age should soar above it. The wide and legitimate synthesis of mature thought should be above the partial and blind developments of immature analysis.”

OUR ANTIPODEAN NEIGHBOURS.*

AMONGST the many old-world notions which this marvellous age of progress is knocking out of our heads, there is one which, to our thinking, has been remarkably ill-treated. We mean that most ancient and respectable element of existence, whereby we, and those who through all ages have gone before us, were accustomed to measure all things—*TIME*. Long ago, when we were little boys and girls, our notion of distant countries, such as America or Australia, was expressed by the length of time which was required to reach them. Six weeks measured the distance of the one, and six months that of the other. The Swiss peasant told you that a certain town, to which you were wearily tramping a-foot, or jogging in a *char-a-banc*, was so many hours distant from the spot on which you interrogated him. We were in the habit of calling New York a modern city, because it was built within the last three centuries ; and looked upon Toronto and Cincinnati and such like, as civic infants scarcely out of their long-clothes. Again, we thought such a building as our post-office in Sackville-street was constructed in a short time, because it was completed in little more than two years after its commencement.

But how thoroughly changed are all our ideas in relation to this old standard. We either discard it altogether as a measure, or use it in a fashion that is truly astonishing. Were we, for instance, to ask any of “the rising generation” of precocious children to indicate to us upon the

face of the globe two regions which were distant respectively from the City of Dublin, six weeks and six months of travel, we should be, to a moral certainty, dealt with by the catechumen somewhat after this fashion. He would first mutely contemplate us with a quiet stare of astonishment, shewing that he entertained suspicions of our mental sanity, or that he imagined us guilty of the irreverence of putting a hoax on one who had the high honour of being born in the middle of the nineteenth century. Upon a repetition of our question he would, perhaps, so far indulge our unaccountable humour as to proceed to the *celestial globe*, and place his finger successively upon Pallas and Neptune. Should we ask the youngster, then, the *time-distance* of the coasts of America or Australia respectively, he would tell us, and tell us truly, that the former can be reached in six days, and the latter may, by the proposed route, *via* Diego Garcia, as lately stated in the *Times*, be brought within forty-four days of Dover. May we not, then, call the Antipodeans our neighbours ? And, then, the poor Switzer ; who would now believe him when he tells the tourist upon the new line of Alpine railway that he has still seven hours of travelling to the next town ? And as to towns—Heaven protect us ! —they spring up almost like mushrooms in a night ; you may see them growing, as the Indian juggler will exhibit a mangoe passing in five minutes through all the stages of growth from the seed to a shoot six

* Two Years in Victoria ; by William Howitt, 2 vols. London : Longman and Co., 1855. Victoria ; by Captain H. Butler Stoney. London : Smith and Elder. Dublin : McGlashan and Gill, 1856.

A Residence in Tasmania ; by Captain H. Butler Stoney. London : Smith and Elder, 11

inches long, with a fine budding of young leaves. Rip Van Winkle's adventure would be nothing supernatural now-a-days. We venture to assert that any reasonably comatose old gentleman, especially if assisted with a dose of mesmerism or chloroform, may realise similar results in the regions of Australia Felix. Let him some fine morning leave the auriferous districts that lie near the base of the Grampians or the Pyrenees, and after the fatigue of ascending one of the range, let him lie down in some verdant hollow under a gum tree and take his quiet snooze for two or three days; and when he comes down he will be sure to see, in some spot that he left in the solitude in which God made it, a town extemporised as by magic—iron houses, wooden huts, canvas tents, men, women, children, crow-bars, pick-axes, shovels—and let him keep his eyes wide open, or he will run a good chance of breaking his neck or being drowned by falling into one of the holes which, by the hundred, are already excavated in this newly established "digging." Solomon, who for the *slow* age in which he lived, was a person of very extensive information, both theoretic and practical, observed that "there is a time for every purpose under heaven;" meaning thereby, as appears by his numerous illustrations, that one should go quietly and orderly about one thing at a time—for which he would find time enough—and not go gadding from one thing to another, or doing half-a-dozen things at once; not to laugh and weep at the same moment, or to cast away stones when one ought to be gathering them together; or, above all, not to commit such a mistake as to die at the very moment when one ought to be born. Our wiser Solomons, now-a-days, ignore this preaching altogether. They say "there is time for nothing," therefore you must do everything in no time. A man in the Antipodes may answer our question here in no time—we are not scrupulous in anticipating time by a year or so in this assertion, having, of course, lost all respect for him—by the electric telegraph; nay, it may so happen, in "less than no time," and the response may be actually delivered before the question, if he only run electricity in one direction against the earth's

revolution in another. So, if you want to travel, you must take care not to spend more than a minute upon each mile of your journey; and in building a city, so far from sitting down to count the cost beforehand, you must not sit down at all, but build, build night and day, as if the heavens were raining down brick and mortar, with an occasional snow fall of pine for joists and flooring, and a sleet shower of slates for roofing; and when all is finished you may count the cost, if you have a moment's spare time; or if you haven't, why then, just pay without counting.

We have been led into this rather bye-path of thought, by the perusal of a couple of volumes which have recently issued from the press upon the subject of Victoria and Tasmania, by Captain H. Butler Stoney. We have always watched with especial interest the progress in civilization and prosperity of Australia—noting the fortunes of those brave and hardy sons of our British islands who have devoted themselves to the colonisation of that far-away land—spreading British influences around them—spending British blood and bone and muscle in rearing up a mighty nation that under judicious treatment, and a wisely liberal policy will, in all human probability, be ere long the brightest as well as the richest jewel in our royal crown. Above all, we take an especial interest in the State of Victoria—for State we may now call it, seeing that it received its right of self-government by an Act of the British Legislature passed last year—inasmuch as we ourselves form no small portion of the literary immigrants that enter monthly into the town of Melbourne. And, therefore it is that, although we have within the last five years taken occasion from time to time to notice the progress of these colonies, we now gladly revert to the subject. Indeed the changes that even a few months, not to speak of a few years, make both socially and morally in these countries, require and justify a recurrence to them within briefer intervals than would be necessary in following the history of older established nations.

Little more than twenty years have now elapsed since the first permanent settlement in the district then called

Port Phillip, but now universally known as Victoria. Mr. Henty of Launceston, in Tasmania, having received very favorable accounts of the southern coast of Australia from some whalers who had visited that district, was induced to form a whaling station at Portland Bay (not far from the western boundary of Victoria), and it would seem that he also conveyed a number of sheep to the same locality. This fact is undisputed; and Mr. Henty is left in quiet possession of the honor of having formed the first settlement in Portland Bay. Not so is the honor of forming the first settlement in Port Phillip Bay. In the following year two parties of adventurers anchored in its waters. The one Mr. John Bateman, who had landed at Geelong with fifteen other gentlemen, and purchased 600,000 acres of land from the aborigines for about £200 worth of goods. The other was Mr. John P. Fawcner, or Falkner,

For Fame

Stells the heroic syllable both ways.

who, a very few days after, disembarked with his rival associates at the falls of the Yarra, about eight miles up from its mouth in the bay; and there, where the foot of white man had never before intruded, he established his settlement upon the very site where now stands the noble and picturesque town of Melbourne, with all the accessories of an ancient city—her harbour thronged with vessels from all parts of the world—her quays busy with life and commerce—her streets thronged with people, ornamented with fine buildings, public and private mansions, and filled with banks, theatres, public institutions, and shops—a city, one stone of which was not laid twenty years before the time at which we are now writing. These two settlers dispute the point of precedence in respect of colonization; and it is, perhaps, one of the most singular historical curiosities that could be adduced, as well as a very striking proof how rapidly an Australian colony grows old, that even while the parties, or one, at least, of them is still living, the question of the original white settlement in

Port Phillip should have assumed all the dubiousness of ancient chronology. It happens that a Mr. Bonwick, of Melbourne, has just published there a book on "The Discovery and Settlement of Port Phillip." The work—which, by the way, we may mention, is brought out by Mr. Robertson, formerly of this our good city of Dublin, and now a thriving and respectable bookseller of Melbourne—has not yet reached this country; but the Australian journals give us some account of the controversy upon this debated point which it has resuscitated, and it is not a little amusing to find John Fawcner himself doughtily taking the field in defence of his own claims, and doing battle with Mr. Bonwick who is the champion of Bateman. Mr. Bonwick insists it is undeniable that to John Bateman's enterprise is due the settlement of the colony. Fawcner replies that, though Bateman talked and wrote about coming to Port Phillip, he had a prior claim as a resident and cultivator in 1803; and that he had a garden and orchard in cultivation, and five acres of wheat growing, before Bateman ever saw the Yarra; and that though Bateman got a few days the start of him in 1834, yet that he only attempted to found "a large squatter establishment." The quarrel is a very pretty one as it stands, and so we shall leave the parties to fight it out.

Since the publication of Mr. Westgarth's very admirable work on Victoria, of which we have in a former number given some account,* we have been favored with several books upon this interesting colony. Amongst them are two volumes from the pen of William Howitt, who visited the colony in the end of 1852, and spent nearly two years there. They are full of valuable information, and highly characteristic of that shrewd and clear headed writer; in addition to which, they abound with lively details of life and manners, and graphic sketching of Australian scenery. Next to this we may mention the volume just issued from the press by Captain Butler Stoney, who was there at the time of the Ballarat disturbances in December, 1854, and to a detail of which it is prin-

* See Dublin University Magazine, Vol. 43, February, 1854.

capally confined. At the same time he gives his own thoughts on the colony, and brings down the account of its resources and progress to a very recent period. We purpose to use the two works, as well as other sources of information at our disposal, so as to give our readers a fair notion of the present position and prospects of Victoria.

The two great difficulties to be dealt with in this colony, are the gold question, and the system to be established in reference to the sale and tenure of land; and in relation to both these vital subjects it is impossible to deny that heretofore the local government has been singularly unfortunate. The statements that meet us on every side from faithful witnesses, shew that much blame is attributable to very imperfect, as well as injudicious arrangements, and a great want of foresight in making provision against the disturbing influences which the sudden discovery of gold, and the consequent rush of population and increase of prices would necessarily excite. Mr. Howitt has dealt with this subject in a bold and manly tone, and for which he deserves all praise; and the observations that he has collected and worked up some of them himself, these statements may be relied on. He observes thus:

I have heard a great deal of Colonial Government, but seeing it for myself can only wonder what it really is. It seems to consist in either leaving nature to do what she will, or in thwarting her efforts where she would do right. It seems only to consist in fixing one's eye, and that fixed only on the subject of the subject. No man does the thing for me, and give up liberally all the means of the gold-field, to enable the Colonial Government to make those improvements that are necessary to a native and enterprising people. Then these profound legislators are suddenly attempt to burn their candle at both ends. Not content with levying a monthly tax of 30s. on every individual who enters or traffics on the gold-field, a large number of whom never dig up anything, they are also to lay on an expert duty of 2s. 6d. per ounce. A farmer attempts to sell his wheat for 4s., making it 4s. 6d. per bushel, and then, showing them the folly of this, they say, no, they had strength to do it, but the Government has not strength to do it. They are so weak, they are so slow, they are so stupid, that the question was not whether they could do it, but whether they could not do it. They are so weak, they are so slow, they are so stupid, that the question was not whether they could do it, but whether they could not do it.

It is not only in the gold-field, but in all directions

and Melbourne would soon have seen its gold trade tried up, like one of its creeks. What force had Government to maintain a custom all along its frontiers, to prevent this transit? None. It had not force enough on the heels to compel the diggers to pay the duties of a, which they declared that they would not pay, if the duty was imposed.

The most glaring sign of the fatuity of a Government, is its unconsciousness of its own weakness, or of the power of those whom it seeks to control. When the bull-frog attempts to swell himself into the hail, Esop tells us the inevitable result. But the most fatal error which a Government can commit, is to teach its subjects its utter inability to compel them, if they choose to resist; except it be that of setting them an example of injustice and rapacity,—a lesson only too readily learned by those on whom they seek to practise it.

The next astonishing feature of Colonial Government which has forced itself on my notice in coming up the country, is the total absence of all attempt to introduce those improvements for which the Home Government gave up so splendid an inheritance. Nature has done much up this Sydney road inspiring no immense level, but Government has done nothing. This same Government, so eager to impose taxes on the diggers at both ends, has not done a single thing to make the road to the diggings passable. There is scarcely a wooden bridge over a gully; and there is not a dangerous piece of hill-side or precipice where the Government spade or pick has left its trace. The diggers, and the carriers of the supplies of their necessities of life, whom the Government were in such haste to tax, are left to make their way up the most terrible roads conceivable, as they can. Their carts and drays are dashed to pieces; their goods are shattered and damaged; their horses and bullocks are injured, and even killed, by scores, on roads, so called, for the making of which so splendid a revenue is resigned by mother England. Yet this Government, which does absolutely nothing on the roads, takes care to sit at the end of them, like a dragon, to swallow up the wrack which remains to these suffering men.

This is a state of things scarcely credible; and yet there are other facts detailed by Mr. Howitt that aggravate and intensify these evils. The system of police and the manner in which they discharged their duties were abominable, and gave rise to the worst possible feeling between them and a population at best not very easily managed, as it consisted of people from every nation in the world, and in many instances of the worst portion of each country. The diggers were subjected almost hourly to the annoy-

ing demands to produce their licenses, no matter how engaged; and personal violence was often resorted to, and it seems that their superiors in office were in many instances as tyrannical as their underlings.

Nothing can exceed the avidity, the rigidity, and arbitrary spirit with which the license fees are enforced on the diggings, and the eagerness with which Government sends off a batch of Commissioners and police to collect tax on every newly-discovered digging—invariably never spending a thought on roads or facilities of any kind by which the onerous life-coast of the digging population may be lightened. These things naturally grate dreadfully on the spirits of the digging population—a large amount of which are gentlemen—especially when they see the arbitrary, Russian sort of way in which they are visited by the authorities. Any one found without a license in his pocket—though he have it in his tent—is, without excuse or explanation allowed, marched off to camp, and there summarily fined from £3 to £5; and if he show any reluctance or indignation at this treatment, he is, without ceremony, handcuffed and dragged off. These things are not only true, but too true, and too common, and are creating a spirit that will break out one of these days energetically.

Many an indignant digger, when he has his license in his pocket and can afford to speak, says to the police, when they ask him to show it, "Go and look after the roads, and then come and demand our licenses."

If we are to credit Captain Stoney, this state of things is changed for the better; and, indeed, we may reasonably hope that the new and large legislative powers conferred upon the people of Victoria will lead them to apply those powers to a thorough reform of the social and political evils which have hitherto impeded their progress.

When, in the end of the year 1851, it was suddenly made known to the world that Victoria possessed gold fields more rich than any hitherto found in the world, there was, as might be expected, an influx of people from all quarters. The adjacent colonies poured in their thousands and tens of thousands; and more distant lands, the mother country amongst them, allured by the highly exaggerated reports of the new found wealth, sent their multitudes to share in the golden harvest. The result may be readily conceived; every article of human use rose to fabulous

prices, and labour could command whatever remuneration it asked. In this state of things more than one blunder was committed. The first of these was throwing open the wealth of the land to all nations, without placing any restriction upon them. It is true that America allowed the whole world to participate in the wealth of her gold fields, but she affords them every facility and inducement to become citizens, settling upon her soil and spending upon her land what they draw from it. No such provision was made in Australia; on the contrary, the price of land was put so high by the government, and the allotments (except for town locations) were so large, together with the difficulties and vexations placed in the way of purchases, that few persons ventured or were able to settle on the lands permanently. Thus the wealth that was suddenly acquired, instead of being invested in farms and the cultivation of land, was either taken away from the country altogether or squandered in the most vicious and profligate excesses, enriching only the keepers of grog shops, in which men have been known to spend £800 or £900 in two or three weeks, and aggravating the already grievous evil of high prices. There can be no doubt that if a different system had been pursued, and the purchase of land made cheap and facile, the supply of the necessities of life would have been so greatly increased as in some degree to keep pace with the growing demand for them, and thus, while reducing the exorbitant prices, would have yielded a return to agriculturists, little less in amount, and far more humanizing to those who pursued such avocations and more beneficial to the state, than even gold digging. That we are justified in this statement will be evident from the fact, that some of the largest fortunes have been made in Victoria by persons who amassed them, not by gold digging, but by ministering to the necessities and the excesses of those who dug. Many of the publicans, after being six or twelve months in business, have retired with fortunes of £40,000 or £50,000. And with such facts and reasonings staring them in the face, the commissioners of crown lands in Victoria held them as it were locked up.

"Is it any wonder," observes Mr. Howitt, "that Americans are astonished when they come into a fine country, all lying open and waste, and find nearly its whole extent of 93,000 square miles, or 60,000,000 acres, handed over to 1000 squatters for a mere £20 a-year each?—That with a vast population pouring into the country, and who want to settle, there should be more than 60,000,000 acres still unsold, and yet not an acre to be had?—That 1000 men, for the small aggregate sum of £20,000, should hold the whole from the public, who would pay millions of money for it, and establish a population upon it, trading to the amount of millions every year with England?—That each single man, for £20 a-year, shall enjoy on an average nearly 93 square miles, or 60,000 acres?"

In truth this land question is the great and fundamental question for Victoria, and meets one at almost every point of view. Again and again it recurs, as lying at the very root of all the institutions of the colony, and upon the due adjustment of which must ultimately depend its well being. We may be permitted, therefore, a glance at its history.

In all the colonies of the Australian continent, the government at first were glad to induce a population to go out and settle by giving them free grants of land. This privilege was turned after a time to very bad purposes by those to whom its management was committed, and land was finding its way into the hands of the favorites of the government at home who never set foot upon Australian soil. In the year 1837, however, a new and fatal system was established by government, upon the suggestions of the well-known Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield. His plan was to sell all lands in South Australia at the high upset price of £1 per acre. By force of puffing and false representations, this plan had an apparent and short-lived prosperity. But ere long its failure became manifest. Capitalists found that it did not pay to give a pound an acre for land at the other side of the globe, and renounce all the comforts of home and civilization in order to occupy it; and the consequences were that wages rose from the paucity of hands, and agriculturists took

to feeding, and spread over the country to find pasture on lands for which they paid nothing—consequences the very opposite of the *concentration* and cheap labor which the promoters of the scheme confidently predicted.* To remedy this evil, land in Port Phillip, which could then be obtained at five shillings an acre, was raised to the same price as in South Australia, a measure which produced the worst results. It impoverished two hundred thousand people to enrich a few Adelaide land speculators, and sent, as Mr. Howitt observes, "three millions and a half of our population to till the lands of our Transatlantic rivals, instead of cultivating our own." In 1847, the government committed another grave error, though in an opposite direction. They established in fact the squatting system. By an act of parliament, which was carried out by an order of council, the governor was empowered to grant leases for fourteen years for pastoral purposes, at a rent proportioned to fourteen thousand sheep or an equivalent number of cattle, with a license of twenty shillings per annum for the run.

This virtually excluded all small capitalists from the occupation of the land; while in Victoria it would seem that the commissioners actually withheld the leases from those who purchased. Speaking of this great question, Mr. Howitt justly remarks,

It is a great question, which will have soon to be fought out between the squatters and the people. The one party, though powerful in position, is weak in numbers; the other party is powerful in numbers, and in the force of natural necessities; and there requires no oracle to foretell which will prevail. Let us hope that the passions excited by the contest will not lead to rash measures, and the injury of the real interests of the colony and of the squatters—a body of gentlemen in themselves distinguished by much intelligence and many virtues, and who have been placed, by the folly of the Home Government, in a position too tempting to the weak side of human nature.

The time has, we believe, at length arrived when the people of Victoria may fight this battle at fair advan-

* See a paper on the Progress of the Colony of Victoria, read before the Dublin Statistical Society, by Alfred Webb, Esq., June 16, 1856.

tage. In July, 1855, a new constitution was conferred upon the colony, establishing an upper and lower house, called respectively the Legislative Council and the Legislative Assembly; and though the influences of wealth in the former may, for a time, obstruct the more enlightened and liberal views of the latter, we have no fears that the true spirit of liberty which animates the breasts of British people and those descended from them, will ultimately triumph in the establishment of a policy that will throw open the land. So soon as Victoria shall cast off its incubus of misgovernment, it must inevitably become the finest district of the great Australian continent, and take its place amongst the richest and most eligible regions of the earth. How this new constitution is working we have not as yet sufficiently reliable information to venture any positive opinion. The work of Captain Stoney deals little in political questions, politics being a science in which he professes himself not to be versed. But so far as the general evidence of increased commerce, reduced prices of living and labour, the introduction of railways and machinery, making of good roads, an advance in the elegancies of life and in civil institutions there is every reason to believe that the colony is at last freeing herself from all impediments, and has got a fair start in her onward progress.

Captain Stoney's experiences of Victoria, commence much about the period when those of Mr. Howitt cease—though the latter had not left Australia till after the riots at the gold diggings of Ballaarat. We may, therefore, not inconveniently pursue our notice of the progress of Victoria by the help of his pages. The principal object which he appears to have in view is to give a history of these riots at Ballaarat; but, in addition to this, he gives us the result of his own observations upon the country. Being a man of war, we have no doubt the first-mentioned subject was of primary importance in his eyes. To us, however, the other is preferable; and though he neither sees nor discusses matters with the penetration or political sagacity of Mr. Howitt, there is, nevertheless, much interesting and useful information to be gleaned from his volume. Before we enter upon

the subject of these riots, we may as well give our readers some idea of life at the diggings; and as Captain Stoney has no personal experience upon this point, we shall fall back upon that of Mr. Howitt, who was himself a genuine digger. Here is his first view of the Ovens diggings; we presume the picture will suit many others:—

There stands a great wide-open tent, with a pole and a handkerchief hoisted upon it, in sign that it is a store or shop. We go on—lute, dusty ground, all trodden, trees felled and withering up in the sun, with all their foliage; here and there a round hole like a well, a few feet deep, where they have been trying for gold, and have not found it. Down we go—more tents, more dust, more stores, heaps of trees felled and lying about; lean horses grazing about on a sward that a goose could not lay hold of; hole after hole where gold has been dug for, and now abandoned; washes hanging out; horrid stench from butchers' shops, and holes into which they have flung their garbage: along the valley to the right, green, smooth sward, and nothing to indicate that there is gold here more than in a thousand other places that we passed over with unconscious feet.

There are two descriptions of diggings—wet diggings which, as in Spring Creek, are in the bed of the river, which is diverted from its channel; and out of these the greater quantity of gold is procured. There are also dry diggings, which are sufficiently distant from the stream to be free from its drainage; these are less difficult to be worked than the former, of which, Mr. Howitt assures us, no one can form an adequate idea unless he has seen them.

It requires from ten to fourteen men to work a claim, for the water pours in so fast as to require a good number of them constantly bailing it out; this is done both by buckets and pumps. You see long poles fixed on posts, like those of old wells in Germany, the outer end of the pole being weighted so as to balance the bucket when full; this machine they call a wee-gee. Others use a Chinese pump, called a belt-pump, which the Chinese took to California, and which Californian diggers are using here.

Many of these wet diggings are from ten to twenty feet deep; and not only are they thus flooded with fetid water, but the sides continually tumble in, and require to be cased with alabs or sheets of stringy-bark. If this be neglected, most likely, at the moment that the diggers reach the gold, an enormous mass

of earth falls in and buries it and them too, if they are not very lucky, many feet deep. Imagine, therefore, the Herculean and incessant labour of these wet diggings; for they must be worked day and night, or they become filled with water to the brim.

In these dismal and troublesome holes you see groups of men working under the broiling sun, streaming with perspiration, and yet up to the middle in water. You may well imagine that nothing can be more destructive to the constitution, yet the quantity of gold found in these wet holes being much larger than what is found in the dry ground, there is always a rush there. Yet what a scene it is! amazing to a stranger. These deep and unslapely abysses are black with mud, in which lie beams, and poles, and masses of stringy-bark; other holes worked out, or whence the people have been driven out by the overpowering force of water; and amidst all this sludge and filth and confusion, swarms of people, many of them gentlemen of birth and education, all labouring as for life! When you have seen this, you begin to have a truer notion of what gold-digging is, than from the rose-water romancing of the Australian papers.

We have already alluded to the dissatisfaction caused by the license fee of 30s. a month, which was greatly augmented by the arbitrary and harassing mode of its collection. This dissatisfaction reached its height in the end of the year 1853, and large meetings of armed men were held at several of the diggings to protest against the tax. That at Bendigo was the most formidable—all the more so from the calm and firm demeanour of the remonstrants. The conduct of the colonial government upon this occasion appears to have been marked by the most indiscreet rashness, followed by the most pitiable pusillanimity. After endeavouring to force the payment of the tax at the cannon's mouth, the governor, under the influence of terror, abandoned the enforcement of it altogether, and the amount was finally fixed at 10s. a month. But no change was made for the better in the corrupt administration at the gold fields, and the evil grew daily more intolerable till the occurrence at Ballaarat brought it to a climax.

A man of the name of Bentley kept a hotel at Eureka, which was the rendezvous of the most infamous members of society. No efforts were made by the local authorities to abate or check this nuisance; in fact, some

of the magistrates were supposed to have a share in the establishment. At last a man of the name of Scobie was murdered there; an enquiry was instituted, and Bentley was acquitted, as it was believed, by the connivance of these magistrates. This acquittal caused a violent commotion amongst the Ballaarat diggers, who forthwith took the law into their own hands and burnt down the hotel, the master with difficulty escaping from their fury. Another trial was instituted, and Bentley and others were found guilty of manslaughter. The popular commotion, however, once excited was not easily to be allayed; and in the latter end of November a large meeting of diggers was held, and, resolving to take out no more licences, they burned those they had. The next day the police demanded the licences, a riot ensued, and the first blood was shed. The diggers then entrenched themselves behind a stockade, and on the 3rd of December a serious encounter took place between the military and police on the one side, and the insurgents on the other, which resulted in carrying the stockade and dispersing the diggers, thirty of whom were killed, and a considerable number wounded and taken prisoners. The military lost only four, with thirteen wounded; amongst the latter was Captain Wise of the 44th, a most gallant and estimable young officer, who died of his wounds. Captain Stoney records a singular instance of the professional devotion of a soldier during this engagement.

"On the following day, a private of his company, waiting on his officer, begged permission to proceed to the stockade in order to bury his brother.

"How," said the officer, 'do you know of your brother being killed?'

"I shot him myself, sir," was the reply.

"How dreadful!" was the rejoinder.

"No, sir," still continued the soldier; 'he shot my captain, and I shot him.'"

This serious emeute was not without beneficial results. The government appears at last to have awakened to something like a sense of its own impolicy; a commission was appointed which discharged its duty of investigation with care and impartiality, and upon its recommendation very ame-

liorating alterations were adopted, both in respect to the administration on the gold fields and the extension of political privileges to all the members of the community. The happy results of these changes are visible in every branch of commerce, and upon the face of the country.

Before passing from this subject, we shall quote a few facts now lying before us from a blue book, published a few days ago :—

The quantity of gold exported from Victoria in the quarter ended the 31st December, 1855, amounted to 760,910 oz., value £3,038,636; and the estimated nett quantity and value of gold exported from the colonies of Victoria and New South Wales, from the 29th of May, 1851, to the 30th of September, 1855, amounted respectively to 10,434,744oz. and £37,947,222. Of the 760,910 oz., exported from Victoria in the last quarter of 1855, 528,637 oz. were shipped for England. The estimated population on the gold fields of Victoria, on the 25th of August, 1855, amounted to 150,905 souls, including 109,220 men, 22,843 women, and 27,842 children. Of these 22,471 were Chinese.

A comparison of some of Mr. Howitt's descriptions, both of the towns and parts of the interior of Victoria during the earlier part of his residence, with those presented to us by Captain Stoney some twelve months or so afterwards, impresses us with a sense of the extraordinary rapidity of the progress of our antipodean neighbours. Roads now exist where, a short time since, there was nothing but swamps, sloughs, and untraversable mud; and fine new streets meet the eye of one who has been absent from a town it may be but a few months. Captain Stoney gives us many instances of these rapid advances. Amongst others, speaking of the city of Melbourne, he says :—

The author visited it in June, 1853, landing in the boat by the river side; and, finding it impossible to get through it, chartered a dray to take him to Collins-street; and not being prepared for such an undertaking, half of his business in the city was left undone; the streets were so full of heaps of clay, stones, and mud, and no pathway, he was compelled to return literally footless. Nothing of the above is now to be seen, even in the latest-fenced streets, so exceedingly energetic and expeditious are the operations

of the municipal body. Within the last year gas has been introduced, and all the streets, shops, and several private houses are now lit with it, a double row of lamps giving a most pleasing feature to this wide-streeted city.

We have very full and interesting descriptions of Melbourne and its suburbs, as also of Geelong and other towns in the colony, from which we may predict that the greatness of Victoria is not far distant. The Corporation of the city are not idle in improving and beautifying it, and they spare neither expense nor skill in their laudable work. The streets indeed assume a different appearance every week.

All the largest streets are now completed, with a wide flag sidewalk, and paved open sewers to carry off the rain, which frequently falls very heavily, besides which, a large under-ground sewer is in process of construction. All the streets are macadamized on the most improved principle.

We wish with all our hearts that some of our own worthy corporators, who contrive to tax us to the highest, and yet keep our city the filthiest and worse regulated in point of streets in Europe, would go out to Melbourne to get a lesson or two in this most essential matter. Time was that their delinquencies in misappropriating public moneys, and neglecting or violating public trusts, would have facilitated their transmission without any cost to themselves or their fellow-citizens. But we think that even now it would be a more useful application of civic funds than is often made, and quite as legitimate, to defray the expense of their mission out of the civic purse. But to proceed with our subject :—

Amongst the many buildings claiming notice is the Town-hall in Swanston-street, a large and imposing structure of dark blue cut stone; the interior is equally imposing, and fitted up at considerable expense. The Exhibition Building in William-street is one of considerable beauty, not less remarkable for its artistic design—a minute model of the Crystal Palace—than for the rapidity with which it was constructed. It was open as an exhibition for the works of art and industry about to be sent to the Exhibition of Paris, for about two months.

In addition to these there are

tional schools, hospitals, telegraph offices, cathedrals, churches and chapels of all Christian denominations, a university, a public library, and a national gallery, theatres, amphitheatres, club-houses, public gardens, and, in fine, everything that a city could wish for, whose population in the beginning of last year was 80,000, and is now in all probability beyond 100,000. We are glad, too, that we can state that in this population there is a large number of well-educated men, who, in leaving their country, have not left literature behind them. Besides several daily and other journals, the people of Melbourne make their own *Punch* and *Illustrated News*, and one bookseller alone took 200 copies of "Alison's History of Europe." We must not leave Geelong without a passing notice. It bids fair to be a very important place, and has established a communication by railway with Melbourne.

The activity, energy, and skill of its municipal body, well supported by the liberality of the community, outdo even that of Melbourne; and though it is a city of much more recent date, having been incorporated on the 12th October, 1849, it is fast rising in magnificence as it is in importance; and, from its elevated situation, it is cooler in summer and more healthy. The city is built on a ridge extending along the edge of the bay, the principal streets running up to the summit or crest, but the ascent being very gradual is scarcely perceptible. At the top, on a level of some extent, most of the churches and public buildings have been erected within large enclosures; and a few of the more beautiful forest trees still remaining, combined with the good order and different styles of architecture, the whole has a most pleasing and picturesque appearance.

The volume contains a good many statistical details, the value of which will be estimated by each reader according to the faith he is disposed to place in what some philosophers assert can be made to prove anything—figures.

We have left ourselves but little space to discuss Tasmania, and yet the subject is one worthy of an article for itself. It is surely one of the loveliest islands in the world. It has disembarassed itself of its old, ominous name of Van Dieman's Land, and, with it, a thousand disagreeable

associations; and, better still, it has, by the exertions of Mr. Robinson, terminated the warfare with the aborigines, and induced them quietly to retire to Flinders' Island; and, finally, it has been relieved of the contaminating influences of the convict population, whom the gold fields of Australia have drawn away by thousands. All these things are matters of history which we need not dwell upon; but the results are seen in the strange fact that an island whose very name was, within the present century, an opprobrium—whose soil was the scene of the most horrible atrocities, and where there was no safety for human life—is now as quiet and as secure as any country in the world, so that even in the most isolated parts of the island the majority of the inhabitants never fasten their doors at night, and one may travel alone through the length and breadth of the land with the most perfect security.

Mr. Howitt spent about a month in Tasmania, in the year 1854, of which he gives us a very lively account in one of the volumes already referred to; and Captain Stoney visited it in the latter end of the year 1855, and remained there till April, 1856, and has published his experiences in his volume on Tasmania, which we have prefixed to this paper. In a colony so long established as that of Tasmania, and already so far advanced in its march towards maturity, we cannot expect to find any very great difference in its political and social condition within the interval which occurred between the visits of these two travellers. Still less can the natural features of the scenery undergo any considerable change. We must look for any diversity of narrative in the diverse minds of those who viewed the same objects and the same people. And we may remark that, in this respect, the observations of Mr. Howitt are more piquant and deep, his political views more matured and sagacious, than those of Captain Butler Stoney; while the latter makes amends for the want of originality by careful and accurate details and extensive topographical descriptions, which his more lengthened stay in the island enabled him to give. In relation, however, to the scenery of this lovely

Island, the British public have been already made thoroughly acquainted with it by the very pleasant work of Mrs. Charles Meredith, which we noticed at the time of its appearance.*

We are therefore disposed to confine our notice of the works before us to those portions of each which deal with other topics than scenery. We shall let Mr. Howitt describe Hobart's Town, or, as it is now more generally called, Hobarton.

Perhaps no town can boast a more superb situation than Hobart Town,—not even Sydney. The Derwent is no way inferior to the bay of Sydney in appearance, though it is greatly so in the depth of water near the town; but the surrounding scenery is on a grander scale here than that around Sydney. The environs of Sydney are lovely and varied in the extreme, but there is a want of elevation in its hills. They are too uniform, and too inconsiderable in height, to give a feeling of majesty and greatness. There is nothing there like the magnificent mountain mass of Mount Wellington, which looks down upon the town here in cloudy or in clear grandeur, of which you never grow weary. For ever as you turn that way, it falls upon you with a feeling of a sublime, vast, and solemn presence.

The height of Mount Wellington is 4,500 feet; and beyond it, and, in fact, a portion of it—Mount Nelson overlooks the estuary on the right at a lower elevation, and has a signal station upon it.

The main mass of the town stands on finely swelling ground, on the right bank of the estuary, and contains 23,000 inhabitants. It is well built of fine freestone, which abounds here as at Sydney. The streets are wide and well paved, abounding in excellent shops, and good churches, chapels, banks, and other public buildings.

Standing in any elevated part of the town, you behold it extending its ramifications far around, occupying the various valleys, and extensive; and sometimes steep slopes which run up to the foot of the mountains. The *tout ensemble* is extremely striking; and is a noble evidence, taken in connexion with the general cultivation of the island, of what Englishmen can accomplish in half a century, even where there exist none of those stimulating and hurrying causes which have affected Victoria. All here has been quiet but steady progress, presenting you already with a miniature England, which you cannot contemplate without a proud pleasure.

Of the society of the town we have an account from Captain Stoney,

which we may as well give as an addendum to the topography of Mr. Howitt.

Society in Hobarton is in a state of transition; yet the principal part of the community are those whose aim is peace and good-will; who, indifferent to the patronage of the exclusive few, and despising the tale-bearer, live contented and happy in their families, and endeavour to make all around participate in their happiness: using the world but not abusing it, and mixing in the society of their compatriots with kind and friendly feelings. Viewing all things on the brighter side, they strive to make their city a pleasant resting-place for the visitor, a happy home for the stranger.

Colonial society in general differs in its characteristics from the society met with in old countries: and very naturally. New communities, composed of the most ardent and adventurous spirits of the land from whence they emigrate, shoot a-head of the mere conventionalities of life, and engage energetically, from morning till night, and day after day, in the actual concerns of worldly existence. They are ever active and bustling in matters of business; and in social intercourse they have a certain freedom and heartiness of manner, which are more pleasing than the straight-laced ideas and formal restraints which trammel the Old Country.

Compared with Victoria, Hobarton may be considered a respectable middle-aged city, if not indeed an ancient one. Her institutions are all long established, and in perusing the details of them with which we are amply furnished by Captain Stoney, one is apt to forget that it is an account of a place at the other side of the equator, and fancy that he is reading of some of our English cities. They have their Royal Society, of which the Governor is the President, with its Museum of Natural History, its Botanical and Zoological Gardens, all of which are maintained by grants from the public treasury. And it will be in the recollection of those who visited the Great Exhibition in London, in 1851, that the contributions from this Society formed a very interesting collection there. The Society also sent many articles to our own exhibition, in 1853, and contributed a very large and natural

* See Dublin University

escaped the keen eye of Mr. Howitt; in his journey from Launceston to Hobarton, he observes,

The valleys were rich, and, for the most part, as well cultivated as in England. Owing to the difference of tenure here and in Victoria, a very different state of things has been the result. Here the occupiers of the land are the owners—not mere squatters, who have no sure tenure of the land, and, therefore, do nothing to it. Here, then, instead of mere isolated wooden huts, standing in the unappropriated forest, we have a constant succession of towns and villages, bearing the singular medley of names which colonists delight in, Ross, Oatlands, Green Ponds, Brighton, Bagdad, Jericho, Jerusalem, and, of course, the river Jordan.

All round these villages, which consist of substantial and even elegant houses, extend the richest fields all enclosed, with hedges generally of sweet briar, or furze, or broom, but also a good many of honest English hawthorn. There you see cattle, sheep, pigs enormously fat, and abundance of poultry of all kinds, feeding and flourishing in their several resorts, the meadows, the woodland slopes, or the farm-yards. It is England all over. Everywhere you descry lovely country houses, with all the earthly blessings of fine gardens, well walled in, with their conservatories and forcing-houses, their extensive shrubberies, verdant parks and lawns, fields in pasture or under the plough, and woods peeping down solemnly from the hills with a very tempting aspect.

To complete the illusion, let the reader fancy the tourist seated upon the top of a well appointed mail-coach, such as were to be seen everywhere in England ere the steam carriages and the iron rail drove them off the main trunks into the bye-ways of travel:—

At this early hour of departure, I was vividly reminded of the old coach times of England. At the inn door stood a well-appointed and well-horsed stage coach, with coachee and guard all in orthodox costume, and with the genuine old smack about them. Crack went the whip, and off we started along as finely a macadamized road as England can present, and which runs with the directness of a Roman road all the way across the island to Hobart Town—120 miles—the product of convict-labour. Victoria, with all its gold, has nothing of the kind to show.

Tasmania, like Victoria, has got her charter of independence. In October, 1855, the new constitution was proclaimed there; but some political dis-

putes having arisen, it became necessary to refer the matter for the Royal decision. The governor was in the meantime compelled to prorogue the Houses, and thus the operation of the act remains in abeyance. The new constitution is in its mean features similar to that conferred on Victoria. There are to be two chambers, the Upper and the Lower House. The upper is to consist of fifteen members including a president, elected by the country generally, divided into districts; the qualification of voters for members of the upper house is a freehold of the value of £50. The lower house is to consist of thirty members in proportion to the population of the electoral districts, the qualification of the electors to be £10 and £50 freeholds. The officers of the crown, viz., the colonial secretary, the attorney-general, the solicitor-general, and the colonial treasurer, must have seats in the lower house.

Captain Stoney visited almost every part of Tasmania of importance, and travelled a good deal in the interior. He appears to have had his share of personal adventures and some narrow escapes.

Both of our travellers were witnesses of the important operation of sheep-shearing—Mr. Howitt in Victoria, and Captain Stoney in Tasmania. The contrast between the two descriptions is very great. In Victoria, the great scarcity of labourers induces higher prices, while those who condescend to shear are very lordly and independent in their demeanour; they demand and they get thirty shillings per hundred sheep, and one man contrives to shear seventy sheep in the day, easily earning £6 a week besides rations, which these gentlemen take care shall be the very best that the establishment affords. And it is no uncommon thing for them to intercept and appropriate to themselves, without apology or scruple, the dishes that are on their way to the table of their employer. By way, however, of making amends for these exactions, they shear the sheep in such a reckless and hurried manner, that they slash, and hack, and snip them in a grievous way; and Mr. Howitt tells us that one of the overseers had to stitch up the skin of two sheep's stomachs that they had actually cut right:

monstrance would be unavailing, or worse; the shearer would in all probability reply to his employer, "Do your work yourself," and then take his departure.

Matters are much better than this in Tasmania—labourers are not so scarce there, and consequently the prices are not so high nor the shearers so saucy, and the work is all the better done. There a man will not shear more than fifty sheep in the day, and the day's wages range from fifteen shillings to a pound. A stand, however, is always made at the beginning of the shearing season for the price, and the unlucky sheep-owner who is the first ready has sometimes the mortification of seeing all his shearers troop off for higher wages just as he is preparing to commence operations.

There is, we are convinced, a great and a prosperous future in reserve for Tasmania, and we believe that future is not far distant. At the present moment she is in a state that augurs the very best, if we can trust the accounts of writers or the figures of statisticians. We find from recent tables that the number of immigrants for the year 1855 was 9,525; and of these 3,900 were British. Thus we may count on an abundance of hands and heads for every kind of labour and skill, and feel the assurance that English principles of liberty, perseverance, and integrity will diffuse and maintain their influences socially and politically throughout the colony.

The value of imports in 1855 was upwards of £3,000,000, and of exports £2,000,000. The number of vessels entered inwards 1,220, with 298,612 tons. The number cleared outwards 1,200, with 296,612 tons. The return of ships engaged in the fisheries is 10 vessels, 3,700 tons; the number built and registered, 10 of 400 tons and upwards, and 90 with a total of 11,340 tons; the number of steamers 14, with a total of 1,760 horse power.

The revenue of the colony amounted to £298,784, the expenditure £276,650; the return of land revenue £113,335, expenditure £86,620. Return of land sold and rented during the year 1855: 2,804,183 acres sold, and 2,284,214 rented; remaining still unsold in the colony 12,482,214 acres.

In 1855, there were in crop upwards of 60,000 acres of wheat, 10,000 of barley, 40,000 of oats, and 12,000 of potatoes; producing, wheat 990,500 bushels, barley 225,000 ditto, oats 610,340 ditto, potatoes

43,000 tons, hay 23,860 tons. The live stock in the colony was—horses 17,450, horned cattle 105,420, sheep 1,911,306, pigs 24,598.

A return of public schools shows 54 male teachers and 10 female. Children on the books, 2,300 males and 2,126 females, for which was voted by the council £10,000.

Here, as in Victoria, every year will work changes of great magnitude. Towns will spring up in the solitary forests; railroads will bring every place of importance into communication the one with the other; and steam vessels will navigate rivers whose existence is now little more than known, diffusing wealth, civilization, and enlightenment in a healthful current of life-blood through her whole body. And it is not too much to expect, seeing what wonders Mr. Cyrus Field is about to work in a telegraphic communication between America and Ireland, that ere the lapse of many years, we, in this city of Dublin, may gossip with our good friends in Victoria and Tasmania at the rate of question and answer in half an hour; and thus shall they become in reality, what we have called them somewhat paradoxically, "Our ANTIPODEAN NEIGHBOURS."

We need scarcely say that the works which we have noticed are valuable accessions to our knowledge of these our Australian colonies. Mr. Howitt's character as an author is well established; and his volumes, though we see occasionally marks of haste that show them to be in truth what they profess to be, written at the moment, yet are full of good, strong, common-sense, and show large views as well as acuteness and sagacity, and have the great advantage of the vividness and true coloring of first impressions. Captain Stoney is not altogether without literary experience; and though his views of great political and social questions are somewhat superficial, he makes up for his deficiencies in this respect by accuracy and painstaking in his delineations of the external features of the country and the people. His books are very elegantly brought out and well illustrated, and the last of them has the additional recommendation for us that it bears the imprint of our own University press.

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